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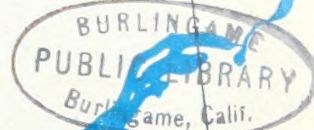
# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1953  
R 10'53

FIFTY CENTS

*Dep*



The Truce Talks  
in Korea . . . . .

*Dean G. Acheson*

What's Happening  
to the Weather? . . . . .

*C. E. P. Brooks*

Caution: Medical Statistics  
at Work . . . . .

*Leonard Engel*

Nothing Difficult  
about a Cow . . . . .

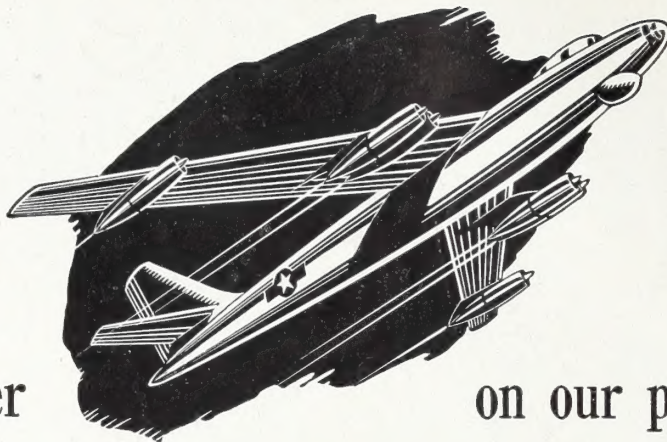
*A. B. Guthrie, Jr.*

ITIMAT:  
Colossus of the Northwest  
*Richard L. Neuberger*

100 200 300 MILES



It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.  
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The plane that's lighter

on our pockets

Nobody can squeeze a dollar and make it say "uncle" louder than some engineers we know. For the title of 20th Century Scrooge with a slide rule we nominate:

... the engineers who found a way to make miniature aircraft lamps faster, by automatic machinery instead of one at a time. These lamps are so small that you could hold a dozen in your closed hand, yet a modern fighter plane needs a couple of hundred to light its maze of instruments. Savings: \$10 to \$25 in lamps per plane.

... the engineers who found ways to standardize aircraft instruments. Once there were 260 different types of engine speed indicators for jet planes. Now only 11 basic types have to be made, so costs are down 18 per cent.

... the engineers who are perfecting new tools and methods that will cut in half the cost of making compressor stator blades for jet engines. Estimated cash saving: 55%. Critical-material saving: 39%.

As our defense equipment becomes more effective, it becomes more complex and more expensive. Fortunately, design and engineering like this in industry and the military services help to keep the nation's

defense costs from soaring into the stratosphere.

Why is General Electric specially equipped to make these savings?

The \$10 to \$25 saving in lamps was made by the team that has had more experience than anybody else in the world in developing lamps that will give more light at less cost.

The instruments were standardized by a group of specialists who have developed instruments to measure the destructive force of a bolt of lightning, the output of a turbine generator, even instruments to measure the energy of a sunbeam.

The new type of jet engine was originated by scientists in a G-E laboratory. General Electric developed the first jet engine in this country and is the largest producer.

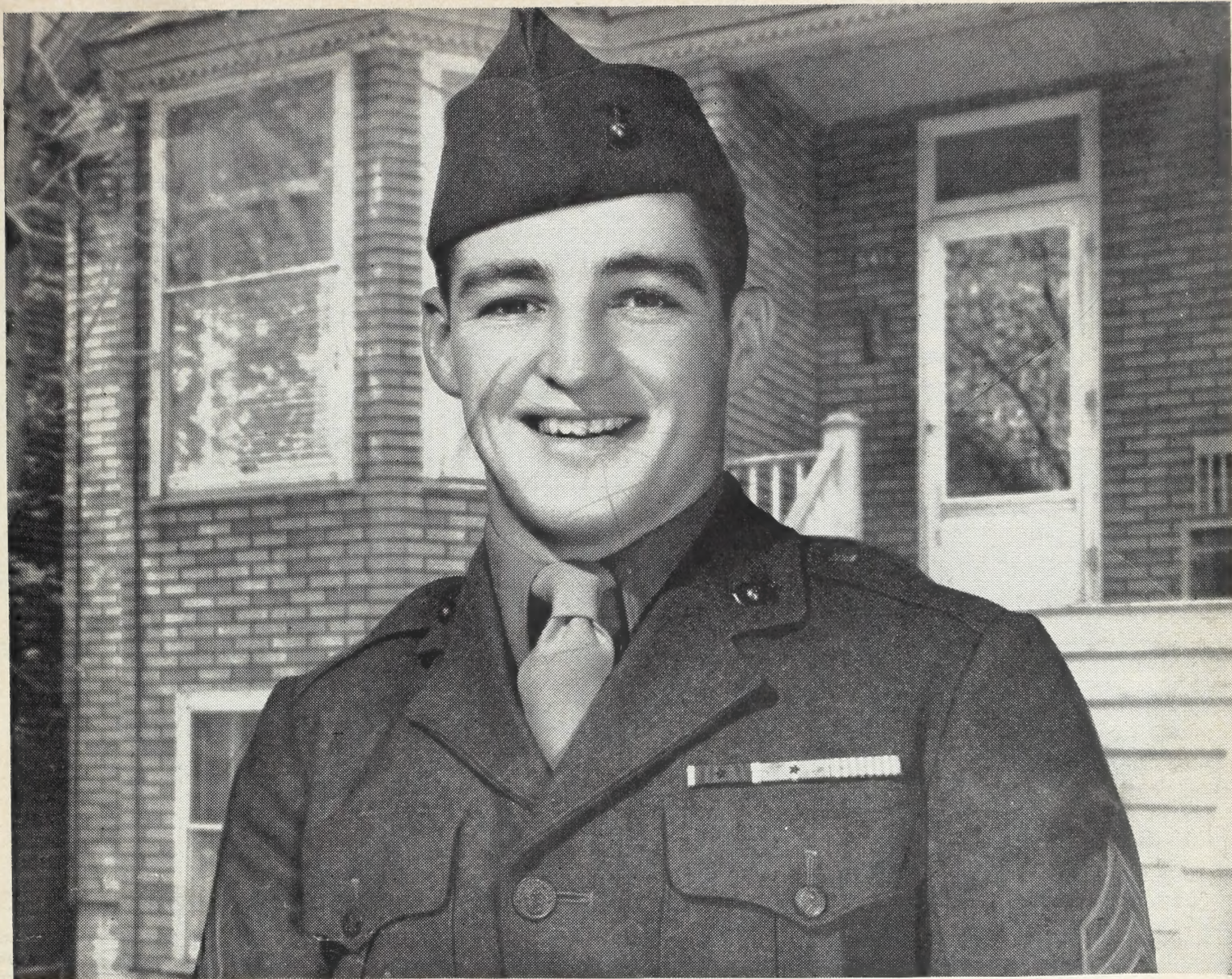
It is absolutely necessary to find economical and technical solutions to problems like these to give America more defense per dollar spent.

We believe we have more people with this ability at General Electric than there are anywhere else. One in every 20 people at G. E. is an engineer.

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## *WELCOME HOME, SERGEANT!*



**A Telephone Family in Chicago.** Sergeant Donald McIntyre got a real family welcome from his sister, Mary, a Service Representative; his mother, who was an Operator for seven years; and his brother, Angus, a Plant Assigner. Sergeant McIntyre's father was also a telephone man.

Sergeant Donald McIntyre, former telephone installer, returned home from Korea a few months ago. He served with the 1st Marine Division and was twice awarded the Purple Heart.

He was welcomed back to his telephone job, of course. But in a certain sense he had never been away. For his new pay check reflected the increases he would have received on his old job if he had not joined the Marines.

There are some 16,000 other Bell Telephone men and women now in the service who will receive a similar warm welcome on their return home.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM... "A GOOD PLACE TO WORK"**





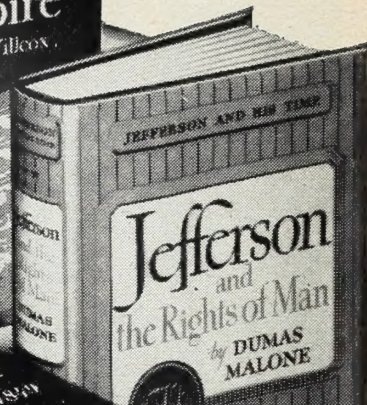
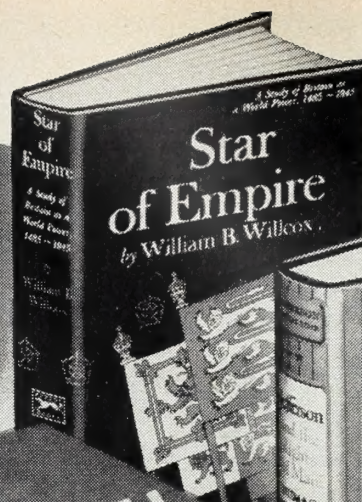
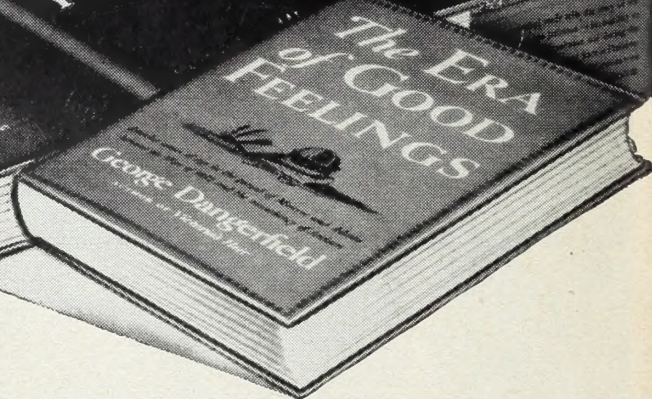
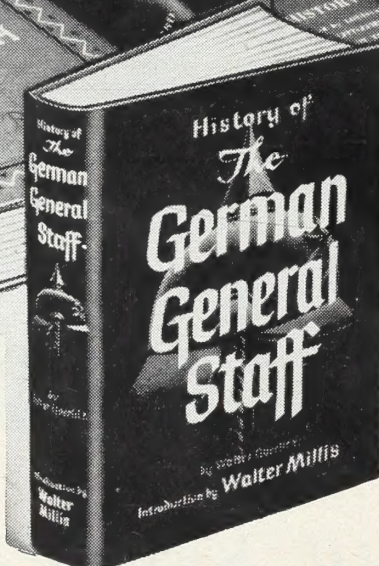
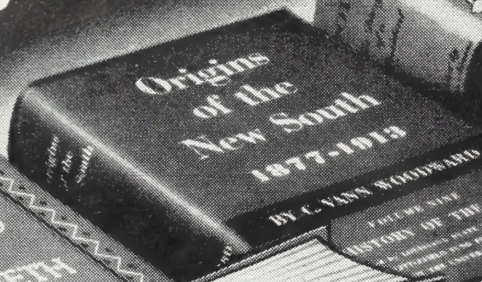
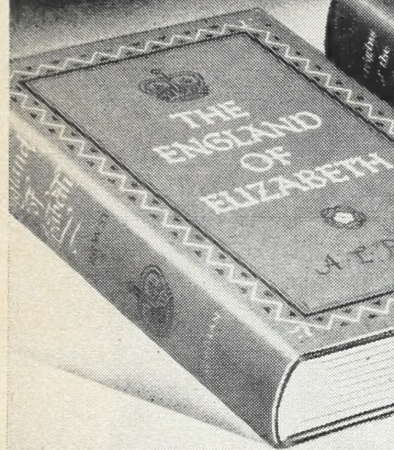
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*This statement deals with the operations and policies of one of the major companies engaged in the international oil business. It is adapted from an article published in The Lamp, magazine of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), primarily for the information of stockholders and employees. It is presented here in the belief that current interest in the foreign activities of American business and the importance of oil to the world economic and social fabric make the subject one of concern to a larger audience.*

# Jersey Abroad

## *A Statement by Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)*

**N**O MORE than thirty years ago there was doubt whether Americans would have any share at all in developing the great oil resources of the Middle East. Their present extensive participation in the development of foreign resources has only been brought about through years of negotiation in the face of rapidly changing and often difficult conditions.

It has been fortunate for the world that these supplies have been made available. Since the close of World War II, demand has risen at an unprecedented rate as the world has turned more and more to petroleum as a source of energy.

On top of these expanding needs, the world oil industry has had to meet one emergency situation after another: the unexpected growth of liquid fuel demand at home, the pace of European recovery, mounting defense needs, the war in Korea, the shutting down of the world's largest refinery at Abadan in Iran. Each situation has tested the resourcefulness of petroleum suppliers.

### ***Foreign Oil and National Security***

**T**HE discovery and development of foreign oil has also been fortunate for the United States from the standpoint of national security.

For military needs, U. S. domestic supplies have been supplemented from foreign sources: in World War I, by oil from Mexico; in World War II, by oil from Venezuela, and in the later stages, by Middle East oil.

Today, imports from abroad are helping to supplement U. S. oil reserves. The United States is no longer a net exporter of oil, but has become a net importer. Sensible use of foreign oil leaves the United States with that much more in the "bank of oil reserves," with that much more to face uncertain conditions ahead.

Then, too, modern defense logistics have already resulted in the establishment of far-flung forward sea and air bases. Tanker hauls, as World War II proved, are an important consideration in such logistics. U. S. bases abroad can often best be supplied by sources far from our shores. Oil from Iran served this function in World War II. But now that Iran can no longer be counted on, it is fortunate that oil sources in Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and other Middle East areas have been developed to the point where they can take the place of Iranian oil.

### ***From Potential Resource to Real Value***

**P**ETROLEUM was deposited aeons ago over the face of the earth quite irrespective of the location of the nations which depend on it today for energy.

To search out these deposits, develop them, and bring their products to market has required the development of scientific and highly specialized business enterprises. They are enterprises which have required initiative, special skills, and the creation of intricate industrial



mechanisms of numerous kinds.

In the United States, anyone with sufficient credit to hire a rig and negotiate a lease, whether he is a citizen of this country or not, can go out and drill for oil; for usually subsoil mineral rights belong to the owner of the land, and he may dispose of them as he sees fit.

This is not true of most other lands, where, with few exceptions, mineral rights belong to the government.

### ***Large-scale Enterprise Needed***

**T**O THESE governments potential oil deposits are of vital interest. If discovered, oil is an important and often major source of revenue. It is natural for them to seek assurance of large-scale, prompt, and efficient development of such resources. For this reason they usually let their concessions for oil development over a large area to one company, or to a single enterprise in which several companies have joined. The commitment to develop oil resources on such a large scale requires an outlay of capital far

beyond the resources of the lone wildcatter and often beyond the resources of a single large company.

In Saudi Arabia, for example, the first concession was obtained by Standard Oil Company of California alone. Later, as the development grew, Standard of California was joined by The Texas Company. As the enterprise continued to grow Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and Socony-Vacuum Oil Company also joined in participation, the former to the extent of 30 per cent, the latter 10 per cent.

To date, a total of more than \$500 million has been spent in developing Saudi Arabian oil. This investment has been necessary both to find and produce the oil itself and to provide many types of installations and transportation systems. Among the latter has been one of the great engineering achievements of our time, the building of a pipeline across more than 1,000 miles of empty desert from the Arabian oil fields to the eastern Mediterranean.

Only by putting this investment to

work in record time has it been possible to raise the output of Saudi Arabian fields from 160,000 barrels a day in 1946 to more than 850,000 barrels daily in 1952—thus making available a greatly needed addition to world oil supply.

There are other reasons why large aggregations of capital are essential to foreign oil operations. Great risks must be assumed in the search for oil. Even after extensive exploration no one can say for sure that the oil is there until the derrick has been set up, the hole drilled, the pipe put down, and the well brought in.

A Jersey affiliate, for example, spent \$15 million in Egypt and found only an uneconomic trickle of oil. Jersey and Shell, in a joint exploration venture, spent years and millions in a futile search for oil in Ecuador. Iraq Petroleum Company has spent millions in Lebanon, Syria, Palestine and other regions without finding oil.

Even where oil is finally found in commercial quantities, the discovery is often preceded by years of



**SAUDI ARABIA:** The Ras Tanura refinery, built by the joint enterprise of several American oil companies, supplies the countries of Europe with petroleum products vital to their security





**WESTERN NEW GUINEA:** A geological party travels a jungle river in search of oil. Often the search requires years of exploration and large investments of American capital

unfruitful and costly search. Jersey's Canadian affiliate, to name just one instance, carried on the search unsuccessfully for twenty-five years, drilling 134 dry holes at a cost of some \$23 million, before the first flowing well was brought in and development of the great new reserves of Western Canada began in 1947.

Obviously, only companies having resources large enough to offset losses with successful ventures elsewhere can take such great chances.

Since negotiations, exploration, and development work often spread out over long periods of time—sometimes over decades—the job of getting commercial quantities of oil, the risks of war and political upheavals must be added to the purely financial ones.

Nor do large expenditures cease with the finding and development of oil deposits. Transport facilities and installations of many kinds, including costly refineries and pipelines, have to be built before the oil in usable form reaches the consumer.

### ***Private Capital and World Progress***

**T**HROUGH building up a long-term record of fair return, international oil companies have become economic instruments through which private capital can be funneled into the development of foreign oil resources. This contributes to the stability and progress of other nations, while adding strategically to our national security.

A special Senate committee investigating petroleum resources in 1947 had this to say about the benefits to foreign countries from the investments of American oil companies:

"The prospect of improved living standards abroad is further enhanced by the manifold benefits to foreign countries through the very presence of the American oil investment therein. Likewise the social and educational benefits, resulting from the American investment and the policies of the companies, are manifold . . . Thousands of the nationals of these

countries find welcome employment, skilled and unskilled, by the oil companies, and other thousands find employment indirectly as the result of such large-scale operations. Homes, hospitals, schools, highways, port works, power and light plants, telephones and telegraph lines, airports, water wells, facilities for drainage, irrigation, sanitation, etc., have been constructed in many parts of the world where they have been rarities."

The report of President Truman's Materials Policy Commission cites Venezuela as "a particularly striking example . . . The government's foreign exchange earnings from oil amount to about \$500 million annually, providing over 90 per cent of the country's exchange earnings, and 60 per cent of government revenue is derived from oil . . ."

### ***Exporting an Economic Idea***

**J**ERSEY seeks constantly to have its foreign affiliates stand among the peoples of other lands as working ex-



amples of free competitive enterprise.

This is not always easy. Many countries regard the limiting of competition by government regulation as the best way to do business, a point of view very different from that held in the United States.

Moreover, petroleum laws in some countries contain restrictive provisions designed to assure wise use of this resource. The conservation and proration statutes in the United States are an example. Jersey, of course, conforms to and supports such laws.

Although Jersey affiliates abroad must conform to local laws and customs, they have been able to make progress over the years for the American concept of free enterprise by maintaining a position against restrictions.

In 1928, Jersey was one of five American oil companies which, with the active support of the State Department, won for the first time the right of Americans to participate in development of Middle East oil.

The undertaking was to a degree restrictive in nature, for the participating companies were bound by a pact that none of them would act independently in the production or refining of crude oil within an area marked by a red line on the map. The pact, the provisions of which have been widely published, came to be known as the "Red Line Agreement."

Only by submitting to that condition were the American companies able to gain a foothold in Middle East oil development.

After World War II, however, Jersey was able to become free of this restrictive agreement and to participate in another Middle East oil development through the Arabian American Oil Company.

Although the large units engaged in the foreign oil business often join together for the production of oil, for reasons previously described, competition among them for the world markets remains keen.

Oil taken by a participant in a joint undertaking, such as Iraq Petroleum Company or Arabian Amer-

ican Oil Company, for example, becomes competitive with the oil which is taken by another participant as soon as it is pumped into a tanker at a Middle East terminal to be carried to consuming areas. This competitive condition continues through the many stages of transport and processing, right up to the consumer.

Moreover, any oil from the Middle East must compete in the world not only with other Middle East oil, but with oil from Texas, Venezuela, or other producing areas.

### *A Record of Achievement*

**L**ARGE-SCALE overseas enterprises have had to proceed without charts. American oil companies have had to find their own way as best they could. They have had to be flexible enough to conduct their business amid constantly changing situations and conflicting viewpoints.

Paramount among those viewpoints, of course, have been those of the people and the government of the United States, the land of their incorporation.

The Jersey company takes pride in the record of its operations in the public interest, of its contribution to the stability and progress of the modern world through the efficient and scientific development of a valuable resource.

In those operations, the company has been guided, and is guided today, by certain broad principles:

Jersey is against cartels, and all such restrictive arrangements, including those which would control prices or allocate markets.

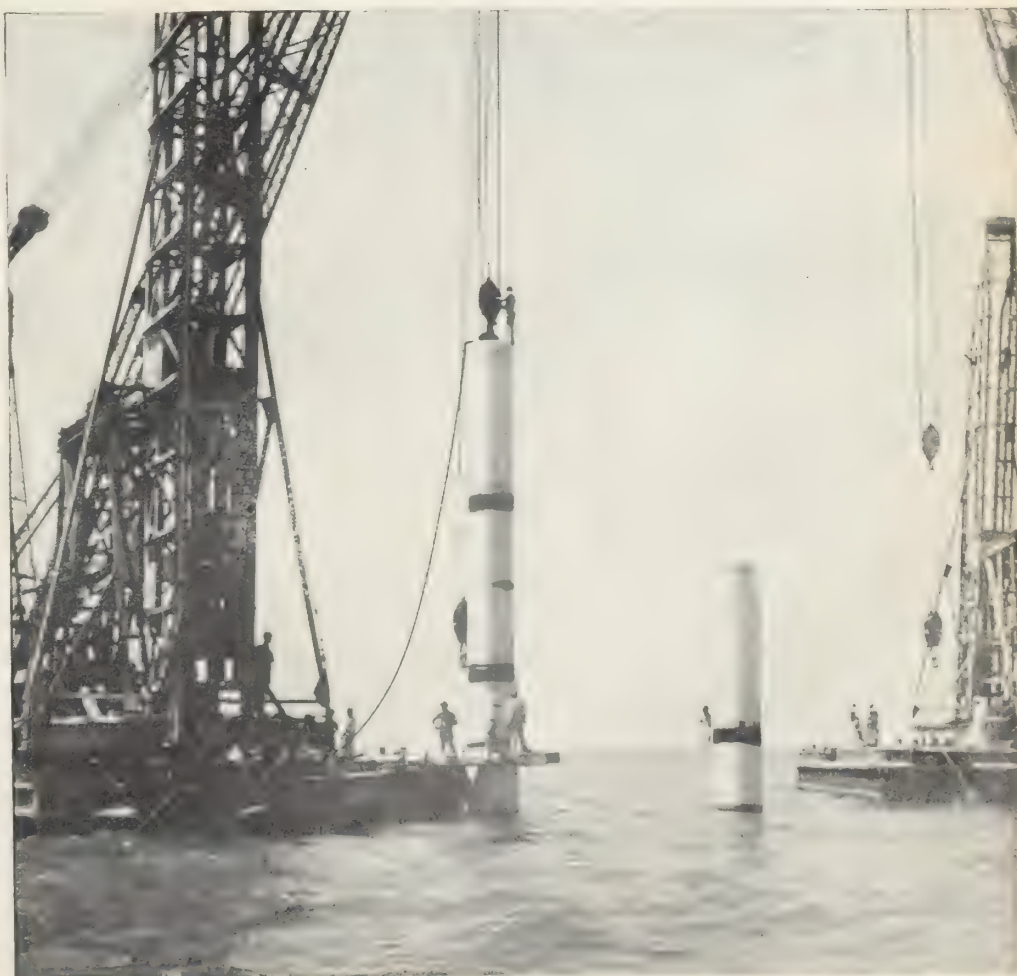
Jersey conducts its business affairs in an open and straightforward way.

Jersey is careful to inform interested departments of government of significant moves in the foreign field.

Jersey advocates vigorous competition as the best way of doing business anywhere in the world.

Jersey believes that the free flow of goods and services among nations is essential to world progress.

Jersey believes that its business must contribute to the economic development of all countries where it has interests.



VENEZUELA: Pile drivers sink a caisson used in drilling beneath Lake Maracaibo's bottom



# Personal & Otherwise

**B**Y THE time this issue of *Harper's* reaches you, *Dean Acheson* will presumably be packing up—or about to pack up—to leave the Department of State. To his successor we wish the best of good fortune, including the good fortune of not finding himself, as Mr. Acheson did, the target not only of thoughtful criticism but of preposterous slurs.

When, on October 24, in the new United Nations auditorium in New York City, Mr. Acheson set forth in detail the long story of the Korean troubles since 1945, his words were so drowned out by the din of the political campaign, then rising to its climax, that too few people outside the UN Political Committee had a chance to know exactly what he said. Needless to say, his address was highly unpolitical—except in the sense that it dealt with the international politics of United Nations resistance to Soviet-engineered aggression. Oratorically, it was a remarkable performance: Mr. Acheson spoke for nearly three hours, extempore, from notes, and what he said was eloquently cogent and packed with precise detail. Reading the text of the speech subsequently, as it was taken down, we felt that the part of it which dealt with the long-drawn-out truce negotiations, and especially with the prisoner-of-war issue, was so clear and illuminating that we should set it before our readers. For this reason we present “The Truce Talks in Korea” (p. 21).

Inevitably, Mr. Acheson was answered by Mr. Vyshinsky, who in a lengthy and characteristic diatribe on October 29 accused the South Koreans of starting the Korean war with American connivance; accused the United States of cruelly intimidating prisoners of war into saying they did not want to be sent

home; argued that the Soviet treaties after World War I had included references to voluntary repatriation only because these had been forced on the Soviet government in negotiations in which it occupied a weak position; and went on to claim that the bulk of international law called for the return of prisoners without any reference to whether or not they wished to be returned. On November 10 Mr. Vyshinsky returned to the attack for another two hours and thirty-two minutes, arguing—among other things—that prisoners had no more right to decide whether they wanted to go home than whether they wanted to fight in the first place.

As we go to press there seems little hope of an early settlement of the issue. But there is no knowing what new turn events may take. Possibly by the time this magazine appears in print Mr. Acheson's account of the negotiations up to late October will fall in the classification of “background material.” But even on that basis we commend it to you as a remarkable document.

If President-elect Eisenhower, his Secretary of State, and his United Nations delegation can find an honorable way out of the impasse which the Soviet government has created, they will deserve the gratitude of the nation—indeed of the world.

## *The Men in the Tin Hats*

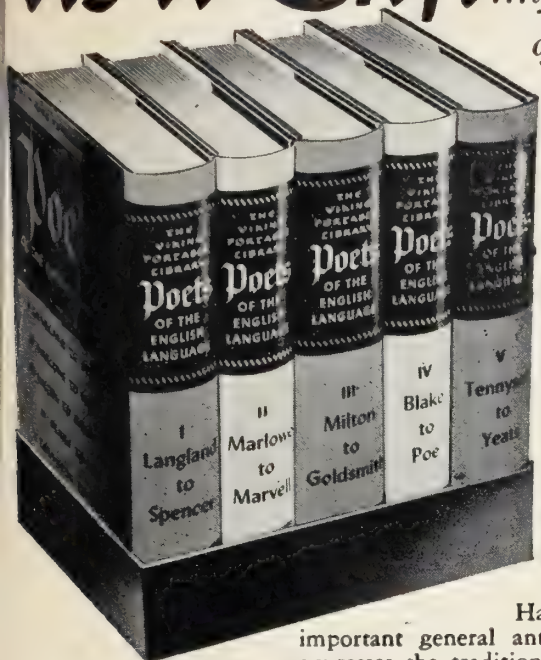
**A**MONG the new wonders of the new world, one of the greatest is “Kitimat: Colossus of the Northwest” (p. 56), which *Richard L. Neuberger* visited last summer and describes in this issue. Like Mr. Neuberger we are deeply impressed by the picture of the “race of supermen” whose



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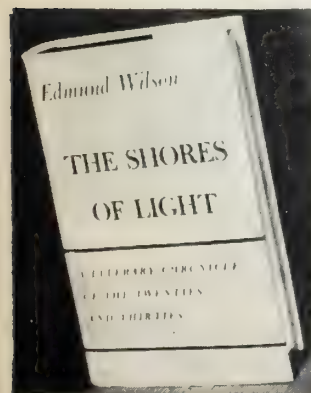
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handiwork dots the face of America and is beginning to carve scars in the Canadian and Alaskan wilderness. The hallmarks of the race, as he saw them last summer at Kitimat and has seen them before at Grand Coulee, are a "tin" hat, a well-furnished house trailer, and a patient wife and children. Mr. Neuberger talked with a lot of them, bosses and men; he ate with them, saw their houses, and learned where they wanted to go next. A very similar crew, though without the trailers and the patient wives and children, appeared a year ago in *Harper's*, in two articles by John Bartlow Martin on the vast Ungava mining project in the Labrador-Quebec region of Eastern Canada, where the Iron Ore Company of Canada is laying a railroad, operating an airline and a power company, and opening to the American steel industry a great undeveloped iron-ore reserve.

In these projects, the human beings precede the big machines, and as the work advances, the pack train gives way to the tent, the tent to the bunkhouse, and the bunkhouse to the trailer or Quonset hut. By and by comes the town with the supermarket and movie house. This is a long and hard pioneer trail, but almost from the start the superman in the tin hat brings his radio with him, and soon along the way, a reporter comes in and writes a story about him for an American periodical.

Some sixty years ago, Julian Ralph, a correspondent for this magazine, did a similar reporting job in the British Columbia solitudes, where he visited construction camps for the Kootenay River branch of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. His account of the trip appeared in the November 1891 *Harper's* and later in *On Canada's Frontier*. He traveled by steamboat, along with a cargo of steel rails, from Revelstoke (380 miles inland from the Pacific Ocean) downstream on the Columbia River to Sproat's Landing, then the only settlement along the Columbia between the United States border and the CPR. From there, where he stayed at a hotel of hencoop design, he went the remaining twenty

miles to the Kootenay by packhorse train, talking with trail-cutters and "right-of-way" men en route. Like Mr. Neuberger, when he reached the white tent camp in the wilderness, the men he saw there attracted his attention, and he learned what he could by watching them and asking questions. What he saw was not a "race of supermen" but "human flotsam" and he got precious little more out of them than he might have got by interviewing the slaves at Gizeh. However, because he was curious, he got a pretty full account from the boss of the outfit, Dan Dunn, a self-made man who had worked up from the laboring ranks.

Of the men themselves, Ralph observed, very few were born laborers; they were mainly "men of higher origin who had failed in earlier civilizations"; outlaws from the States; men who had hoped for a gold mine until hope was all but dead; ne'er-do-wells; and only here and there a working man by training.

At dinner in the grub tent they ate rapidly, with only enough politeness to pass the bread, and they seemed to have little time for talking. Dan Dunn called them his "wolverines." "The time has gone by," he said, "when you could keep an outfit on salt pork and bacon. It's as far gone as them days when they say the Hudson Bay Company fed its laborers



*Part of the Mess Hall at Camp #5, Kemano*  
Photo by courtesy of ALCAN



## P &amp; O

on rabbit tracks and a stick. Did ye never hear of that? Why, sure, man, 'twas only fifty years ago that when meal hours came the bosses of the big trading company would give a workman a stick, and point out some rabbit tracks, and tell him he'd have an hour to catch his fill. But in rail-roading nowadays we give them the best that's going, and all they want of it. . . . Oh, they must be fed well, or they wouldn't stay."

Dan Dunn said the woods were full of men out of a job, with no more clothing than would wad a gun; it would take them two months' work to pay back their fares of thirty or forty dollars which they owed to the railroad. On top of that they would have to buy clothing, blankets, tobacco, and food (at five dollars a week). But, said Dunn, "It's just as well for them, for the most of them are too rich if they're a dollar ahead. . . . They most of them bang it away for drink."

PERHAPS one factor in the evolution of Julian Ralph's "human flotsam" into the "race of supermen" whom Mr. Neuberger found on the Canadian frontier is the experience of the U. S. Army during World War II in building the Alaska Highway. Mr. Neuberger himself became familiar with central British Columbia when from 1942 to 1945 he was aide-de-camp to General James A. O'Connor, who was in charge of the building of the Highway and sent Mr. Neuberger with other officers and men to help develop an auxiliary line of supply using the backwoods Canadian National Railroad line from Jasper to Prince Rupert; that line now hauls all the vast amounts of equipment for the Kitimat project.

Mr. Neuberger's article in this issue is in a way a companion piece with one he wrote for the February 1947 number, "The Biggest Thing on Earth," about the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River. Kitimat is the world's second biggest power project and the biggest one ever financed with private funds.

Mr. Neuberger returned from Kitimat to his home in Oregon just in time to conduct a quick campaign for re-election to the State Senate. He and his wife are Democrats; yet in the year of the greatest Republican landslide in the history of Re-

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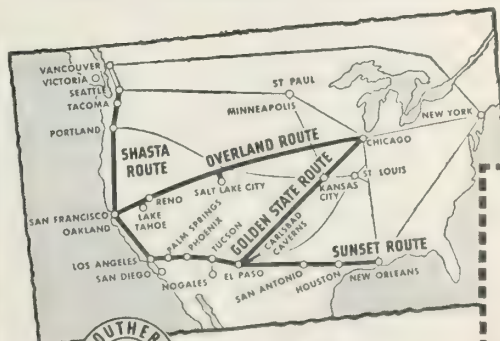
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# What will they do with the year 2000?

The current issue of HOLIDAY features the first installment of a fascinating and highly important story—the story of what the Youth of the World thinks, wants and plans, and of its hopes for a very special version of “The Good Life.”

It's a first-hand report, written and photographed, of actual young men and women of England, Norway, France, Germany, Italy, Yugoslavia, Israel, Syria, Liberia, South Africa, Japan, Brazil and the United States.

If you want an indication of where the world is going, here is an excellent way to find out. For while elder statesmen, elder industrialists, and elder editors can indulge in their profundities, *these are the young people who will shape the second half of this century we live in.*

This project of HOLIDAY's has been three years in the making and is, perhaps, unique in the history of reporting. The first installment is in the January issue of HOLIDAY, now on sale.

publican Oregon, both Neuberger (Mrs. Neuberger is a state representative) were victorious. As a matter of fact, they were the only Democrats to survive in Multnomah County; and Mr. Neuberger was one of only two Democrats elected to the State Senate.

## Weather or No . . .

P & O used to take a positively Olympian attitude toward changes in the weather. When friends perspiringly asked him whether he didn't think our summers were getting hotter, or when, on mild days in January, they remarked on the passing of the old-fashioned winter, he would assure them that they were under a delusion; that the weather had its vagaries, but in time they averaged out; and that the delusion was based on the fact that childhood experiences of great snowstorms made a lasting record in the memory, whereas winter thaws made only a fleeting impression. P & O felt he was being very, very scientific and prided himself upon his imperviousness to misleading emotion.

But during the past few years doubts began to eat away his confidence, when year after year the statistics which he held in such high regard showed New York City winters milder than the long-term average, and summers which approached the all-time record for seasonal heat. And the summer of

1952 really broke his spirit. For in New York, as in many other parts of the country, the weather in July and August was so consecutively punishing that even stockholders in the air-conditioning industry prayed for respite. It was toward the end of this ordeal that the editors of *Harper's*, deaf to P & O's fainter and fainter pleas for scientific detachment, sought out experienced meteorologists to ask them whether something real wasn't happening to the climate.

The meteorologists said that indeed something was happening, and that the man to explain it, and to set it in proper perspective, was the distinguished English student of climate, Charles Ernest Pelham Brooks, who from 1919 to 1948 was in charge of the Library and General Climatology branch of the British Meteorological Office, and who wrote *The Evolution of Climate* (1922), *Climate Through the Ages* (1926, revised edition 1949), *British Floods and Droughts* (with Dr. J. Glasspoole, 1928), and the more popular work, *Climate in Everyday Life* (1950).

In this issue we therefore present “What Is Happening to the Weather?” by **C.E.P. Brooks** (p.32). And if, at the moment when your eyes rest upon it, you should be enduring a record-breaking cold wave, just remember that the weather has its vagaries, but in due time they average out—almost.



**Pile-Drivers at Kemano Bay—July 1951**

Photo by courtesy of ALCAN



## And Much More

...As we see it, the personality of *Frances McFadden* is either that of a twelve-year-old Woodsprite, in cotton guimpe and bloomers, or that of a rather dictatorial lawyer, the man whose thoughts she conveyed in her last article in *Harper's*, "I Can't Afford My Wife's Job" (September 1952). In this issue she is the bloomed Woodsprite of "The Octagon House" (p. 40). Miss McFadden tells us that she passed her adult years in Chicago, New York, and foreign parts (we happen to know she worked for the OWI in London during the war), and that for many years she was managing editor of *Harper's Bazaar*.

She grew up in Greenwich, Connecticut, which is the scene of the story; the Octagon House was really miles out of town; and the Woodsprites were really the Bluebirds, organized by Ernest Thompson Seton, the naturalist and writer, who was a neighbor of the McFaddens'.

...Sharp-eyed readers may detect that there is but one short story in this issue of *Harper's*. P & O cautions them against thinking they have spotted a new editorial policy. There is nothing sacred about our usual number of two, and nothing ominous about a singleton. It's merely a chance, and at any time there may be three or more stories for a change.

Incidentally, *Harper's* seems to be keeping up its score on fiction selected for reprinting and distinguished mention of one kind or another. For example, in her 1952 edition of *The Best American Short Stories*, Martha Foley selected four stories from *Harper's*, more than she took from any other magazine. The four were chosen from *Harper's* of 1951; they are: Frank Rooney's "Cyclists' Raid" (January); Wallace Stegner's "The Traveler" (February); Susan Kuehn's "The Searchers" (March); and Mark Van Doren's "Nobody Say a Word" (July).

*David Goldknopf's* story for this month is in a post-holiday mood: "Christmas Twice" (p. 46). Mr. Goldknopf's first published stories appeared in this magazine in 1946, and since then his work has come out in *Harper's Bazaar*, the *New Re-*

# Why The Catholic Church Says "INVESTIGATE!"

Probably not more than a handful of people hate the Catholic Church as it really is.

But many have heard anti-Catholic calumnies from sources they have been taught to respect, and have come to fear and suspect the Church as it has been falsely represented to them.

It is hardly reasonable to believe that 25 millions of Americans would remain in the Catholic Church if the rumors circulated against the Church are true. Nor would thousands of others become Catholics every year if they believed such things—without inquiring into the facts.

That is why the Catholic Church says again and again to people everywhere: "Investigate! Investigate!"

The Church makes this appeal not merely to settle an argument, nor primarily to win the good-will of the non-Catholic people, although this is a hoped-for result.

Its more important aim is to invite people to inquire into Christ's truth as taught and preserved by the Catholic Church down through the centuries. For no man, seeking the salvation of his own soul, can conscientiously discount the Catholic claim to be Christ's Church on the basis of mere rumor and slander when the truth is so readily at hand.

The Catholic Church therefore invites

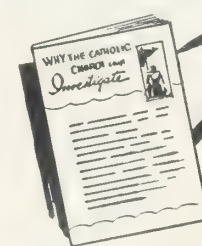


you to inquire into its teaching and practices... to find out for yourself if what you believe about the Church is true or false.

Learn for yourself, for instance, if it is true that Catholics give divine worship to Mary, the Mother of Christ... or if this is

not just another calumny. If you have been led to believe that Catholics worship idols and statues... buy and sell the divine worship of the Mass... are opposed to the religious freedom granted all religions by our Bill of Rights, then you have been deceived and misled.

If you have harbored these or any other false beliefs about the Catholic Church and its teachings... and if, above all, such misunderstanding has kept you from examining the Catholic claim to be the Church established by Christ Himself... you owe it to yourself in good conscience to seek the truth.



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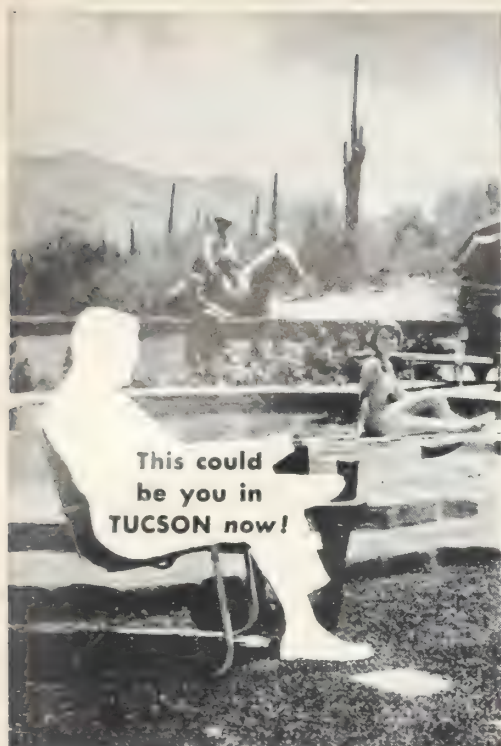
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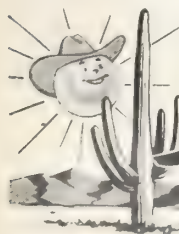


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public, and elsewhere. He is employed as a technical writer with an electronics development firm.

...The "TV Man at the Stevenson Watch" (p. 65) was **Perry Wolff**, who is a writer-producer in CBS-TV's Public Affairs Department. A producer in television, according to Mr. Wolff, is considerably different from a stage or movie producer. "His mind is filled with the relations between stop watches, cameras, microwaves, dollars, electrons, and catharsis. He did not exist before 1946 and there is evidence that he will shortly be extinct because his mind is incapable of retaining the basic knowledge necessary for technological existence."

Mr. Wolff went to work for CBS Radio in 1947, in the particular field of the tape-recorded documentary. He won the Peabody Award in 1950 for a study of race relations in Chicago and before he left town made a tape documentary whose point matched that of Alden Stevens' article, "Make Dope Legal," in the November *Harper's*.

...It is hard to believe **Bertrand Russell's** assertion in his "Portraits from Memory" (p. 70) that he was a Victorian while his subjects, John Maynard Keynes and Lytton Strachey, were Edwardians. For Lord Russell, in this his eightieth active year, has written these profiles and delivered them in his crisp and delightful voice over the BBC. Keynes produced his best known book (*The Economic Consequences of the Peace*) in 1919 and, after many other lasting works, died in 1946. Lytton Strachey poured out those lighter and more popular, but very clever books of his—*Eminent Victorians*, *Queen Victoria*, and *Elizabeth and Essex*—between 1919 and 1928, and he died at fifty-two in 1932.

Lord Russell has been writing books since 1896, keeping it up in every decade and in many fields—philosophy, mathematics, logic, social comment, foreign affairs, education, ethics—until he won the Order of Merit in 1949 and the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950. During the past year he has experimented with short stories, one of which has come out anonymously in

the English magazine, *Go*, and five of which will be published under his name in a book in the spring. If this is a Victorian, it is only in the sense which Lord Russell defines in his first paragraph. He had shed the Victorian rigidity of his family background almost before Keynes and Strachey began to rebel against it.

The feature of this second installment of Lord Russell's series of "Portraits from Memory" which will cause anguish among some readers, we predict, is the serious criticism of Strachey's mind and work. "He was indifferent to historical truth," Russell concludes, "and would always touch up the picture to make the lights and shades more glaring and the folly or wickedness of famous people more obvious." For the sake of Strachey's admirers, we go back to the passage in the introduction to *Eminent Victorians* where Strachey seems to have known what the critics might say and to have prepared his defense in advance. If the historian is wise, he said, he will attack his subject subtly:

He will fall upon the flank, or the rear; he will shoot a sudden, revealing searchlight into obscure recesses, hitherto undivined. He will row out over that great ocean of material, and lower down into it, here and there, a little bucket, which will bring up to the light of day some characteristic specimen, from those far depths, to be examined with careful curiosity.

Next month, in the third of these freely drawn portraits from life, Bertrand Russell will leave the Cambridge background which produced the subjects of the first two sketches, and will take up D. H. Lawrence.

...**A. B. Guthrie, Jr.**, the only male appearing in the cast of characters of "Nothing Difficult About a Cow" (p. 73), is the author of *The Big Sky* and *The Way West*; he is a member of the faculty of the University of Kentucky and the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1950. He was a newspaperman in Lexington, Kentucky, for nearly twenty years; he was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard for a year; and he possesses an A.B. degree and a Litt. D. degree from the University of Montana.

It would not seem necessary to cite



Mr. Guthrie's credentials so explicitly, were it not that he relates a tale of ignominy in his current article, with himself the most inglorious of duffers. Mr. Guthrie is not a city slicker—he was born in Bedford, Indiana, and grew up in Montana; his father was superintendent of schools in Choteau, Montana. In high school there he met his future wife, the daughter of a rancher who had driven a stage-coach back in the sixties. Twin Lakes, the ranch where the Guthries spend three months a year, is in Choteau.

•••**Leonard Engel**, who has produced some of the best science articles in *Harper's* in recent years (including "The Long Slow Battle with Cancer" and "The Automatic Heart"), comes forward this month with "Caution: Medical Statistics at Work" (p. 77). This article combines two particular interests of his—medicine and numbers. His account of the origin of the article is this:

I came to write it, I guess, because I am something of a sourpuss: I just can't bring myself to believe everything I read, including the numbers with which we seem to decorate everything these days. I am sure the same sort of article could be written (though not by me) about a lot of what passes for statistical information in other fields, and about the lack of real data on crucial problems.

Like Mr. Engel, the common American citizen might be called a man twice stung. In the first place, the emphasis of his education upon mistrust of all except "facts" has led him valiantly to discard opinion and mere hunch and to rely instead upon the most concrete of all "facts"—statistics. Then, through experience out in the wide world, where prices, polls, markups, and sales all tend at one time or another to demonstrate the chimerical nature of statistical truth, the citizen learns to suspect the so-called "facts." The statement, "Let's look at the record," he has learned, can be used by campaigning politicians to "prove" either side of the case—or, he has begun to think, to establish a case where none exists. At last, all of his old concepts, the old furnishings of his mind, seem to need quotation marks around

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☐ Check if Veteran.

them to indicate the cloud of suspicion which now envelops them.

Mr. Engel's article is not designed to eliminate our uncomfortable doubts, but rather to sting us again, this time to try to sort out our "facts," to eliminate both the error of overreliance and the error of total rejection. In between is the narrow line of truth, dim and sometimes invisible, but always worth seeking.

For example, on the question of not taking at face value the data we have, Mr. Engel pointed out to P & O that the census figures for 1950 show more people in the 65-70 age group in some parts of the country than there were in the 55-60 age group ten years before. What happened? The explanation is not immigration, which might seem to be the only obvious possibility, but large-scale falsifying of age by older people in order to get social security payments. It pays to be 65.

•••**Leigh White's** "Egypt's 'Blessed' Revolution" (p. 83) is no single swallow. Cautiously hopeful observations began to come our way shortly after General Mohammed Naguib's *coup d'etat* last summer, which was at first relegated to secondary news status in the American press. It occurred during the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. By mid-November, the cheerful note had crept into many ordinarily very reserved quarters.

Leigh White sent his article from Cairo; its intimate picture of the new Egyptian hero, along with the corrupt rulers he has thrown out, brings life and credibility to these hopes, which most of the world would be glad to share. Mr. White has been a foreign correspondent since the mid-thirties and is the author of *The Long Balkan Night*.

•••Pictures in the magazine this month were provided by two newcomers to the United States. **Mircea Vasiliu** ("The Octagon House") was in Washington as an attaché of the Romanian Embassy when the Romanian government changed in 1948. He resigned from his diplomatic position, remained in this country, and returned to the artistic career for which he had studied at the Fine Arts Academy of Bucharest. He has studied both in Washington and New York.

**N. M. Bodecker** ("Nothing Difficult About a Cow") studied architecture and drawing in his native Copenhagen and did topical cartoons for some fifteen Danish newspapers and magazines. At present he is making a series of drawings about the United States for the Danish newspaper *Politiken*.

**Philip Grushkin**, who made the map on the front cover, specializes ordinarily in creating book jackets, using calligraphy and photography as media. He teaches at Cooper Union Art School in New York.

•••Among the poets this month, **Robert Berkowitz** ("Despatch," p. 72) is the sole newcomer. He is a veteran of World War II, who "started writing poetry on Okinawa when there was nothing else to do." He is working in the Training program at Wm. Filene's Sons in Boston, and teaches a course at the Boston Adult Education Center. **David McCord**, whose "Gloss" appears on p. 31, has just had his twentieth book published: *Far and Few*, a collection of his verse for children. "To a Baby Parked in His Pram" (p. 90) completes a group of three poems by **Hortense Flexner** in this winter's *Harper's*. She is the author of several books of verse and books for children.

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# LETTERS

## *Drugs and Laws—*

*To the Editors:*

In his article, "Make Dope Legal," in your November issue, Mr. Alden Stevens refers to clinics which were in operation along his suggested lines in 1919 and 1920. . . . The clinics existed, yes—but they were given up because they failed of purpose and were causing more harm than good. The failures in the initial experiment, in my opinion, would only be duplicated if a similar attempt were made today in line with your writer's recommendations.

Legislation was adopted in New York state in 1917 and 1918—the Whitney Act—which generally embodied the "new plan" suggested in the article. Local boards of health were empowered to prescribe and dispense drugs to addicts, without charge, under regulations promulgated by the State Health Department. A course of education and treatment was provided with the free "shots."

By 1921 the law had to be repealed and the entire system abandoned. Addicts could not be properly handled in the voluntary clinics; left at large, the addict continued his contagious rounds. Advantage was taken of the free "shots" not only by the confirmed addict but by the newly enlisted neophytes. Adequate control over the addict was lacking during the course of "treatment."

It also became apparent that where free clinics were set up to dispense drugs under controls, the peddler in illicit traffic would have no trouble locating prospective purchasers. Drug addicts are seldom satisfied with one or two doses in uncertain quantities. . . . Indeed, these very free drug dispensation centers offered the peddler a handy spot from which to continue his nefarious trade. . . .

Addicts become addicts from association; every active addict who is

loose is a possible source of infection for others. To permit the addict to roam the streets while undergoing treatment is to fight a city-wide conflagration with a trickle of water. More will be spread than is put out.

Expert opinion is in unanimous agreement that provision must be made for mandatory treatment of the addict. Dr. Kenneth W. Chapman, Assistant Chief of the Division of Hospitals of the U. S. Public Health Service, during the course of the public hearings which I conducted last year, was most emphatic in pointing out that failure to institutionalize the addict for compulsory treatment endangers not only the addict but the public at large.

Without a mandatory system of after-care and guidance the program can be of no effect. Dr. Zimmering of Bellevue Hospital made it plain during the course of the hearings that even with the beginning youngster, "once these boys were returned to their usual situation, they would promptly return to the use of the drug."

The program of cure and rehabilitation presented in my report to the Legislature of New York presents not only the opinions of recognized experts but the results of trial and admitted error in earlier phases of this vital struggle. Riverside Hospital in New York City has now opened its doors to adolescent drug-users. Here will be practiced the five-point program formulated in my report: (1) compulsory physical withdrawal in a facility where adequate segregation is possible; (2) physical rehabilitation; (3) psychotherapy; (4) occupational therapy; (5) mandatory after-care and follow-up. . . .

NATHANIEL L. GOLDSTEIN  
Attorney General  
State of New York  
Albany, N. Y.

*To the Editors:*

Mr. Alden Stevens' "Make Dope

Legal" is an excellent article. The Harrison Act was passed in 1914. While it was undoubtedly a progressive step, like most social legislation, it is in need of review and modification.

Like the Volstead Act, which was intended to wipe out the use of another drug, the Harrison Act drove the drug sellers underground and produced an enormous wealth of narcotic smugglers and agents which became a strong incentive for increasing the number of addicted persons.

In foreign countries, England for instance, addicts are supplied with needed drugs and cared for by physicians, so there is no incentive for smuggling and addiction is nowhere near the problem it is here. Of course, there are many details of the modification Mr. Stevens recommends which would have to be studied and worked out, but this thoughtful article should be given wide publicity in the hope that helpful suggestions will lead to much needed reforms in the present serious situation.

DR. HUBERT S. HOWE  
New York, N. Y.

## *Error—*

*To the Editors:*

In your "After Hours" section [November, "Parlor Game"] you state that Kodachrome slides cannot be duplicated. They can. . . . Please correct the statement for the benefit of thousands of your interested readers.

MAX E. BRAIL  
Jackson, Michigan

*Mr. Brail is quite right. As Eastman Kodak Company puts it: "Duplicate Kodachrome transparencies (24 x 36 mm) can be made from 24 x 36mm original transparencies, and reduced duplicates made to 24 x 36mm from 28 x 40mm (Bantam) transparencies."*



## LETTERS

*The Perfect Tribute—**To the Editors:*

Last night Senator McCarthy brutally attacked Bernard DeVoto—who writes most brilliantly for *Harper's* and who gives me those few moments a busy man delights in. No, McCarthy hardly convinced me but he did remind me to send in the enclosed renewal of my subscription.

ARTHUR J. ARONSON  
New York, N. Y.

*To the Editors:*

Please let me congratulate you for being mentioned last night by the junior Senator from Wisconsin in his own, too familiar way as a periodical "to stay away from." I deeply trust that this "plug" will bring you many thousands of new friends and that your excellent publication will continue to fight with all its vigor against the "champion of the inquisition" (as Governor Stevenson has called him) and all he stands for.

PAUL RABER  
Valhalla, N. Y.

*More About Malaya—**To the Editors:*

I read with great interest Michael Keon's "Episode in Malaya" [October] and while admitting that he has treated that episode very fairly indeed . . . I would like your readers to know that Wu's outburst to the effect that the Malays, prior to the arrival of the British and Chinese, were "nothing but tribesmen living on the jungle's edge, ruled over by dirty, corrupt, and degenerate sultans" is simply an outburst of pique. In all my travels, and they have been to many out-of-the-way places and not inconsiderable, I have never found a less dirty race than the Malays. . . . The Malay has a record for cleanliness seldom approached by Asians.

On Wu's corruption and degeneracy charges, I have no facts—but those early "degenerate" sultans produced some splendid descendants, a number of whom it has been my very great privilege to know well.

Again Wu claims that "Chinese would never submit to rule by lazy, parasitic Malays acting as British agents." The Malay is not a lazy

man—when there is necessary work to be done, he or she is out at sunrise and home at sunset, but Malaya is a bountiful land and provides the needs of the Malay with a minimum of effort on his part. . . .

The realist, I suppose, would say that since a date very soon after the beginning of mankind, no race could say of any place "this is my own, my native land," for all land was at some earlier date taken by conquest from earlier people. In the case of the Malays, who were invaders from overseas, the arrival of the Westerners found them in possession and the world has come to accept Malaya as the homeland of the Malays. Today in Malaya the Malays are outnumbered by other foreign populations, and the Malay knows well that should control of Malaya pass into the hands of the Chinese, his lot would be far from a happy one.

Mr. Keon has not been "wholly convinced" that the Malayan Police Force does not resort to torture to obtain confessions. . . . May I add my humble testimony? With over twenty-six years in Malaya and service with the Malayan Police Force, on the outbreak of banditry in the country, never once have I known of or even heard rumored a case where torture was used.

P. H. BONNET  
New York, N. Y.

*Mother's Place—**To the Editors:*

Agnes Rogers' article, "My Mother Lives with Us" [November] is so very unrepresentative of American life today that I can't keep quiet. The article represents conditions of a generation past.

Today a couple is lucky if "Mother lives with them." It means grandmother can cook and take care of the children while mother works, and judging by the women in industry, a great many mothers do. It also means the small income from insurance or Social Security (if she is over 65) is contributed to the family exchequer in the tactful form of presents of clothes for the children, or a loan toward buying a home which is never repayed. . . .

MRS. WILLIAM CEPEK  
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# Harper's MAGAZINE

## *The Truce Talks in Korea*

### A Full Report to the United Nations

*Dean G. Acheson*

*On October 24, 1952, Secretary Acheson, as the chief of the United States delegation to the United Nations, made a three-hour statement on the Korean situation to the UN's Political Committee, covering in detail the history of the Korean problem since 1945. The latter part of his address, covering the truce talks, with special emphasis on the prisoner-of-war issue, seemed to us to illuminate so well what has been a somewhat baffling business to a great many Americans, that we decided to give the readers of Harper's a chance to read it in full. The address was delivered from notes, without any prepared text. We are presenting it without editing (except for a summary of one necessarily repetitious passage).—The Editors.*

**O**N 23 JUNE 1951 Jacob Malik, who was then Soviet Union representative on the Security Council, made a radio address here in New York. In the course of it he said this:

The Soviet peoples believe that the most acute problem of the present day, the problem of the armed conflict in Korea, could also be settled. The Soviet peoples believe that, as a first step, discussions should be started between the belligerents for a cease-fire and an armistice providing for the mutual withdrawal of forces from the 38th parallel.

That seemed to be a pretty important announcement by a Power which had a pretty direct relation to this matter in Korea and, of course, a great deal of attention was

paid to it. Immediately the United States Ambassador in Moscow called upon Mr. Gromyko and asked for clarification of this statement by Mr. Malik. Mr. Gromyko explained that, in his view, the armistice should, in the first place, include a cease-fire and, secondly, should be limited to strictly military questions without involving any political or territorial matters. That seemed to be hopeful; that seemed to be a sensible way of getting at the matter. So General Ridgway immediately established contact with the Communist Command, and arrangements were made to initiate the negotiations.

I shall go through some of those steps. I shall not unduly take the time of the Committee by going into all the steps. In particular, I shall not bother you with all those delays and harassments which came from



Communist charges of violation of neutrality of the area. Those which were true were admitted at once and rectified. Those which were not could not be admitted, because they were not true. Nevertheless, endless delays took place.

You remember the violation of the equal treatment which occurred. All of that I shall pass over; I shall only talk about the actual steps in the negotiations. These have been so involved and have gone on over so long a time that it is quite important to try to see what the United Nations Command was attempting to do. What were its objectives here? What are the main principles? It had three main purposes in mind. The first one was to bring an end to the fighting on a basis which achieves the purpose of repelling the aggression. That was essential. Bring the fighting to an end on a basis which achieves the purpose of repelling the aggression.

Secondly, the purpose was to get the maximum possible assurance against a renewal of the fighting. Again, that is an essential element in any armistice.

Thirdly, the purpose was to bring about a fair exchange of prisoners.

Those were the big objectives here of the United Nations Command. Let us go over the position taken on some of these points. In the first place, it took two days more than two weeks to obtain an agenda. Anybody who has conducted negotiations with the Communists knows that the business of the agenda is, for some reason or another, very, very important. In this case, it took two weeks and two days to get the agenda, and here it was: item 1 was the fixing of a military demarcation line between both sides so as to establish a demilitarized zone as a basic condition for a cessation of hostilities in Korea. This is a very important thing to do. But you would not think you would have to talk so long to do it.

The second item was: concrete arrangements for the realization of a cease-fire and an armistice in Korea including the composition, authority, and functions of a supervising organization. That is an essential thing to add to an agenda. Why take two weeks to say so?

Then there was: arrangements relating to prisoners of war. Finally, there was: recommendations to the governments of the countries concerned on both sides.

That was the agenda.

ON THE military demarcation line, it took four months to get agreement. The Communist attitude was that the demarcation line should be the 38th parallel, although they had previously stated that the 38th parallel ceased to exist, although Mr. Gromyko had said that purely military and not political questions ought to be involved in this. Nevertheless, the Communists spent four months arguing that it should be the 38th parallel. The United Nations Command took the view that the 38th parallel had no military significance whatever, that the line must be based on the actual military situation, and that it must be a line which left both sides in a defensible position. Finally, this was agreed to on 27 November 1951.

There was a great deal of discussion about this recommendation to governments. All sorts of political questions were introduced by the Communists into that area. The United Nations Command took the position that it was not able to discuss political questions of any sort. Finally, after a great effort, the agreement was on a recommendation that a political conference on a higher level of both sides be held three months after an armistice was to become effective to settle through negotiations the questions of the withdrawal of all foreign forces from Korea, the peaceful settlement of the Korean question, etcetera. In agreeing to this recommendation, the United Nations Command negotiator stated that so far as that Command was concerned, the recommendation is directed to the United Nations as well as to the Republic of Korea; that is, that the United Nations has a stake in the future settlement of these questions; that "foreign forces" meant all non-Korean forces; and finally, that the mystic word "etcetera" should not be construed to relate to matters outside of Korea. They then took up the arrangements for a cease-fire and for the supervision of a cease-fire; and whereas the demarcation zone discussion had taken four months this one took five months.

The only purpose of United Nations Command under this item, was to get the maximum assurance against a renewal of aggression. Therefore, at all times the United Nations negotiators stood by these principles. In the first place, they were quite willing to have the same supervisions, the same restrictions imposed on them as they asked should



be imposed on the other side. There was never a departure from complete reciprocity of treatment. Therefore, the same limitations and arrangements behind the United Nations lines were to be accepted as on the other side. Secondly, they insisted that there should be no increase in the strength of the armed forces on either side, but that there should be provision for the rotation of personnel. You could not add to the strength, but you could change people, so that people who had been there a long time would not have to remain there indefinitely, and their places could be taken by others.

In the third place, they insisted, on the United Nations Command's side, that the impartial commission must have free access to the territory of both sides to observe how the armistice was being observed. They were not willing to take the word of the other side. This had to be observed by impartial observers.

The Communists continually referred to principles which caused a great deal of trouble. One of these principles was the freedom of their internal affairs from interference, which came up every time anybody suggested that anything should be done behind their lines, or that there should be inspection, or that there should be anything else. That was claimed by them to be an interference in the internal affairs of their country—whether it was that the airfields should not be repaired, or what not. That principle of course was a very troublesome one.

They refused to agree that the airfields should not be reconstructed and rehabilitated. Another matter which took a very long time was that it had been agreed that there might be impartial nations nominated by each side on this inspection commission, provided that no side had a right to nominate a country which was offensive or not regarded as impartial by the other side. Therefore, when the United States suggested that Sweden, Switzerland, and Norway would be impartial nations satisfactory to it, the Communists named Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union. The presence of any of those nations as impartial ones was of course ridiculous, but the presence of the Soviet Union, which, as I pointed out, had organized, equipped, advised, directed, trained, and maintained this aggression, on a group of impartial observers

was intolerable, and that could not be accepted.

FINALLY, the negotiations got down to three points: the airfields, the question of the impartial nations, and the treatment of prisoners. At that point the United Nations Command put forward what was called a package proposal; that is, a proposal which would settle all three of these things at once. The proposal was that the United Nations Command would give up its insistence that the airfields should not be rehabilitated. It would withdraw that position provided it was agreed on the other side that the impartial group, so-called—or the supervision group, which is a better name for it—should be Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, and that the United Nations position on prisoners of war should be accepted. That was the package proposal which was put forward, and it was rejected.

From that time on the discussion revolved around the prisoner-of-war question. But I wish to bring the Committee back to the fact that the prisoner-of-war question is part of a three-point proposal, where it was said that all the three points would be settled on that basis which I have mentioned: one, that we should withdraw objection to the rehabilitation of airfields unconditionally; two, that the supervisory group should be the four nations named; and that the United Nations view should be taken on prisoners. That remains. But the discussion has been on the prisoner-of-war question.

I should like to make a few general observations on this prisoner-of-war matter. In the first place, it was a wholly unexpected issue to the United Nations Command. It never occurred to the United Nations negotiators that this would be an issue, or that it would take the time that it has taken. It was quite a surprising one. The second thing that I should like to make very clear, is that the United Nations Command would have been quite satisfied to have all prisoners returned, provided no humanitarian considerations entered into the matter. There is no desire on the part of the United Nations Command to keep one prisoner—not one. We have no desire whatever to keep any prisoner or to return any prisoner to any particular place. We would be perfectly happy, if there were not



other considerations, no humanitarian considerations, simply to exchange prisoners and forget about them. I also want to make it clear that the United Nations Command at all times has said that it would consider any plan or proposal which accepted the United Nations view that prisoners should not be made by force to return to the other side. We have asked for suggestions; we invite proposals; we welcome all the proposals which have been made. Proposals have been made by the government of Mexico and many others which are useful and helpful. All of these we welcome. All of these come to grief upon the insistence on the Communist side that prisoners must be forced to return.

LET us talk for a moment about the background of the prisoner question. From the very beginning the United Nations Command has followed the provisions of the Geneva Convention of 1949, and it has particularly done so by promptly sending lists of prisoners to the International Committee of the Red Cross which, in turn, has sent these lists to the other side. Vast numbers of prisoners have been captured by the United Nations side. One hundred and seventy thousand odd names were sent in. Subsequently, it was discovered that during the period of the wholesale surrenders by the North Korean army and the mass movement of refugees from the North, 37,000-odd people were sent into these prisoner-of-war camps who were not prisoners at all. These were civilian people and they were reclassified—some 37,000-odd people—and they were set free. The International Committee of the Red Cross was informed of the people by name. Subsequently, we gave a revised list to the Communists containing 132,000 names. Investigation of those revealed that an additional 11,000 were Republic of Korea citizens who were not properly classified as prisoners of war, and they too are being released. The United Nations Command, therefore, has in custody, as prisoners of war, about 121,000 persons.

As compared with what I have just reported as to United Nations observance of the Geneva Convention, the Communist practice has been not to inform the International Committee of the Red Cross or the United Nations Command, through any channel, of

the names and numbers of prisoners of war, as required by law. When they finally agreed to list the prisoners of war, they listed 11,500, including all Koreans and all United Nations Command prisoners. This was disappointing because, only [a few] months before on 8 April 1951—and, before that, on 9 February 1951—the Communists had announced over the radio that, in the first nine months of hostilities, they had captured 65,000 persons. They were very proud of it and they announced it over the radio twice—65,000 prisoners in the first nine months of hostilities. But, when they were asked about the difference between 65,000 and 11,500, they had a most interesting explanation. They said that the difference was accounted for by people who had been “re-educated” at the front—so quickly that it was impossible to get their names. Most of these people had almost instantaneously been re-educated—and had done what? What do you suppose these re-educatees had done so quickly that one could not get their names? You have guessed it, I am sure: they joined the North Korean Army. And that was the difference between 65,000 and 11,500.

In the treatment of prisoners of war, the United Nations Command has not only sent the lists, but it has admitted the International Committee of the Red Cross to its prisoner-of-war camps; it has given that Committee every facility to investigate every camp; and, on every occasion on which it has been criticized by the International Committee for any conduct, it has promptly met that criticism and changed what was going on in the camp.

Communist practice, as I have said, has been that they have not given lists of names. They have failed to appoint a protecting power or a benevolent organization such as the Red Cross. They rejected the efforts of the International Committee of the Red Cross to get into the Communist prisoner-of-war camps. They have refused to exchange relief packages and, until very recently, they have refused to exchange mail—and now that is allowed only on a most limited scale. They have refused to report on the health of prisoners of war and they refuse to exchange the seriously sick and wounded as is required by the Geneva Convention. They have failed to give the accurate locations of the prisoner-of-war camps and they have failed to mark them



properly, and they have situated their camps in places of danger near legitimate military targets, in defiance of the Geneva Convention.

**W**E NOW come to the origin of this repatriation question. As increasing numbers of prisoners came into United Nations hands, it began to be found out that more and more of these prisoners believed that, if they were returned to Communist hands, they would be executed or imprisoned or treated brutally in some way. They therefore took the position that they would not be exchanged and that, if an attempt was made to exchange them, they would resist by force. It was quite unthinkable to the United Nations Command that it should use force to drive into the hands of the Communists people who would be resisting that effort by force. That was the attitude taken by the United Nations Command. It was the attitude taken by all other governments whose troops were in Korea and who would be required to carry out this forcible return if it were instituted. So far as I know, there has been no member of the United Nations outside the Communist group that has ever suggested that it was right, proper, legal, or necessary to return these prisoners by force.

Even our knowledge that many of the prisoners had this attitude did not give us the slightest idea of the magnitude of the problem until the interrogation period came along in April 1952. At that time, when we saw the numbers who held these views and the violence with which they held them, it became clear that it would not only be highly immoral and illegal to force these prisoners to return, but that it would also require a military operation of no inconsiderable proportions to do it.

Let us be clear about the attitudes and positions which have been taken. Early in the negotiations and throughout the negotiations, the United Nations Command has taken the view that all prisoners in its possession were entitled to the opportunity to be repatriated. There is no question about that. Every one of them is entitled to it—the entire 121,000—even though the result of an exchange of that magnitude would be that prisoners being returned to the United Nations Command would number 11,500 while these others would come to a

vastly greater number. Our point is that the prisoners are entitled to an opportunity to be repatriated—and we have never departed from that view after the early days of the discussion. And what we have tried to do throughout these discussions is to be as ingenious as possible in finding ways of meeting the Communist objections.

Now let me talk for a moment about the so-called screening of prisoners, which really means the interrogating of the prisoners to find out whether or not they would resist violently a return to the Communist side. It is important to note that, in seeking a solution of this problem, a principal step involved finding out what the prisoners thought, whether or not they would resist by force. The Communists have always claimed that it was wrong to find that out—that that was a wrong thing to do. And yet, what I would rather stress here is that the screening was done with their knowledge and with their acquiescence. Now, how did that come about? It came about in this way: In April 1952 when we were arguing with the Communists as to this principle, they said: “Well, how many people are involved in this? Let us find out whether this is a serious question before we just argue about it on principle. How many of these prisoners do you say would violently resist going back?” And we said: “The only way we can find out is to ask them. We don’t know any other way of finding out. And we think it would be very helpful and very much to your interests on the Communist side if you put out a proclamation of amnesty, so that we could tell anybody who was worried about himself that you are ready to pardon him.” The Communists said: “That is a good idea; we will do that.” And so they put out a proclamation of amnesty for any prisoner of war who would return—for the very purpose of affecting, if they could, the decision of the prisoners in this period of interrogation. Therefore, when they say that this is all wrong and wicked and illegal, what you have to know is that they themselves agreed to it.

We tried to be as careful and as fair in the screening as we possibly could. In order to achieve that, the interrogation of the Chinese prisoners of war was done exclusively by United States military personnel; there were no Chinese personnel used in that operation. In the case of the Koreans, it was very largely



United States military personnel, but in some cases others assisted.

Also I wish to stress that the prisoners were encouraged to agree to repatriation. A prisoner who does not want to go back is a problem. It is not something one wants to happen; it is something one does not want to happen. Therefore, they were encouraged to agree to repatriation. They were warned of the possible ill-effects which might result to their families in the Communist area if they did not return. They were told that no promises would be made to them about their future, and if there was any doubt whether a prisoner was going to resist or not, we put him in the group which had agreed to return home. It was only when those who carried on the interrogation were convinced that the prisoner would violently resist—not just argue about it, but violently resist—repatriation that the prisoner was classified as not available for repatriation.

The original screening of prisoners of war in April applied only to those who were in camps where this interrogation was permitted. In some of the camps, the Communist leaders of the prisoners refused to permit any interrogations, and such interrogations were not possible until later. Thus, the first results were that 70,000 would be available for repatriations. In most camps where we could not carry on an interrogation, we had to estimate, and that was done on the basis that most of these prisoners would want to return. Therefore, we reported that there were 70,000 who would be available for repatriation.

Even in the camps where the Communist leaders were in complete control and where no interrogation was permitted, a thousand prisoners escaped at the earliest possible moment to get away from these leaders, and a considerable number who attempted to escape were murdered by their own fellow Communist prisoners of war.

Subsequently, the United Nations Command completed the interviewing of all those who had not been screened previously, and reported that 83,000 wished to be repatriated. This number was made up of 76,600 Korean and 6,400 Chinese. They were the ones who said they would not violently resist repatriation.

But let me say here, as we have said over

and over again, that the United Nations is willing to have all this screening redone by any impartial body in the world. We have made that offer over and over again. The Command has done the best it can, but it does not set itself up as final and absolute, and if any other group of people acceptable to all and whose word would be taken could do that screening, then let them do it by all means.

The first results when these figures were announced were that the Communist leaders inspired disturbances at the Kojé camps for the purpose of discrediting the United Nations Command and the interrogation. These were very disagreeable affairs. Order was finally restored by the use of the minimum force necessary, but force was necessary to restore order and discipline.

Now let us look for a moment at this repatriation question in connection with international law and international practice, because you will hear it shouted out violently around this room, as it has been at Panmunjom, that under international law it is necessary that these prisoners shall be forcibly returned to their own side. Is that true? Let us find out whether it is true. The Communists have insisted that the prisoner must be returned, regardless of his own attitude. They have also said that, in fact, all the prisoners do want to return to the Communist side, but that it is only the imperialistic warmongers who are keeping them. Finally, they say that the Geneva Convention and international practice require this forcible repatriation. We, on the other hand, have said that we have lived up to the humanitarian principles of the Geneva Convention. We have said that we have abided by them and will abide by them, and that our position on repatriation is wholly consistent with that Convention.

Let us see whether that is correct. The Geneva Convention has many provisions about the repatriation of prisoners. Some of these provisions deal with prisoners who are sick or wounded or who, for one reason or another, are out of the fight. Other provisions deal with the repatriation of prisoners at the end of hostilities. All the provisions have one purpose, and their language is directed to that. They say that, subject to special agree-



ments which do not derogate from the rights of prisoners, and certainly the special agreement we are talking about here does not derogate from his rights but increases his rights, the prisoner shall be released and repatriated if he is sick and it is established that he is out of the battle. As to the others, that shall be done at the end of hostilities. What is the purpose of this? These people who are prisoners of war have been captured by force and are being held by force out of the conflict. They are no longer participating in the war, and the purpose of the Convention is that when it is clearly established that the prisoner is out because physically he cannot get back into it, or when the hostilities themselves are over, then he can be set free and sent home. That is entirely the proper thing to do, and that is the purpose of this Convention. The ordinary presumption, and the presumption which is true in a large number of cases, is that the prisoner wants to go home. That is where he came from, and he wants to go back there.

But what the Convention gives here is the opportunity to go home. It is the right and the opportunity which is given by the Treaty. The Committee does not have to take my word, because the United Nations has voted upon it. This is the interpretation put upon this Treaty by the General Assembly of the United Nations. On 14 December 1950, the General Assembly adopted resolution 427 (V). That resolution concerned prisoners of war from the second world war, many of which, it was alleged, were being detained in the Soviet Union. That is, French prisoners, German prisoners, and Japanese prisoners were being held in the Soviet Union and not allowed to go home. The resolution called upon all States to abide by international law and conventions, and it particularly referred to the Geneva Convention of 1949 and urged that that should be obeyed by everyone. What does the resolution say about it? All governments still having control of such persons were called upon:

to act in conformity with the recognized standards of international conduct and with the above-mentioned international agreements and conventions which require that, upon the cessation of active hostilities, all prisoners should, with the least possible

delay, be given an unrestricted opportunity of repatriation. . . .

The phrase "above-mentioned international agreements and conventions" referred to the Geneva Convention of 1949. That is the resolution of the General Assembly of the United Nations, made at a time when this particular controversy was not raging. It stated the universally accepted meaning of the Geneva Convention of 1949.

Is there anything in the Convention which would lead one to believe that a prisoner of war must be forced at the end of a bayonet, fighting, perhaps dying, to go back when he does not want to go?

Is there anything in the treaty? I assure you there is not. You will search the treaty in vain for any such provision. I also assure you that this matter was discussed when the 1949 convention was being negotiated. This precise question was talked about, and it came up in this way. The question being discussed was whether the previous international law—the existing, recognized international practice—should be enlarged, not whether it should be narrowed but whether it should be enlarged. There were delegates present who claimed that it should be enlarged and that the prisoner of war should have an absolute right to stay, if he wanted to, in the detaining State. The detaining States said no, that had never been the case before; the situation before had been that if the prisoner claimed asylum, and if the detaining state believed that that claim was honest and bona fide—if it believed that in making that claim the prisoner did not just want to change his residence because he liked the climate or because he had fallen in love with somebody or something of that sort—then the detaining State could permit him to remain. But those States said that they could not agree to accept a kind of immigration which would mean that a prisoner could become a citizen and a permanent resident just because he happened to like them. That was not right at all.

After discussion it was decided to reject the new proposal and what remained was the existing practice, namely, that a detaining State retains discretion as to whether it shall honor a claim for asylum or not. It may of course exercise that right; it would be unthinkable for anything else to be the case.



Therefore, the international practice was maintained in the Treaty as it had been before.

What was this international practice? It is just what I have said: If a prisoner believed that it was dangerous for him, that he might die if he were sent home, and if he claimed asylum, and if the detaining State thought that it was an honest, bona fide claim, the detaining State could grant asylum. That was the practice.

I will not take up the time of the Committee by going over all the instances in which this principle has been applied, but it is rather interesting to direct our minds to a few instances, and I have chosen for the purpose some treaties entered into by the Soviet Union, because they are the loudest in screaming that this is quite illegal, wholly wrong, and has never been engaged in before, and that it is an imperialist war-monger's idea dreamed up by the Americans. Let us look at the record, which is always a good thing to do.

I SHOULD like to draw your attention to certain treaties entered into by the Soviet Union government over quite a period of time. The treaties, perhaps, are not spread over a long period, but the practice is. The first one is a treaty with Germany signed by the Soviet Union government on 3 March 1918 at Brest Litovsk. Chapter 5, section 17 reads:

Prisoners of war of both parties will be released into their homeland insofar as they do not, with the consent of the capturing state, desire to remain within the latter's territory or betake themselves into another country.

Section 18 of the same Treaty reads:

The interned or deported civilian nationals of both Parties will be conveyed home as soon as possible and without expense insofar as they do not desire, with the consent of the State in which they sojourn, to remain within the latter's territory or betake themselves into another country.

Pretty good doctrine, very early in the life of the Soviet Union government. The next

treaty was signed on the same day, 3 March 1918, with Austro-Hungary. Section 6 reads:

Prisoners of war on each side are, provided they do not elect to remain in the country of their present sojourn or to betake themselves to another country, to be returned to their own country with all possible dispatch.

*[Secretary Acheson then read, one by one, passages from thirteen other treaties signed by the Soviet Union in 1919, 1920, and 1921—with Denmark, Estonia, France, the United Kingdom, Germany, Italy, Austria, Latvia (two treaties), Poland, Turkey, Hungary, and Austria again—all of which followed the same principle; and he also referred to a Soviet ultimatum to the German commander at Stalingrad in 1943, and a subsequent offer to German troops in the Budapest area, which were in like vein.]*

That, indeed, is the international practice, the international law, in relation to this subject.

Now, let us look at the present state of the proposals in regard to prisoners of war. The package proposal, as I mentioned a moment ago, is still open. With regard to the prisoners of war, here are the variations which have been offered by the Unified Command at the present time.

First, it has been offered that joint Red Cross teams from both sides, with or without military observers from both sides, shall be admitted to the prisoner-of-war camps of both sides to verify whether alleged non-repatriates would, in fact, forceably resist return to the side from which they came. That is, this question of screening which we were talking about a moment ago should be undertaken by joint Red Cross teams from both sides, with or without military teams.

Another suggestion which we have made is that all prisoners of war on both sides should be delivered in groups in a neutral area and should there be given opportunity to express their attitude toward repatriation. This attitude could be expressed to and determined by any one of the following groups or combination of groups: one, by the International Committee of the Red Cross; another, by



teams from impartial nations; a third, by joint military teams from the Communist side and the United Nations side; a fourth, by joint Red Cross teams. Or, it might be done by any combination of any of these.

That would mean that they would be taken to a neutral zone and asked by this impartial body—which may be composed of any one of these groups, or all of them—whether they would resist or whether they would not. If they said they were going to resist, they would not have to be returned.

On 28 September we gave three more variations of this suggestion. One was that the agreement should say that all prisoners are entitled to be released and repatriated. That is their right; they are entitled to it. The obligation of the two military sides is discharged by taking a prisoner to this agreed neutral place, where he will be identified and his name checked against the agreed list of prisoners of war, and at that time any prisoner who indicated that he wishes to return to the side which had detained him will be permitted to do so, and if he does return to this side he would not be kept as a prisoner of war, but will be released. We thought that this was very ingenious and met almost all difficulties. It met the question of repatriation. The prisoner was repatriated in the neutral zone, but not turned over to the Communists. He was brought there and then, if he said he wished to return, he returned. But it was all done on an accepted principle. We thought that a fairly promising arrangement.

Another suggestion was that prisoners who would not resist repatriation should be expeditiously exchanged, and that all prisoners who had indicated to the Unified Command that they would forcibly resist repatriation would be delivered to the demilitarized zone in small groups, where they would be entirely free from the military control of either side. There, they would be interviewed by representatives of a mutually agreed country or countries not participating in the Korean hostilities, and they would be free to go either north or south as they might choose.

A third proposal was that there should not be any interviewing at all. The prisoners would be taken in small groups to the neutral zone and there they would be turned loose and told, "that way is north, that is North Korea; that way is south, that is South Korea—

take whichever way you wish." They would not be interviewed or asked any questions, but would themselves decide which way they wanted to go.

All of those suggestions were submitted. They were rejected on 8 October. Mr. Vyshinsky told us a number of times that on that day some new proposals were made and that the members would not have known anything about them if he had not mentioned it. His idea of what is new is, of course, his, and if he regards these as new, why then to him they are new. They are, in fact, the proposals which had been made by the Communist side without any change or interruption for at least the past five months. Perhaps that makes them new—I do not know—but that is what they are.

When this was done, General Harrison recessed the discussions. He expressed his willingness to return at any time when the Communist side would either say it was ready to accept any one of the variations we put forward or make some proposal of its own in good faith. But they have not done that. Therefore, let us examine this so-called new [Soviet] proposal of 8 October and see how new it is.

**T**HIS is the proposal, and it is contained in the letter which the representative of the United States here sent to the Secretary-General on 20 October 1952. It reads as follows:

On the basis of the just command that war prisoners of both sides shall all be repatriated home to lead a peaceful life, our side proposed that when the armistice agreement becomes effective, all war prisoners may be brought to the agreed exchange point in the demilitarized zone as your side has proposed, to be delivered to and received by the other side.

This is how new this is. All prisoners are to be brought to this neutral zone and turned over to the Communists. Very well, then what happens?

After they are delivered and received, the Joint Red Cross Teams will visit the war prisoners of both sides in accordance with paragraph 57 of the draft Korean Armistice Agreement as your side has proposed—



We have not proposed anything like this, but I suppose that does not matter—

to explain to them that they are ensured to return home to lead a peaceful life and not to participate again in hostilities in Korea.

In other words, the Red Cross teams go to them and say, "You are going home. We hope you are going to lead a peaceful life, but we do not know."

Thereafter, considered classification of the war prisoners will be carried out in accordance with the above-mentioned principle of classification according to nationality and area as proposed by our side.

Now that is not very clear. You will find that true of most communications from the Communists on this subject. What it means is that after we have turned over all the prisoners to the Communists, considered classification of the war prisoners will be carried out. That is, the war prisoners will be classified in what way? In accordance with the above-mentioned principle of nationality and area.

That means you classify everyone as Chinese or Koreans, and then you divide the Koreans into North Koreans and South Koreans. That is the classification which takes place. Then what happens?

Repatriation will be carried out immediately after the classification; these tasks of exchange, visit, classification, and repatriation may be accomplished under the observation of Neutral Nations Inspection Teams.

This is a very confused and wordy way of saying what the Communists have always said, namely, "All North Koreans and all Chinese must be turned over to us, and the people whom you have in custody who lived in South Korea can remain there." They have been saying that without interruption for the past four or five months, and that is what Mr. Vyshinsky says is new. I hope that he will have plenty of time in which to explain to us just why it is new.

It is not only not new, but it is disingenuous and calculated to mislead. I think that

can be seen already. The statement that all prisoners of war shall be brought to the exchange point as the United Nations side has proposed, sounds as though they are accepting something that we have proposed. We said that they should be brought to this neutral point for the purpose of being questioned by neutral observers to find out whether or not they want to go any farther. That is what we proposed.

The Communists say that they will be brought to this neutral point "as your side has proposed" and there they shall be delivered to and received by the other side. Then they say that after they are delivered and received, the Joint Red Cross Teams will visit the war prisoners of both sides in accordance with paragraph 57 of the agreement to explain to them that they are going home. All that paragraph 57 says is that during repatriation, the Red Cross can go along and give them coffee and sandwiches and care for their wounds if they are sick. That is all they are supposed to do. The Red Cross is coming into this to do something which it looks as though we had proposed. All they are going to do is to tell these poor fellows, "The Chinese are going back to China and the North Koreans are going back to North Korea." That is no job for the Red Cross. Then there is talk here that the "classification and repatriation may be accomplished under the observation of Neutral Nations Inspection Teams." What difference does that make? If they are going to be classified as Chinese and North or South Koreans, the only fellow who can ever get a break out of that is someone who claims he is a South Korean and obtains confirmation by the inspection team that he is South Korean.

That is what the new proposal was. It goes right back to forcible repatriation. In order that it will not be thought that all of this is spun out of that one paragraph, before they get into this the Communists make it very clear that that is what they are talking about. They say:

Therefore, no ground whatsoever can be found either for your so-called principle of voluntary wishes or for your so-called principle of screening in international practice or the Geneva Convention, or even in the draft armistice agreement agreed upon by



both sides; in contradistinction, the proposition firmly maintained by our side that prisoners of war of both sides shall all be repatriated home is a principle recognized by the whole world. It is solely due to the obstinate insistence of your side upon its unreasonable proposition that the only remaining question in the Korean armistice negotiations, that is, the question of repatriation of war prisoners, had dragged on for five months. . . . (Document A/2230)

So you see that there is no question about the fact that they are reasserting what they say they have reasserted for five months. And when they were pointing out that this is a principle which is universally recognized by the whole world, they unfortunately did not know of the seventeen cases about which I told you this afternoon and to which their great friend and patron, the Soviet Union, had agreed.

THE present status of the armistice negotiations is that they have been recessed. They can be reconvened at any time whenever the Communists will either accept any one of the propositions which has been made or make one of their own in good faith. We remain ready to solve this question of the prisoners of war upon any basis whatever that anybody can suggest which preserves the fundamental principle of non-forcible return. It remains our sincere hope that the Communists will give us an indication at an early moment that they intend to do that.

In order to perform what seems to us and to some of our associates in the United Nations to be one of the preliminary steps

in the consideration of this Korean question—that is, to find out further, if we can, whether the Communists really wish to have an honest armistice in North Korea—it seems to us that it would be wise, necessary, and helpful to have this General Assembly, through this Committee, affirm the principle of non-forcible repatriation as representing the will of this body. To that end, we have joined with the delegations of Australia, Belgium, Canada, Colombia, Denmark, Ethiopia, France, Greece, Honduras, Iceland, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Nicaragua, New Zealand, Norway, Philippines, Thailand, Turkey, United Kingdom, and Uruguay in presenting the following draft resolution to this Committee.

*[The representative of the United States then read the text of the resolution.]*

This session of the General Assembly has a great responsibility in facing the grave question of peace in Korea. We all share a deep yearning for that peace. The whole object and purpose of all that we do here is to further the cause of peace, and we shall continue these efforts with all of our strength. But we must not and we cannot buy peace at the price of honor. Great sacrifices have been made and are being made by the Members of the United Nations and by the men of the United Nations in order that the principles on which this Organization is based may be preserved against attack. These sacrifices have a place of honor in the record of mankind's struggle for a world of law and order in which decency and freedom may survive and flourish. Let no act of ours weaken or destroy the noble purpose of those sacrifices.

## Gloss

DAVID McCORD

I KNOW a little man both ept and ert.  
An intro? extro? No, he's just a vert.  
Sheveled and couth and kempt, pecunious, ane:  
His image trudes upon the ceptive brain.

When life turns sipid and my friend is traught,  
The spirit soars as I would sist it ought.  
Chalantly then, like any gainly goof,  
My digent self is sertive, choate, loof.



# What Is Happening to the Weather?

*C. E. P. Brooks*

TEN or twenty years ago the comment was often heard that winters had become milder. In England, which lies on the borderland between snow and rain, the change was particularly evident, and to people who had heard accounts of the great frosts of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries when the rivers were frozen over for weeks at a time, any season which produced a noticeable amount of snow and ice was "an old-fashioned winter." This change is borne out by a great mass of records: for example those of the open-air skating clubs show a great decline of skating time since last century. This may even have been one of the factors in the spread of artificial ice rinks. A careful study of all the records about past winters in Western Europe, carried out by the late Charles Easton, classified 1784, 1789, 1795, 1799, and 1800 as exceptionally severe. Then there was a let-up until 1810 began another series, 1811, 1813, 1814, 1816—"eighteen hundred and froze-to-death." These were the years of the great frost fairs on the Thames at London, and it was on February 3, 1814, that a whole sheep was roasted on the ice—perhaps the most famous sheep in history. There was another frost in 1830 which Easton characterized as one of the most rigorous on record.

The last of the historic European winters of the nineteenth century occurred in 1890-91

and 1894-95. After that there was a progressive softening of the rigors. The cold winter of 1928-29, the worst for a generation, ranked only ninth in the past hundred years. It scattered ice-floes over the Thames Estuary, but as for roasting a sheep on the ice—one could not even have roasted a peanut.

As regards America, John H. Conover of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory recently compiled an index of the severity of winters in New England. When the irregular changes from year to year are smoothed out, he finds that the temperatures of the winter months rose steadily from 1859 to 1897 and then fluctuated from 1897 to 1950, but on the whole were still rising slowly, at least until after 1930. The ten years ending in 1949-50 averaged about 4°F. higher than the ten years ending in 1859-60. Still more noticeable is the way in which the winters have become shorter; the time between freezing and thawing of a pond was twenty days less in the last ten years than at the turn of the century. The severity of a winter does not depend only on mean temperature; the number of cold days and the depth and persistence of the snow-cover also matter. Each of these has on the whole decreased in recent winters. Taking account of all these factors, the severity of winters at Blue Hill has lessened considerably since 1894, in spite of the fact that

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the snowiest winter ever experienced occurred in 1947-48.

About 1940 there was a curious change. A few severe seasons reminded us of the "old-fashioned winters" of our seniors, and though even the worst, 1941-42, fell far short of their classic severity, there was undoubtedly a relapse. Instead, many parts of the world experienced progressively hotter summers, and this time the emphasis seems to have shifted from Europe to North America. The summer of 1952 in the eastern United States seems to have broken quite a few records, and during that summer it was most disconcerting to fly overnight from the comparative coolness of a London July into the heat of even such a moderate place as Boston. Clothes bought in England proved far too heavy, and the first business on the traveler's agenda was a visit to a clothing store, which was full of lightweight suits proper to the occasion. I am told that a generation ago such garments would have had very little sale. The whole summer of 1952 was in fact unusually hot over nearly all the United States, and in most parts of the country the heat was associated with drought, at least during June and July.

THE hot dry summers of recent years have left their impressions on the habits of the people, one of the oddest being a flurry of rain-makers. "Seeding" likely clouds, as their mystery is termed, is still a somewhat chancy business even for the successful rain-maker, who may either be sued for stealing somebody else's rain or find nature over-co-operative and flood his clients out. Rain-making is growing, however, and as the technique improves we may expect it to develop into an industry of great economic importance. Another result of the hot summers is to supplement the heating stoves of winter by air-conditioning units for summer, and perhaps even the widespread installation of soft-drink machines in the streets and in offices may be partly put down to this cause.

These changes of weather, continuing over tens or even hundreds of years, are thus more than mere figures in a meteorologist's notebook. It is true that, expressed as averages, the long-period temperature changes are not impressive. They are smaller than the irregular changes from year to year, and a man from the nineteenth century, dropped sud-

denly into the present day, would not at first notice much difference in the weather. But it is equally true that economic life in any country is governed by the average weather over a period of years much more than by the occasional severe winter or hot dry summer. Economic plans are made for the *expected* weather, not for the *actual* weather, which can only be foretold a day or two ahead. It is the *expectation* of mild winters and early springs which has spread agriculture further and further north in Canada and Asia. It may be worth while for a farmer to chance a grain crop if he expects one bad year in four, but not if he expects one bad year in two. Further south, a storekeeper stocks up on light clothing or cooling drinks in the expectation of a hot summer even though he may occasionally be disappointed and suffer a loss. But it is in the world of animal and plant life that the cumulative effect of these changes is most notable. A very striking example is the cod, which in 1900 was practically unknown in Greenland but which, as a consequence of warmer seas, has since migrated so far north that it is now the staple food of the Eskimos. Other fisheries—haddock, halibut, herring—have been similarly affected. Migratory birds are extending their range northward and enriching the wild life of Iceland, Greenland, and arctic Canada. On the land the zones of vegetation have been advancing towards the North Pole, and in Canada, Europe, and Asia, paying crops are being grown in what, half a century ago, was barren tundra.

Another important feature of the twentieth century has been the melting of the glaciers. In all the mountain districts of the world, from Spitzbergen and Greenland to the equator and beyond, the glaciers have shrunk so far that many of them are ghosts of their former selves. One result of this is to free upland farms, which in Iceland and Norway have been buried in ice for centuries, but another is the loss of hydro-electric power. In Switzerland the partial thawing in summer maintains the flow of the rivers which provide power for the industries. So far the retreat of the glaciers has only gone far enough to have serious effects in occasional bad years, but there is real anxiety for the future. Similar examples elsewhere will no doubt occur to many readers.



## II

**C**HANGES on this scale are not matters of academic or temporary interest only, but are of practical concern for the future, more especially in view of the gloomy prophecies now fashionable about the prospects of the world's food supply. We cannot foresee what *will* happen, but a study of past changes may give us an idea as to what *may* happen during the next fifty years or so. To obtain the proper perspective we must first go backward in time.

Twenty or thirty thousand years ago the world presented a dismal scene, like that of Greenland or the Antarctic magnified many times. Great ice sheets covered not only Greenland but almost the whole of Canada and a good deal of the northern United States. At their centers they were thousands of feet thick, and their southern boundary ran from near the present site of New York to that of Pittsburgh, then down through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois nearly to St. Louis. From here the ice edge trended generally northwest across the Plains to the Canadian border north of Bismarck. The Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range carried huge glaciers. In Europe the ice-sheet covered Scandinavia and spread out west, south, and east. The ice filled up the southern North Sea and reached Britain, but Britain and Ireland had their own ice-sheets, which set a good example by resisting foreign invasion. Southward the ice covered northern Germany, Poland, and parts of Russia, while the Alps were almost buried by their own greatly swollen glaciers. The mountains of Asia, especially the Himalayas, were similarly burdened, and even the equatorial mountains of America and Africa carried much more ice than they do today. To give an idea of the enormous volume of ice which smothered northern lands, so much water was withdrawn from the oceans that their level fell everywhere by about three hundred feet, and the rivers carved out great valleys, extending miles out to sea, which now form strange submarine canyons. The margins of the ice-sheets were regions of intense frost and bitter winds carrying great quantities of fine dust. It was in surroundings like this that our remote ancestors evolved from apes—because they had to, or die. No wonder that they have left us a legacy of toughness!

Further south, especially in the western states of the United States and in central Africa, there were mountain glaciers and magnificent inland lakes, of a size and depth far exceeding their present-day remnants. This "Ice Age" was not only world-wide; it was, as far as the past million years or so are concerned, time-wide. Four times the ice-sheets spread out from their northern fastnesses, and four times they retreated. There seems no reason why the fourth time should have been the last; the ice may spread out again. An ice-sheet is perhaps the nearest approach we know of to an irresistible force, and the effect its arrival would have on the great cities of the north may be left to the imagination. Fortunately, judging by the time-scale, that is not likely to happen for many thousands of years if at all; the danger is too remote to concern us here.

**T**HE glaciers and ice-sheets began their latest great retreat about twenty thousand years ago, and by 5000 B.C. the weather of the world was pretty much as it is today. But the process did not stop there. For about two thousand years North America and Europe enjoyed a period of halcyon warmth and calm, which has become known as the Climatic Optimum. Forests spread far to the north of their present limits, high up the mountains, and owing to the absence of storms, covered many coasts and islands which are now swept bare by gales. The average temperature of northern lands was up to 10°F. higher than now, and it is probable that the Arctic Ocean was free of ice—Spitzbergen at least had a rich vegetation.

At first this period was rainy and plants flourished abundantly, but toward its end the weather became drier, until the Great Plains and parts of Europe and Asia which are today on the borderline of aridity suffered from severe year-long droughts. These have left their traces not only in the barren dust layers in the buried remains of the great cities of antiquity, but even in the peat bogs of northern Europe and northeast Canada, where the presence of a firm surface is shown by layers of trees. This period of the earth's history saw the beginning of civilization in Egypt, southwest Asia, northern India, and China. With scanty and uncertain rainfall, man congregated in the valleys of the great rivers,



where every summer the waters rise in flood and every drop of water must be used to the best advantage. This meant irrigation, which in turn required that all should act together for the common good. It meant written records of land holdings and water rights. Also it meant science, to know in advance when the season of floods was due, and how to regulate the waters. Finally, since the waters were the gift of the gods, science became religion. Later, but still within the long quiet spell, seagoing ships were developed, and much of the eastern world was explored, even to the circumnavigation of Africa.

Occasionally there were a few years of unusually heavy rain, which caused floods in the silted rivers and submerged the cities of the plains. To the inhabitants some of these floods must have seemed to cover the whole world, and no doubt it was one such unusually deep and persistent flood which gave rise to the widespread legends of the Deluge. Finally, after a particularly severe drought which began about 600 B.C. and lasted for a century, there came a sudden change to storms and rain. The growing civilizations of northern Europe were destroyed and twilight descended over all this region—the “Twilight of the Gods” in the Norse sagas. During this time the Mediterranean region was particularly favored and there grew up the great classical cultures of Greece and Rome.

Around 300 A.D. Europe became drier again and the centers of progress shifted north and west. Ireland enjoyed a period of high religious culture—and western Britain also, as far as wars and invasions allowed. The dry weather extended to central America, where the famous Mayan civilization grew up in what is now dense tropical forest hiding the ruins of great cities.

About 800 A.D. the Scandinavian peoples began to colonize Iceland and Greenland and probably reached America. The glaciers of Norway, Iceland, and Greenland had withdrawn within their present limits and farmlands extended up the mountain valleys—their remains are only now beginning to appear from beneath the ice. In Greenland agriculture reached a level which appeared inconceivable fifty years ago, but which now does not seem beyond the bounds of future possibility. It is to be feared however that its name was merely an early example of the

gentle art of advertisement, for promoter Leif Ericson is reported to have said in 1000 A.D., “If we call it Greenland, much people will come there!”

**A**FTER the twelfth or thirteenth century the weather worsened again. An early weather record in Zurich, Switzerland, for example, from 1545 through 1576, shows that the winters became much colder and snowier after 1563. In response to this change glaciers began to extend down the mountain valleys. This happened at about the same time in the Alps, where the medieval trade routes across the passes were sadly disorganized, in Norway, Iceland, and—judging by the age of trees on the moraines—in Alaska. There is little doubt that a similar change occurred in the mountain districts all over the world. The glaciers reached their greatest extent about 1650, retreated slightly, advanced still further about 1750 and again in 1850. So widespread and so marked was this glacier advance that it has become known among meteorologists as the “Little Ice Age.” Since 1850 the glaciers have been almost everywhere in retreat, and apart from some fluctuations, the pace of the retreat has become faster as the years passed. Many of them are back now where they were in 1300 A.D. At the same time the great area of floating ice in the Arctic Ocean has shrunk, so that, for example, the harbors of Spitzbergen are ice-free for seven months of the year instead of only three, as they were when the coalfields were first mined. (Coal-rich forests in Spitzbergen? But that is another story.)

This rapid survey shows that world climate, so far from being a stable background on which we can rely, is really decidedly changeable. We must next inquire how such changes come about.

A glacier, and still more a great ice-sheet, is not like a river. Heavy rains in the northern states may cause disastrous floods in the Mississippi, but even the longest river rises and falls again within a few months. A great glacier moves at the rate of only yards a year, and the snow which falls on a mountain peak may not melt at the glacier's end until a century later. Hence the size of a glacier averages the weather over a long period of years—the greater the glacier the longer the period. That is why a few of the longest glaciers in Alaska



are still advancing while most are in full retreat. Climatic fluctuations of a few years make little difference to a large glacier, and its changes present us, figuratively as well as literally, with a condensed weather summary of past decades. Since the last twenty or thirty years have undoubtedly been relatively warm, we can expect the glaciers to go on retreating for some time yet, even if the weather becomes colder again.

Another point is that a large mass of ice makes its own climate. The ice-sheets of Greenland and the Antarctic, with their surrounding belts of floating ice, and the great floating ice-cap of the Arctic Ocean, cool down the air over them, and this helps to prevent them from melting. The arctic ice-cap is particularly interesting, for the cold air which settles on it spreads out in all directions and freezes the sea over a wide area. The same thing happens on a small scale in many Alpine valleys, where a cold wind blows fairly regularly downhill over the ice and helps the glacier to maintain itself against the heat of summer. The average temperature over the ice surface near the North Pole is below zero Fahrenheit, but calculations show that if the whole ocean could be kept free of ice, the air temperature would be about 24°F. The freezing point of sea water is 28°F., so that it would only need a rise by about five degrees for the floating ice-cap to become unstable. In such conditions, once the ice broke up and drifted away, it would not form again except for some ice floes in winter. This peculiar property of ice-sheets explains why glaciers can advance and retreat so far with comparatively small changes of temperature. It is not unlikely that an initial fall by five degrees below the present sufficed to account for the Great Ice Age, all the rest of the freezing up being due to the ice itself.

### III

THE first and most obvious cause of a world-wide change of temperature is a change in the heat of the sun, and many meteorologists accept this as the probable cause of changes of climate. The phenomenon of variable stars, which increase and decrease in brightness in more or less regular cycles ranging from months to many years, is well known, and there is no obvious reason why

our sun should not be a variable star of long period. One cycle in particular is well known, the "sunspot cycle" of eleven years. Sunspots are violent disturbances of the sun's surface, which send out great clouds of gases and electrically charged particles. Some of these reach the earth's atmosphere, and among other things they cause auroras, magnetic storms, and interruptions of radio communication. On the sun itself they are visible through telescopes and sometimes, with the naked eye through dark glasses, as irregular dark areas on the bright surface. They have been constantly watched and measured for two hundred years, and it is now well established that they form, grow, and multiply for four or five years, reach a maximum, and then gradually die away during the next six or seven years. They undoubtedly change in some way the quality of the sun's rays, and would be expected to affect our weather. Some such effects have in fact been found; many tropical regions are a degree or so hotter when sunspots are few, and it has been suspected but not entirely proved that tropical hurricanes, and even thunderstorms, are most frequent when sunspots are many.

The eleven-year sunspot cycle is not a regular or immutable law of nature, but itself changes from time to time, waxing and waning in cycles of about ninety years, and possibly in still longer periods, even up to thousands of years. The temptation is very strong to say that all changes of climate are caused by such sunspot cycles. Unfortunately there are many difficulties in the way of such an easy explanation. The first is that the effects of the sun's rays are greatest in the tropics, where the sun is highest, but the changes of climate are greatest in higher latitudes and especially in the polar regions. The second difficulty is that patient measurements of the heat received from the sun, especially by Dr. C. G. Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution, have failed to find any relation between the eleven-year sunspot cycle and the strength of the sun's rays. Evidently we must discard sunspots as the main cause of changes of climate.

There may be changes in the sun which do not show up as sunspots—Dr. Abbot is sure that there are. But measurements of the sun's rays have now been made regularly for over forty years, and the changes found are insignificantly small compared with their supposed



effects. It is quite clear that there has been no progressive increase of heat from the sun which could account for the great warming up of the polar regions. Moreover, as regards the retreat of the glaciers, there is another difficulty. This retreat is found best developed in the valley glaciers of Switzerland, Norway, Iceland, and the coastal fiords of Greenland. The great central ice masses of Greenland and the Antarctic are so far almost unaffected. But outside the tropics it is precisely in these high ice plateaus, with thin air above them and often cloudless skies, that we should expect to find any change in the heat from the sun to be most effective. The valleys of Norway and Iceland are stormy and cloudy, and their hours of sunshine are few and weak, but it is in just these valleys that the glaciers are retreating fastest.

**I**T SEEMS that we may have to abandon the sun and look to the earth itself. The air is in constant movement, not only from place to place on the surface but also up and down. Every wind carries heat from one place to another and, in balance, from the hotter places to the colder ones. The hotter places are of course in the tropics, and a great deal of heat is carried by the winds, and by the ocean currents driven by the winds, from the tropics into higher latitudes. The heat carried by warm winds and ocean currents is derived from the sun's rays absorbed by the ground and the sea, which in turn either warm the air or evaporate water from the sea and ground. Moist air holds a great deal of "latent heat" in suspension, to be released when the vapor is condensed into clouds. This air heat is carried about the world by the winds.

The winds not only drive ocean currents, they raise waves on the sea, rustle the trees and grass, sweep dust into the air, carry clouds about, manufacture electricity, and do all sorts of other work, useful and otherwise. Work requires energy, and, as in other heat engines, the energy is provided by differences of temperature between different parts. The greater these differences of temperature, the more efficient is the engine of the atmosphere, and the stronger the winds for the same consumption of fuel—the fuel in this case being represented by the heat received from the sun.

It used to be thought that the driving power of the atmospheric engine was the temperature difference between the poles and the equator. The greater this difference, the stronger would be the winds, and the stronger the winds, the more heat would be carried from equatorial to polar regions. If temperature fell in polar regions, the increased supply of heat would very soon bring things back to where they were before, so that any long continued change of climate would be impossible without a change in the heat received from the sun.

In 1900 many scientists thought that climate had been unchanged for two thousand years or more.

We know now that there have been such changes of climate, and they seem to occur without changes in the sun. There must be a flaw in the reasoning. The flaw is that the greatest difference of temperature is not between equatorial and polar regions, but between the earth's surface and the air several miles up. The greater this difference the stronger and steadier will be the winds. The atmospheric engine is a very complicated mechanism, but we may say that, as with most engines, the more steadily it works, the more efficient it is. Steady winds carry little heat upward; the loss of power comes about mostly through the irregular up- and downdrafts of cyclones and anticyclones. It follows that when the engine is running smoothly and steadily, it is likely to keep going at maximum power; on the other hand, when the engine is running irregularly, it is hard for it to pick up speed. It remains true, however, that the stronger the atmospheric circulation, the more heat is carried from equatorial to polar regions.

We may put it quite simply by saying that with the same supply of heat from the sun, the less heat that is carried upward, the more is carried poleward. Hence periods of strong circulation are also periods of relatively high temperature in high latitudes. The process is not self-destructive; quite the reverse. It is self-maintaining, and it takes some quite big disturbance, such as may only happen once in centuries, to reverse it. Briefly and crudely put, that is why climatic changes can go on for centuries without any change in the heat from the sun, instead of breaking down in a year or two.



LET us start from a time, about 1500 A.D., when there was little ice in the Arctic Ocean and consequently little drift ice and cold water to flow out into the western Atlantic and cool down the Gulf Stream. The earth's surface, in middle and high latitudes, was relatively warm, but as there is no reason to believe that this warmth extended to the upper atmosphere, the atmospheric engine was powerful and the winds and ocean currents were strong. All this maintained the warmth and kept down the ice. Then for some reason, which may have been a temporary dimming of the sun, or a big volcanic eruption throwing clouds of dust into the air, or just a few years of relative calm, temperature in high latitudes fell, more of the Arctic Ocean froze, the temperature difference between surface and upper air decreased, and the engine weakened. The slowing down of the atmospheric engine would be accentuated if, as is highly probable, a cooling of the surface was accompanied by a warming of the cold spaces of the upper air. The winds and ocean currents brought in less heat, and so the process of cooling went on and on, until we were in the middle of a long cold period—the "Little Ice Age."

The process stopped when the growth of the ice had carried its edges into warmer waters or lower ground where any further expansion was quickly melted off. Small irregularities of the circulation caused fluctuations of the ice edges, but for a long time the weakened atmospheric engine could not break the vicious circle. Then for a few years about 1850 the process was reversed, again probably by some apparently unimportant accident; the ice began to melt away and the glaciers to retreat. As the surface became warmer, the engine picked up speed and the retreat became faster.

It has been suggested that man himself has brought about the present change, by his growing consumption of fuel. In large towns some small part of the rise of winter temperature may in fact be due directly to this source of heat; but towns form a very small fraction of the earth's surface, and the rise of temperature is not confined to them. Another possibility is a change in the composition of the air. Fires produce carbon dioxide, which has the property of acting like the glass of a greenhouse and conserving heat, and there is

undoubtedly a little more carbon dioxide in the air now than there was a generation ago. On the other hand, changes of climate have been going on ever since the earth was formed and the present one does not seem to differ from those of the long centuries before the industrial age. Nevertheless, it is possible that fuel consumption has been a contributing factor in the recent rise of temperature.

#### IV

WHAT then of the future? The glaciers are in full retreat, but so long as the main ice reservoirs of Greenland and the Antarctic are maintained, the retreat will not become a rout. It is still possible for some chance to reverse the process, for the ice to advance again and Arctic cold to resume its sway over the northern countries. Then we shall be back where we were a hundred years ago. So far, though, there is little evidence that the tide is turning, and if the break-up of the ice continues at the present rate for another half- or even quarter-century, the process will have gone too far to stop without a very big accident indeed. Which alternative will develop nobody can guess, though if there is any truth in the carbon dioxide theory, the second would appear to be slightly the more probable.

Should the present tendency continue, we can expect quite considerable changes in the world's economy. The polar regions will gain in importance, by the increased product of fisheries and the extension of agriculture and forestry into ever higher latitudes. With the cold currents carrying much less ice, countries like Labrador and Greenland will come into their own. Against this, as the zones of climate moved northward, there would probably be an increased tendency for drought in the marginal agricultural lands of middle latitudes; "dust bowls" might become more widespread. It is hard to say whether the gain would exceed the loss, but widespread changes in the distribution of population would be certain.

There is another point, which conceivably might be even more serious. As glaciers and ice-sheets melt, their water is added to the oceans and sea level rises. Even the local melting back of mountain glaciers during the present century has added an inch or so of water over all the oceans. So long as the melt-



ing is confined to these relatively small glaciers, the rise of sea level will be unimportant, but if ever the great reservoirs of Greenland and the Antarctic go, it will be very different. The latest estimate is that there would be a rise of sea level by about two hundred feet, which would flood most of the seaports and the fertile coastal lowlands. However, that is a remote possibility, which need not worry even the most confirmed pessimist at present.

The suggestion has been made several times in recent years that the climate of the world could be improved if the Arctic ice cap were broken up by bombing. To my mind that would be a most desperate expedient. Not even atom bombs would melt much ice, but a lot of them could probably break up the edges. A good deal of this loose ice would be swept out into the Atlantic, and both eastern North America and western Europe would have some very bad summers—with probably a number of shipwrecks thrown in. The main mass of ice would hardly be affected, and in a few years things would be back where they were before. Moreover, the spread of great quantities of fresh cold thaw water over the northern seas would have disastrous effects

on the fisheries, for this water would not have the abundance of minute forms of life on which the fishes feed. Where the consequences are so dubious, it is better to leave nature alone.

To sum up, the temperate and polar regions have been getting warmer for many years. The process may continue, or it may be reversed; the one certain thing is that it will not stand still. If it continues, the northern lands will become more habitable and productive, though probably at the expense of the drier agricultural regions further south. On balance the world may or may not be better off as regards food. If the process is reversed, things will become much as they were at the beginning of the century, and the world will just have to make the best of them. The next generation may know the answer, but in neither case will the agricultural scientists and the politicians be relieved of the necessity of thinking well ahead if food production is to keep pace with the rapidly growing world population. Some parts of the world can be improved by the well-tried methods of irrigation, but any attempt to change by direct action the broad lines of climate is as likely to be harmful as it is to be beneficial.

## *Wait a Minute, Mr. Melville*

SOME time after the book [*Typee*] had become popular and had been widely read on both sides of the Atlantic . . . Melville came into my room at the Harpers' establishment with another manuscript and remarked, "Saunders, I suppose there is no use of offering this to the house?"

"Wait a minute," I said. "Mr. Harper is in his carriage now at the door about to start to Europe. I'll go and ask him."

I hurried out of the building without waiting to put on my hat and came to him just in time. "What is it?" said he.

"Oh, another manuscript from Herman Melville," said I. "He is offering it to us. What do you say?"

"Take it at once," said Mr. Harper, jumping into his carriage and driving off.

—From *Recollections of Frederick Saunders (December 18, 1846)*, included in *The Melville Log* by Jay Leyda. Harcourt, Brace, 1951.



# The Octagon House

*Frances McFadden*

*Drawings by Mircea Vasiliu*

MEMORY is unforgivable. It can never be depended on to bring back the happy images of childhood, but it clings with tenacious accuracy to faces or places that were queer or frightening to a child. I have difficulty in recalling the morning glories on the nursery wallpaper, or the smell of hay ricks in our field, but I can never forget the white worms crawling in rotting acorns under the summerhouse porch, nor the long mound of window shades done up in a black dust-cloth in the attic, which I thought for years was my father's coffin. There were places in town that could not be passed without a shiver—I suppose the landmarks have disappeared in the subdivisions. There was the root cellar where the sanitarium guards found the crazy woman in her night dress, and the wood where, hunting Dutchman's-breeches, we once came on a small leathery animal hung by the neck from the limb of a tree. And, haunting memory still, there was the house that no one ever went to, the spooky eight-sided house of Miss Mead.

Miss Mead was a fixture in our early lives, sitting in the bay window of the nursery, making flannel petticoats in the fall and in spring the cotton guimpes and bloomers we wore under our summer dresses. She used to do more ambitious sewing. Before Mary Riley came to town with a pier glass and all the new pattern magazines, it was Miss Mead who made everyone's dresses and she used to be booked for months ahead. My mother and Sara Cable's mother drifted down street with

the rest, but they knew that Miss Mead needed work so they still gave her mending, called her in for letting down and odd jobs, and at Christmas time sent her sensible foods concealed in red paper for which Miss Mead never gave them a word of thanks.

She was a spare little woman with a face like a saw. After school I was called in from the back yard for trying on. I dreaded the process. Her lips worked when she pinned and her fingers were like ice against the bare skin. She was usually cross.

"Stop tooting round," she would say sharply. "Stand up straight or you'll get to look like poor Nathan Martin."

Nathan was our postman and his one shoulder was lower than the other because he made his rounds on foot with the heavy mail bag dragging on his neck.

Once, after Sara Cable and I had found the hanged cat, we got up enough courage to ask Miss Mead if she believed in animal ghosts.

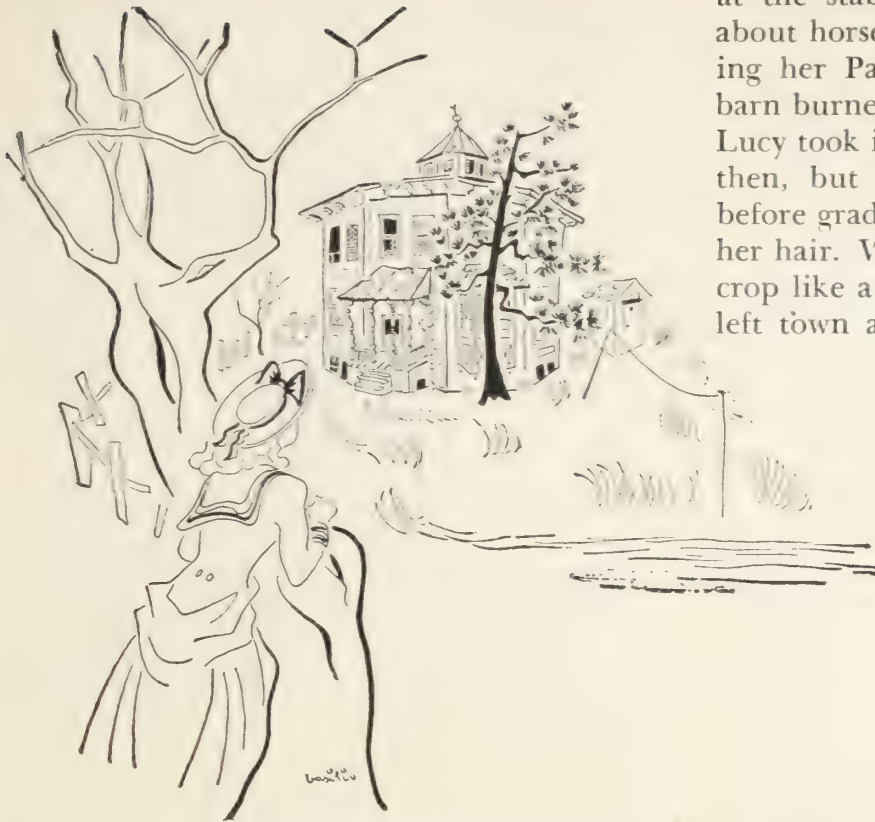
"Yep," she answered curtly. "See one every day of my life."

"You do?" We eyed her with awe. "What do you see?"

"A hoss," she answered and that was the end of it.

But sometimes she was in good humor. Then you could catch a flash of steely sympathy in her faded blue eyes, not the sentimental look of a grownup to a child, but an appraising glance, adult to adult, and it was flattering. And once in a blue moon, some-





thing would strike her funny and without warning she would hug herself in her skinny arms and rock back and forth in her chair laughing immoderately.

That was a signal that we were free to explore her sewing box, a big wooden bowl, painted red, gold, and black. There was a funny smell in the bowl and it was not the odor of sanctity. It smelt, I told myself, of old bastings and coal gas and embalming fluid and stale medicine and a canary's droppings. She kept her buttons in an old Seidlitz powder box, her hooks and eyes in a Castoria bottle. Her scissors had the Flat Iron Building engraved on the handle. Her needles and pins were stuck in a red cotton heart and when she was fitting she pinned the heart on her chest.

Miss Mead belonged to one of the old families of town, those who went to the Congregational—not the Episcopal nor the Presbyterian—church, and who tied their buggies in the open shed outside during Sunday service. There were not many of them left. The town was rapidly becoming a suburb and only the dry goods store, the hardware store, and the livery stables were run by old-timers. They called Miss Mead "Lucy," but they didn't approve of her. We always knew that.

"Lucy Mead was born ornery," Mr. Denton

at the stables said one day. "Always crazy about horses. She used to raise the dust driving her Pa's team around town. Then the barn burned down with the horses inside and Lucy took it hard. Nate Martin was after her then, but she wouldn't look at him. Day before graduation at the Academy, she cut off her hair. Went up to get her diploma with a crop like a boy's. And the day after that she left town and joined a traveling show. She didn't come back till her Pa died fifteen years later."

**F**OR years no one had ever set foot in Miss Mead's house. It was an octagonal house, the only one for miles around. In the late Victorian era, it had been painted liver brown and a half porch had been added to hold up a Virginia creeper and provide a breather for a few pieces of wicker furniture.

There was a big pine tree out in front, too close to the window. On one side there was a pump and an outhouse and the foundations of the burned barn. On the other, the land sloped down to the drive and a strip of marshland which we called the Great Dismal Swamp.

The place was on the direct line between our house and the Cables'. Sara Cable was my best friend and when we wanted to get together in the afternoon, we never followed the roads between the two houses but went straight as the bird flies, over hill, over dale, through brush, through brier, cutting through lots, under fences, over plowed fields, and then through the swamp by a special route and on to Miss Mead's yard, slinking behind the mulberry bushes so as not to be seen before hitting the main road.

It beat the longer way round by ten minutes and that was a saving worth making because in winter our playtime was always too short, and in summer one day a week, by parental order, was wasted on a meeting of the Woodsprites, a revolting outfit presided over by our gym teacher who took us for long walks in the woods and taught us bird calls and Indian lore. I, as Secretary, and Sara, as Treasurer, did all we could to sabotage the group, for over at the Cables', in the harness room of the



old coach house, behind a ghostly phaeton done up in its winding sheet, we had created a studio. I was laboriously writing a life of Richard Coeur de Lion for early publication and Sara was studying for the theater. She had seen a photograph of Duse's hands dripping like lilies from the wrists with the second and third fingers touching and the index and little fingers held apart. For hours at a time, she practiced this difficult maneuver. She also did scenes from the few lurid movies she had seen, filling in with her own words since the dramas were "silents." "Oh Harry!" she would cry into the mirror, "I don't ask you to marry me. Just take me with you!"

Sometimes it would be almost dark when I streaked for home, stopping only to pick up a notebook left in the hollow tree and to crouch for a moment behind the bushes in Miss Mead's yard to wonder what shape the

rooms could be inside the octagonal house. Coming out of the Dismal Swamp one day in late spring, I noticed that there was company at Miss Mead's. The visitors were not local people. A man was sitting on the porch in his shirt sleeves with his feet up on the railing, smoking a cigar. A woman and a child were putting up a croquet set in the yard. It was the expensive kind with colored bands on the varnished handles of the mallets and fancy props for the wickets. The woman had high color and a brassy black pompadour. The child was her dead spit. They all looked very much at home.

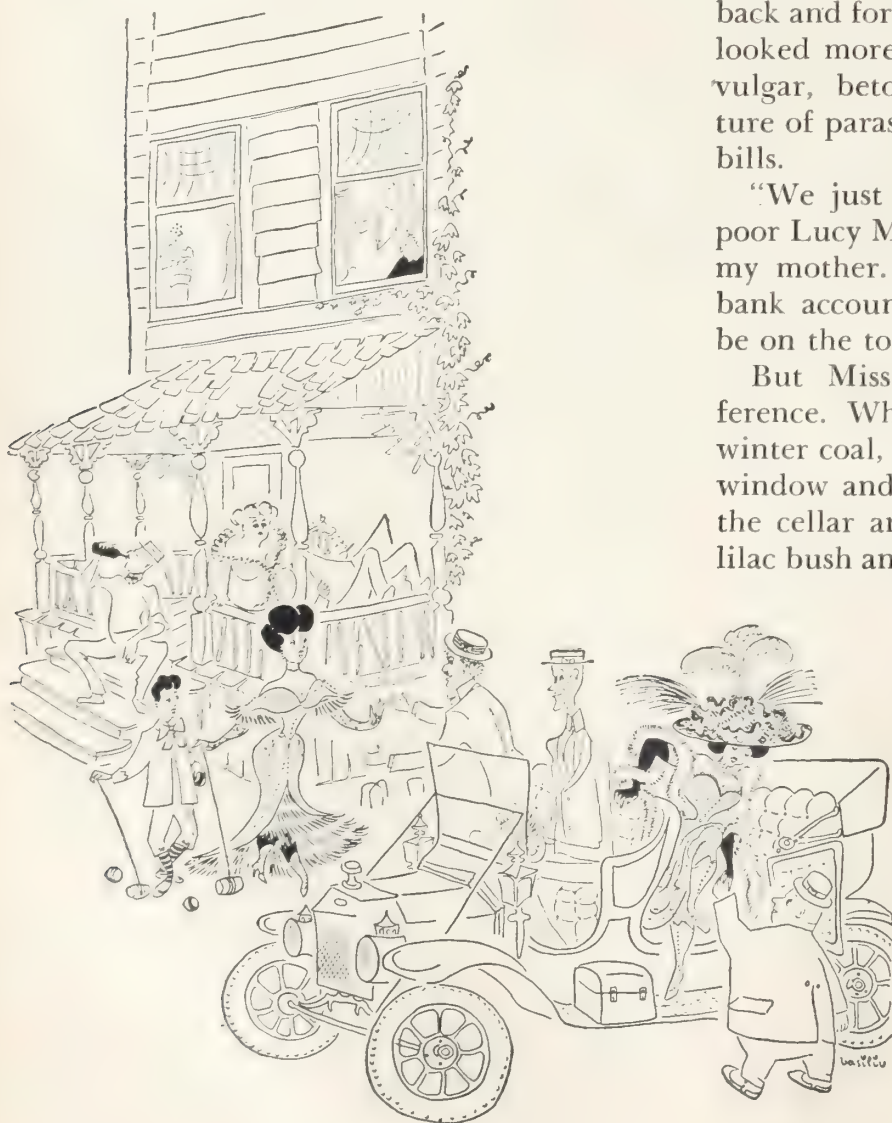
Every day something new happened at the octagon house. First, painters came and painted it yellow with white trim. Then the lawn was sodded and cut up into fancy flower beds planted with petunias and begonias. Presently a swing was set up on the lawn, a big showy thing with two seats that moved back and forth in a lazy sort of way. The place looked more cheerful than before but rather vulgar, betokening the unseemly expenditure of parasites who did not have to foot the bills.

"We just sit here and let them take over poor Lucy Mead, lock, stock, and barrel," said my mother. "They're running through her bank account and before you know it she'll be on the town."

But Miss Mead didn't want any interference. When the Burns men delivered her winter coal, she yelled at them from an upper window and told them to dump the load in the cellar and put the bill on a twig of the lilac bush and clear off the place. No one gave her work any more. We didn't even leave off bundles of mending at her door.

"I'd be afraid of disease," said my mother, "out of *that* house."

We children added rumor to rumor until mystery hung like a miasma about the place. No one knew for certain how many people were living there. Strangers came out on Sundays, men with stiff collars and striped shirts, girls in high laced white kid boots. They left behind them piles of empty beer bottles on the back



*The visitors were not local people.*



stoop. The child rocked back and forth alone in the lazy swing. Once, in the lane behind the foundations of the barn, I came on a parked jitney, one of the first fleet of Ford cabs. A big, bold woman with a skirt made of leather fringes was sitting on the seat with the driver. She called out to me in a deep voice and threw a rambler rose at me. The jitney driver slunk down with his cap over his face, but I knew that it was one of the Potter boys, the pimply one, and I knew he was ashamed. After that, I never liked to go near the house alone, but with Sara Cable it was exciting to linger in the depths of the swamp hidden in the forest of marsh grass, jumping from bog to bog, casing the house, imagining the orgies that must be going on within. When it was getting dark, we'd creep out of the marsh with sneakers and ribbed cotton stockings soaking wet and make a dive for the main road, escapees from white slavery.

IT WAS a sure thing that the pillars of the town would not let things drift forever. As I look back now, they didn't have a leg to stand on. It was Miss Mead's money and she had a right to spend it. But when half her savings were gone, Mr. Anderson of the First National took his pince-nez and brief case to the octagon house and read the riot act. The interlopers saw the handwriting on the wall. In September, in the night, they cleared out of town.

The house lost its veneer the moment they left. There was a bad storm and one of the shutters came loose and banged back and forth in the wind. The Virginia creeper hung ragged and the gutter leaked a streak down a wall. No one picked up the croquet set. The balls with their faded colors lay all over the lawn among the fallen wickets and mole tracks. Sometimes you could see Miss Mead out in the back working the pump. She wore a man's sweater over her calico dress and her hair blew about like a witch's. Sara and I decided that she was starving and screwed up our courage to leave an offering at her back door. Our package did not contain the sensible foods our mothers sent at Christmas but tempting morsels stolen from our pantries—after-dinner mints, two corn muffins, a Charlotte Russe in a paper frill. Sara added a bunch of goldenrod and wild asters to



*There was a funny smell in the bowl.*

which she attached a card which read: "From an admirer who will never forget your magnificent performances." We crept up to the door and left the tribute on the foot scraper and dashed away without being seen.

Measles cut short romantic plans for more elaborate philanthropy. When the yellow pest sign was finally removed from my front door, school had started again. I had only been out three weeks, but it might have been three years. Everything had changed. The girls had begun practicing the one-step in the gym and walking along Main Street in high-heeled pumps looking in the shop windows and talking about clothes. Sara Cable had changed too. She went to the city every Saturday afternoon. She had seen Mary Garden in three operas and she had been behind scenes to meet the diva. In her schoolbag, she treasured a photograph of the singer as Thaïs, signed with a flourish. She could play a few chords to accompany the "Mirror Song" and "*Depuis le Jour*" and, though she was small for her age, her chest was beginning to take on Wagnerian proportions. Even her speaking voice had acquired a throaty intonation that was unfamiliar. Her stage name, she confided to her new intimates, was to be Sara Cabella, shorter than La Cabelskaya and more suitable for Italian opera. She was planning to give a recital in the coach house at Christmas time and was having Miss Garden's Thaïs costume copied for the event.

To this day Sara Cable will indignantly deny that my version of the financing of her





*"She was desperately in love with him."*

Thaïs costume is the true one, and she is quite put out when I regale her stalwart husband and children with the details of the deal. The methods by which it was put over seemed quite regular at the time, and according to the financial ethics of the day they were probably not unusual. First, she called to order a special business meeting of the Woodsprites to take place behind the gym after school. During recess, I was dimly conscious of the mobilization of party whips, of secret caucuses in the shrubbery, of unwonted attentions to our Woodsprite President, the gym teacher's sappy daughter. Too late, I discovered to my surprise—for we had planned to disband forever—that we had voted instead to keep the Woodsprites alive till next spring and to hold the funds, twenty odd dollars, *in escrow* in the name of Sara Cable, Treasurer.

THAT autumn when Sara absconded with the funds of the Woodsprites was one of the golden ones. There, for once, memory does not fail to oblige. The oaks went from scarlet to plum, the elms from yellow to umber; the maple leaves burned orange and crimson and lingered long on the trees, glowing in the twilight. I watched them come down with misery. Everything seemed to be ending. Perhaps I knew that it was the last fall of childhood. At loose ends and alone, I wandered aimlessly about, gnawing on celery stalks plucked from the cold rich loam, the grit bitter in my teeth. One of the pedals of my bicycle was broken but it didn't seem worth having it mended. I roasted potatoes in the bonfires, stamping out the escaping darts of flame until the round toes of my shoes were charred and white with ashes. I never went

through the Dismal Swamp any more, because I had vowed never to cross it until Sara invited me. But one day, on my way home from school, I saw smoke drifting up from the hollow. They were burning the marsh grass. The flames had already licked across our secret path and laid bare our hollow tree. The wind was blowing the smoke in gusts across the yard of the octagon house. As it cleared, I saw a figure pushing open the broken gate and hustling up the path. It was Sara Cable. I started to run for home, kicking the crackling leaves in rage and humiliation, when suddenly I heard Sara's voice calling after me.

"Come back," she called and the old sweet ring of conspiracy was in her voice: "I'm having my last fitting."

Instead of a punch bell there was a little disk that turned with a tinkle. The house smelt just like Miss Mead's work box, as I knew it would, and, just as I had figured, the rooms were not irregular but perfect squares with triangular cupboards in the bends of the octagon. The pine tree outside made the parlor very dark. The silver radiator was hissing steam. Miss Mead had her sewing machine set by the window with the Thaïs picture pinned to the window curtain. The costume, yards and yards of green gauze and sateen sewn all over with spangles and colored stones, was still in work. Miss Mead's foot trod the pedal and her lips worked in rhythm. I remembered the chill of her icy fingers and wished I were a thousand miles away.

But Sara was in her element. It was the queerest thing, the way she and Miss Mead got on. Sara, stripped to her bloomers and Ferris waist, was practicing ballet steps. Every so often she left off, and in an access of temperament, went and hung over the sewing machine, one plump ecstatic arm resting affectionately on Miss Mead's scrawny shoulder. I thought Miss Mead would bite, but she didn't. She never said a word. Sara led me along the mantel and pointed out the gallery of photographs. They were all of circus people, pasted on stiff cardboard with gilded edges. Sara knew every one by heart.

"Here's Miss Mead in her Mazeppa costume with the Wild Horse of Tartary. That's a wig. She cut off all her hair because she joined up as a stable boy. This one was taken



in Ogden, Utah. The cowboys don't belong to the show and neither does the dead stag, but the fat woman does. Here are the Barberinis. They're the people who stayed with her last summer. Show people always stick together. The Barberinis were down on their luck and Miss Mead took them in until they could get another booking. Look! Here's Prince Petroff of Petrograd and the pure white stallions from the wild steppes of Russia." Sara lowered her voice. "I privately think that Miss Mead was *desperately* in love with him. I think he broke her heart. I'll tell you later." She raised her voice again. "Aren't the horses beautiful? They were supposed to be descendants of Pegasus but Miss Mead gave them Roman names because she got the Classics prize at the Academy. Caesar, Tiberius, Augustus, Nero, Cicero. Here's the one she loved best of all. His name was Brutus."

The whirr of the machine stopped: "Cassius," said Miss Mead. "Brutus was no better than a pig-headed mule." Her foot began to tread the pedal again. "Some tomfool stable boy turned Cassius loose in a field with broken glass lying all round. Cassius rolled in it and cut himself so bad that his lights

fell out. I sewed him up with gut but he was too far gone. Petroff had to have him shot. The act broke up after that. Petroff went off to Australia. And I knew it was time for me to git. And so I git."

She stopped the machine and bit off the last thread. The Thaïs costume was finished. "Stop tooting around," she said, just as if she were fitting a flannel petticoat. But Sara couldn't stand still. The most remarkable change had come over her. With her Ferris waist tucked in and her hair held up with a barrette, she might have come straight out of the horn in the Victor ad. She gathered up her train and moved to the mirror. Then she swirled the train around her until it fell in a pool at her feet. She brought her hands together and to one side, palms touching as if in prayer, and started to sing. Her voice soared through the room. "*Dis-moi*," she sang in French, "*dis-moi si je suis belle*."

It was so thrilling I wanted to cry. But Miss Mead rocked back and forth in her chair hugging herself and laughing and laughing. She laughed so hard that the old red cotton heart stuck with needles bobbed on her chest. It was a spooky kind of laughing. The kind you can never forget.



*"Stop tooting around," she said, just as if she were fitting a flannel petticoat.*



# Christmas Twice

A Story by David Goldknopf

CLYDE alone was unhappy about his father's transfer. He liked Minneapolis, liked the lakes in the city, the swimming and ice skating they provided, the great fair across the river in August, and, of course, the river itself. It was the year of *Huckleberry Finn* for him, and the nearness of the Mississippi was one of those happy unions of fact and fiction, particularly appealing to the imagination of a twelve-year old boy, for whom the two were never very far apart. The city, in brief, was the playground for his mind and body, and his roots in it were broad, if shallow.

He had lived in too many cities to strike deep roots in any of them—traveling during the war with his mother in pursuit of his father, then a naval officer, and afterward, the three of them together again, to four cities in as many years, as the postwar industrial upheaval had shunted his father from one district office to another. In Minneapolis Alan Kenney had been assistant sales manager, a designation he despised. "Sales—" his pipe-nipping laugh had a trace of iron in it—"I couldn't sell ice water in the Sahara." Actually his work—he was with the industrial lubricants division of a large oil company—was engineering right down the line. He did his selling to engineers and mechanics in factories, with his hand, and it was usually a dirty hand, on a machine.

Now at last he had what he'd been after all the while, a trouble-shooting proposition practically written to his specifications, back and forth all the time between the lab men and the field men. Of course it meant moving again, which he did not look forward to, this time to New York, which impressed him as a dismal place to bring up an active boy. But to compensate for the first disadvantage was the fact that he would finally be settling down

—he had a firm commitment on that score from the big man himself—and as for the other difficulty, that was solved after a three months' search when he bought a six-room, semi-fieldstone house near Darien, Connecticut. It was a good house, an honest house. Edna loved it. Looking at other houses with her husband she had wondered which was most appalling, the blatant skimping in essentials or the garish superfluities that glittered like the phrases of the real-estate salesmen. For that matter, once they were settled Clyde took a brighter view of the change too. His newly refurbished room was man-size in all details. To be sure, Alan would have preferred a bit more ground space; he'd had a definitely rural setting in mind. That turned out to be hopeless, however, unless you built, yourself; and as it was he wasn't too badly off with almost a full, intelligently landscaped acre and only eight houses on the oval all told.

The oval was on the Sound side of the Post Road, bracketed by large estates which isolated it physically and socially too, in a sense. This isolation, in turn, seemed to engender a more than common degree of neighborliness, Bridge, which the Kenneys played indifferently, was on an organized basis, and since the others belonged to the same theater club, a dinner-and-theater evening, the third Friday of the month, was becoming an institution. This arrangement the Kenneys were invited to join, and did.

Alan had hoped that some of his neighbors would be—not necessarily industrial engineers, but in one of the allied fields, or chemists perhaps, or doctors. All, however, were in what he considered the "soft" professions—brokerage, advertising, automobile agencies, etc. They differed from the Kenneys in other respects too; they drank more and the talk in mixed company was a little rough



for Edna's taste. But there was, as she was the first to point out, a more significant variance.

"Do you realize," she asked Alan one evening as they returned from a nearby cocktail party, "that we are the only couple on this oval who have never been divorced?"

"Well I'll be—" Alan reserved a naïve, preoccupied chuckle for such revelations. It admitted their remarkability but failed to accept the emphasis or implications that went with them.

"Doesn't that seem unusual?" Edna persisted. "I mean, seven out of eight?"

"Well I—suppose so. It just hadn't occurred to me."

**W**ELL it had occurred to their twelve-year-old son a long time ago. In fact, Clyde could have told his parents many unusual things about their neighbors, all of them, assembled by the way from the ready confidences of the neighbors' children. He was a gregarious youngster, and the moving around he'd had to do had developed his capacity for rapid social analysis and adjustment. The sort of thing a team of sociologists might spend weeks unearthing was clear to him in a matter of days. And it was in fact only a matter of days before he discovered the uniqueness of his parents' marital history. However, he saw no personal advantage in calling this oddity to the attention of his new friends, and so he did not do so.

Those friends were "different" too—more "grown-up" as he told his mother, by which he meant more suave, knowledgeable, and vaguely sissy. Their interest in sports, though keen, was shaded with irony, and this attitude of sophisticated reserve even extended to their own play. When Clyde stunned one of them with a superb knee-high tackle he was roundly abused by his victim, and more remarkably received no support from his teammates. Even toward television, which came closest to absorbing them, they affected an air of enervated discrimination.

However these distinctions were superseded in Clyde's eyes, as were drinking and indelicacy in the eyes of his parents, by a more fundamental one. In the past the basis of leadership among his friends had always been ability—ability to swim, skate, tackle, even to get good marks, since all their families valued

and frequently rewarded them. But among his companions around the oval it was not ability which set the leaders apart.

It was knowledge.

Now Clyde had had the usual early brushes with sex, but he had too many interests to be morbidly preoccupied with any one of them. The bedroom life of adults was no closed book to him; neither was it a textbook, as it was to his current friends. Much of their astonishingly particular information came, of course, from close observation, since one or more marriages had gone to pieces under the roof that sheltered each of them, and one of them, George "Whitey" Welscher, had received a schooling which even by local standards was formidable. Whitey's father, with whom he was presently living, had been married three times, and to Whitey's practiced eye the third marriage was beginning to show signs of impermanence too. The first divorce had been an incredibly messy affair, involving tapped telephones, motor court trysts, homicidal threats, and Whitey himself, who for two gloriously lucrative months had been paid by his father to spy upon his mother. The second marriage, though foundering on the reef of money rather than infidelity, was just as bitterly if less blunderingly concluded. As for the third marriage, it was still a little too early to tell.

It was too early to tell, but Whitey told. As far as Clyde could see, it was these disclosures, and they alone, that made Whitey the acknowledged captain of the boys around the oval. He was a spindly pale-blond youngster with a blanched wedge-face upon which his eyebrows were almost invisible and his reddish freckles so prominent as to be almost disfiguring. His eyes were blue-agate chips so deeply set that they seemed, depending on the angle from which they were viewed, both presbyopic and blind. In either case he appeared insensible to his surroundings, an impression enhanced by his straw-chewing habit. Actually he did not chew the straw; he clamped his teeth upon it while his blind-visionary eyes simultaneously weighed memory and eventuality. Out of this disdainful trance would come a short, chilling laugh, his usual introduction to another episode in the muddled lives that had crossed his own.

The other boys tried to compete with these revelations, though they knew Whitey to be



unapproachable in this respect. During these sessions, Clyde, of course, was silent. In time he felt that his silence was becoming conspicuous, and he dreaded the questions it was bound, sooner or later, to attract to him. His parents *were* different: simpler, less glamorous, of a crinoline age. He didn't—it need hardly be added—reproach them for failing to provide him with the wherewithal to hold his own, conversationally. Nevertheless, it was they who had bought the house on the oval, isolated him from the friends he might otherwise have made, matched him against Whitey and the others on terms so unbalanced as to condemn him to everlasting inferiority. The fact that he could not pin down his resentment made it no less galling.

Oh it was no mere matter of talk! In any number of ways these fellows led a broader, more elegant existence than his own. One spent six months of the year near Santa Fe where his mother's second husband was a rancher. There he rode, roped, branded, or so he claimed. At any rate came back with genuine Western boots and a Navajo-spun riata. Another had passed two months on his father's sloop in the Caribbean. A twenty-three-year-old stepbrother had secretly taught a third how to drive a car. And even when they were at home, on the oval, exoticism tinged their lives. A father or a mother was always coming into the city, taking them to dinner in adult, expensive places, or even to a musical comedy with dirty jokes and half-nude sirens. They received mail! How odd it was that these victims of broken and rebroken homes should have family lives far richer, more expansive than Clyde's!

Meanwhile, after the first flurry of social reciprocities, the Kenneys had staged a cautious retreat. Finally the dinner-and-theater evening was the only surviving commitment. Their breakfast-table comments, artfully nonchalant, traced the disengagement for their son, who consequently saw no help in that direction even if he had been spineless enough to ask for it. In fact his father even made things tougher for him. The school was a mile away and most of Clyde's friends were driven there. Clyde's father insisted he walk, regardless of weather. Not too Spartan a requirement of a healthy, properly-dressed youngster, but it meant shaking off rides. Soon the rides were no longer offered. Clyde kept his

head down as the cars purred by. Like his parents, like the house at night, he drew the blinds against his neighbors.

But his mother had the house, his father had his job, they both had friends, good friends, elsewhere, and a car to get to them. Meanwhile their son's life ran around the oval like a mechanical rabbit. He *had* to have friends. Couldn't they see that? Maybe they didn't want to see it. Maybe they didn't care. . . .

THE days grew colder. Leaves fell. The frost-burnt grass had no spring to it and the ground was stony underheel. Wintry clouds, low, unrifted, rested on the knobby umber hills. Chimney smoke wandered dispiritedly across the oval, adding an acrid industrial taint to the scent of fermenting leaves. The ranch houses, unscreened by foliage, seemed to drift apart, as if the whole oval was expanding like a microcosmic galaxy, each house drifting along its own axis of alienation.

Unexpectedly the Kenneys received a Thanksgiving dinner invitation from one of their neighbors. Alan declined, explaining that they were going to spend the holiday with his mother on her farm near Easton, Pennsylvania. This was news to Edna, to Clyde, and if the truth be told to Alan himself. But from the way all three faces brightened it was obviously good news.

On the way, they stopped at the Morristown Revolutionary battleground and museum. Alan wanted his son to get those physical glimpses of the country's early history which the East alone affords. He was not disappointed by Clyde's reaction. The maps, artifacts, reconstructions, sent the boy's mind reeling back, reveling in the glories, risks, and discomforts of those stirring days. His enthusiasm prompted Alan to take the family to Valley Forge the day after Thanksgiving. There they were all moved. They walked silently, almost tiptoe, across the hallowed grounds. It was a very cold day, and the bitter wind, nipping noses and fingers, encouraged respect even more than did the imagination.

"People have certainly changed since then," Edna observed.

"Could be—" Alan replied with his abstracted, non-committal laugh. His son's presence, however, made him read a challenge into the



remark. "Let's not kid ourselves," he suggested. "Sure the patriots were starving and freezing here. But what were the daughters of Philadelphia's best families doing? They were dancing cotillions with the handsome British officers. Yes, and the Lancaster farmers were selling their produce to the enemy quartermaster at damned good prices. Then, now, it's always the same. A handful standing up against the slime and corruption. And that's the handful that makes history."

Clyde's chest swelled with a pride so heavy that it seemed to squeeze the tears into his eyes. His father wouldn't have been in Philadelphia! His father would have been at Valley Forge, his father who had been on a cruiser during the war when he could have been in an ordnance laboratory! And his mother would have been bleaching bandages and pouring shot! His good fortune in his parents overwhelmed him. He felt dizzy with affection.

Grandma's farm was splendid in its own way too. It was still a working farm, though hired hands worked it, and the cows, sheep, chickens, ducks were noisy and demanding from dawn onward. Clyde helped a little, though he was squeamish about manure. Beyond the buildings lay seventy free acres, twenty-five in woodland. He saw a muskrat, a skunk, and an owl. The day after it snowed there were innumerable tracks.

As they left, Alan stopped the car outside the gate for a full look at the house in which he had been raised. "That's the kind of place I had in mind for us," he remarked as they drove on.

"Now really," Edna remonstrated, "we have a lovely house."

"Oh the house is all right—" Alan conceded.

**B**ETWEEN Thanksgiving and Christmas the days passed pleasantly. For one thing Clyde began to do well in school. Before that the newness and his verbal unsophistication had been heavy handicaps, but as his tough mind dug in he climbed the ladder, particularly in the exact subjects like spelling, grammar, and arithmetic. Good marks, in turn, encouraged homework, which took time. Meanwhile a long spell of bad weather kept his friends in, and so he saw very little of them. During this interval, his mother noticed, he was relaxed and almost sweet. His

mother noticed much more than Clyde thought she noticed. The weekend before Christmas the weather turned fine. The Kennys canceled their Friday night dinner-theater date with their neighbors and at seven the next morning they left for the Berkshires. The sun came up around Danbury. The skiing was wonderful.

Back home, a few days later they had visitors, the Ballingers, uncle and aunt and cousin Harold. Harold shared Clyde's room, and they argued and fought past midnight, sternly enjoining each other to silence only to have the peace broken by giggling spasms, imitations of flatulence, and so forth. Clyde enjoyed his cousin's company more than he ever had. Perhaps he simply enjoyed company more than he ever had.

Christmas Eve dinner was formal, candlelit, and accompanied by several kinds of wine. Clyde's mother was beautiful. His father in his rarely worn tuxedo looked as stalwart as he did in his navy picture. Even Harold was impressed and subdued, and the noisy gaiety for once came from the adults. They all went to midnight carol singing—Clyde for the first time. Like many youngsters his age he had powerful religious sentiments. It was a struggle not to cry. On the way back the sweep of the brilliantly starred sky was breathtaking. It filled him with grace, love, cosmic mystery, everything. And how beautiful the oval was! The lawn evergreens were lit. In every house the tree shed its lovely, lambent glow. Warmth and good will poured from the wreathed windows. All around the oval the houses basked in the warmth and light they created for each other.

Christmas day was cold and brilliant. Drifted patches of an old snowfall still whitened sheltered places. The sun found sequins all over the rimy earth and set one's breath to glowing. Clyde, before the open window, welcomed the rising sun like a hierophant, chuffing vapor till his head swam. His gifts this year were beyond even his most fanciful surmises. From his father a Giant Erector set, with three motors, the biggest, the finest, the best of them all. From his mother, a three-lens microscope and biological lab. There were many other fine gifts too, but his parents' were really grandiose. He was a little awed in fact; the cost must be immense.

He should run to their rooms, he knew,



fling his arms around their necks, sing his enthusiasm in breathlessly incoherent phrases. But that sort of demonstration was beyond him; the more intense his feelings, the harder they were to express. And this morning it was not excess of gratitude alone that held him back. No. He thought sinking of the past: of his formless resentments against his parents, the invidious comparisons to which he had submitted them, his cowardly reticence before the other boys. Shame stung his eyes. They were too good for him! He didn't deserve these gifts! He didn't deserve any gifts!

Contrition was a great relief. That done, he settled down with his gifts. After a while his father came out in his maroon bathrobe and yawningly inquired, "How you doing, Son?" and sat down on the floor and they began to build the walking man together. . . .

**T**ODAY, for the first time in weeks, Clyde wanted to see the other boys. Today the talk would be about gifts. Let them talk then! Today he would not be silent! He thought of taking Harold with him, but at the last minute doubt intervened. That depressed him, suggesting a lack of nerve. Once outside, however, he quickly assumed a jaunty, shoulder-swinging stride. The sun, a good ways up, was beginning to warm, melting the earth's spangled elegance into soft, glistening wetness. Icicles plunked drops into the pools they were making. The houses had a rained-on freshness.

Alongside Whitey's house two boys lobbed a new basketball between them. "A basketball . . ." Clyde thought scornfully. Whitey summoned him with a toss of his head. Coming around the house, he found the other boys, sitting on their heels in the sun. "Let's go inside," Whitey said.

Clyde had never been in Whitey's house. That, as much as Whitey's sensational disclosures about the life beneath its roof, had given it a forbidden air. The ease with which it could be entered amazed Clyde, and was in itself vaguely scandalous. He had never felt comfortable in a strange house; in this one he felt doubly timid. His buoyant confidence he discovered was just so much suds, slurping down a drain.

In the living-room he took a chair half-hidden by the piano. The furniture seemed plushier than the stuff in his house, longer,

broader. The carpet was strikingly figured, the drapes exotically patterned. But most of all he was impressed by the dishevelment. It was more than the confusion of Christmas morning he saw, the strewings of tinsel, gift wrappers, packing. No, this slovenliness was inherent, inseparable from the room's elegance and exoticism. That ash-tray piled up with buckled cigarettes, lipstick-ringed, the bolster leaning crapulously against the settee, the tilted tumbler half-hidden by the drape, an inch of amberish slop in its heel—oh tempers and passions ran high here! These lives were keyed far above the tidying-up level!

Whitey's stepmother came in, streaming chiffony negligee. Her hair heaped up in a froth of unkempt curls. Her unmade-up skin pouched sullenly at the corners of her mouth. The bedstrewn elegance of the living room was superbly appropriate to its mistress. "Hello, Whitey," she drawled in a voice still husky with sleep; "how are you this morning?"

"Whitey—" To Clyde the use of the nickname was jarring, leveling the woman and the child.

"Fine," Whitey replied tonelessly. "How are *you* this morning?"

She sniffed. "Don't you boys *like* air?" she asked with a whimsical frown and tugged at the window. It stuck. "May I help you?" One of the boys leaped to his feet. Acid ate at Clyde's vitals. Not in a thousand years would he develop such presence of mind, such suavity of expression. Side by side, the woman and the boy pulled at the window. It gave. "Brrr. . . ." She unwrapped her negligee to wrap it more securely and ran her hand rewardingly over her assistant's head. Clyde felt his scalp prickle.

As she propped up one sofa pillow another fell. She waved at it insouciantly, and began to empty the smaller ash-trays into a larger one. Whitey's double-visioned eyes followed her around the room. There was a butt-filled tray at Clyde's side. He knew she would have to come for it and she did. She smelled of alcohol, tobacco, and perfume, but most of all she smelled like someone who has just got out of bed. He looked at her with more than his eyes. He looked at her with knowledge, the knowledge that her stepson had so generously disseminated. He knew as much about this touseled creature as some men knew



about their wives. Or even more. As she bent forward to pick up the ash-tray he saw—he could not help seeing—the full division of her breasts. He turned his eyes away, but they had a will of their own. She glanced up. His flushed cheeks, his shifty glance betrayed him wretchedly. Her own eyes were amused, tragic, and contemptuous.

She tossed the butts into the fireplace, scowling away from the dust storm they raised, and brushed her hands off on her thighs. Tucking her negligee under her she sank on one knee before the fireplace.

"Have you been showing your friends your Christmas gifts?" she asked.

"I'm going to," Whitey replied. He was inviting her to leave.

Still staring at the charred logs she pressed four fingers against her temple. "O God . . .," she murmured with a weariness so miserable that Clyde felt his insides crawling toward her. She left without a word to any of them.

"Sick as a dog last night," Whitey said. "I heard her heaving in the bathroom. . . ."

THE boys peered embarrassed at the carpet. Outside they devoured this kind of stuff, but under this roof it was a bit too gamy even for their appetites. "Let's take a look at the loot," one of them suggested.

This was what Clyde had been waiting for—the comparison of gifts! Anticipation set him tingling. He listened to Whitey with resurgent confidence. From his father Whitey had received a junior billiard table. From his stepmother a seventeen-jewel watch with sweep second hand. He held it up. They admired it. The competition, Clyde acknowledged, was going to be keen.

But Whitey did not stop there.

From his mother he had received an American Flyer circus train, and from his mother's second husband a pair of hand-crafted hickory skis. From his *first* stepmother—Clyde heard the lengthening recital with sickening apprehension—came a pair of racing skates. It was his first stepmother's present husband who had sent the basketball.

But this was monstrous! It was a mockery of the season—like having Christmas twice. More, more than twice! This time Whitey had gone too far. Surely the others would not stand for this desecration either. . . .

But even before Whitey finished there was

an impassioned and competitive clamor on all sides. *I got a . . . I got . . . I got a . . .* From mothers, fathers, stepmothers, stepfathers, *stepbrothers* . . . the gifts rained down on Clyde's head like a barrage, an avalanche. He started from his chair.

"Hey Clyde—" His name pushed him back like a brute hand. "How'd you make out?"

His eyes fled from one face to another. "I—I did pretty good—" His voice was muffled.

"What'd you get?"

"Oh I—I got a—one of those Erector sets. The big one. The one with the three motors. My father gave me that. My mother gave me a microscope. . . ."

"A microscope?" They were impressed.

"It's got three lenses . . . five hundred magnification," he pleaded. "It's a . . . it's a nice one."

That was absorbed. "What else d'you get?"

"Oh I—I got some other stuff. Quite a bit of stuff. I got some skis too—" But that compulsive integrity that tyrannizes children made him add, "—from my uncle." His voice dwindled. "*Book of Knowledge*. . . ." His voice was a husk, a whisper—"My other uncle. . . ."

"How about your other mother?" they asked. "Didn't she give you anything?"

Clyde shook his head.

"She didn't?"

Clyde shook his head.

"Gee—" They were sympathetically surprised.

"I don't have another mother," Clyde said.

"How about your other father?" they asked helpfully.

"I don't have another father!" Clyde cried. "I only have one mother and one father!"

From the smallest, the least of them, a runty drip-nose he could have knocked over with the flat of his hand, came the shrill, sapient cry.

"Holy cow! He's still got the same parents he was born with!"

So now his back was to the wall. The hell with them! he raged. I can live without them! I can live without them forever!

"What of it!" he snuffled, showing his teeth.

It was Whitey who replied: Whitey who came over and struck a discord on the piano and draped himself over it, bracing his blanched wedge-face on the heel of his fist.

"Nothing," he said softly. "We didn't say anything."



# *The Easy Chair*

## Preliminary Forecast

*Bernard DeVoto*

I ACKNOWLEDGE the unreality of my prediction here, several months ago, that the left wing of the Republican party would consolidate the victory over the right wing it had won at the convention. Appraisal of its failure to do so had better go over till we can see how the irrepressible conflict develops in Congress under the new changes in the rules.

As another preliminary, I want to say that I did not and do not share the emotions prevalent in my camp about the course of the *New York Times* during the campaign. The *Times* once more proved itself a great newspaper, and the fact that a lot of us would have liked to see its editorial page supporting Governor Stevenson is irrelevant. When thousands of people were calling on it to switch, one of the harassed editors remarked that if you did not look at that page you could not tell which candidate it was supporting, and that was true. (Sometimes you couldn't tell when you did look at it.) I saw only one other leading newspaper, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, on which you could invariably rely for a full picture of what was happening, and of course the *Times* was able to provide wider and more detailed coverage. Its bewilderment in the face of the protests it received was amusing, even touching, and it faithfully published the statistics in full. It felt that it was being unjustly assailed and in my judgment it was. But the feeling humanized it and gave it a new experience, one that may have lasting effects. For the *Times* was closer to its readers than it had ever been before.

I write this less than a week after election. Mostly columnists and editorial writers are

still trying to analyze the causes of the Republican victory and have made only perfunctory efforts to forecast what lies ahead. A number have caught glimpses of matters that were invisible to them during the campaign: that the alternatives to continuing negotiations for an armistice in Korea have highly unpleasant implications, and that we are not going to have any noticeable reduction in taxes. Some are beginning to trace the outline of what looks to them like a formidable paradox, and has that appearance for the ample reason that, as many have known all along, it is one. Nearly everyone is saying that the victory was that of a man and not his party, that the winner of the election was General Eisenhower. At the same time, as they study the vote, various writers seem to anticipate what others have said all along, that not the Executive but Congress will be governing the country—and are hoping that the President-elect will be able to confute this anticipation by mastering his party.

At so early a time it behooves monthly journalism, so far as it makes forecasts, to confine itself to indications that go back farther than Election Day. The paradox I have mentioned defines a conflict which is much older than the campaign and which will be brought to issue, though not to resolution, in the first session of Congress. Since the General's strength is the size of his personal victory and since the initial weakness of his Administration is the small margin of Republican control in Congress, past records make a better basis for speculation than the distribution of the vote.



**T**HOUGH at one point in his campaign the General said otherwise, foreign policy is the most important problem his Administration must deal with. We are clear where General Eisenhower stands, much clearer than we are about his stand on any other important problem. So far as the situation will permit he intends to maintain essentially the same foreign policy that the Truman Administration developed during the postwar years. To assure its continuation was his primary reason for becoming a candidate and, though his emphases fluctuated somewhat during the campaign, he said nothing whatever that hinted at serious modification. Newspaper and radio commentators are now pointing to the committee chairmanships that have fallen to the most case-hardened isolationists—discussed in the April Easy Chair—and are predicting that he will require the help of a Democratic coalition. That is certain, but there are additional implications. Within his party there is another threat to foreign policy besides the isolationists, but there is also a situation which may get him more Republican help than my colleagues have postulated.

The threat is simple. Though Senators Cain, Ecton, and Kem have been retired to the contemplative life, the narrow Republican majority in the Senate gives the votes of Jenner and McCarthy a barter value far greater than they had as members of the minority. Nobody supposes that those votes will not be, in political terms and unlike some isolationists' votes, for sale to the Administration. For support of Administration foreign policy, they may be able to charge an appalling price in domestic license.

The promising possibility is also simple. The General's foreign policy means continuation of all defense measures. This means the continuation of other than military help to Europe, which always has implied the progressive substitution, for direct financial payments, of trade agreements and freer access to American markets. Every Republican Congress has tried to contract trade agreements and every Republican Administration has raised tariffs, but this time it may be different. For some time it has been apparent that a deflationary turn may occur within two years, and many segments of business have learned enough economics to know that this calls for

the expansion of our foreign markets. More to the point, much of the high-level business support behind the Republican party is already committed to that economics—General Motors and the oil companies, for instance. For the first time the party contains a large bulk of trade-internationalist thinking; there may be enough to curb Little America economics if not to overturn it.

**T**IDELANDS oil will go the way the General promised, as part of the great gittin'-up morning that will dawn in January. It will be quite a dawn, a stampede for the lush grass after twenty lean years. Henry Adams claimed that political movements obeyed the law of falling bodies, accelerating according to the square. On March 4, 1921, there were only eight lean kine and in less than two years we had the Little Green House on K Street, the Ohio Gang, Teapot Dome, the Veterans Administration scandal, and a binful of smaller ones. Adams' formula would produce the equivalent before the end of 1953. But instead of dealing with hypothetical evils, concentrate on known ones.

David Lawrence has said that McCarthyism as a one-man crusade against Communists in government is over, and has quoted a statement by Tail-Gunner Joe to the effect that Republican loyalty investigations will take care of the problem. As sure as gospel there will be an all-out effort to make them take care of many problems. The General has proclaimed that he has no intention of trying to turn the clock back, but an enormous portion of his party wants, and will try, to turn it back beyond 1932. McCarthyism offers a promising instrument, one which neither the Republican leadership nor the Republican press has failed to use for what it has been worth so far. From 1868 through 1896 the most reliable instrument the Republican party had was the bloody shirt; it solved all problems, it was the principal issue in every election, it won at least two elections which would have gone Democratic on the real issues, one of which actually did go Democratic by vote and had to be reversed by commission. Except for the Cleveland interregnum, that is, for twenty-eight years the Republican party was able to maintain itself in power and to put through its policies by representing the Democrats as the party of disloyalty. In many Old



Guard minds now there has unquestionably risen the bright vision of rooting out the New Deal and all its works by means of Congressional investigations which will find that they were Communist-inspired and Communist-controlled.

Social security or TVA, any New Deal measure, any New Deal agency—can we not find that they were honeycombed with Communists, such flagrant Communists indeed as Jimmy Byrnes and Sam Rayburn, not to mention Roosevelt and Ickes? It is certain that many investigations will be proposed to uncover this fearful conspiracy. To what extent will they be sanctioned or succeed? The party that sowed the wind will now reap the whirlwind along with the rest of us—decent Republicans will help pay for their colleagues' indecency—and, as I have said, the Administration may have to buy the support of the official spokesman of America First by licensing him to further abominations. In the Senate, opposition to the party sewage must form round such members as Senators Aiken, Duff, Flanders, Ives, Saltonstall, Smith (it is remarkable how the New Englanders stand out), Wiley, Williams, and Young. The House is less predictable and less well endowed, and of veteran Republicans few have the status of Clifford Hope. (Whatever happens to him, the country will be ahead. If he stays in the House he will be a bulwark of strength and honor; or he would make a splendid Secretary of Agriculture.) But besides such men there is another limiting factor.

In this closely divided Congress there are more Democratic than Republican votes for the Administration foreign policy. It cannot be put over without them. But the Administration cannot swing them to support of it on the Senate floor if at the same time those who cast them are being portrayed in committee rooms as the red-tainted architects of our ruin. The Administration is going to need, in fact, not one Democratic coalition but two, and those who compose them will be alike in unwillingness to be wooed as patriots while being simultaneously besmirched as traitors. It will need not only liberal Democratic votes for its foreign policy but right-wing Democratic votes for its domestic program. They may be counted on to string along with the initial phase, the dismissal of anti-monopoly suits, the abandonment of government con-

trols, the chipping-away at labor's position, and similar foreseeable portions of the Great Return—but not if they are under attack as having, some years back, stooged for Russia. In disinclination to be portrayed as dupes, agents, or fellow-travelers there will be no difference between Senators George and Smathers on the one hand and Senators Lehman and Fulbright on the other. Here is a gun of hefty caliber which the minority will aim straight at the Administration's head. It should procure some control of the intrinsics.

This is to say that the election has not solved two urgent inner problems of the Republican party, the breach between the two wings and the evils loosed by McCarthyism. No matter what is done about them behind the scenes before January, both are certain to come to a head in Congress. The first one is likely, no matter what the President may do, to be manifest and violent long before the first session adjourns. The limits are legislative chaos on one hand and full Presidential triumph on the other (and the President will remember, if Congress does not, that the Eightieth Congress gave Mr. Truman a second term), but whatever the outcome the fact that the fight is public will bring another limiting factor into play. For it will be news and, now that Armageddon has been won in the editor's office, the city and telegraph desks will again take charge of the news. Here is an exterior means of imposing some measure of responsibility on the extremists. Some measure but, considering both extremists and the press, not much.

SINCE Armageddon *has* been won, we may expect considerable breast-beating by the newspapers. During the campaign a small group of writers issued a statement asserting that in general the handling of news flagrantly favored the Republicans. It must have hurt, for there has seldom been so outraged a howl as the one with which the generality of newspapers greeted it. One paid high to distribute widely a telegram of wounded righteousness three pages long, others sent out thriftier telegrams, and many printed sophisticated statistics about the space they had devoted to the Democratic campaign. Who counted those inches and what kind of virtue feels called upon to adver-



tise? And even if the inches had been counted right, as they usually were not, the sum would have said nothing about the make-up of pages, the falsification of leads, and the corruption of headlines. The election-eve speeches of both candidates had the tone of a benediction. A Boston newspaper headed its story: "Eisenhower Preaches Peace. Stevenson Scatters Hatred."

Objective studies of this question—not conducted by newspapers—are now getting under way, and already a prudently retroactive sense of guilt is discernible on a number of editorial pages. More to the point is the suspicion in circulation offices that radio and television may have made further inroads. They probably have. For the timidity of radio, disturbing and deplorable in itself, worked out to a beneficial result. Always afraid of government regulation and of even the most unfounded accusation of partiality from any source, the networks went to great lengths to be objective—and more people than ever before relied on them for the news. Both the guilt feeling of newspapers and their apprehensions about radio may make them less ready to convey filth untreated. Finally, we may remember that the inherent position of the press favors the attacking side, which now becomes the Democrats, for that is where the news is, and that may be another deterrent to the extremists.

**S**ILLY arguments abound in all campaigns but few have ever been so idiotic as the one which held that good citizenship required us to vote the Republicans into office in order to give them the experience of responsibility. They have now been voted into office but not for that reason and not in the usual way. Usually, minority parties have enlarged themselves by incorporating splinter groups and dissident interests—by widening their base.

This time the Republicans began with such groups and interests mostly incorporated beforehand, and won the election by making direct inroads on the majority. That fact gives the Administration greater initial momentum but also greater instability. The two-way split in the party may become, grad-

ually or suddenly, a three-way split in the Administration.

It sums up as a moderate Administration, more moderate than many Republicans have hoped and many Democrats feared, far more moderate than the campaign. Moderation is imposed by the fragility of the combinations that produced it, by the narrowness of the majorities in Congress, and by the powerful reality-principle of the world situation. Such of its important objectives as it does not carry in the first rush it will be in danger of not carrying at all. The two greatest interior threats are its pre-McKinley group and its McCarthyites. The urge to combine them, so far as they are different, will grow stronger when the going gets rough. But if anything in politics is certain this is: that the combination would wreck the Administration by mid-term.

To an unprecedented extent the Democratic campaign was an operation of amateurs. It had to be: professional organizations were rigid from twenty years of automatic success, or shattered by intramural feuds, or in some places obsolete. Various commentators have remarked that the party badly needs Jim Farley, in person or by succession. That is quite true, it does need expert professional direction, but in addition the amateurs have got to turn pro. The campaign they improvised and dominated was amazingly effective, far more successful than either the precedents or the rule-book said it could be. The coming reorganization must be based on them quite as much as on the demoralized professionals. This implies a number of things that will be novelties to amateurs, among them the sacrifice of the presumably precious feeling of being remote from the battle if not above it. They can no longer afford the self-indulgence of the protest vote and the split ticket, still less ignorance of party mechanics, aloofness from the precinct chores, or reluctance to cut grass in order to make hay.

But this means only that for a generation amateurs have not felt the discipline that they used to feel at an early age. It is only another aspect of a fact so big that both Republicans and Democrats will adjust to it but slowly: that twenty years have ended.



# Kitimat:

## Colossus of the Northwest

*Richard L. Neuberger*

FOR almost half of his sixty-two years, Tom Taerum, born in the Old Country, trapped beaver, mink, and ermine along the headwaters of the Nechako River. And always the Nechako flowed inexorably eastward, draining the great finger-like lakes of central British Columbia into the sprawling Fraser drainage basin. Tom, educated in the *gymnasia* of his native Norway, realized in a vague sort of way that this had gone on ever since the ice sheets of the Pleistocene chiseled out the canyons through which the Nechako surged.

But today Tom is witnessing a miracle. The Nechako has reversed its course. The current murmurs gently toward the west, in the direction of the distant sabre-toothed ranges which overlook the Pacific. And Tom Taerum no longer runs his trapline. He is hose repairman, at \$1.68 an hour, for Mannix Limited, one of the construction companies engaged to build the biggest power project yet undertaken anywhere in the world with private funds.

The project is known as Kitimat, a name taken from a tiny village of 350 isolated souls on an inlet of the Pacific Ocean. And the reason why the Nechako River has reversed its course is that the essence of the Kitimat project is that it will capture the water running down the *east* slope of the Coast Range of mountains, and will take it *through the mountains, by tunnel*, to deliver its overwhelming power to Kitimat, *on the west side*. That spectacular feat, and the mammoth size of the undertaking, make the project a unique symbol of the vast industrial boom that nowadays is tapping the resources of the Canadian wilderness.

Already the largest aluminum smelting

plant on earth has started to rise at Kitimat, where eventually 50,000 people will live. Town-planners are plotting houses, hospitals, and schools. For Kitimat is dwarfed only by Grand Coulee, monarch of power sites. And there is this striking difference: Grand Coulee was paid for by the United States government, whereas Kitimat is a private undertaking, the responsibility of the continent's leading exporter of light metal, the Aluminum Company of Canada. And aluminum is the sole purpose of this hydroelectric titan. Americans can gain some conception of Kitimat's sinews when they learn that its 1,650,000 horsepower will just about equal the combined potentialities of Bonneville Dam, Shasta Dam, and the TVA's biggest of penstocks, Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals.

Never before in modern times has one industrial plant promised to increase so enormously the North American production of a widely-used household material. In 1951, factories in the United States spun out 836,900 tons of aluminum. The Canadian total was 446,000 tons. But Kitimat *alone* will have an ultimate capacity of 550,000 tons. This is greater than the present aluminum production in all of Canada and equal to 65 per cent of the United States' supply.

The modest Kitimat beginning will come in 1954 when the new potlines will smelt 84,000 tons. Even this gingerly start will exceed the 80,000-ton annual domestic consumption of aluminum inside Canada. Company officials expect the yield to leap to 165,000 tons by 1955, as additional turbines and potlines are constantly installed. But despite Canada's impressive 28 per cent increase in population during the past decade, this aluminum must go to a foreign market.



Kitimat is destined to sell its bars of metal to the United States and nations abroad—or to be a colossal failure.

**K**ITIMAT lies at the end of a winding ocean inlet, surrounded by dark forests of spruce and hemlock, not far from the Bella Coola, a lonely fiord where a frontiersman in moosehide daubed this legend in vermilion on a rock, after the first of all journeys across the North American continent:

Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the 22nd of July, 1793. Lat. 52° 20' 48" N.

Why locate the world's premier aluminum factory in the fog and mists of a salt-water canyon, 430 navigable miles above Vancouver? Because aluminum more than any other product depends primarily upon power and particularly upon power at low cost. One-fifth of the cost of manufacturing aluminum is paid in electric bills. It takes ten kilowatt-hours of electricity to reduce the bauxite ore for just one pound of aluminum, and the amount of energy necessary to yield a ton would take care of the average home for more than eight years. Steel foundries may look for hills of iron ore and pulp mills for virgin forests, but light-metal engineers are on the quest for falling water, water which rushes down steep slopes and over granite ramparts with hurtling ferocity.

No such sight met the eyes of the men who planned Kitimat. It was a scene dominated by placid lakes and timbered uplands. Yet hidden in it was a power giant of terrifying force, a giant that could be created by juggling nature on a mammoth scale.

Kitimat is a Rube Goldberg gadget of sublime proportions. Not for it the orthodox power dam through which a swift river rumbles to spin generators. Indeed, the sole dam associated with Kitimat is an uncomplicated earth-fill structure that will cost a trifling \$15,000,000, or less than 3 per cent of the total expenditure. This is the dam where Tom Taerum repairs pneumatic drills, instead of lifting frozen animals out of the bite of his snares.

The dam is without a spillway and will not generate enough power to light Tom's pine-log cabin. It exists simply to turn the flow of one of the great watersheds of Canada and, far off, to divert this water down a drop sixteen times higher than Niagara Falls, a drop higher by half than Yosemite Falls, the tallest of this continent's free-leaping cataracts.

Kitimat involves no towering fortress of masonry, as there is at Hoover Dam or Dnieperstroy in Russia. And for this reason Kitimat can help make more widespread the uses of aluminum, a metal which is already going into airplanes and railroad coaches and which made most of the fittings of the new superliner *United States*. A fractional increase of merely one mill—a tenth of a cent—in the



*The ALCAN Project: Reversal of the Nechako River will make power for the Kitimat smelter.*



cost of a kilowatt-hour means, at the other end of the production line, a boost of at least \$20 in the charge for a ton of aluminum, now selling at \$370.

In the Kitimat plant, ingots and pigs of raw aluminum will be trundled out of electric furnaces at a power cost of 1 cent a pound. This contrasts with  $1\frac{4}{5}$  cents a pound in the numerous aluminum works stoked with Grand Coulee and Bonneville juice in the American Northwest, with as much as 3 cents a pound at the factories in the Tennessee Valley, and with  $3\frac{1}{4}$  cents in some of the new plants being erected along the Gulf Coast, where the kilowatt-hours will be generated with natural gas rather than falling water.

Engineers refer to the drop of water at a hydroelectric plant as the "head." The head at Grand Coulee is 350 feet, at Shipshaw in Quebec 208 feet, at Niagara 165 feet. Kitimat's head will be 2,580 feet. Two Empire State buildings, from basement to TV tower, would fail to equal this dazzling descent. And it is a drop which has been contrived by men with dikes and rock chambers and tunnels, because an obscure bureaucrat in the Department of Lands and Forests of British Columbia's provincial government saw with a thrill a quarter of a century ago that a chain of mighty lakes lay close to the summits stockading the deepest fiords of North America.

## II

**T**HE name of this man was Frederick William Knewstubb. Government servants are not more honored in Canada than in the United States, and he has been almost forgotten in the clamor over the country's most spectacular construction feat since the Canadian-Pacific Railroad was thrust across Kicking Horse Pass.

In 1928 Knewstubb, then fifty-four years old and partially deafened from a wound in World War I, looked up from his maps in the Water Rights offices at Victoria and told his superiors he had discovered one of the great hydroelectric power sites of North America. His case was so convincing that a year later he led a small expedition through evergreen forests to five majestic British Columbia lakes—Tahtsa, Ootsa, Eutsuk, Tetachuk, and Whitesail. These lakes were linked by creeks and underground outlets, and they

pooled their flow into the Nechako River which coursed 288 miles eastward to join the Fraser at the sawmill town of Prince George.

At Tahtsa Lake, beneath the snowy crags of the coast range, Knewstubb realized he was bivouacked only ten miles from Gardner Canal, an ocean fiord rivaling the vastest canyons of earth in depth and size—a fiord which could provide a fabulous head for power. But Tahtsa drained to the east. Gardner Canal lay to the west.

Knewstubb and his party back-packed along the Nechako, where only an occasional trapper or band of tepee Indians had wandered before. And the engineer's hopes rose. He saw that the Nechako was balanced precariously, like a child's teeter-totter. A dam of comparatively small dimensions could push the river in the opposite direction. And there was a narrow gorge with solid rock footings, where a dam could be wedged. Over and beyond, spruce and pine and stunted poplar covered the landscape in an unbroken counterpane. The supply of water would be generous and dependable, with winter's heavy snows seeping to the lakes in a steady capillary action.

Knewstubb returned to the island capital of British Columbia and outlined his scheme. First, he suggested reversing the direction of the Nechako with an earthen dam. Concrete would not be necessary, for the dam would be simply to block the river, not to generate power or provide navigation. Then he proposed drilling a wide tunnel through the mountains for ten miles from Tahtsa Lake. Directly above the Kemano River, at the end of Gardner Canal, the tunnel would descend precipitously for 2,580 feet in a drop putting to shame virtually all other falls of water, natural or synthetic. Unquestionably, predicted Knewstubb, it would be the cheapest power ever produced in North America. A tunnel was a bargain compared to erection of an intricate large-volume dam.

**B**UT Knewstubb's idea languished in a drawer in the old stone provincial capitol building. Current could be transmitted efficiently only three hundred miles at most, and Tahtsa Lake was considerably more than four hundred miles north of Vancouver, the one concentration of people and industry on the Canadian seacoast. It



was obvious that a handful of lumberjacks, Tshimshean Tribes, and salmon and halibut trawlers could not justify enough power capacity to light Montreal. There was one hope—the Aluminum Company of Canada, the largest manufacturer of light metal in the world.

The depression of the next decade snuffed out this hope, at least temporarily. In World War II aluminum was at a premium, but so were bulldozers and steel and manpower. However, the British Columbia government had taken a wise precaution. The five deep and icy lakes sprawling west of Gardner Canal had been enclosed by a reserve bigger than the Yellowstone. It was named Tweedsmuir Park for a popular Governor-General, John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, who camped there and made notes for one of his famous novels, *Mountain Meadow*.

Not enough tourists wandered through the primeval preserve to keep a porter in tips on No. 196, the Canadian National's passenger train on the twisting branch route to Prince George and Prince Rupert. But the boundaries of Tweedsmuir Park accomplished one prime purpose. They prevented the watershed from being logged and plundered.

By 1948 the Aluminum Company was ready to penetrate the fastnesses for power. The uses of aluminum were spreading rapidly. Technicians spoke of it as "the metal of the future." In addition, other industries were complaining that aluminum monopolized too many power sources close to civilization. The Columbia River Power Administration in Oregon and Washington, for example, was under pressure to withdraw some aluminum commitments so that the Northwest's economy might be more diversified.

Engineers and surveyors of the Aluminum Company of Canada traveled twelve thousand miles in Tweedsmuir Park by pack train and float plane. Frederick William Knewstubb's bygone calculations checked closely with the stream recordings and transit readings taken by the ALCAN men. Best of all, these advance agents sounded potentially safe channels in the fiords and inlets. This meant boats of deep draft, bringing ore from distant Jamaica, could steam into the chasms of salt water far below the hanging lakes.

Kitimat was on drawing boards and conference tables for nearly three years. Then in the spring of 1951 the staccato of jack-

hammers caromed off mountain peaks. Roads were driven into the wilderness while more than one man shot a moose or woodland caribou from the leather seat of his bulldozer. Pile-drivers pounded poles for timbered piers off the beaches at Kemano and Kitimat. Forty-eight miles of forbidding terrain would separate the powerhouse and the aluminum smelter. The generators had to be sharply beneath Tahtsa Lake, so the water could thunder in a practically vertical torrent to the tidal flats. But at Kemano, barricaded by naked cliffs, there was no space for a large factory and the city where its workers could live. Kitimat, with gentle slopes which could be cleared, presented the nearest townsite to the power plant.

The CNR advanced No. 196 from three times a week to daily status. On the Alaskan run through the Inside Passage, *Princess Norah* of the Canadian Pacific suddenly made Kitimat and Kemano regular ports of call. Formerly they had been barely marked on the charts. At four widely separated points, scattered over a realm the size of Indiana, a total of six thousand men began putting together the component parts of the monstrous gadget.

On the Nechako River a rising dam of rock and clay slowly reversed the flow of the water course. At the western end of Tahtsa Lake the great tunnel was started, twenty-five square feet in diameter and as wide as four Ford sedans. Far below the tunnel mouth, more than thirteen hundred men began to hack out of the living granite of the Coast Mountains a powerhouse chamber which would be 100 feet high, 80 feet wide, and five city blocks long.

The powerhouse inside the mountain will possess two immeasurable advantages. On this North Pacific rim of the continent, a relatively short flight from Soviet bases in Siberia, it will be invulnerable to aerial assault. And, anchored to the rock of the range, it will not vibrate and tremble to the incredible force of a tremendous volume of water dropping from six times the height of Victoria Falls.

The fourth point at which work is taking place on a large scale is Kitimat itself, where the aluminum smelter is rising on the edge of the forest. An ancient stern-wheeler from the Arctic rivers, the *Delta King*, has been



beached to help provide shelter for the men who have streamed ashore to build the plant. The town, too, is in the process of being laid out, with streets and stores and home sites recommended by Clarence S. Stein of New York, author of *Toward New Towns for America*. By 1954, when the first ingot is smelted, Kitimat will have burgeoned from a sparse tribal fishing hamlet into an industrial community of 7,500 people, the eighth largest city in British Columbia. It will rank third, after Vancouver and Victoria, when the plant is operating to capacity.

**A**DVANCE schedules will probably be met. Nechako Dam is already at its 300-foot crest. Floodgates have been closed and the river somersaulted. The crayon-shaped lakes have begun to fatten out into thick cucumbers as the reservoir fills up. A shaft has been drilled in the mountain from Horetzky Creek, halfway up the mountain above Kemano, so that progress on the tunnel can be hastened by crews working from the center.

Curiously enough, the most difficult phase of the whole undertaking is not the tunnel or the power plant, but the transmission line which will tote the current to the smelter. Crags and glaciers and roaring gorges rib the forty-eight-mile gap between Kitimat and Kemano. Yet the breach must be spanned by 2¼-inch aluminum cables reinforced with a steel core, the largest such cables ever made. These will carry power charged at 300,000 volts—the heftiness of which may be judged by the fact that some felons have been disposed of with only 1,300 volts.

Kemano lies at sea level and so does Kitimat. But the latticed transmission towers must ascend to 5,300 feet at Kildala Pass between the two and then descend down to tidewater again. Before the project was begun, test towers were rooted to concrete legs on rocks which projected from moving fields of ice. Not until these towers had survived the blizzards of a northern winter were the first contracts negotiated.

Only helicopters can supply the men working on the towers and cables in the cold slot of Kildala Pass, and they land in swirling clouds of mist. Tents would blow away like kites, so the living quarters are huts fastened down with bolts. Marmots whistle from their lairs, eagles glide overhead, and occasionally

the electricians and carpenters glimpse immense brown bears or hear their heavy claws rattle on the rocks. The abyss of trees and ocean water far below is filled with a dim blue haze like a Maxfield Parrish painting. Workmen must drink melted snow and often rely on emergency rations, until the camp can catch up with the advancing centipede of steel and aluminum towers. No line approaching 300,000 volts was ever put through such vertical country before, and parallel lines will be erected as additional generators are fitted into the subterranean powerhouse.

This fabulous undertaking is being done with the latest technological equipment, yet the frontier is still very near. Ed Lee, a rangy twenty-seven-year-old ALCAN engineer at Nechako, told me about the elderly backwoodsman who warned them against using the original deposit of clay to pack the strategic dam. The clay was crucial, for it would be the only impervious material in the earthen barrier. The gravel and sand would be porous. Unless the layer of clay held back the river, the dam would eventually crumble.

Engineers asked the old man how he knew the clay was no good. "Beavers don't use it for their winter houses," he replied.

The clay was shipped to Toronto for laboratory tests, and found to be not impregnable to water. After this the engineers for the world's biggest aluminum-manufacturing corporation turned to a bed of clay farther up the river bank—clay which the old-timer assured them the beavers used.

### III

**A**RACE of supermen are roaming across our continent today without the rest of us being aware of them. Their hallmarks are a "tin" hat to ward off falling rock or tools, a house trailer, and a patient wife and children who rarely stay anywhere long enough to have a mail address other than "General Delivery." Their handiwork dots the face of America—dams, railroads, suspension bridges, canals, air bases, and now the Kitimat project.

A tired man herding a troupe of youngsters into a wayside hamburger stand may have helped to irrigate the California desert, to push a truck road to Alaska, to fortify Greenland, and to produce 1,650,000 horsepower





*Kitimat's amazing drop of 2,580 feet is contrived by dikes and tunnels.*

of electricity in a British Columbia fiord.

I talked to Hakon Nielsen, a forty-three-year-old immigrant from Denmark, who was straw-bossing the dam to reverse the Nechako. His last job had been on the iron-ore railroad in Labrador. Before that he had supervised the pouring of concrete blocks on the big power plants in the United States. Hak's pretty wife came out of their cabin and stood beside him. She wore shorts and the alluvial dust of the uplands flecked her red-painted toenails. Bluebells which she had planted waved bravely in a fringe around the house. Hak put an arm around his wife and his broad face beamed. "Yah," he said, "we been juggling the landscape in a lot of places."

I asked the Dane, whose permanent residence is in Los Angeles, how Kitimat compared with other construction feats. "Well," he began tentatively, "it don't compare with anything else. First thing, you have your powerhouse about 125 miles from your dam. That's so unusual it's in a class by itself. Then you're shoving nearly a whole watershed backwards through a mountain range into the ocean. I guess this is the most different job I've ever been tied up with."

Men like Hak Nielsen are a product of the way vast construction projects are undertaken in North America. The Aluminum Company of Canada does no building on its own. It calls in the largest construction firm in the world—now the Morrison-Knudsen Company, which, surprisingly, maintains its headquarters in Boise, Idaho. During 1951 Morrison-Knudsen and its subsidiaries completed \$318,000,000 worth of construction. The rank and file of labor is recruited near the scene. But key men like Hakon Nielsen are part of the M-K outfit. They may operate under specifications prepared by the Aluminum Company of Canada one year and the Corps of U.S. Army Engineers the next. It is their job to transform blueprints into tunnels and high lines and access roads.

Americans dominate this group. Whitey

Koche of San Francisco, forty-two, burly, and a bachelor, assured me he was as indispensable as the kitchen. Whitey's specialty is dynamite. As blasting superintendent, he must help to shape the reservoir in Tweedsmuir Park which will take more than four years to fill. Once Whitey set off charges for Hoover Dam in the chasm of the Colorado.

But in spite of experts like Hak and Whitey, at least 90 per cent of the total personnel at Kitimat is Canadian. Harry Jomini, ALCAN'S chief engineer at Nechako, a bald forty-three-year-old of Swiss descent who migrated to the edge of the sub-Arctic after managing the ALCAN bauxite mines in British Guinea, believes that morale and spirit are improved when workers have their families with them. Harry's own wife and children live in a cottage above the Nechako river. Higher up the hill the trailers and shacks are scattered. This is Nechako Heights. The contractors bring drinking water in tank carts. Electricity is furnished free from diesel engines. Children romp in the powdery glacial till, which is rock long ago pulverized to dust. The mothers watch alertly because of the bears that paw the garbage dump beyond the shanty town.

Some of the women, sketchily educated themselves, have sent to the provincial Department of Education for correspondence courses which are available to remote families. Others told me they feared they were inadequate to the task of teaching their children. I had tea in several of the trailers. Spode and Wedgwood were not uncommon, nor were luxurious spoons of sterling silver. Half a thousand miles from a china shop, Canadians still serve their tea with a flair. The cooky jar is always full of scones or biscuits, usually home-baked in an oven stoked with slabs of pine. In the isolated guardhouse fifty miles from the railhead of Vanderhoof, the mustached sentinel displayed with pride a set of cups and saucers that his ancestors had brought from England.



I WANDERED through the bunkhouses for single men. A few years ago fifty workers would have slept in one big draughty room. Now there were two men to a small cubicle, partitioned off by plywood. An agreement with the A F of L Building Trades governs the entire project and the workers feel this bonus of privacy is the result of their union solidarity. The men work sixty hours a week, to assure all the progress possible before the muffling snows of winter reduce operations to a maintenance status. In the spring, around-the-clock shifts will start again. Steam-shovel operators earn \$2 an hour, jack-hammer men \$1.88, and general repair crews \$1.68.

The scale is approximately 25 per cent less than in the United States, but a number of pioneers from south of the border declared readily, "We do all right." They called my attention to the fact that three square meals a day, plus a bed with clean sheets in the bunkhouse, bring a deduction from pay of only \$2.50 a day. I ate in the mess hall. The quality was excellent and the quantity without limit. This was the bill of fare for a typical weekday in August:

#### *Breakfast*

Cream of wheat  
Orange juice  
Hot cakes with syrup  
Bacon and eggs  
Toast, jam, and butter  
Coffee, tea, or milk

#### *Lunch*

Vegetable soup  
Baked macaroni *au gratin*  
Parslied potatoes  
Mashed turnips  
Oven-browned sausage  
Peach pie à la mode  
Bread and butter  
Coffee, tea, or milk

#### *Dinner*

Sliced tomatoes  
Salisbury steak with onions  
Assorted cold meats, potato salad  
Baked potatoes  
Creamed carrots  
Sliced pineapple  
Cake, cookies, chocolate éclairs  
Bread and butter  
Fresh bananas, oranges, and apples  
Coffee, tea, or milk

"These men," said Bill Cannon, the thirty-eight-year-old chef, who was once second cook at the famous Château Frontenac, "eat better than most folks in the cities. We've got to put out meals like this because we must compete for labor with the British Columbia lumber industry down on the seacoast. The CIO has a tough union in the logging camps and they've substituted prime ribs for salt pork. If we took away fresh dairy products and began serving slumgullion, this Kitimat project wouldn't be finished by the year 2000."

It takes all kinds to push a mighty river end-over-end into the sea. In one bunkhouse I had to join a series of toasts in beer because Betty Dunlop, one of the few office girls, had just married Bill Martinuk, the camp barber. In another cubicle a dump-truck driver, learning I was a journalist from "the States," boastfully showed me what must have been the nudest collection of pin-up girls north of 53°. I sat in on political arguments and decided that at least half the workers were Liberals with a capital L, and the rest divided between Social Credit and the left-wing CCF. I did not hear one man say he was a Tory.

We were beyond the radio belt but many of the workers had phonographs. When I admitted that I enjoyed Strauss waltzes, a stout Norwegian carpenter put on a recording of "*Die Fledermaus*." It lasted nearly an hour, while daylight slowly waned in the northern sky. When Rosalinda had sung her final lilt-ing note, men from all over the barracks filled the corridor, swaying their heads to the melody.

ON THE way back to the railroad, I stopped at Rimrock Ranch to meet Richmond P. Hobson, Jr., and his wife, Gloria. I had reviewed his book *Grass Beyond the Mountains* in the *New York Times*. It was a tale of running cattle along what Hobson described as "the last great frontier of the North American continent." Now trucks and busses rolled past Rimrock Ranch and I had to talk about it to Hobson, son and namesake of the American naval hero who sank the collier *Merrimac* in Santiago harbor to bottle up Cervera's fleet in 1898.

I found Rich a lean, muscular man to whom the wilderness was almost a fetish. His wife, with glasses and tawny hair to her shoulders, came from an old Vancouver fam-



ily, where she was a member of the Junior League. She and Rich had been married in 1944 and she was about to have her first baby. They read *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, *Fortune*, and stacks of pamphlets about scientific ranching. Gloria, newer to the frontier than her husband and a Canadian by birth, voiced in capsule form the impressions I had hoped to hear.

"We felt this would be the wilderness for many generations," said she. "Now we know that we are seeing what soon may happen to all of Canada and to the North Country. I guess civilization once moved west, but Rich and I believe it is moving north today."

As I left Rimrock Ranch I decided Rich's wife was more correct than she knew. At Kitimat the aluminum smelter may be only the beginning. The Canadian National soon will spend \$10,000,000 to thread its Prince Rupert line from the station of Terrace to the factory. The ingots could thus leave by land for fabricating plants in Quebec. But it would be reckless waste to let the boats which had brought ore from Jamaica put out into the channel with empty holds. So a chemical works and pulp mill will be built to use surplus power and to insure a back-haul. The CCF Party in the British Columbia parliament is indignant that ALCAN has been specifically exempt from classification as a public utility when it is able to sell this surplus energy.

A quiet, soft-voiced man in Victoria who negotiated the contract between province and corporation agreed this could be regarded as a concession. "And yet," said George P. Melrose, Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests, "don't forget that central British Columbia is in about the same state of development today as your own Northwest was in the eighteen-eighties. Think of the land grants and other gifts made to the railroads in that era. Kitimat may mean as much to the heart of our province as the Northern Pacific meant to the Puget Sound country three-quarters of a century ago."

#### IV

**K**ITIMAT has prodded a search for hanging lakes. Surely another power giant must slumber somewhere back of the fiords which extend for 1,100 miles above the

Inside Passage. There's a good chance that a duplicate of Kitimat may be built on the headwaters of the Western Arctic's great river, the Yukon. In the mountains twenty-one miles away from Skagway, Alaska, the Yukon is born. Then it flows two thousand miles across tundra to the Bering Sea. Skagway is on the Pacific.

Why not compress into twenty-one roaring miles a drop now dissipated along one hundred times that distance?

The Yukon, like the Nechako, is nurtured by a series of deep lakes: Lindeman, Bennett, Marsh, Tagish, Atlin, lakes of dreadful memory, where the *cheechakos* froze and starved and slew each other in the desperate rush to the Klondike in 1898.

The Yukon project is known as Taiya because the aluminum smelter would be erected on the secluded shores of Taiya Inlet. The Aluminum Company of America has announced that it is ready to proceed with Taiya immediately, at a total cost of \$400,000,000. A few refinements distinguish Taiya from Kitimat, but the same essential topographic principles are involved.

At Taiya there will be two underground powerhouses, the upper 1,100 feet above the ocean, the lower at sea level. The same water can thus be used twice. The production of power will be only a little less than that at Kitimat, but the total drop will be nearly 400 feet lower than the staggering Kitimat head. However, the volume of water at Taiya will be greater, for the sources of an infinitely larger river are to be tapped.

A small dam in Miles Canyon will plug the Yukon, to make sure that the mountain lakes hold enough water to supply Taiya's tunnels. But Taiya will require a mere fragment of the Yukon's flow, and this dam will have both a spillway and a power plant. ALCOA has promised the energy from this to the picturesque settlement of Whitehorse, where half a century ago a clerk in a log bank wrote a snatch of doggerel called "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

Once again a wilderness must be settled. Skagway's total population is 791. The Taiya project will employ at least 4,000, not including families and the long list of people who must provide services for an industrial payroll of this size. It will be by far the largest civilian undertaking in Alaskan history.



**B**UT one critical diplomatic and political obstacle must be overcome before the tunnel and underground chambers can be drilled for Taiya. The aluminum factory and powerhouses will be in Alaska, which is under the sovereignty of the United States. The five lakes from which the water must come lie on the soil of Canada, either in British Columbia or in the Yukon Territory. Will Canada consent to a diversion of the sources of the Yukon which would be predominantly for the economic benefit of its neighbor?

The answer to this question may rest with Kitimat. If Kitimat is to operate at full capacity, it will have to sell a substantial portion of its output to the United States government for military aircraft. Kitimat's cheap power may help it thwart the American tariff of 1½ cents a pound on raw aluminum, or Canada may insist on a reduction in the tariff as a *quid pro quo* for Canada's water. The provincial authorities at Victoria, who gave ALCAN an immensely favorable contract for land and stream rights, are sure to be influenced by the probable effect on Kitimat before they allow one drop to flow backward out of Lakes Tagish and Atlin, and to make sure that the aluminum production of Taiya will not threaten Kitimat's low-cost power advantage. Some people have even suggested that Skagway be traded to Canada to avoid international complications, with the Alaska Highway corridor going to the United States in return.

There is an added complication in the fact that, despite a family relationship in the top brackets (the president of Aluminium Limited, the Canadian holding company which now owns ALCAN, is the nephew of ALCOA's chairman of the board of directors), there have been increasing signs of competition between the two big North American light-metal companies. Furthermore Ottawa may insist upon preferential treatment for Kitimat, regardless of corporation wishes, for it has a heavy political stake in British Columbia's prosperity.

In any case, it's a fairly safe bet that if Taiya receives Canadian water, either American aluminum orders or customs concessions for ALCAN in general and Kitimat in particular will soon follow.

## V

**I** AM on the station platform at Prince George. No. 196, eastbound, is about to start for Edmonton. The Santa Fe-type locomotive at the head of the long train is throwing off billows of steam. It is Saturday night. Indians lurch up the coach steps with shopping bags full of bottled beer for their friends at lumber camps along the line. Construction workers in "tin" hats crowd the platform. "Prince" is the place for a weekend binge when things get dull at Nechako and West Tahtsa. One of the men admiringly eyes a statuesque brunette tourist in slacks and a snug gray sweater. But he makes no overtures. A massive Mountie plods the platform, hands on Sam Brown belt. A freight siding holds flat cars loaded with bulldozers, power shovels, and dump trucks—more equipment for Kitimat.

This was once the frontier, the last frontier. Now it is another boom town, up 120 per cent in population to five thousand people since 1940. The Mountie is abreast of me now and a man comes up to him, a big man with fiery red hair. I decide that the man is drunk, for he tells the policeman, "So long, pal, I'm leaving."

The man intends to fly from Edmonton to the far-distant Bonnet Plume River near the Arctic Ocean. This is, he announces, "the real north, where a neighbor will mush a hundred miles just to have coffee with you or do a favor."

The Mountie listens sympathetically and he watches the man sway aboard the train. "I know him," he explains. "He had a good job at Nechako, but he went to pieces when someone stole a mackinaw out of his room. There's more Canadians like him than you think. They can't get used to what's happening to their country. They always want to be out on the edge of civilization, like your American mountain men and Indian scouts."

No. 196 begins to move and the Mountie and I stand silently as the red and green lights of the rear vestibule disappear. At last the young constable voices a final judgment: "Yes, and when the power shovels get to the Bonnet Plume, our friend with red hair will want to move on again. But this time there won't be any place for him to go."



# A TV Man at the Stevenson Watch

*Perry Wolff*

THE television networks have an unwritten law that the President of the United States cannot be the exclusive subject of any single network. Any system which desires the signal being transmitted by another has the right to call its competitor and ask for the signal being broadcast, providing it defrays its share of the cost involved in the pickup. This is called a "pool," and it applies only to the video portion of the broadcast. The audio must be supplied by each network individually, and cannot be requested, unless the President is speaking.

If adequate technical facilities are available, each network may take its own pictures of the President, but unless the President is speaking from one of the few cities in the United States with facilities for four TV systems, a pool is the cheapest method of covering the event. The network whose facilities are being used is in technical charge of the broadcast and is expected to give equal treatment to everyone who wants the picture.

It had been agreed this system would be followed and that Governor Stevenson would be pooled on election night—the evening of November 4, 1952—and CBS-TV sent me from New York to Springfield to produce the program. I arrived three days before the broadcast to make final arrangements. I checked in at the Leland Hotel, Stevenson

campaign headquarters, and went to look for the manager of the hotel, who would tell me in what rooms the ceremonies were to begin, the Democratic leaders who would advise me as to the probable course Mr. Stevenson would follow on election night, the telephone company which would confirm arrangements for communications, the CBS-TV mobile unit which would make the pickup, and any correspondents who might have information bearing on the broadcast.

I found only a representative of the telephone company. He advised me that the party leader responsible for television decisions was in bed with an ulcer, the hotel officials were duck shooting, and the rest were nowhere to be found. We waited one day, and then made the decisions ourselves. We walked through the empty ballroom, deciding where the newsreel cameras would be allowed, where the bar and the buffet must be placed, where individual interviews could be held, and finally at what point Governor Stevenson would make his speech. Television is good training for audacity, but the representative of AT&T was conservative to the point of doubt. I assured him that each group was waiting for the other to make arrangements, and in the event of protest he need only blame any ill-planning on the television networks. The press and newsreels, who this year

*Perry Wolff, who won the Peabody Award in 1952 for a radio study of race relations in Chicago, is a writer-producer in the Public Affairs Department of CBS-TV, which had the job of covering both the political conventions and election night.*



have learned to hate television, would be willing to concur sight unseen. In turn, I assured him I would put the blame for awkward arrangements on the telephone company, saying that they had put their terminations in the wrong place. Should we both be found together and blamed together, we would blame the Democrats, so nebulous and apexless a group that they deserved censure. It is too bad that we agreed to this perfidy, since the arrangements we made were pragmatic and correct.

I HAD one particularly difficult decision to make. I had the use of only three cameras. One was to be put in a small room for interviews, and one was to be placed in the ballroom for the Governor's statement. I wanted a third to be placed outside the Executive Mansion, three blocks away, but if I did this, and if the ballroom camera should fail at the critical moment, I would have no way to transmit the speech. For safety's sake, I should not use the camera at the mansion, but should use it as insurance in the ballroom. I had to choose between mood at the mansion and insurance in the ballroom. While this may seem to the casual reader a minor decision, television producers have been sent back to radio for less. I decided to keep the camera at the mansion and trust to luck. I reasoned that if the Governor won he would make an acceptance speech at every street corner in Springfield, and if he lost I merely would be compounding the tragedy.

It was this line of reasoning that led me into trouble with the Democratic nabobs when they finally arrived. I made the following statement and was immediately *persona non grata*:

"I have evolved two plans: one if the Governor wins and one if he loses."

I recall the statement of one of Wilson Wyatt's assistants, a man whom we Midwesterners call an Eastern type; button-down collar, cordovan shoes, worn gray-flannel padless suit, crew cut, blond and balding. "He won't lose. You have only one plan. That is for the time when he wins."

I kept my two plans to myself, but he had a determined optimism that permeated the professionals and volunteers. The feeling spilled into the streets and throughout Sangamon County, though it is probably accurate,

with today's hindsight, to say the local people felt more respect than optimism. The pleasant four-story County Building from which Lincoln made a farewell address to the citizens of Illinois was a Republican stronghold standing in the shadow of the monstrous Republican State Capitol four blocks away. The only pictures in the windows of both buildings were of Eisenhower and Nixon, and not of the Governor who commanded the state. A county guard put it succinctly: "These people will give Stevenson a statue and Eisenhower their vote."

The volunteer personnel had no doubts. I ventured to an old friend who had worked without pay for four months that I thought Eisenhower had a good chance to win. She is a professor who teaches skepticism to philosophy students, but I had struck at her faith. Until the results were in, she cut me at every social opportunity.

## II

THE Stevenson headquarters occupied half of the third floor of the Leland Hotel. There were fewer rooms and fewer people operating Stevenson's headquarters than those commanded by either Senator Kerr or Senator Russell during their struggle for the candidacy in Chicago in July. Shortly after Governor Stevenson's last speech from his train, the full complement of workers arrived, ragged, nervous, and incapable of accurate work or clear decisions. The complaints of the newsmen who covered the campaign are no longer secret: to a man they said they had never seen so amateur and understaffed a group.

Everyone arrived at once on election day. Technicians from the radio and TV networks, newsreel men, reporters, commentators, and politicians. All guests other than permanent ones were requested to leave the hotel to accommodate the influx. The telephone company installed hundreds of communications lines. In one room, no larger than ten by fifteen feet, twenty-nine separate telephones were placed. This was an error. Only sixteen were needed.

The television and radio men discussed every possibility, and arranged bridges to cover every audio eventuality. NBC Radio, CBS Radio, ABC Radio, NBC-TV, CBS-TV,



ABC-TV, eight newsreels, AP, UP, and four independent stations were to be given connections to the single microphone from which Mr. Stevenson would make his speech. The inevitable struggle between newsreel and television cameras started early. Film requires more light than television, so that a picture adequately lit for newsreels is overlit and without contrast when picked up by the TV cameras. The newsreel men delivered an ultimatum: this once they would have the amount of light they needed. I countered by pointing out that four television networks representing eighty million Americans had pooled resources to a single camera, and the newsreels ought to follow suit. The discussion was more of a minuet than an argument. I knew the newsreels would not pool and the newsreels knew television would not stand for their lighting. The result was that everyone got an unsatisfactory picture. I must say that at the climax of the evening, during the speech of concession, the newsreel cameramen next to the television camera began to kick violently at our tripod, attempting to jar our picture out of focus. The TV cameraman retaliated by placing his palm over the lens of the newsreel camera, and that is why there is an interesting cut in the film story as exhibited by one of America's leading newsreels.

The crew was amazingly efficient. The final compliment that can be paid to a TV technician is to say he is a good "field" man. A field man, one who works remote, away from the studio, regards the rest of television administrators with the same attitude that an infantryman has for the finance corps. For public consumption he admits they are part of the same team, but privately and vulgarly he asks why there are so many of them and why they are paid so much. The field crew works away from the studio, under inadequate lighting, in a poorly ventilated bus with neither electronic nor creature luxuries, surrounded by pryers and probers with an insatiable demand to get before a camera, even though it is not on the air. (I am afraid field men call this segment of the American public "lens lice.") Every pickup is an emergency, and the vise of time, bad enough in a studio, is screwed tighter by inevitable equipment failures.

Early on election day each of the three TV

networks let us know at what times they would expect us to originate short reports. There were to be fourteen switches to the headquarters, not including the final pooled broadcast. These switches called for sensory schizophrenia. When we broadcast to CBS-TV we had facilities to hear the CBS-TV audio transmission, but not to see the CBS-TV picture. NBC reversed the issue; we could see their picture but we could not hear their commentary. ABC provided us with neither audio nor video cues. A voice on the far end of the telephone said blandly that we were on the air. It is horrifying to think what a practical joker might have done if he had known our telephone number.

During the first two hours we were even further confused because we could not hear the interviews we sent out over ABC and NBC. These organizations had neglected to provide us with a method by which we could monitor the commentator whose picture we were transmitting. The only way we knew the commentator had finished and given a return cue to New York was when he dropped his microphone and strolled out of the room.

There was only one serious error. At one point we were transmitting for both NBC and CBS. CBS finished its pickup before NBC was concluded and the director, slightly confused, released his cameras. The favorite sport of TV cameramen not on the air is to examine the anatomy of the nearest female with a close-up lens. Since there were at least two Hollywood actresses in the crowd, our cameraman obeyed his tradition and began to scrutinize one of them: luckily an alert switcher cut controls away from him before the peering lens went into focus.

**I**N THE middle of the evening a cameraman asked which candidate was leading. No one in the disfranchised group of technicians knew. At the time I was talking to Lowell Thomas in New York, and I asked him. His answer was a model of patience.

A visit to the ballroom a few moments later told the story. Even though the collapse was becoming apparent, the crowd refused to respond to anything but favorable news. There was the impression that a few key positions might be falling, but that the line would hold. The atmosphere was reminiscent of the Battle of the Bulge. Men expect they can fail



individually because they have failed before. But the group had never failed. To the individual it represented comfort and protection; it stood for thousands of workers and millions of voters across the country. Each member of the group thought the next cast half-a-million shadows behind him. There must be a buffer, someone in the crowd must note a trend; this group was greater than the sum of its parts; it must have reserves and devices that would counteract the obvious threat.

Wilson Wyatt pointed out that the river wards in Philadelphia were going for Stevenson in larger numbers than they had for Truman. This fact was repeated as cogent, as a key to the election, while state after state was falling into the Eisenhower column. It belied the news being given over radio and television, media which were transitory, illusory, capable of gross error. Philadelphia was an augury, transcending the intrusive illusions.

When Colonel Arvey conceded Illinois, he was cursed by a member of Congress. It was pointed out that in western Illinois Stevenson was running ahead of Truman. But Arvey, who knows the political chop suey of Illinois, surmised early that Chicago would not give Stevenson a satisfactory plurality. The West Side Block in Chicago had expressed indifference to Stevenson and Eisenhower alike, thus insuring the loss of the state for the Governor.

Stephen Mitchell made a television appearance from Washington and stated that Stevenson would catch his opponent in the early morning hours in the same manner Truman had caught Dewey. This aroused the only cheer of the evening. Like Wyatt's statement, it became a temporary shibboleth.

The deepest and most accurate sentiment was in the press corps. I looked over the shoulder of a reporter from a Chicago paper who was busily typing:

I am an egghead.

I can be a member of the irresponsible opposition.

Egghead, egghead, egghead.

The bitterness of the news corps turned against the defeated. There was no sympathy for the well-dressed four hundred in the ballroom. What had been merely amateurishness in the presentation of the campaign now be-

came vindictiveness, slothfulness, stupidity. The passion of the normally dreamless newspapermen exhibited one of the most curious twists in the campaign. The majority had been won over to Governor Stevenson and yet they had not won over their newspapers. Whoever controlled editorial policy in the papers which these men represented obviously would not accept the opinions of the men they trusted and trained.

The passionate pessimism of the reporters spread to the ballroom. Victor Sholis, one of Wilson Wyatt's aides, said publicly that the situation "looked grim." Wilson Wyatt rebuked him publicly. He called Sholis "impertinent," directly into the notebooks of the Associated Press.

By midnight, everyone in the United States knew it was over, except the group in the ballroom.

And at midnight the power generator for the lights at the mansion failed. It had run out of gas, a fact not discovered until an electronics expert, a member of the Democratic National Committee, a crew chief, and a cameraman had worked over it for ten minutes.

### III

AT TEN minutes past midnight, the lights went on. I had received phone calls from ABC-TV, NBC-TV, CBS-TV, and three newspapers asking what the trouble was. Shortly afterward a 1950 Buick turned into the driveway of the mansion. Those of us who had been informed knew the car would take Governor Stevenson from the mansion to the hotel for a statement.

If the well-wishers in the ballroom had strolled to a window, they might have seen the Buick with eyestrain, but it required less effort to watch the car on the screen. It is possible that no picture in the history of television had taken so roundabout a route to travel the three blocks from the mansion to the ballroom.

The picture had been picked up by a camera standing twenty feet from the driveway outside the mansion. It had been micro-waved three blocks to the top of the Leland Hotel; then down to our mobile truck where our director had selected this picture from the three he controlled and sent it back to the



roof. From the Leland it traveled to a microwave relay atop the Illinois Building, the tallest structure in Springfield, and then caromed northward from relays atop seven tall buildings between Springfield, Danville, and Champaign, Illinois. At Champaign it entered permanent relay stations in the Memorial Stadium and skipped from five towers twenty miles apart into Chicago. Chicago fed it into the eastbound cable to New York, where a second director chose it for transmission. New York sent the picture westbound to St. Louis, and St. Louis transmitted it, once more by microwave, to the top of the Leland Hotel from which the three television receivers in the building were able to receive the image and project it to the audience below. Roughly, the picture had traveled twenty-two hundred miles to cover three blocks. Within the ballroom, auguries and anxieties dissolved into sullenness. The Buick meant concession.

When a hotel executive saw the car he called to the caterer and within my hearing told her to pack up all the liquor and food not yet served and take it to the kitchen. She asked if this included the partially filled bottles and he assured her it did. She then asked if this included the liquor at the press bar and he said the press bar was the first he wanted closed.

"They're more Stevenson than anybody else," he said. "And now I don't know who'll pick up the tab."

The cameraman at the mansion who had been standing in the cold for six hours was calling violently over the intercommunication system, "I'm a goddam Stevenson man, and I want everybody to know it. I kept my mouth shut the whole election and now I want you to know it."

It took Governor Stevenson five minutes to get into the car and drive three blocks to the Leland. All networks were phoning that they

expected to come to us, but we were more concerned about equipment failure at the single camera in the ballroom. It was exhibiting bursts of thin black streaks, the first signs of electronic trouble. The camera director yelled at the camera in the interview room to wheel into the ballroom. The cameraman said he couldn't get through the crowd.

"Smash the lousy camera, if you have to! Get in there and give me a covering shot!"

The ballroom camera righted itself and the camera director asked for close-ups. One of the Hollywood actresses was crying. On close-up she had an old woman's face, half of whose grooves were canals of tears. I asked New York please to take this picture and transmit it, but the country had come to a decision, and there was no time for single emotions. The camera director had to turn away from her and cover the rostrum.

Governor Stevenson entered the hotel via the elevator used for servants and garbage. He was too important a figure for anyone to speak to, and the reporters were on the wrong side of the ballroom. If there was any recognition for the private agony he must have suffered, it was covered by the ragged shouts from the crowd and countershocked by the astonishing amount of light from the newsreels.

He made the admirable speech you heard and left.

His car was halted momentarily beside our truck. The street was filled with silent people, moving swiftly to look at him. There was the instantaneous opportunity to look flesh-at-flesh into the eyes of a man I had seen daily through film and filament. Although I knew him from speeches and events, and although I was surrounded by one hundred thousand dollars worth of communications tools, there was no device by which I could see what was in his mind at that moment.

I hope science never invents such a device.



# *Portraits from Memory*

## II: Maynard Keynes and Lytton Strachey

### *Bertrand Russell*

MAYNARD KEYNES and Lytton Strachey belonged to the Cambridge generation about ten years junior to my own. It is surprising how great a change in the mental climate those ten years had brought. We were still Victorian; they were Edwardian. We believed in ordered progress by means of politics and free discussion; the more self-confident among us may have hoped to be leaders of the multitude, but none of us wished to be divorced from it. The generation of Keynes and Strachey did not seek to preserve any kinship with the Philistine. They aimed rather at a life of retirement among fine shades and nice feelings, and conceived of the good as consisting in the passionate mutual admirations of a clique of the elite. This doctrine, quite unfairly, they fathered upon the philosopher G. E. Moore, whose disciples they professed to be. Keynes, in his memoir *Early Beliefs*, has told of their admiration for Moore and, also, of their practice of ignoring large parts of Moore's doctrine. Moore gave due weight to morals and by the part of his doctrine that treated of organic unities avoided the view that the good consists of a series of isolated passionate moments, but those who considered themselves his disciples ignored this aspect of his teaching and degraded his ethics into advocacy of a stuffy girls'-school sentimentalizing.

From this atmosphere Keynes escaped into the great world, but Strachey never escaped. Keynes's escape, however, was not complete. He went about the world carrying with him everywhere a feeling of the bishop *in partibus*. True salvation was elsewhere, among the

faithful at Cambridge. When he concerned himself with politics and economics he left his soul at home. This is the reason for a certain hard, glittering, inhuman quality in most of his writing. There was one great exception, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, of which I shall have more to say in a moment.

I first knew Keynes through his father, and Lytton Strachey through his mother. When I was young, Keynes's father taught old-fashioned formal logic in Cambridge. I do not know how far the new developments in that subject altered his teaching. He was an earnest nonconformist who put morality first and logic second. Something of the nonconformist spirit remained in his son, but it was overlaid by the realization that facts and arguments may lead to conclusions somewhat shocking to many people, and a strain of intellectual arrogance in his character made him find it not unpleasant to *épater les bourgeois*. In his *Economic Consequences of the Peace* this strain was in abeyance. The profound conviction that the Treaty of Versailles spelled disaster so roused the earnest moralist in him that he forgot to be clever—without, however, ceasing to be so.

I had no contact with him in his economic and political work, but I was considerably concerned in his *Treatise on Probability*, many parts of which I discussed with him in detail. He was always inclined to overwork, in fact it was overwork that caused his death. Once, in the year 1904, when I was living in an isolated cottage on a vast moor without roads, he wrote and asked if I could promise him a restful weekend. I replied confidently



in the affirmative, and he came. Within five minutes of his arrival the Vice-Chancellor turned up full of University business. Other people came unexpectedly to every meal, including six to Sunday breakfast. By Monday morning we had had twenty-six unexpected guests, and Keynes, I fear, went away more tired than he came.

On Sunday, August 2, 1914, I met him hurrying across the Great Court of Trinity. I asked him what the hurry was and he said he wanted to borrow his brother-in-law's motor-cycle to go to London. "Why don't you go by train?" I said. "Because there isn't time," he replied. I did not know what his business might be, but within a few days the bank rate, which panic-mongers had put up to 10 per cent was reduced to 5 per cent. This was his doing.

I do not know enough economics to have an expert opinion on Keynes's theories, but so far as I am able to judge it seems to me to be owing to him that Britain has not suffered from large-scale unemployment in recent years. I would go further and say that if his theories had been adopted by financial authorities throughout the world the great Depression would not have occurred. There are still many people in America who regard depressions as acts of God. I think Keynes proved that the responsibility for these occurrences does not rest with Providence.

The last time that I saw him was in the House of Lords when he returned from negotiating a loan in America and made a masterly speech recommending it to their Lordships. Many of them had been doubtful beforehand, but when he had finished there remained hardly any doubters except Lord Beaverbrook and two cousins of mine with a passion for being in the minority. Having only just landed from the Atlantic, the effort he made must have been terrific, and it proved too much for him.

Keynes's intellect was the sharpest and clearest that I have ever known. Annihilating arguments darted out of him with the swift-ness of an adder's tongue. When I argued with him, I felt that I took my life in my hands, and I seldom emerged without feeling something of a fool. I was sometimes inclined to think that so much cleverness must be incompatible with depth, but I do not think this feeling was justified.

LYTTON Strachey, as mentioned before, I first got to know through his mother. She and I were fellow members of a committee designed to secure votes for women. After some months she invited me to dinner. Her husband, Sir Richard Strachey, was a retired Indian official, and the British Raj was very much in the air. My first dinner with the family was a rather upsetting experience. The number of sons and daughters was almost beyond computation, and all the children were to my unpracticed eyes exactly alike except in the somewhat superficial point that some were male and some were female. The family were not all assembled when I arrived, but dropped in one by one at intervals of twenty minutes. (One of them, I afterward discovered, was Lytton.) I had to look round the room carefully to make sure that it was a new one that had appeared and not merely one of the previous ones that had changed his or her place. Toward the end of the evening I began to doubt my sanity, but kind friends afterward assured me that things had really been as they seemed.

Lady Strachey was a woman of immense vigor, with a great desire that some at least of her children, should distinguish themselves. She had an admirable sense of prose and used to read South's sermons aloud to her children, not for the matter (she was a freethinker), but to give them a sense of rhythm in the writing of English. Lytton, who was too delicate to be long at school, was seen by his mother to be brilliant and was brought up to the career of a writer in an atmosphere of dedication. His writing appeared to me in those days hilariously amusing. I heard him read *Eminent Victorians* before it was published, and I read it again to myself in prison. It caused me to laugh so loud that the officer in charge came round to my cell, saying I must remember that prison is a place of punishment.

Lytton was always eccentric and became gradually more so. When he was growing a beard he gave out that he had measles so as not to be seen by his friends until the hairs had reached a respectable length. He dressed very oddly. I knew a farmer's wife who let lodgings and she told me that Lytton had come to ask her if she could take him in. "At first, sir," she said, "I thought he was a tramp, and then I looked again and saw he was a



gentleman, but a very queer one." He talked always in a squeaky voice which sometimes contrasted ludicrously with the matter of what he was saying. One time when I was talking with him he objected first to one thing and then to another as not being what literature should aim at. At last I said, "Well, Lytton, what should it aim at?" And he replied in one word—"Passion." Nevertheless, he liked to appear lordly in his attitude toward human affairs. I heard someone maintain in his presence that young people are apt to think

about life. He objected, "I can't believe people think about life. There's nothing in it." Perhaps it was this attitude which made him not a great man.

His style is unduly rhetorical, and sometimes, in malicious moments, I have thought it not unlike Macaulay's. He was indifferent to historical truth and would always touch up the picture to make the lights and shades more glaring and the folly or wickedness of famous people more obvious. These are grave charges, but I make them in all seriousness.

## *Despatch*

ROBERT BERKOWITZ

WE HAVE choked in the dust of the roads  
 On the Western marches. We have held  
 Our station as ordered, collected the duties,  
 Pressed the Imperial Seal as a sign of inspection,  
 And the watchers outside perceived that the Empire had vigor.  
 We have marched the hot roads, and burned the hutments,  
 And beaten the weeping women away from the ashes.  
 Hundreds of square miles have been pacified.  
 Partisan activity is at a minimum in this command.  
 But the soldiers grow sick in the alien country,  
 They dandle misbred brats in the evenings.  
 The local women love strength, and find it in them.  
 This area is weak, and it needs our protection,  
 For the Seal of the Empire must not lose its meaning,  
 But our troops forget Empire, the eagle who pays them;  
 Under these alien pines, they do not want home.  
 Do not give us a war in the North, send us replacements  
 And bring us to strength. Let vessels be ordered.  
 Let us be assigned another perimeter war  
 Where the natives are loyal but not very cordial.  
 I enclose the list of the monthly deaths and desertions.  
 The young boys of this country envy our banners  
 And demand we enroll them. If there are not reinforcements  
 I must begin training to maintain the roster.  
 But if we make them our soldiers, which is the master?  
 We are local militia, and not the Great Legion.  
 I am only a simple captain: where are my friends' sons  
 Who should cast the short spear in our morning practice?  
 I repeat: we discharge our duties as ordered.  
 The standard procedures are followed even in guard-mount.  
 And the mounted patrols ride each week, though this country is peaceful.  
 All is according to old standing custom.  
 But we have been here too long. The soldiers are changing.





# Nothing Difficult About a Cow

*A. B. Guthrie, Jr.*

**M**Y WIFE contracted for the Montana ranch while I was away from our home in Kentucky. We had talked about it before, though. We both thought it would be good to have a summer hideaway in the West I write about. We even knew the place we wanted—a section of rock-and-jack-pine land with a house that sat on the edge of a small lake. So when my wife's sister called from Montana to say that Twin Lakes finally was for sale and that she still wanted a piece of it, my wife told her to proceed.

That much had been agreed upon. What hadn't been discussed with me was the cow and calf that the girls bought while they were about it.

On my return to Kentucky my wife broke the news. A registered Brown Swiss, newly freshened, and the calf by her side! Brown

Swiss, a breed famed for placidity. Won't it be wonderful, she asked, her breath already a little milky, to have cream and home-made cottage cheese and butter fresh from the churn?

In my boyhood I had had some experience with milk cows. We had one roan animal, in appearance a cross between a buffalo and a Texas longhorn, that had suffered frostbite of the udder while hiding out with her newborn calf during a blizzard. She had to be milked in a tin cup, in takes, from behind a sheep panel. Though in time her udder healed, her disposition was frosty ever after. As safely approach a lion without a chair as approach her without a panel.

Her successor was a faun-like Jersey, a trim and fetching creature that we called Deerie at first. This one, Father said, wouldn't

*Pictorial Comment by N. M. Bodecker*





*... a cross between a buffalo and a Texas longhorn ...*

kick. Her butterfat content was terrific. He was right. The fault with Deerie, we were to discover, was her unalterable conviction that, once she had finished her bran, proceedings were over. So, often, was the milk pail. If not tied, she just ran off. Tied, she sashayed. To get her to stand, I had to give her second helpings and even thirds. At its final best, milking was an exact operation, a synchronization of consumption and production to the split second at which I'd whisk the milk pail away and she'd whisk away. Once, sensing that she would finish before I did, I got up, set the bucket aside and went for more bran. While I was gone, she drank the milk I'd milked. It bemused me that I couldn't squeeze it right out again.

But fine, I said to my wife, out of memories gentled by the years. I even caught a little of her enthusiasm. Maybe we would want to build a springhouse. We went to Montana.

The cow wasn't big, as Brown Swiss usually are. She had no horns. She seemed quite accustomed to people. And yet, looking at her while my wife chattered of oceans of milk and cream too thick to pour, I had the feeling that this was a fated encounter. At some level we seemed to communicate. I know now that that level was the level of instant and implacable antagonism.

**T**HERE are drawbacks to the keeping of milk cows, regardless of animal or place. If a man has one, he ought to be up before the flies, which is early in any case and earlier than that in the northern latitudes. Also to escape the flies, he ought to milk in the cool of the evening, at about the time the flies knock off and the mosquitoes take over. A dawn and dusk chore, milking is, a seven-day-a-week chore. Nothing short of jail is more confining than a cow. You can employ baby sitters, but who'll milk for you? The final complaint is this: to associate with a cow is to smell like one. Wash with soap and water, scour with abrasives, apply perfumes and deodorants, change clothes—a residual effluvium remains. I doubt even that chlorophyl would work. The cow is full of it, isn't she?

These trials I endured with my fellow milkmen the world over, if with less regularity and resignation. I do not like to go to bed early. Neither did my guests, of whom the summer provided quite a few. They acted as if no man had to give thought to the morrow. I do not like to get up early. I do not like to be tied to a chore. I do not like to be chained to one spot, or to have to heed the bidding of a clock. I do not like to smell.

The consequence was a compromise except



for the last item. I milked in the mornings at about 8:30 or nine or ten o'clock, which is early enough for anyone of good conscience and honorable purpose. Often I would have ignored the evening's ordeal but for my wife, who worried lest the cow be suffering. This is a possibility that appears to distress women particularly. It did no good to answer that if Bossie was suffering it was a shabby appreciation she showed for relief. On rare occasions, which became less rare with time, I was permitted to put the cow and calf together and let nature take its course. This dereliction of duty, I confess, always made me feel pretty guilty though it fattened the calf. After all, as my wife often remarked, there was right on the place more milk than we could use if we'd just take pains to get it.

A deceptive amity marked the first engagement between Bossie and me. She kicked a couple of times, but almost idly. I responded quietly, blaming my own lack of practice. No one likes to be pinched anywhere. I strode to the house with a full bucket of good Brown Swiss milk. Thereafter the situation deteriorated with great rapidity.

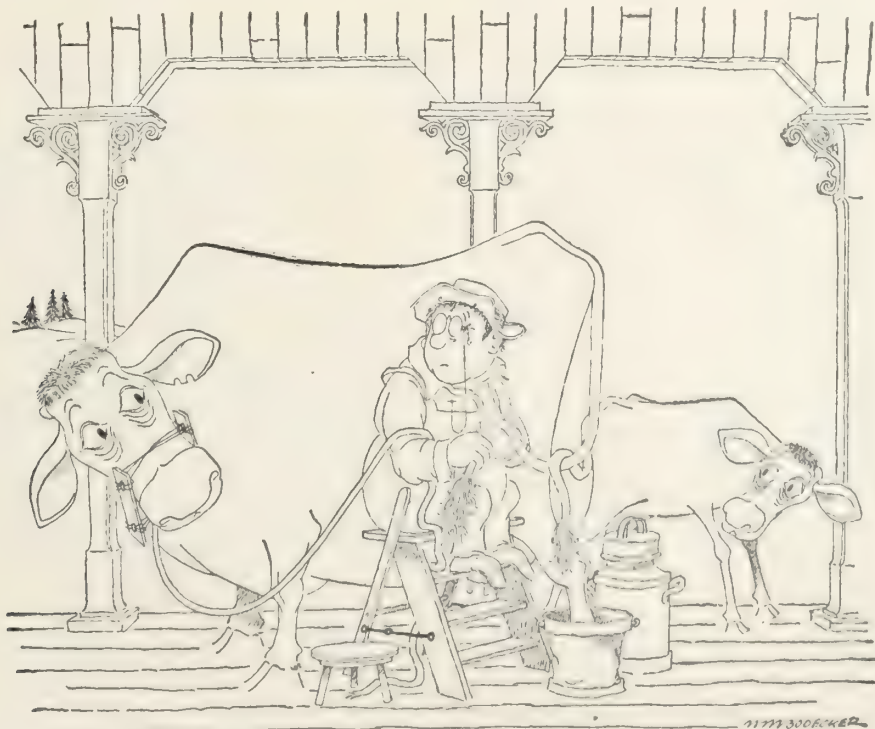
I want to be fair about this. There were, I know, extenuating circumstances. The cow was chapped. She got worse as with increasing frequency I sneaked the calf to her. Of mornings the flies were big and numerous and

resolute. Having no barn, I had to milk outside. I was, indeed, unpracticed. But beyond all allowances there was, I'm convinced, that spontaneous hostility.

Bossie's manifestations of it were confined to the rear, though her gaze was slow and brooding, as if she wished for horns. She allowed me to put a halter on her and tie her up. She ate cottonseed cake out of my hand. Only once did she butt my wind out, and then she was swinging for a fly. It was, indeed, hard to reconcile the forward tolerance and the backward passion. I fancied sometimes that the front end was the conscious and the rear the unconscious, which will kick the hell out of you if you don't watch out.

It kicked the hell out of me. That cow, improving with practice, scuffed my forearm, barked my knuckles, bruised my leg, batted me off the stool, belted pail after pail from between my knees. It got so I didn't have to be in operating position to have a pass made at me. Just let me look at her flank and up came her leg. She also had a way with her tail, though it was by comparison unimportant.

There are patented substances, promoted as unguents and balms for the relief of chap, fly bites, and general inflammation. I tried these, though applying them was like working through an electric fan.



*I was permitted to let nature take its course.*



I bought cow hobbles. These are metal brackets, connected by a short piece of chain, that fit over the back legs. With them in place—if you can get them in place—a cow can't kick, they say. Mine could. Within two or three days she caught the trick of slipping the left clamp as she swung the right foot. And whereas I'd faced only the foot before, now I had to reckon with flying metal. The hobbles strengthened and extended her fire power.

**O**FTEN now we bought milk when we happened to drive the 23 miles to town. More and more I left my duties to the calf, though the cow had sunk so low as to try to kick her own child's head off. But I was of bad conscience and in bad grace. My wife and my wife's sister and my children looked at me with something close to contempt, though none of them offered to sub for me. They aired my troubles in our little town, with the result that fun-loving friends were forever making innocent inquiry about that nice animal I'd bought. They asked if I really didn't enjoy juicing a cow again. My own flesh and blood listened with appreciation.

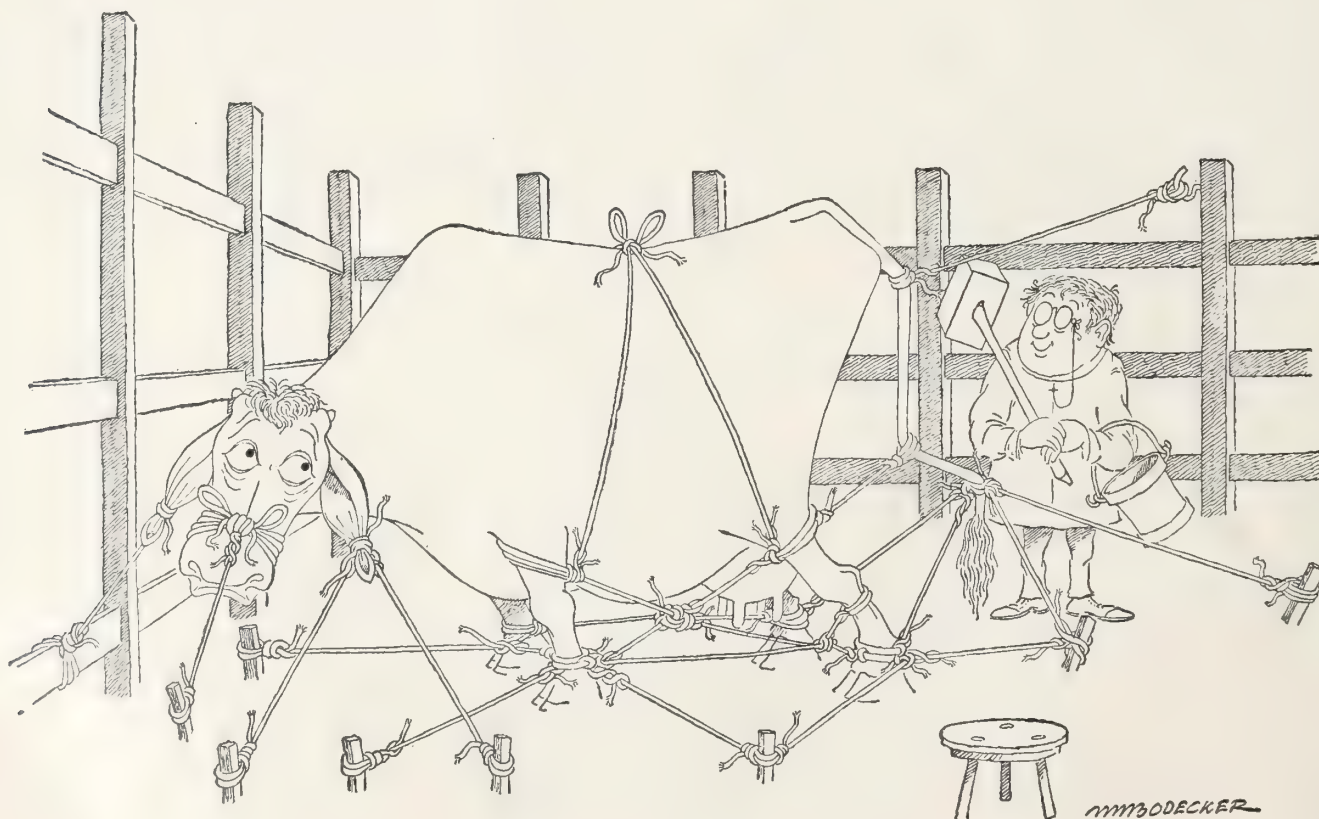
And so, one morning, I took a lariat with me when I went out to milk. I stepped the cow's back legs into the loop of it after I had haltered and tied her. I pulled the loop tight and strained the rope around an aspen. To cap my mastery, I tied Bossie's tail with a sash cord and anchored the cord to a tent peg. Now I had her. Spread-eagled, she couldn't do a thing. You think so, do you? Two resources, needing no elaboration, remain to a cow when all else is gone. These my cow used deliberately, I know, out of no physical and inward need, out of malice beyond cure or check.

My wife came out while I was squeezing away. Her sister was with her. They took sober note of the tied legs. They sized up the pegged tail.

My wife said to my sister-in-law, "I feel sorry for the poor thing."

My sister-in-law said to my wife, "I know she was all right when we bought her."

The girls sold Bossie a day or two afterward. Good deal, too, they agreed. Got as much for the cow as they had paid for the cow and calf. I suggested strongly that they throw in the calf as boot. It's a heifer, name of Brownie.



*Now I had her. Spread-eagled, she couldn't do a thing.*



# Caution:

## Medical Statistics at Work

*Leonard Engel*

LAST summer, the fruit-and-vegetable belt of central California experienced what was described as the worst outbreak of virus encephalitis (sleeping sickness) on record. Terror-stricken farmers and townsmen hastily packed their families off to the shore or the High Sierras as the number of cases mounted week by week. By early fall, more than seven hundred altogether had been reported—nearly three times as many as in 1941, the previous record year for this area. Curiously, though, there was not much more than the usual seasonal rise in deaths. What had happened was that California, concerned over encephalitis, not only had put some four hundred medical workers of its own into the sleeping sickness area, but had called in four teams from the U. S. Public Health Service. With the aid of sensitive laboratory techniques, this small army uncovered and reported several hundred low-grade cases that would ordinarily have escaped notice. In short, central California had more an outbreak of sleeping sickness reports than of sleeping sickness.

The California story neatly illustrates a disconcerting phenomenon of our time. Americans love numbers. We realize that there are lies, damned lies, and statistics. We cherish figures regardless, practically any figures. We are as taken with guesses of the number of Wisconsin cheeses it would take to reach from here to the moon as with estimates of our

national income. In no area do we accept figures more enthusiastically or uncritically than in medicine and health. Eagerly, we follow mortality rates as an index to the nation's health, we fix our fears by the statistical alarums of health agency fund-raisers, we peer over the researcher's shoulder as he tots up the score on a new drug to see whether it should be added to the physician's armamentarium.

Unfortunately, there are few fields with more pitfalls for the statistically unwary. We have a formidable apparatus for gathering medical statistics. Yet we have no reliable information on, for example, the incidence and burden of many kinds of chronic illness; most of the figures commonly quoted are little more than uninformed guesses. In other areas the figures themselves may be valid, but, as in the California story, are grossly misleading when taken alone. It is no great exaggeration to say that Albert Deutsch's quip of a few years back—"the truth is that one out of one will die"—is almost the only medical statistic that can safely be taken at face value.

Yet there is no field in which dependable statistical information is more urgently needed. Accurate data are central to every phase of medicine and public health, from pinpointing the causes of disease to the construction of new hospitals and the organization of medical care. It was accurate information on an outbreak of German measles, for

*Leonard Engel's authoritative articles on medicine and science have appeared in Harper's, Scientific American, and other publications. Among them were studies of ACTH and cortisone, the automatic heart, and the long fight against cancer.*



instance, that led the Australian ophthalmologist Gregg to the connection between congenital blindness and deafness and German measles during pregnancy. Lack of data on the incidence and costs of "catastrophic illness," on the other hand, has long delayed the extension of medical insurance to this area, where insurance is most wanted; prepayment plans and insurance companies are only now beginning to venture into the catastrophic illness field, because no one has known how often catastrophic illness occurs or what it costs, and, consequently, how much of a premium to charge.

## II

**I**N ORDER to show how shaky some of our favorite medical statistics are and how little we really know about the nation's health, we must set down a definition. The word statistics has two related but distinct meanings. To most of us, it means merely the collection and tabulation of data, whether on births or bankruptcies. Numbers, however, vary in quality as well as quantity; not all figures have an equal warrant to public confidence. They may be distorted by errors of arithmetic, systematic bias, or the operations of chance. Thus, all of the first ten persons chosen for interview by a poll-taker might, in any large city, turn out to be Democrats, even though the poll-taker avoided known Democratic neighborhoods; he would need to interview more people or select his subjects more carefully to obtain a more representative sampling of opinion. In the past half-century, mathematicians have devised a variety of ingenious procedures for gauging the relevance and validity of data. Statistical analysis, as this branch of statistics is called, is employed not only for detecting errors in statistical computations of all kinds, including medical statistics, but in testing new drugs and new methods of medical treatment, to determine whether the tests mean what the experimenter says they mean. We will consider first the gathering of figures on the nation's health, then the data supporting new developments in medicine.

The central agency for compiling figures on the health of the American people is the National Office of Vital Statistics, originally a part of the Census Bureau, since 1946 a divi-

sion of the Public Health Service. Life insurance companies and many other agencies also collect medical statistics, but their figures usually represent selected segments of the population, such as group policy-holders (who tend to be healthier than the rest of us), buyers of straight-life policies (who tend, curiously, to have a higher mortality rate), or annuity purchasers (who live longer than those who cannot or do not choose to make provision for retirement). The National Office of Vital Statistics alone draws, for its figures, on the entire American people.

NOVS, which also keeps tab on marriages and divorces, performs two main functions in the field of health statistics. It compiles birth and death data from copies of birth and death certificates received from state health departments. It reports at regular intervals on the incidence of certain infectious diseases—chiefly the forty or so "notifiable" diseases, which hospitals and physicians are required to report to local or state health authorities. In addition other branches of the Public Health Service make special studies from time to time of the frequency of other ailments.

NOVS is ably staffed and does its job competently. Its figures are good—as far as they go. But its coverage is limited and there are complexities, which are not immediately apparent, in its neatly printed tables. Thus, the reports by NOVS show a decrease of almost 50 per cent in the death rate for diabetes since 1948. The drop is the result, not of a great advance in the fight on diabetes, but of a change in the reporting of diabetes deaths. Cases of diabetes involving arteriosclerosis (a frequent complication of diabetes) used to be classified with diabetes; they are now generally classified with arteriosclerosis, since the sixth revision was made in the International List of Diseases and Causes of Death, the vital statistician's Bible.

**L**IKE other statistics-gathering agencies, moreover, NOVS is inevitably in the position of the late Lord Stamp, who silenced a Parliamentary critic by pointing out that he could easily have given an "exact" figure for the population of the town under discussion, but he happened to know that the town registrar had been drunk on census day. Like Lord Stamp's "exact" population figure,



NOVS compilations are no better than the often imperfect raw material on which they are based.

For four decades, all forty-eight states have required the filing of a birth certificate for every child born. Yet as late as the 1940 census, at least thirteen individuals were counted (after allowance for deaths) in every age class, right down to infants less than a year old, for every twelve births on record. The situation has since improved but many births are still unregistered and the NOVS annual figure on new citizens of the United States is only an estimate.

With the exception of stillbirths and fetal deaths (which a recent study indicates may total 500,000 a year instead of the 75,000 usually quoted), nearly all deaths are registered. The fact of death, though, is but part of the story; from the point of view of the public health, it is more important to know what people die of. NOVS' elaborate tabulations of deaths and death rates by cause—the most authoritative guide to what kills Americans, if not to the state of the nation's health—are no more, however, than approximations of the facts.

NOVS' death tables are based on the causes of death listed on death certificates. In the case of an individual struck by an automobile, there is seldom doubt as to the cause of death. Certifications of accidental death can be accepted even from the Kansas coroner who reports all deaths not due to accidents as due to "coronary disease" (spelled seventeen different ways in the death certificates he has filed so far). But most of us are done in by more subtle causes, which cannot always be determined even by autopsy. As a result, the indicated causes of death are in error on an unknown but sizable proportion of death certificates. On others, the cause is falsified; many physicians still cover up "un-nice" diseases like cancer and neurosyphilis. Additional death certificates cannot be classified at all; about one-fifth of the certificates for the many people with two or more pathological conditions at the time of death are improperly filled out and contain insufficient information to show which condition the physician regarded as the cause of death. Our mortality tables accurately measure the lengthening American span of life and progress in combating certain diseases like

tuberculosis and typhoid fever. Beyond that, they are best viewed with reserve.

LET's get on to the NOVS reports on diseases. The big problem here is that our national disease-reporting system not only ignores non-infectious diseases like cancer and heart disease, but does not take in some of the most widespread infectious diseases. Two-thirds of the ailments on the notifiable list are diseases like diphtheria and smallpox. They are dangerous and must be watched closely, but they are now rare and statistics of them tell us little of the real extent of sickness in the nation.

The notifiable list used to include influenza and pneumonia. They were dropped because fewer and fewer physicians have bothered to report them since the advent of sulfa drugs and antibiotics. In the last year for which figures on the incidence of influenza and pneumonia were compiled, four-fifths of all reported cases came from three Southern states, where influenza and pneumonia notification regulations were enforced to the end. The Public Health Service has kept track of flu and pneumonia since then by checking school attendance and sickness insurance payments—methods that reveal when and where influenza outbreaks occur, but that is about all.

Despite their limited coverage, however, there's a good deal of information tucked away in the communicable disease reports—most of it encouraging. When the Army began building training camps in the South in 1940, the Army (together with a host of magazine writers and Southern officials) believed that the South had a malaria problem; for a long time, hundreds of thousands of cases had been reported annually from below the Mason and Dixon line. To protect the troops to come, the Army called in malaria experts from the Public Health Service. The hard-headed PHS men (long suspicious because the known malaria death rate was inconsistent with the alleged incidence of the disease) started with a blood-testing program to locate proved cases and define the malarious areas. The blood tests showed malaria to be, in the American South, a figure of speech, a local synonym for cold or chill. Only a few dozen cases of provable malaria were found. Now all states require laboratory proof of malaria



and only a dozen or so cases of domestic origin turn up each year in the entire United States.

The best news from the NOVS communicable disease studies is that 1952 wasn't the "worst" polio year on record and that polio isn't the "No. 1 fatal infectious disease of childhood." The total number of polio cases reported in the 1952 polio season was more than 50,000, an unprecedented number. But there was also a record number of children in the particularly susceptible 1-18 age group (41 million); and there were unprecedented inducements—in the form of polio insurance and more aid than ever from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis—to make sure that no case was missed by a slothful or backward physician. It is doubtful if the real *rate* (number of cases per 100,000 children in susceptible age groups) was much different from that in many previous years. In any event, preliminary NOVS figures for the first half of the 1952 season indicate that polio fatalities will total about 2,500 for the year—higher than usual, but below the level for 1949 (a bad year) and only one-third the number of deaths in what was really the worst year, 1916. As to being the "No. 1 fatal infectious disease of childhood," polio claims many fewer young lives than pneumonia or tuberculosis, and not many more than rheumatic fever or whooping cough; and tuberculosis and rheumatic fever are responsible for as much or more disability.

### III

**I**N A statement on disease reporting, a committee of the New York Academy of Medicine points out that "each person dies but once, but he may have many illnesses." A three-year study of 1,600 families in Hagerstown, Maryland, made shortly after World War I by Edgar Sydenstricker of the Public Health Service and his associates, disclosed that an individual could then expect to experience somewhat more than one hundred illnesses, exclusive of colds, in a lifetime. The number must be larger now, since the span of life is materially greater. But how much larger we can only guess, because no study comparable to the Hagerstown inquiry has been carried out in recent years, and because we have little dependable information on the incidence of the diseases responsible

for the overwhelming majority of illnesses: upper respiratory infections, gastro-intestinal disorders, assorted "female troubles," diseases of the heart and circulation, arthritis, allergies, and skin disorders. Of them, we know not much more than can be deduced from mortality statistics—and peptic ulcer and arthritis, to name but two widespread ailments of which this is true, seldom show up in the death tables. We know even less concerning the equally critical question: how many months or years of sickness and disability do each man's hundred-plus illnesses add up to, how much of his life will be spent sick in bed or wholly or partly disabled?

Our ignorance is largely the product of a persistent failure to go beyond nineteenth-century concepts in disease reporting. The reporting of disease first began as an adjunct to sanitary regulation; the purpose was to facilitate quarantine and similar measures for the control of epidemic disease, especially cholera, small pox, and other pestilences. It never occurred to nineteenth-century medical men—and it still hasn't occurred to many twentieth-century ones—that disease statistics are not simply an accessory to sanitary regulations, but are also indispensable tools for research and planning. Hence the continued emphasis in the notifiable list upon ominous but relatively infrequent communicable diseases, and our lack of information on the ailments that Americans really experience and on the total burden of sickness in the United States.

A number of agencies, public and private, have sought to fill in the gaps by a variety of special studies. In general, two techniques have been employed: intensive study of a comparatively small group of families over a period of time, and single visits to a large number of families. The former has not been carried out on a sufficient scale to furnish figures applicable to the country as a whole. The latter, when carried out on a broad basis, is very expensive; there has been, in fact, only one such survey of American health.

This was the National Health Survey of 1935-36, a joint undertaking of the Public Health Service and Depression-time WPA. Three-quarters of a million families, representing 2 per cent of the population, were visited and asked about illnesses lasting seven days or longer during the previous twelve



months. Though defective in several ways, the survey yielded useful estimates of the number of persons in the United States with various chronic ailments and of the disability caused by each; particularly revealing was the disclosure that the greatest volume of disability, in terms of man-days of illness, is caused by mental disease, the disorder about which, both clinically and statistically, we know the least. The findings of the National Health Survey, however, are out of date by eighteen years which have seen not only a huge increase in the American population (from 125 to 153 million), but a substantial rise in the proportion of people past forty-five, the segment of the population most subject to chronic disease. It has been possible to prepare trustworthy new estimates only for the number of persons disabled by illness for three months or longer (about three million), the number with some form of heart or circulatory disease (ten million), and the number with some form of arthritis (also ten million).

An inevitable product of the lack of reliable current data has been the growth of a sizable body of counterfeit medical statistics—figures worked out for various purposes by organizations or individuals without the resources to gather information directly and without the sense of caution required for the numbers game. An example is the calculation of a well-known urologist that there are eight million cases of cancer of the prostate gland in the United States—which would be enough to provide 1.1 carcinomatous prostate glands for every male in the susceptible age group! Another is a prominent neurologist's estimate that one American in twelve suffers from migraine; since migraine is responsible for a third of chronic headache cases, this would mean that a quarter of us must suffer from disabling headaches. Still another is the figure of 250,000 often given for the number of multiple sclerosis cases; death data indicate that there can be, happily, no more than thirty to forty thousand cases of this paralytic disease in the country.

Bogus statistics remain in circulation because we have a low index of suspicion for improbable figures—and because we have none better. A few states have recently made cancer a notifiable disease. The rest should do the same, and the notifiable list should be

extended to take in other important chronic ailments as well. This would provide a long overdue start toward the construction of an accurate index to the nation's health.

#### IV

**D**URING the summers of 1951 and 1952, Dr. William McD. Hammon of the University of Pittsburgh and a corps of assistants conducted a test of the blood fraction gamma globulin in Utah, Texas, and Iowa as an agent for temporary immunization against polio. Their experiment was painstakingly designed to measure precisely the degree of protection conferred. To make sure of a fair comparison between children given gamma globulin and "controls" given an inert substance, the score was kept only from the exact date when each child was inoculated. To eliminate any possibility of inadvertently favoring or discriminating against a particular group of children, the doctors who gave the injections were handed numbered capsules without any visible indication of what they might contain. And the test was executed on a sufficient scale to reduce the play of chance to unimportant proportions.

As a result, when Dr. Hammon recently told the American Public Health Association that gamma globulin offers considerable protection for five weeks or longer, he could be believed. He had the figures, and the figures meant what he said they meant. The same cannot be said for the data in reports on many other new developments in medicine. As much nonsense and sloppy thinking lie hidden in the sheaves of "statistical evidence" supporting new drugs and other medical measures as in figures on our health. The results are sometimes merely ridiculous, as when, two winters ago, a dozen different investigators reported figures showing that a sizable percentage of colds clear up soon after the taking of antihistamine pills; the antihistamine investigators had overlooked previous studies disclosing that just about as many colds clear up in the same period of time, regardless of treatment. But statistical muddling may also have unfortunate consequences, as when failure to distinguish between different forms of hypertension delayed by several years recognition of the effectiveness of the nerve-removal operation, sym-



pathectomy, in prolonging life in malignant hypertension.

In any event, not all sets of statistical tables are equally good as evidence on the worth of a new medical development; one must keep his guard up here, too.

A case in point is the belief that early detection of cancer saves lives. There is good reason to think that this is true, but it can't be proved by the figures most often cited, those of the Connecticut Tumor Registry. The records of the registry, which go back to 1935, purport to show a marked increase in the percentage of five-year survivals among Connecticut cancer patients, especially in the years 1935-41. The registry has actually been collecting records, however, only since 1941; records for the years before were obtained by tracking back. The registrars had no difficulty locating all those who had died in Connecticut, but others were more elusive; many had moved out of the state and couldn't be found. As a result the figures have a whopping built-in bias—enough to account for nearly the whole of the claimed improvement in survival rate.

One of our most cherished beliefs is that modern medicine is responsible for the marked decline in the toll of the traditional childhood diseases during the past half-century. It is a curious fact that the decline in two of the diseases—measles and whooping cough—set in four decades before any effective medical countermeasures for them were found; in another, scarlet fever, it set in more than a decade before the first remedial agents were discovered; and in diphtheria, it set in well before diphtheria immunization became widespread. Perhaps we ought to give improved living standards credit for an assist.

In the past several years, the Public Health Service and a number of voluntary health organizations have spent large sums of money

on mass X-ray surveys to detect tuberculosis. The universally accepted presumption is that case-finding, as this technique is called, will reduce tuberculosis mortality by finding the disease earlier and will eventually reduce the incidence of tuberculosis by drying up sources of infection. Indeed, tuberculosis deaths have dropped from 50,000 a year to 30,000 in the past five years, the period when the largest number of chest X-ray vans were on the road. But the same years have also seen a marked rise in American living standards and wide use of potent antitubercular drugs—both factors that could well have a marked effect on the tuberculosis death rate and incidence rate.

The question of the role of mass X-raying has, in fact, been put to the test.

In 1943, Swedish physicians X-rayed 99 per cent (a much higher proportion than has ever been achieved in an American community) of the population over the age of one of Gotland, a sizable island in the Baltic seven hours by sea from Stockholm. Every Gotlander with signs of the disease was placed under treatment. The physicians returned in each of seven succeeding years to check results. Changes in the tuberculosis mortality and incidence rates were practically the same as in Sweden itself, where little mass X-raying had been done. If the Gotland study is to be believed, mass X-raying is a service to the individuals X-rayed and people close to them, but it is hardly an effective method for bringing a costly disease under control. Something better is needed—as in the case of the other stubborn ailments which comprise the bulk of the disease problem today, something which doesn't just "look good," but can be shown, by carefully compiled and rigorously analyzed data, to hit the mark.

I repeat: carefully compiled and rigorously analyzed data. That's what we need for sound medical progress.



# Egypt's "Blessed" Revolution

*Leigh White*

ONE day in September 1948, while Egypt was still at war in Palestine, an importer of American fountain pens named Edmond Gahlan left his office at 13 Kaser en Nil, in Cairo, and walked down the street to the local branch of the Banque Belge et Internationale. There, with a check in the amount of \$574,000, he opened a special account, and in so doing he unwittingly set the stage for the first act of the Egyptian Revolution—the dethronement of King Farouk.

During the next few months Gahlan deposited other large checks in the same special account. The last of them, in the amount of \$287,000, was deposited in April 1949, on the very day that the Ministry of War signed a contract with a Swiss firm for the purchase of a shipment of Spanish rifles and field guns priced at \$4,400,000. Few people knew then where the money in Gahlan's special account was going—but a lot of people were destined to know it later.

The Egyptian Army had meanwhile been defeated, and Egypt, together with the other warring Arab states, had been forced to sign a humiliating armistice with Israel. The Spanish arms were acquired too late to do the Egyptian Army any good. Even if they had been acquired in time, however, they would have had little effect on the Army's shattered morale. For the rifles dated from 1912 and the field guns proved defective.

Egyptian patriots who had fought and bled to prevent the creation of a Jewish state in

Palestine were naturally indignant. A few months earlier, on discovering that their troops were being supplied with defective Italian hand grenades, a group of junior officers had formed a secret organization called the *Dobbat el Ahrar*—the Free, or Liberal, Officers. Their aims in the beginning were not very clear, but once the Spanish arms deal came to light they found themselves the leaders of a cause. Before long they were distributing leaflets calling on King Farouk to punish the "traitors" responsible for Egypt's defeat in Palestine.

Nothing much happened until the spring of 1950, when Prime Minister Mustafa en Nahas, the leader of the corrupt but powerful Wafd party, agreed to authorize an investigation of the Ministry of War. The investigation resulted in the indictment of thirteen persons, including Prince Abbas Halim, a cousin of the King. Prince Abbas, among other things, was accused of misappropriating \$397,400 of the funds advanced to cover his expenses in obtaining arms for Egypt in defiance of the United Nations' embargo.

Mohammed Azmy, the prosecutor general, went on to examine the bank accounts and safe-deposit boxes of other suspects and their wives. Antonio Pulli, the King's confidential adviser, was alerted in time to clean out his safe-deposit boxes before they could be examined. But Edmond Gahlan, the gentleman with the special bank account, was not so lucky. He had been summering with the King

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in France, and he failed to reach Cairo in time to prevent Azmy and his investigators from making a list of all the persons, including Farouk himself, in whose favor he had drawn checks on the Banque Belge et Internationale. The list was a sort of Who's Who in Egyptian Graft and Corruption.

The prosecutor general was promptly ordered to quash his investigation on pain of being imprisoned for lese majesty—the crime of “injuring the dignity” of the King. He did as he was told, but by then it was common knowledge that the King and his cronies had made a fortune out of the Palestine disaster.

The Liberal Officers voted to get rid of Farouk and his entire entourage at their first opportunity.

**T**HINGS move slowly in the Orient, or else they move with astonishing rapidity. No sooner had the arms scandal been covered up than a cotton scandal was exposed. Zeinab el Wakil en Nahas, the aged Prime Minister's enterprising and still youthful wife, was accused of rigging the Alexandria cotton exchange with the help of Fuad Serag ed Din, the Minister of Interior, and several other members of her husband's cabinet. Partly for reasons of patriotism, and partly to hide its embarrassment, the Wafd abrogated the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936 and proceeded to wage a sporadic “war of liberation” against the British troops who still occupied the Suez Canal Zone.

In the meantime, King Farouk decided to reinstate Brigadier General Hussein Sirry Amer as the commander of Egypt's Frontier Corps. Amer had been removed from his command at the time of the arms investigation, on suspicion of having accepted a bribe to permit some scrap iron to be smuggled into Israel. And he had been succeeded by Major General Mohammed Naguib, a war hero who was noted for both his honesty and courage.

Farouk not only removed Naguib and reinstated Amer, who was noted for neither his honesty nor courage, but also promoted the latter to the rank of major general and let it be known that he wanted him to become the new chairman of the Officers' Club. Seventy years earlier the Egyptian Army had revolted when Farouk's uncle, Prince Tawfik, attempted to retire a group of officers on half

pay. Now the Army was expected to submit to the indignity of having its best-loved general displaced by a man who was believed to have profited heavily from the Palestine disaster. Nor was its wrath assuaged when Farouk, as an afterthought, appointed Naguib the commander of infantry.

In December 1951, at its semi-annual membership meeting, the Officers' Club struck back at Farouk by electing Naguib the chairman of a board of directors whose members included some of the King's worst enemies. One of them was Colonel Mohammed Rashad Mehanna, whom the Liberal Officers had been thinking of making the leader of their rebellion. Farouk, who had long suspected Mehanna, immediately removed him from the Military Academy in Cairo, where he was an artillery instructor, and transferred him to the military base at El Arish, a dreary seaport on the barren coast of Sinai. He thus deprived him of the opportunity of leading a revolt. But Farouk's actions goaded the Liberal Officers to select Naguib as their leader, and Naguib was destined to succeed where Mehanna might have failed, for lack of sufficient popular support.

It was one thing for a rebellion to be led by a colonel like Mehanna, whose popularity could not but arouse the jealousy of his superiors. It was another thing for the same rebellion to be led by a senior general like Naguib, whose popularity was beyond dispute. Both were heroes of the war in Palestine. But whereas Mehanna's popularity was based on such irregular exploits as the hijacking of eighty truckloads of British ammunition, Naguib's popularity was more solidly based on the fact that he was a soldier's general who had fought in the front lines with his troops. He had exposed himself to Jewish fire so often, in fact, that he had been wounded on three separate occasions—the last time so seriously that he had had to be hospitalized for several months.

## II

**T**HE Wafd's “war of liberation” against the British came to an inconclusive end on January 26, 1952, the blackest day in the history of modern Egypt. Seventeen British and other foreign residents of Cairo were barbarously hacked to bits in what was



ostensibly a mass reprisal against the British massacre of forty-six Egyptian militiamen in Ismailia the day before. Actually, it was a gruesome re-enactment of what had taken place in Bogotá, Colombia, at the time of the International Conference of American States in 1948. The same Polish minister, Jan Drohojowski, was accused of supplying the same sort of arson squads with the same sort of incendiary bombs. Before the Army was belatedly called out to re-establish order, scores of buildings from one end of Cairo to the other had been looted and set on fire, and many more Egyptians than foreigners had lost their lives.

The extent to which the Cairo riots were incited by Russian agents masquerading as Egyptian "patriots" was soon lost sight of in a flood of political recriminations. Enemies of the Wafd blamed Serag ed Din and his left-wing allies for the holocaust, while the latter, hewing to the Communist party line, blamed it on the British, the King, and the newly appointed chief of the royal cabinet, Hafez Afifi.

Farouk was so shaken by what had happened that he shut himself up with Queen Narriman and his newborn son and heir, Fuad II, in his suburban palace at Kubba. He even celebrated his thirty-second birthday in seclusion. But just as people were beginning to think that he had at last decided to reform, Farouk sallied forth to resume his public debauchery as if the twenty-sixth of January had never happened.

It was unfortunate that the late King Fuad should have named his only surviving son Farouk, for the name in Arabic means One Who Distinguishes Between Right and Wrong, and Farouk's inability to do so was his most outstanding characteristic. As a youth he beat his servants and stole things from palace guests; and although he grew bald and fat before his time, he utterly failed to mature. As a man he was slothful, greedy, and capricious, openly unfaithful to both his queens, heedless of his ministers, and contemptuous of his subjects. Most of his days were spent in bed, and most of his nights were spent in cabarets and gambling clubs, where he often won and lost as much as \$50,000 at a sitting. His doom, which he himself foresaw, and which he characteristically did nothing to avert, was the result of years

of chronic misbehavior. Like Nero, with whom he has often been compared, Farouk was incapable even of understanding, much less respecting, the ethical standards of the people he was born to rule.

THE day after the Cairo riots, Farouk dismissed the senile Prime Minister Nahas and replaced him with Ali Maher, whom he in turn dismissed before he had been a month in office. Maher's successor as Prime Minister was Ahmed Naguib el Hilaly, an earnest little reformer who proceeded at once to attack the corruption that had made the riots possible. Thanks to Hilaly, extremists of all parties were arrested; the "socialist" leaders of the riots were placed on trial for criminal sedition; the arms and cotton investigations were reopened; politicians were required by decree to reveal the sources of their wealth; and Ahmed Abboud, Egypt's leading industrialist, was sued for the recovery of \$15,000,000 in back taxes and what were alleged to be illegal profits.

But Hilaly was not what the King and his cronies wanted at all. What they wanted was a Prime Minister who could be trusted to put on a show of reform without disrupting the intricate system of bribery and extortion by which Egypt had so long and so profitably been misruled. Such a man, they thought, was Hussein Sirry. Before they could prepare Sirry to take office, however, Hilaly suddenly resigned from the premiership. In his letter of resignation, the full text of which has never been published, he is said to have accused the industrialist Abboud of paying a huge bribe to the palace to name Sirry as his successor. Whether Abboud paid a total of \$2,870,000, as Hilaly's supporters charged, or whether he paid nothing at all, as he himself insisted, has yet to be determined. But, whether he did or did not pay, so many Egyptians thought he did that it was almost impossible for Sirry to form a cabinet. Few reputable politicians were willing to join a government that was supposed to have been bought and paid for in advance. And fewer still were willing to associate themselves with Karim Tabet, who had insisted on becoming Sirry's Minister of Propaganda.

For Tabet, the principal organizer of the plot to overthrow Hilaly, was the most hated of all the King's cronies. He was hated not



only because many people considered him a slippery character; he was hated, too, because he was a Christian who had made Egyptian Moslems look ridiculous by encouraging Farouk to declare himself a Descendant of the Prophet in order to qualify as the future Caliph of Islam. Farouk, as everybody knew, was descended on his father's side from Prince Mohammed Ali, an Albanian who had begun his career as a tobacco merchant in Greece, and on his mother's side from Suliman Pasha, alias Joseph Sèves, a Frenchman who had begun his career as one of Napoleon's officers. Farouk's other forbears included a number of distinguished Turks and Circassians, but there was probably not a single Arab, nor even an Egyptian, among them.

Most Egyptians, if they had to be misruled, preferred to be misruled by native Moslem grafters rather than by imported Christian grafters. Farouk's contempt for the national feelings of his subjects was such, however, that only two of his cronies were genuine Egyptians and only one of them—Mohammed Naguib Salem, the royal treasurer—was a Moslem. Elías Andraos, the royal economic adviser, was a Copt. Pulli, the royal confidential adviser, was a Christian of Italian origin; Tabet, like Gahlan, the custodian of the special bank account, was a Christian of Lebanese origin.

Aside from Salem, the treasurer, the only Moslem who exercised any appreciable influence over Farouk was his valet, an Egyptian of Nubian origin named Mohammed Hassan el Sulimany. After the riots, it was Sulimany who usually acted as the King's intermediary in his dealings with the government. Farouk, toward the end, was seldom at home to anyone except his trollops and toadies and an occasional international gambler.

Sirry's cabinet lasted exactly seventeen days. Farouk himself precipitated its downfall by dissolving the Officers' Club when its members again defied him, at their July meeting, by re-electing Naguib as the chairman of their board of directors. Sirry, who had hoped to make Naguib his Minister of War, resigned when Farouk insisted that he either give the job to Amer or to Ismail Sherín, the husband of his sister, Princess Fawzia, the former Empress of Iran.

For a while it was uncertain who would be the next Prime Minister; but at the last

minute Farouk astonished everyone, including his cronies, by reappointing Hilaly, and Hilaly in turn astonished everyone by making Sherín his Minister of War.

There was nothing wrong with Pretty Boy Sherín except that he was unqualified to be anything but what he was—the handsome second husband of the most beautiful of Farouk's five sisters. A number of well-informed Egyptians had long been wondering if Farouk was losing his mind. Now they were sure of it, for Sherín's appointment as Minister of War was an insult that no self-respecting Egyptian officer could accept.

ONE of Farouk's last official acts was to send a delegation of psychiatrists to Jordan to examine King Talal. Before he consented to Talal's dethronement, he said, he wanted to be absolutely certain that his "cousin"—whose illness had been diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenia—was indeed incompetent to rule. Farouk's effrontery, in view of his own manifest incompetence to rule, was a source of bitter mirth in the summer capital of Alexandria. On July 22, in fact, the day that Hilaly and the members of his second cabinet took their oaths of office, it was jokingly reported that King Talal had decided to send a delegation of psychiatrists to Egypt to examine King Farouk.

The wry jest was given an unexpected twist when the Liberal Officers at last rose up and dethroned Farouk illegally before the Jordanian government had time to complete the formalities involved in the legal dethronement of Talal. Hilaly was again dismissed, less than twenty-four hours after taking office, and Maher was appointed to form a cabinet acceptable to the Army. The *coup d'état*, which had begun in the early hours of July 23, was completed by sundown on July 26, when the former King sailed off to perpetual exile with his second wife and his four children.

The casualties totaled two dead and nine wounded. Fewer than fifty persons were arrested. There was almost no resistance, and, once people got used to seeing tanks and armored cars in front of public buildings, there was almost no surprise.

The rebellion had proved successful beyond the wildest dreams of its leaders—so successful, in fact, that many observers were at first unwilling to give the Liberal



Officers full credit for what they had done. Some suspected that the coup had been inspired by Russian agents; other suspected that the Army's German technical advisers had been responsible for its brilliant execution.

### III

IT HAS since been ascertained that the coup was planned and directed from the very beginning by a junta of nine junior officers, all of whom were Egyptians. It was not until three months after the coup that the membership of the junta was revealed. It was by then in fact two juntas in one: the original junta of nine, plus General Naguib, plus four junior officers who had distinguished themselves in Egypt's moment of crisis—fourteen men in all. Because their number was the same, and because a good deal of unnecessary mystery surrounded their activities, it was inevitable that some critics should compare them with Russia's now officially nonexistent Politburo. Although Naguib was the nominal leader of the combined junta, his powers were limited to some extent by the authority of the original Nine Young Men, who were themselves dominated by a triumvirate consisting of two lieutenant colonels and a wing commander of the Air Force.

One of the triumvirs, Lieutenant Colonel Anwar el Sadât, is a burly young man of thirty-six. He was imprisoned by the British during the second world war on suspicion of being a German agent—as, indeed, were many distinguished Egyptian nationalists, including Ali Maher. Sadât escaped after thirty months, was amnestied at the end of the war, and was then imprisoned again, this time for thirty-one months, on suspicion of having plotted the assassination of Amin Osman, a former Minister of Finance; whom many Egyptians regarded as a British agent. Sadât, who was acquitted, has emphatically denied to me that he or any of his colleagues was ever inspired by Fascist or Communist sympathies. And, on the basis of the junta's behavior to date, I am inclined to believe that, on the whole, he was telling me the truth.

The junta's sympathies, in so far as they have been officially revealed, are anti-Russian and pro-American, with understandable reservations regarding Israel and Great Britain. They would be even more anti-Russian and

pro-American, I think, if the United States would be less cautious than it has been in assisting Naguib and the junta to attain their modest economic and political objectives.

Was the coup the beginning of a genuine revolution? For the first seven weeks it was impossible to say. Prime Minister Maher, an elderly landowner, was anything but a revolutionary, and so long as the junta let him govern in its name it seemed unlikely that the revolution—if it was a revolution—would amount to very much. To Maher's way of thinking, it was enough to depose the King and abolish the titles of bey and pasha without expropriating the large estates, destroying the Wafd and the other old parties, and, in short, revamping the entire political, social, and economic structure of Egypt.

Maher's revolution was not a revolution at all. With or without titles, which had never meant much anyhow, Egypt would remain the same old sink of iniquity until such time as the real obstacle to its progress—the pre-Marxian, pre-Mohammedan, pre-Hellenic debris of its Pharaonic past—could be cleared away sufficiently to open a pathway to the future. Such a pathway could be blasted open only by revolutionary action, as Naguib and the junta knew full well. But it was precisely this sort of action that Maher, for all his liberal oratory, proved unwilling to take. The Liberal Officers had led their horse to water but they couldn't make him drink.

Five times they threatened to dismiss him, and four times they gave him another chance. The fifth time, as Maher was preparing once again to postpone the promised land reform, they did the only thing they could do. They dismissed him and set up a revolutionary cabinet headed by Naguib. And to make sure that the cabinet did what it was supposed to do, they set up a directory, or shadow cabinet, behind it.

EACH of the quadrumvirs is now a director of an important ministry. Prime Minister Naguib, in his capacity as Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, is being assisted by Lieutenant Colonel Gamal Abdul Naser, the unofficial director of the Army. The Minister of Finance is being similarly assisted by Wing Commander Gamal Salem, the unofficial director of land reform and economic affairs,



and the Minister of Propaganda (now called National Guidance) is being assisted by Lieutenant Colonel Sadât.

All things considered, it was probably just as well that the junta allowed seven weeks to elapse before it dismissed Maher on September 7. The interlude between the first and second acts of what must now be recognized as a thoroughgoing revolution—on the Turkish rather than the Russian model—allayed the fears of Egypt's plutocrats and prepared them to accept the inevitable with a minimum of resistance. It also caused the Communist allies of the irresponsible Wafd to show their hand. The counterrevolutionary riot at Kafir el Dawar, near Alexandria, resulted in the execution of two of its leaders and the imprisonment of a full score of others.

Since then Naguib and the triumvirs have been much less inclined than they were in the beginning to be lenient with the Communists and their Wafdist stooges. At the same time they have been cracking down on recalcitrant landowners, one of whom has been sentenced to twenty-five years at hard labor. The reason why he was not sentenced to death is that nobody was killed in his little riot, whereas nine persons were killed and twenty-three were wounded in the Communist-inspired riot at Kafir el Dawar.

Unfortunately, in their effort to deal impartially with their opponents, the triumvirs have made one serious mistake. In arresting another fifty-odd persons at the time of Maher's dismissal, they failed to separate the sheep from the goats. Thus, in addition to Serag ed Din and others who deserve to be held in protective custody, they are, as I write, still holding, among other innocent persons, Hilaly and several members of his reformist cabinet.

With the exception of such blemishes, however, General Naguib and his triumvirs have been leading a model revolution.

#### IV

**N**OBODY quite like Naguib has ever made history in the Middle East before. There have been plenty of soldier-politicians and lawyer-politicians, but he is the first soldier to appear on the scene with degrees in both law and political economy.

A number of people were worried in the beginning lest he prove unequal to his responsibilities. Now all that worries the same people is that he may work himself to death, or allow himself to be assassinated, before he completes his task.

Egypt's liberator, as he is called, is a wiry little man with a rough-hewn countenance, an appealing smile, and a gentle, dignified manner. His eyes are black, his mustache is grayer than his close-cropped hair, and his skin is the color of seasoned leather. Now fifty-one, he was born in Sudan, where his father, a captain in the Egyptian Army, was the district commissioner of Wad Médani. His maternal grandfather and three of his grandfather's brothers fought and died with Britain's General Gordon in the Battle of Khartoum.

Mohammed Naguib was the eldest of three sons, all of whom made their way to Cairo, where they eventually won success in their chosen professions. Mahmoud, the youngest, became a veterinary surgeon. Ali, who is a year younger than Mohammed, also became a general. He was arrested on the day of the *coup d'état*, but was subsequently released and is now Egypt's ambassador to Syria and Jordan. Mohammed failed to confide in him less because he was afraid to trust him than because he feared that if he did, and the coup failed, they would both end up in front of a firing squad.

"I thought it was enough," he explained, "for one member of the family to risk his life. The others were entitled to survive."

The General hasn't had much time for home life since the coup, but what little time he has he spends with his wife and family in their modest house in a modest Cairo suburb. Three of his four children survive. All of them are boys, and the eldest, who is now fourteen, is now named Salah, which means Piety. His original name, ironically, was Farouk—an indication that his father was once an enthusiastic admirer of the King whom he would later overthrow. Today as many newborn male Egyptians are being named for Mahammed Naguib as were named in the past for Farouk and his father, King Fuad.

For all his prowess in Palestine, Naguib has never been a fanatic on the subject of Israel. Although he opposed the creation of a Jewish state, he also opposed Egypt's entry into what he feared would be a losing war.



Now that the Jewish state has been created, in spite of all that he could do to prevent it, Naguib has shown himself to be big enough to accept Israel as a fact—an unpleasant fact, from the Arab point of view, but a fact that must be dealt with rather than ignored. It is for that reason that Naguib has learned to speak Hebrew in addition to English, French, and Italian, and for that reason, too, that he attended the Day of Atonement ceremonies in the main Cairo synagogue last September. He sees no reason to jeopardize the revolution by alienating Egypt's wealthy and influential Jewish minority.

It is a mistake, I think, to compare Naguib with either Nehru of India or the late Mustafa Kemal of Turkey. He is neither an ideological socialist nor an anti-religious nationalist. On the contrary, he is a deeply religious Moslem pragmatist who may yet go down in history as a sort of Egyptian Abraham Lincoln.

It is also a mistake, I think, to regard Naguib as a "strong man" in any sense but that of a self-made soldier-politician who is doing his best to carry out a mild revolution with a minimum of violence. Although he believes in discipline—a quality that far too many Egyptians lack—he has been gratifyingly reluctant to resort to strong-arm methods.

"Please believe me," the General said the second time I met him. "I don't want to be a dictator, and I won't be one if I can possibly help it."

I believed him, yet I also believed—as I think most of Egypt's foreign friends believe—that a mild dictatorship is just what this wayward country needs. The Egyptians won't solve very many of their tremendous internal problems very rapidly, whatever happens, but they won't solve any of them unless they are forced to make a reasonable effort to do so.

## V

THE tragedy of modern Egypt is revealed in a few simple statistics. In 1798, when Napoleon's invading army awakened the Egyptians from their somnolence, 2,500,000 people were living precariously off the produce of 3,000,000 sparsely cultivated acres along the banks of the Nile. Today, after 154 years of Western influence, and seventy years of total or partial British occupation, 21,000,-

000 people are living precariously off the produce of 6,000,000 intensively cultivated acres. In other words, twice as much land must now feed eight times as many people. Even though a million or two inhabitants of Cairo, Alexandria, and the other cities are living better than Egyptians have ever lived before, most of the remaining nineteen or twenty millions have been reduced to the lowest standard of living that the civilized world has ever known. In earlier times, and under more primitive conditions, it would have been impossible for so many people to endure such abominable degradation. The great majority would have perished. Today, however, thanks to modern sanitation, millions of diseased Egyptians are being kept alive in conditions inferior to those enjoyed by any barnyard animal except the donkey, the sheep, and the goat.

The Naguib government has promulgated the first minimum-wage law in the history of the Middle East. Henceforth it will be illegal to pay men a daily wage of less than fifty-two cents, and women and children a daily wage of less than twenty-seven cents, for agricultural labor. Heretofore, though many landowners paid a good deal more, the average daily wage for adult male farm laborers was twenty-four cents. Yet the average daily cost of keeping three typical Egyptian farm animals alive was: donkeys, twenty-three cents; mules, thirty-four cents; water buffaloes, eighty cents.

All estates and plantations except those owned by reclamation companies have been reduced to a legal maximum of two hundred acres, which is more than sufficient in a country where an acre of irrigated farmland is worth from \$800 to \$1,800. Approximately 1,200,000 acres, belonging to some two thousand landowners holding more than the legal maximum, have been expropriated in return for government bonds. Over the next five years the land fund thus created will be resold on credit, in parcels of not more than five acres, to several hundred thousand peasants, tenant farmers, sharecroppers, and farm laborers whose present landholdings, if any, are not large enough to provide them with a decent living.

Expropriated landowners will be encouraged to reclaim new land from the desert by exempting all such land from expropriation



for twenty-five years. They will also be encouraged to reinvest their capital in new industrial ventures, such as shoe factories, canneries, phosphate mines, sugar refineries, and sugar-cane paper mills, that will be subsidized by the government in the hope of arresting Egypt's declining standard of living. Co-operatives and village industries will also be encouraged, and unions and minimum wages will be established for industrial and service workers.

**I**S IT any wonder that the unshod, unwashed, undernourished masses of Egypt refer to their revolution as "the blessed movement," and wildly cheer Naguib wherever he goes? For the first time since the Prophet Mohammed the Moslem world has produced a man whose claim to leadership is based on social justice. His revolutionary program is intelligible and acceptable to everyone in every Moslem country except the die-hard

Marxists and reactionaries. That it was what the Middle East has long been waiting for is proved by the reverberations that have since occurred in Jordan, Lebanon and Iraq.

The United States, in my opinion, will do well to support the blessed movement, regardless of its numerous imperfections, for it promises to bless not only its Moslem adherents but also the Americans and the other Western peoples whose survival depends, to a considerable extent, on our ability to prevent the Russians from overrunning the Middle East. It would have been an optimist indeed who could say, before July 23, that he saw much hope for this part of the world. Now even the pessimists are finding cause for hope. Indeed, it is beginning to seem possible that, with the proper assistance from the United States, the blessed movement will provide an effective answer to the Russian challenge in every Moslem country, including Iran, whose predicament is still the most dangerous of all.

## *To a Baby Parked in His Pram*

HORTENSE FLEXNER

**B**UT if you are the one  
The immigrant dreamed  
When he took ship long ago;  
If you are to be glittering, strong,  
Enter the private doors,  
Soothe the turbulent nations,  
Become a name, an abstraction,  
The ultimate headline—

Yet still there will be the girl  
Who preferred the red-haired crewman  
In your sophomore year;  
The essay prize you did not win,  
The time of the nervous breakdown,  
And the death of your mother.

Even for you, the unknown is prescribed,  
And there will be no better sleep than this,  
Where the sweet melons are piled,  
The vegetables make patterns,  
And the curious women  
Stare at the purity of your eyelids.



# After Hours

## *Primitives on Broadway*

**A**LL you have to do to get into Cinerama is to stand in a long line at the Broadway Theater in New York to get a ticket for a performance several weeks hence or write a letter for one several months from now or else know a press agent. I know a press agent, and I am not at all sure that my impression of Cinerama isn't colored by that fact. I sat precisely in the center of the orchestra of the theater, and what I saw is, I am sure, Cinerama at its most perfect, which is by no means perfect. It is, however, fascinating, promising, and primitive.

As you surely know, Cinerama is movies raised to a higher power of visual impact. It isn't quite the "feelies" that Aldous Huxley predicted in *Brave New World*; it doesn't quite put its hand in yours, but it almost seems to put its hand around behind your head. The screen is a very wide one and curved in an almost-semicircle, on which are projected three images from three different projectors in three separate booths. The sound, to match the image projected on the curved screen, comes from several different loudspeakers, so that when a fellow on the left of the screen speaks to a fellow on the right of the screen, the voice comes from the left. This is an attempt to heighten auditory as well as visual reality. If Cinerama has very little more to do with reality than ordinary movies, it is at least a new visual convention which extends the senses in a way that ordinary movies do not. It could, however, and I don't doubt will, become as dramatically stirring as the movies and leave as little total impact on the psyche.

But before I explain what I mean by that ambiguous statement, let me tell you a little more about what I saw. The Broadway

Theater is an old-fashioned house, ornate in the rococo way that old theaters are, with gold trimmings and faded gold curtains. Across the full width of the stage is rigged the curved screen. In front of this is a dark sapphire-blue curtain, which when it is parted only enough to show the center of the screen, reveals Mr. Lowell Thomas, filmed in a living-room. Mr. Thomas delivers a brief lecture on the visual arts starting with a cave painting of a boar with eight legs, which, he says, was the earliest attempt by an artist to reveal motion, or a boar with only four legs running so fast that it looked like eight. (It could have been a picture of two boars, the body of one concealed by the body of the other but with the legs of both showing—but I am willing to accept his premise.) He proceeds from that to Egypt, to the Renaissance, to Thomas Edison, to the nickelodeon and the famous early (1896) try at the movies called "The Kiss." He shows a few other archaic examples of the cinema with which I'll not bore you (though you wouldn't be bored by the scenes from "The Great Train Robbery" or a luscious Rudolph Valentino moment which I think must have been from "The Sheik") and he finally gets around to explaining that what we are about to see is something new, something colossal, something terrific.

Then Wham! The curtains part still further to reveal the entire wide screen and we are in the front seat of a Technicolor roller coaster, climbing up an incline, and woosh! we are going down the first drop.

At this moment, the day I was there, people in the theater started to whinny and squeal. We dove and whirled and climbed and swooped, and I found myself not quite able to keep my eyes on the track in front of me, but diverted them to the scenery to the right and left. I have never been a roller-coaster en-



thusiast, and this came much too close to remembered discomfort for comfort. The astonishing thing was that it was possible to look to right and to left and see the scenery as you went by it in the streaking car. You could, so help me, look around, and not take your eyes off the screen.

In the lobby during the first intermission I overheard a woman (I had my journalistic ears peeled) say to a friend apropos of the roller-coaster sequence, "My tummy did this." She held her hand out and turned it over. I heard another woman say to still another woman (they were sophisticated Broadway types), "All right, so I've seen Cinerama." She hadn't yet. The second half of the show revealed that.

THE second half of the program was mostly outdoor scenes taken from an airplane and they were impressive, because the scenery was impressive and so was the size, but in some ways even more impressive were some shots taken in a narrow canal in Venice. It is when the perspectives are sharp and the space narrow that Cinerama is most effectively three-dimensional. As you proceed down a canal with buildings at the water's edge on either side, you have a much greater sense of piercing space than when the area before you is wide open. The fact that the two side screens (which are actually in focus) have that half out-of-focus look as you stare at the center screen is somehow more impressive than when the eyes are tempted to range over a full panorama.

This was also true of the first paintings in linear perspective, and Cinerama to the movie-goer must be an experience in vision not unlike that of the people who had been looking at pictures of saints against flat gold backgrounds when they were suddenly confronted in the fifteenth century with the paintings in which perspective was mathematically perfect. Cinerama actually seems to cut through the picture surface into space beyond. But like the first perspective paintings of the Renaissance, Cinerama is tentative. The edges at which the three images join on the screen are quite visible and not always (as a printer would say) in perfect register. A straight line which is meant to extend across the whole screen bends at a sharp angle as it goes from one projected image to

the next; the curve of the screen is not smooth enough to hold the illusion of a straight line. The color and intensity of the light is not the same from all three projectors, so that the center and the two side projections are not quite in the same scale of colors. These are mechanical imperfections, but they are also imperfections in the concept of Cinerama. They haven't quite got it yet. They will, one feels sure, have it soon.

And what will they have? They will have, as I have suggested, a new visual convention of pictures in motion and depth. They will not have a new art; they will merely have a new tool as the talkies were a new tool. Tools quickly become taken for granted as do new visual conventions. Whether Cinerama, when the mechanics get through with it, will actually extend the art of the motion picture depends on who gets hold of the tool. I talked in this column a few years ago about a new three-dimensional kind of portrait photography called Vitavision. I wonder what has become of it. I didn't think it would come to much, but I have no doubt that something will come of Cinerama, something new, something terrific, something colossal. Possibly even something super-colossal with rhinestones.

### *Magic Lantern*

HALF willingly and half under pressure of wife and circumstances I went one evening recently to hear a lecture on eighteenth-century French architecture, and I came away somewhat benumbed from the experience. I hadn't been to a lecture with slides for quite a long time; the magic lantern is still the magic lantern. Slides are still as static as Cinerama is kinetic, and the jargon is still as inert as the slides. I have a feeling that if someone really wanted to take the trouble he could write a speech that could be used with any set of architectural slides.

It would run something like this:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* Uh, the subject of my talk this evening is not really described in the title I have given my lecture. Instead, I would like to talk to you about the background of the subject and to give you some idea of the implications for us today. It would seem to me, ah, that the scholars who have



dealt with this subject in the past have been far too limited in their approach, er. They have in fact been seduced . . . may I have the first slide, please? . . . by what is at best the most superficial evidence, and have been all too prone, um, to, um, apt to neglect the vitally interesting if practically obscure origins and the curious ramifications and stylistic changes. As you will see from the slide that is now on the screen, a very early example, there is an interesting recognition of the relationship between the classical elements and the disposition of masses (note the fenestration) that is found in those stylistic periods that are dominated by a special respect for order. When I say order I do not necessarily mean *the* orders, which up to this time and for several centuries after it, were the main words in the architect's vocabulary of structure, if I make myself clear. Next slide.

There is always coupled with the tendency towards the classical a countertendency towards the romantic, which, if I may be permitted a little joke, eh, eh, means that you can't breed even the most refined architecture without intimacy. As you will see from this slide, the relationship between the classical elements and the disposition of masses is dominated by a special, ah, respect for order, as my colleague Professor Cantilever has so ably pointed out in his monograph on "Some Aspects of the Implications of Placing Stone on Stone." Next slide, please.

This building, which is probably transitional, is of special interest to scholars, and though none of its walls are standing, as you can see, and even the foundations have been filled in, it provides evidence that there were at work two countertendencies, the classical and the romantic. Incidentally the date of this building is unknown, as is the name of its architect. We do not, in fact, know for what purpose it was built. There are a few scholars who do not believe that it was a building at all, but the internal evidence. . . .

If a few hundred words of this has bored you, think what an hour would do!

### *Come Back, Little Charlie*

I RECENTLY saw two morality movies on two consecutive evenings in two plushy little preview theaters. It was snowing when I went to the first one, a state

of nature one does not expect in New York on October 20. I was no more prepared for it than I was for what I saw when I got inside—the spectacle of the world's most famous pantomimist trying hard to be a universal genius. It was rather like the October snow: it was astonishing to behold, brilliant and beautiful while it was wind-tossed in the air, but most of it melted the minute it hit the earth.

The pantomimist, of course, was Charlie Chaplin, though one felt he would prefer to be called Mr. Charles Chaplin, so full of dignity was he, so philosophical, so weighted with the responsibility of being an important artist. "Limelight" is a sort of romanticized version of what Mr. Chaplin may believe is the way his own life should have been—the classic story of the great clown whose humor lost its magnetism and whose audiences walked out on him, leaving him a shell of memories awash in alcohol, a pathetic but dignified figure who refused to abandon hope. And then the magnificent comeback from the very depths of professional indignity (playing a banjo and passing a hat in a saloon)—the great moment of triumph before the most discriminating audience in Europe, the waves of applause and torrents of laughter, and then to crown it all, death in the wings as the show went on.

Is this Chaplin as he sees Chaplin? Is this what the clown really thinks of the clown? Is this romanticized figure who spouts philosophical banalities the same man who has for so long reduced Everyman to his essentials of humor, pathos, dignity, timidity, pretentiousness, and courage? I find it hard to believe.

It seems to me that the weaknesses of "Limelight" are the failures of self-consciousness. In holding up the mirror to what we must assume is his own nature, Mr. Chaplin has diffused the edges of the image. The satirical sharpness which was such a delight in "The Great Dictator" is gone. The out-and-out pathos of "City Lights" is sentimentalized. The morality of "Limelight" seems to take over the show, to push it around, to drag it out.

The troubles are in the concept and in the writing; they are not in the acting. Considering the lines that Mr. Chaplin has given himself, it is a miracle of virtuosity that he can get away with them at all. It is also something of a miracle that Claire Bloom, who plays



the heroine, and is as beautiful as the dawn, can, with the material she is handed, establish herself as a very accomplished performer. It is a wonder that a plot so full of "come to realize" and "fancy seeing you here" should be a plot at all; you could almost make it into pone.

But the actor Chaplin does triumph over the writer Chaplin in the beginning, in the middle, and in the end. There are about ten minutes (maybe it is more than that; it couldn't have lasted too long to suit me) during which Mr. Chaplin and Buster Keaton go to work on a violin and a grand piano; these minutes, and a few others, are sublime.

The moral of "Limelight" (not the one he intended but the one he demonstrated) is that even Charles Chaplin is not a universal genius. He is a very bad writer, a second-class philosophizer, a pedestrian choreographer, and a mediocre musician. He is, however, every bit as great an actor as he has always been. I'll settle for that. I'll even go to see "Limelight" again, if I get a chance.

**M**Y SECOND evening of cinematic morality was a great deal less harrowing in some respects than the first and a great deal more in others. "Limelight" was harrowing by mistake; "Come Back, Little Sheba" was harrowing on purpose. Both movies left the customers sniffing into their handkerchiefs at the end, the former with pure sentimentality over the death of the clown, the latter with relief over what looked as though it might be the reclamation of a drunkard and a marriage. Any similarity between these films ends right there.

"Come Back, Little Sheba" is, as you probably know, the story of an alcoholic chiropractor who has been married for twenty years to a slovenly blonde named Lola, whose heart is gold and whose brain is lead. When the movie opens, "Doc" has been sober for a year, thanks to Alcoholics Anonymous and personal courage, but things immediately begin to come unhinged when a pretty young co-ed from the local university rents the spare room and takes up with an opinionated and lecherous javelin thrower from the university track team. The reasons for Doc's disintegration are far too complex to relate here, though they are set forth with extraordinary clarity and credibility in the unfolding of the film.

For reasons combined of sublimation, despair, guilt, and frustration he hits the bottle a really brutal wallop.

You would think from this that the story is about Doc. It is, but the movie is about his blonde wife. Let me explain what I mean. Doc and his alcoholism are the inevitabilities that pursue Lola like the implacable furies in a Greek tragedy. Doc and the bottle and the co-ed and the javelin thrower provide all of the action. Lola provides all of the reaction. She has no weapons but a desire to do right by her man and to be loved. She has good instincts but no perceptions, good inclinations but no intellect, good will but no will power.

This is not, I grant you, a very invigorating picture of life, nor, you might think, a very interesting family to spend an hour and a half with. You would be mistaken, for Mr. William Inge, who wrote the play on which the film is based, is, unlike Mr. Chaplin, a writer. He never preaches; he avoids banalities; he skirts sentimentality but is not frightened by sentiment; he writes a play that fairly reeks of morality and yet never points a finger or utters a moral cliché. He avoids every pitfall that Chaplin stumbles into and, furthermore, "Come Back, Little Sheba" has no boring moments.

But Mr. Inge cannot (and I am sure would not be inclined to) take all of the credit for this. The film is excellently directed by Daniel Mann, but, more important than that, Shirley Booth, who plays Lola in the film (as she did in the play when it was on Broadway), gives a performance of a subtlety and credibility that are rarely seen in the movies. She is no professional dumb blonde of the Judy Holliday variety, distinguished as that variety may be. There is no gesture or tone of voice that is wasted and none that is artificial or that fails to establish and confirm the bewilderment of a desperate but essentially frivolous and light-hearted woman trying to cope with an ominous situation that she completely misunderstands. Miss Booth has earned an Academy Award with this performance. I hope she gets one.

But the next time I go to the movies I hope to be neither preached to nor harrowed. Next time I just want to be entertained. Any suggestions?

—Mr. Harper



# NEW BOOKS

## Perspectives

### *Gilbert Highet*

**W**E LIVE in an era of planetary history. Decisions taken by one nation can affect all the others, even the most remote. A large and powerful state can hardly pass a new law without changing the lives of millions of people beyond its frontiers. Remote communities which, fifty years ago, never saw a foreigner now find themselves transformed into markets or crossroads, airports or supply bases or sources of strategic material, or laboratories.

In such a world we often hear it said that our greatest need is the need of international understanding. But the term is often misused and misunderstood. It is taken to mean both "knowledge" and "sympathy." Yet the two are not necessarily identical, and they may diverge. The mistake is to assume that if (say) the Argentines learn much more about the Brazilian way of life and the Brazilians learn much more about the Argentine way of life, the Argentines and Brazilians are bound to like one another better and have fewer causes of conflict. Now, it is probably right that we all ought to learn more about the lives and cultures of other people; but it does not at all follow that, if we do, we shall all love one another more.

However, it is surely our duty to learn what we can. Understanding, even without sympathy, is better than ignorance. In the difficult task of helping us to comprehend the people of the Far East there are too few guides. A wise and worthy book published recently is one of them. This is *The Taming of the Nations*, by Professor F. C. S. Northrop of Yale (Macmillan, \$5). (I missed his *Meet-*

*ing of East and West*, issued in 1946, but shall now look forward to reading it also.) Mr. Northrop describes and analyzes the thought of the Asians—at least, of the chief groups of Asians: Chinese, Indians, and Moslems. He shows us their picture of the world, and points out how vitally and radically it differs from our own. With tact, insight, and knowledge drawn both from wide reading and from personal interviews with Asian statesmen, he explains how such things as the ancient dirt of India, the recent political collapse of republican China, are not simply evidences of "backwardness" in those countries, but rather the reflex of a positive moral and philosophical attitude to life, highly organized and rich in its own values. He proceeds from that to a careful discussion of the spiritual foundations of our own Western civilization, in which he sees philosophical and religious thought and the sense of universal law as the two central piers; and thence to a brilliant analysis of Marxism as interpreted by Stalin, in which, citing chapter and verse, he dissects the false philosophical reasoning and self-contradictory assumptions of the dialectical materialists, and adds a trenchant description of the relation between Soviet aims, Soviet strategy, and Soviet tactics. The book closes with a reasoned proposal for the reinterpretation and revision of the United Nations organization, which could have come only from an international lawyer who was also an acute philosopher and a lover of humanity.

His treatise is complemented by the work of a Swiss lady who grew up in Japan and



spent over a decade of her adult life in the Far East. This is Lily Abegg's *The Mind of East Asia* (translated by A. J. Crick and E. E. Thomas, Thames & Hudson, \$4.50). The coincidences between this and Mr. Northrop's book are really remarkable. For instance, Miss Abegg, describing the Eastern "antipathy towards technology," tells similar stories and works out a similar analysis to those given in Mr. Northrop's seventh chapter; and yet the books do not repeat, but reinforce, each other. Mr. Northrop knows and understands the Hindus and Moslems better; Miss Abegg, the Japanese. Mr. Northrop writes much of the Asians' law and philosophy, Miss Abegg of their religion, their art, and their morals. Both agree in pointing out that the Communist revolution in China means more than a political switch: it means a radical destruction of very ancient codes and attitudes—an attempt to remake Chinese thought, by forcing it into a Western pattern. Although the pattern is non-Asian, Mr. Northrop shows that its initial success was due to the tact of Mao's men in using old Chinese folk songs and seeming to appeal to Chinese sentiment; while both he and Miss Abegg indicate clearly that the revolution will meet with a deep and instinctive opposition, and will be administered with the same utter ruthlessness that built the Great Wall. Neither will forecast the outcome. Both are sure the conflict will be long and cruel.

### *American Perspectives*

**I**N NOVEMBER appeared the first issue of *Perspectives USA*. This is a quarterly, published by Intercultural Publications (New York) at \$1.50, in English, French, German, and Italian. Evidently it is a project of the Ford Foundation: there is a list of eight directors of the company, including Mr. Alfred Knopf, and a roster of nearly fifty advisers. Each issue is to be edited by a different "guest editor": this particular one was produced under the supervision of Mr. James Laughlin of *New Directions*.

The intention of the magazine is good. It is an explicit attempt to show Europe and the rest of the world that there is a serious and valuable American culture; that we do not all live by reading and writing comic books, horse operas, and gorgeous musicals

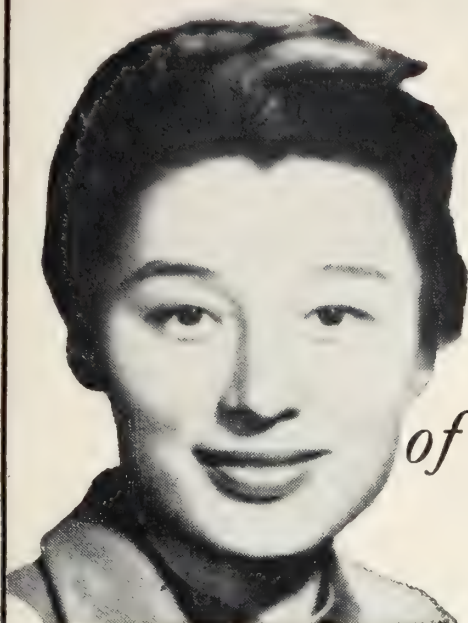
starring Esther Williams and Betty Grable; that American thinkers and artists believe in, practice, and thrive on cultural exchange; and that, although in some countries it is economically impossible and in others it is illegal to buy American books and magazines, we are ready to make a selfless effort to communicate with their people, on a higher level than Coca-Cola and movies.

The contents of this issue are interesting. It starts off well, with Faulkner's speech accepting the Nobel Prize: a noble assertion of belief in human dignity. It reprints a fine lecture on Goethe by Thornton Wilder, and an eloquent lecture on American energy and practicality by Jacques Barzun. There are some charming translations from La Fontaine by Marianne Moore; a detailed analysis of the music of Aaron Copland by Arthur Berger; an idealizing description of the paintings of Ben Shahn by Selden Rodman, with some unattractive reproductions of his paintings. There is also what the Spaniards will consider a marked set against Spain, represented by two different descriptions of the cruelty of the Conquistadores: ten pages on Cortez in Mexico by William Carlos Williams, and a long review of a translation of Garcilaso de la Vega's history, full of Spanish tortures of the Indians.

There are only two short stories. One is a simple and touching medical episode (a five months' miscarriage) by William Carlos Williams . . . by the way, there is a group of five poems by William Carlos Williams, and a group of ten poems by William Carlos Williams, not to mention the Mexican piece by William Carlos Williams; further, there is a six-column review of the collected poems of William Carlos Williams, and a photograph of William Carlos Williams, so that if the Europeans did not know much about William Carlos Williams before the appearance of this magazine, they will henceforth be in no doubt about the manifold achievements of William Carlos Williams. The other short story, by Henry Steiner, describes an American sergeant killing a South Korean farmer who was refusing to deliver his stock of rice to be sold in the city of Seoul.

It is difficult to see what was the purpose of printing this story. No doubt it was primarily intended to display good American writing: for it is well observed and neatly com-





*"A love story  
on a  
majestic scale"*

*"A true story  
of piercing beauty"*

**A**

# Many-Splendored Thing

by HAN SUYIN

■ Every woman dreams of finding the kind of love Han Suyin found with Mark Elliott — a love in which the deepest longings of spirit and flesh find total fulfillment — a soaring ecstasy, an ever-flowing fountain of happiness. Such love creates undying legends, whether it be the love of Tristan and Iseult or, as in this case, the love of an English journalist and a young refugee widow, half-French and half-Chinese, swept together in the whirlpool of present-day Hong Kong for a tiny interval of passion and wonder, only to be torn apart by the tempest shaking the world.

■ "In *A Many-Splendored Thing* their story is told in language that rises into rhapsody as it recaptures, for all who are not too old to remember, the initial tremors, the wild hopes and the bitter despairs of earthly love."—*The Londoner*

■ "With her unfaltering honesty, fine balance and astonishing feel for the English language, she has written an outstanding love story. That the story is her own, that physical love and dependence did not come easily to her, that she was irrevocably separated from the Englishman whom she loved, make her book all the more remarkable. But while she never loses the thread of her heart's theme, she weaves it into the hectic, overcrowded background of post-war Hong Kong . . . In this sense her book is brilliantly topical; but it is far more than that, for she handles an eternal theme with power, insight and unflinching artistry."—*Sunday Times* (London). \$3.75

## MY ISLAND HOME

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
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"Out of the serene and beautifully written pages of this unpretentious book emerges a self-portrait that is both engaging and surprisingly revealing . . . an excellent autobiography, certainly one of Hall's best books."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*. Epilogue by EDWARD WEEKS. Illustrated. \$4.00

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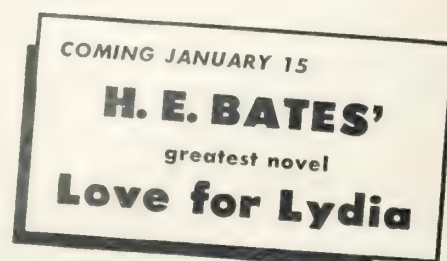
By CLAUDE MOORE FUESS. A lively record of a life of intellectual industry — the autobiography of the man whose 40 years as headmaster of Andover placed him close to the center of things in the evolution of American education. \$5.00

## ISOLATION AND ALLIANCES

By WALTER LIPPMANN. "A logical and powerful book. It is built on ideas that seem to be sound and on a great deal of faith and hope. Every thoughtful American who is concerned with our own future and that of the world should read it." —*Washington Post*. \$1.50

## A BOY IN THE HOUSE AND OTHER STORIES

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. A collection of nine short stories and a novelette, by the beloved creator of *Jalna*, that "adds up to good reading and to an enhancement of the author's already considerable standing."—*Chicago Tribune*. \$3.00



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## NEW BOOKS

posed. But what other purposes will it serve, abroad? Will it represent American character at its best? Scarcely. Will it then represent American character at its most typical? Ask the foreigners. Have American soldiers in fact gone about shooting defenseless farmers? Our enemies would like to believe it, but it is not true: not typically true: that is not the *kind* of blunder which we make. Well, why was the story printed? In order to appeal to the Asians as a deftly chosen symbol of white brutality and crassness, of "colonialism" at its worst? In order to become a theme for lectures, critical articles, and editorials denouncing "American imperialism"? In order to make foreigners believe that the most intelligent people in America despise the policy of the United States in Korea?

No doubt it was not published for these reasons, although it will most certainly have these effects. No doubt Mr. Laughlin and his advisory board did not foresee such effects—for if they did, it is difficult to imagine why they would publish this little story in a magazine intended to demonstrate the best and the most typical and permanent in American culture. But if they did not, they have surely shown that in this first issue of *Perspectives USA* they have been remarkably short-sighted, and that their own vision is either blunted or distorted.

#### America from Within

WHAT are we? One hundred and fifty million of us, or more—how do we think? How do we work, play, learn, live? Prudently? Foolishly? Evilily? Are we mistaken or misled, stupid or wise? Surely it is very hard to know. It is the hardest of all tasks for an American writer to estimate the temper of this huge nation, to see its weaknesses and its strengths, and to advise or rebuke or praise it.

Recently three have attempted it: Canon Bernard Iddings Bell, in four lectures called *Crowd Culture* (Harper, \$2); Mr. Gordon Keith Chalmers, president of Kenyon College, in *The Republic and the Person* (Regnery, \$4); and Mr. Peter Viereck, poet, professor, and polemist, in

*Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* (Beacon, \$3.50).<sup>\*</sup> On the whole, Canon Bell's book is cultural, Mr. Chalmers' educational, and Mr. Viereck's political. All three are ultimately concerned with morals. They are not abstract treatises, but strongly personal. Canon Bell sounds rather elderly and disappointed, Mr. Viereck very young and excited, Mr. Chalmers kindly, mature, and determined.

The least satisfying of these books is *Crowd Culture*. This is a minority report denouncing the vulgarities, follies, and false optimism of contemporary America. It is best when it dissects these faults closely, disclosing their sources and suggesting remedies: there is a trenchant chapter, on the five defects that cripple our schools, which all parents ought to read. It is least effective when it makes blanket denunciations, such as this: "We do not make or decorate our homes . . . not to the extent that our grandparents did"—a statement which is false of many Americans whose grandparents were poor hand-workers or poorer immigrants, and which misrepresents the current trend towards home-designing and home-decoration. This is a powerful sermon, but an incomplete book.

*The Republic and the Person* (dedicated to Robert Frost) is better written and more complete. But, despite its author's humane and persuasive style, it is less easy reading than it looks. Partly this is because, dealing with difficult ideas at a fairly advanced level, Mr. Chalmers assumes that his readers have already explored each dispute almost as far as he has; and he freely quotes authorities of whom most of us have never heard. (Thus, there is a savory argument on page 127, between Professor Seasongood and Professor Herring.) Partly it is because his style, like that of many educators, tends to become vague and abstract and to spawn sentences like this:

The objections here voiced to the intrusion of sociological considerations upon the aims of teaching and learning itself refer to the degree to which housekeeping is permitted to obscure and even obliterate the reasons why the house is kept.

<sup>\*</sup>Publication postponed until mid-January.



## NEW BOOKS

Fifteen minutes' revision would have made this sentence clear, if not elegant. And then, the book tends to fall apart into paragraphs, each interesting enough in itself, but not all forming a continuous argument. Frankly, *The Republic and the Person* reads as though it had been dictated at intervals, and had never been thoroughly worked over and unified.

Nevertheless, it is a valuable book. It is a cool, well-reasoned critique of one powerful American philosophy of education—the Deweyism which has invaded many of our schools, but which has been successfully kept out of most of our serious colleges and universities. Mr. Chalmers shows pretty conclusively that “education for living,” as most school authorities interpret it, means either a woolly social optimism which emphatically does not prepare young people for life in the world as it is, or else a vague process of psycho-social “adjustment” which neglects the essentials of real intellectual discipline. He goes on to propose a sounder, deeper plan of education, which will contain (as all decent education always has contained) proper appreciation of history and literature and science and philosophy.

*Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* is very different. It is a powerful, often violent, often eloquent, often bitterly sardonic attack on mushy liberalism. Much of it is critical: negative. But its positive basis is this. The world is not (as Mr. Stringfellow Barr and others believe) polarized between communism and capitalism—with fascism extruded from capitalism as a fighting arm. It is, as it often has been, divided between liberty and tyranny. The Nazis, the Falange, the Russian Communist Party (Bolshevik) with its secret police, the Chinese Communist “brain-washers,” and many others, all are devoted to tyranny, and the label on the tyrant matters little. A Nazi can become a Communist, and a Communist can become a Fascist. They both hate liberty. They both hate the free “cosmopolitan” world. Only the Communist propaganda has been more skillful, its infiltration and indoctrination far more subtle, so that the political thought of a whole generation has been weakened by false

## "A powerful force in these difficult times"

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★ ★ ★

In January *Reader's Digest*, you'll be interested in *The Way It Is in Korea*—James Michener reports the facts of war in Korea today; 24-page book condensation: *People of the Deer*—Farley Mowat's experiences in the Arctic with a lost tribe of Eskimos; *More Work With Less Fatigue*—facts from experts to help you accomplish more, tire yourself less.



hopes and false loyalties, and its liberty has been confused and undermined by schizophrenics, dupes, and traitors working towards tyranny under the disguise of increased liberty.

In fact, Mr. Viereck's book is meant to be an answer to Nietzsche, and to the Nietzschean philosophies of relentless, remorseless power and of transvalued values which are now lusting to rule the planet. Ezra Pound, Klaus Fuchs, Heinrich Himmler, Iosif Dzhugashvili called Stalin, he sees them all as power-maniacs who have willfully forgotten that the end of human life is not to dominate nor to liquidate, but to learn to live together. Often he sounds rather mad; but he is often very sane; and it is interesting to watch how, from his stand in the center, he can see "The Male Animal" and *God and Man at Yale*, or Dewey and Adler, as equally eccentric extremists. The chief material fault of the book is that it attaches too much importance to the little periodicals in this country and in Britain which vibrate with the whine of incipient mania and are happy only in the consciousness of their self-inflicted martyrdom: most Americans and most Britishers rarely hear of them and never read them. Its chief stylistic fault is that the indignation of its author, his passionate conviction, and his gift for satire, often break the structure of his work and make it sound so excited as to conceal its honesty.

### History and Fiction

NOT much luck with novels this month. The most considerable which came in for review (in time) was *Steamboat Gothic*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Messner, \$3.75), a stately history of a house and estate in Louisiana from 1870 to 1930. The writer informs us (in a preface and bibliography) that she has taken some trouble to get all the details correct; she has, but the details sometimes swamp the story. A complete page to describe Cary's dress at somebody else's wedding (it was yellow, the bodice cut surplice fashion, with a V-shaped neck, a "straight front," and a many-gored skirt) seems a little too much; and similar trifles keep recurring. The

conversation is sometimes difficult to believe: did a man ever say to his wife, "I can't make up my mind to surrender the memory of the river's heyday to the reality of its decline"? But perhaps it is simply that people who are not Southerners by birth are unable to appreciate these matters. The hero, who buys Cindy Lou (the plantation), is a handsome, rich, well-dressed, well-mannered, shrewd, passionate, but usually restrained man, called Clyde. Now, before he bought Cindy Lou, do you know what he was? He was a *river gambler*, on the Mississippi. I don't know why this sounds bogus to me. I seem to have read it before, or even seen it before; or perhaps I am not sensitive enough to appreciate it.

Or is it because of the feeling that it is more nourishing to read straight history than history fictionalized? The last two volumes of G. M. Trevelyan's *Illustrated English Social History* have just been issued by Longmans, Green at \$5.50. They cover the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: with their frequent contemporary pictures, both cartoons and photographs and genre paintings, and their profusion of well-balanced descriptions of complex social movements, they make all historical fiction sound a little faded and artificial. So, for instance, there is the material for about fifty novels on the Phenomenal Pre-Income-Tax Days in Cleveland Amory's *The Last Resorts* (Harper, \$5). But with delicate tact, Mr. Amory has avoided burying his tales under "authentic textiles": his characters look more clearly out of his prose than from the ancient photographs of their day.

A wittily written dissection of the age of dandyism is T. H. White's *The Scandalmongers* (Putnam, \$3.75), which is so packed with eccentricities and fops that one wonders who was left to beat Napoleon. Of the hundreds of stories it contains, perhaps the oddest is that of Admiral Cochrane's secret war plan, "capable of destroying any fleet or fortress in the world." It was examined by at least one secret government committee, and was pronounced to be "infallible, irresistible, but inhuman." Have we all these scruples nowadays? Or is someone now looking for the plan in the Admiralty files, try under MISC: C?

In *The American Twenties: A Literary Panorama*, edited by John K. Hutchens (Lippincott, \$5), we have a companion to Edmund Wilson's *Shores of Light*, reviewed last month. But it suffers from one inevitable defect: the good things in it are well known: Lardner's "Golden Honeymoon," Eliot's "Gerontion," chapters from *Babbitt* and *Look Homeward, Angel*, are pretty familiar. The other things—what Burton Rascoe wrote about Ernest Boyd in 1923, Runyon reporting the Snyder-Gray trial in 1927—are not very interesting. The twenties are too close to forget, but not distant enough to be collected.

### Conversion

THAT strange man, C. S. Lewis (professionally an English teacher, of Magdalen College, Oxford), says he began his adult life as a pagan, an atheist, and a hedonist; he was converted to Christianity not by external human intervention, but by constant anxiety and thought; and now he has become one of the best known Christian lay propagandists in Britain. His collected radio talks argue out the simple but eternal problems of religion in a style of unusual honesty and clarity. They are called *Mere Christianity* (Macmillan, \$2.75) because they are intended to appeal to Catholics as well as Protestants and to members of all other Christian churches, or possible members. Few people can talk about any subject, from banking to zoology, in such plain, compressed sentences, without cheating or attempting to confuse the reader. Few people talk so much good sense on religion. It is embarrassing to listen to evangelists like Billy Graham—unless one thinks they are talking to very naïve people, who need very crude treatment. The point about reading C. S. Lewis is that he makes you sure that, whatever you believe, religion accepted or rejected means something extremely serious, demanding the entire energy of the mind; and that neither the easy contempt for a thing like Mr. Graham's benediction ("May the Lord bless you, real good!") nor the easy acceptance of something that one's parents and relatives expect will solve the problem of personal relationship to God.



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

## FICTION

*The Best of Husbands*, by Alba de Cespedes.

The advertisements for this book proclaim that Alessandra is on trial for the murder of her husband. "Women stanchly defend her," the headlines read. "Men accuse and condemn her." This woman reader not only condemned, but would have been a willing accomplice in a little murder of her own before the book was finished. Alessandra was a sensitive girl who grew up in a poor section of Rome before the war. She adored her mother and hated her father and when her mother killed herself for love, Alessandra felt starved for affection and warmth. When she and Francesco fell in love and were married, her head was so full of romantic notions that no man on earth could have made her happy, certainly not one involved as Francesco was in the anti-Fascist movement when Italy was at war. . . . The novel is gracefully written (translated by Frances Frenaye) and is told in what seems to be the current European pattern for psychiatric novels of suspense. (Cf. also the last two by Georges Simenon.) In all these novels the convicted murderer or murderess tells, from prison, the story of his life, and from this history the reader is supposed to judge whether the murderer is accountable for what he has done. It is a good gimmick for this age of Freud but easily overworked and easily turned against the witness. If, for instance, many women-in-love behaved like Alessandra (before the murder) it seems to me that men would be justified in forswearing marriage altogether and many women would be tempted to forswear their sex. Macmillan, \$3.75

## NON-FICTION

While on the literary front we are getting a flood of psychiatric crime novels like the one mentioned just above, psychiatry and crime are being married in several books in the non-fiction field, with the law, of

course, serving to bring them together.

*Psychiatry and the Law*, by Manfred S. Guttmacher and Henry Weihofen. "No general book on legal psychiatry has appeared in this country during the past quarter-century," the foreword of this book remarks, and "at no time has there ever appeared a joint effort of a psychiatrist and a lawyer to interpret legal psychiatry." Considering the many basic differences of opinion between lawyers and psychiatrists, it is a real service to both and to the interested lay reader to have Dr. Guttmacher (Chief Medical Officer of the Supreme Bench in Baltimore) and Mr. Weihofen (Professor of Law at the University of New Mexico) as collaborators in this readable and enlightening work. The book discusses at some length the various kinds of psychiatric disturbances, their validity or lack of it as excuses before the law, suggestions for care (there will be howls about the chapter dealing with sterilization, although it is not extreme), suggestions for procedures when psychiatrists are called as witnesses—and all this well spotted with illuminating examples and case histories. An interesting book for anybody, and an invaluable one, I should think, for lawyers and psychiatrists. Norton, \$7.50

*Murder, Madness and the Law*, by Louis H. Cohen, M.D. Introduction by Judge Jerome N. Frank. For those who haven't time to read the 621 pages of *Psychiatry and the Law* here is an absorbing commentary on one aspect of the subject—the insane murderer seen through the eyes of the psychiatrist. Dr. Cohen explains his conclusions and recommendations almost entirely through dramatically presented case histories and shows how the psychiatrist arrives at his decisions as to the responsibility of the defendant. His final chapter on why courts and juries tend to be suspicious of psychiatric testimony is a very valuable one. World, \$3.50

*Brain Surgeon*, by Dr. William Sharpe.

One of the chapter headings in *Psychiatry and the Law* is "Organic Brain Disorders" and this autobiography of a dedicated brain specialist

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is full of case histories which could fit that chapter. Indeed after this month's reading one begins to make case histories—psychiatric or organic—of nearly all one's friends and certainly of one's self. But this book is much more than accounts of brain operations, successful and unsuccessful, though there are plenty of dramatic stories of this kind. It is the life story of a man devoted to many causes, the most important of which is the prevention of cerebral palsy caused by birth injuries. This has been his life work and his discoveries of the incidence and treatment of such injuries have been revolutionary. But besides that, he has worked with enthusiasm for South American amity, interracial friendship, summer camps for children, and, I am happy to say, he is an unashamed devotee of good food and drink. His book is lively, provocative reading. Viking, \$3.75

*Be Happier, Be Healthier*, by Gayelord Hauser.

After the dark excursions into the murkier recesses of the human mind necessarily undertaken in the read-

ing of these books on mental illness, it should be a relief to come on a book by the author of *Look Younger, Live Longer* (more than 750,000 copies sold). Here is a man who confesses, "I don't know beans about medicines or drugs. I have no scalpel. I use no analytical couch." He has brought comfort to thousands and this book with its simple rules about diet, love (thy neighbor), "mental cocktails" instead of barbiturates to induce sleep, and maxims for healthy mental attitudes in general may be a fine refresher and relaxer for those who haven't been taking themselves and their health seriously lately. But I must confess that while reading about "Our Body-Mind House" and twenty rules for "Application for Membership in the Millionaire Club" (you end up feeling like a million), I irreverently got the giggles. That, of course, as Mr. Hauser points out, is good therapy in itself. Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3

*Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay*, edited by Allan Ross Macdougall.

The quality one feels most deeply in these letters covering nearly half

a century of the poet's life, is their immediacy, their intense involvement in life. This is true whether Miss Millay is writing as a child about a visit to an amusement park, about being ill on Fifth Avenue as a young girl, about her work or other peoples' work. There is a wholeheartedness about every emotion, every perception, that gives the author entirely to the reader. If in ordinary social contacts she was often withdrawn, she has left in these well-edited letters a sensitive record lighted by a pert humor so that hundreds who never saw her will feel they know her well. Harper, \$5

## FORECAST

### Fiction and Biography in '53

One of the most exciting news items in fiction for next year is not new but old. In two volumes, boxed, Doubleday is presenting *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*, by **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**—the first complete collection ever published in this country. And this in early January. On January 8, from Doubleday too, comes a new novel by **Frank Slaught-ter**, author of the best-selling *The Road to Bithynia*. This one, about Mary Magdalene, is called *The Galileans*. . . . February will bring *I and My True Love* by **Helen MacInnes** whose new novels are always news (and *Harper's* readers will remember that she is the wife of our reviewer, Gilbert Highet).

This is a Billy Mitchell year. By the time the magazine is published *General Billy Mitchell* by **Roger Burlingame** will already have been published by McGraw-Hill. On January 23 Harcourt Brace will bring out another biography, *My Brother Bill*, by **Ruth Mitchell**. . . . Harcourt Brace is also publishing (on January 22) a biography of Arnold Bennett by **Reginald Pound**, and on January 26 the second volume in **Phyllis Bottome's** autobiography, *The Challenge*. Later in the spring, from Scribner, will come the third volume of **George Santayana's** autobiography, completed before his death in September. . . . Then for those who prefer their biography as fiction, Doubleday presents early in January **A. P. Herbert's** story of Napoleon's escape from Elba *Why Waterloo?*



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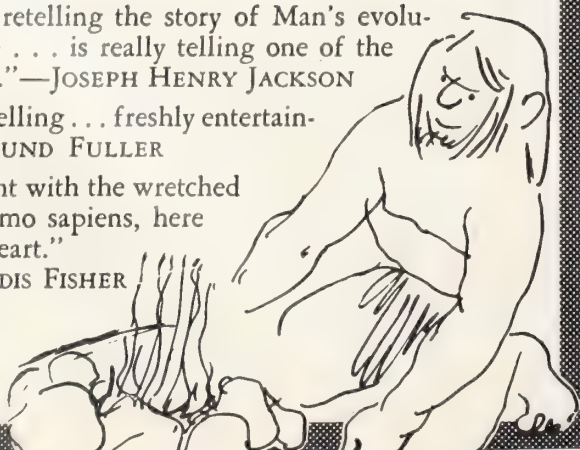
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# The New Recordings

## The Sweat and the Drama

Edward Tatnall Canby

**V**IRTUOSITY in the fingers and outward conviction and drama in the presentation carry an immense part of today's performed music to audible success. Much of it needs little more than that. And, with so many incredibly skillful technicians around, it is remarkable how much really good music can be enjoyed on the basis of virtuosity. But the good composers have been forehandedly shrewd in the art of making music project itself—once the bare minima of pitch and rhythm have been met with precision.

The test of real performance, notably for the pianist with his one-man orchestra and the conductor, charged with bringing unity out of the efforts of many, still remains in the playing of the higher forms of music. In France, Couperin, Ravel, Debussy; in Germany, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven—these and others of similar eminence demand a kind of musicianship, and understanding (and projection) of music in its own terms, of a far more precise sort. If finger technique is exacting in detail, the musical language is no less so.

The flying baton, the brilliant fingers, are *de rigueur* in fine musical performance, too. But their impact is contributory, a phase of the total musical projection, the mere physical means to bring an often complex and mechanically difficult structure into living sound. Our music is poly-voiced and poly-ideaed. Many things go on in it at once, yet the multitude of parts, like the plumbing and wiring of an office building, are no more than essential fragments of the whole. Our music, of these last centuries, is no less complex than our lives.

Nor in the really fine performance, is the sweat and drama of emotion some arbitrary surge of heat applied, so to speak, to the outside of the music to bring it into incandescence. How many of us believe that! Instead, emotion and sweat come by

necessity from the very sense of the music itself, out of its successful projection, like heat from burning. How else, after all, could music exist? It is highly combustible—but the energy of it must be taken from the performer.

The emotional power of any performance, then, is the musical whole, made manifest. Virtuosity is merely the mechanism of music put into action. And like most good mechanisms it functions best when hidden.

**Mozart: Piano Music (Sonata in F, K. 533; Rondo, K. 494; Adagio, K. 540; Fantasy and Fugue in C, K. 394; Rondo, K. 485).** Paul Badura Skoda. (A) on modern piano. Westminster WL 5154. (B) on piano of 1785. Westminster WL 5153.

On the evidence of this and of earlier recordings, I'd place Badura Skoda at the very top of all Mozart pianists now in the public domain, so to speak. His feeling for the composer is so utterly natural that the perfection of his shaping and phrasing, his perfect appreciation of the sense of the music, is easily underrated on first hearing. There is no ostentation—not even an ostentatious meticulousness. Above all, the music sounds big, important, moving, in spite of the modesty of the playing; it speaks for itself.

The interesting experiment here carried out very wisely sticks to the same group of works, for both the old and the new pianos. The new one is a European grand, somewhat wooden and muffled according to our Steinwayesque ideas. The old one, restored to what, perhaps, might be the state of an average household piano in Mozart's day (a few rattles, false notes, some uneven voicing, but generally a respectable sound) is an experience in the listening. At first it seems no more than a rather seedy-sounding spinet upright of our times—and in fact it's immediately clear that the apartment-sized modern piano is far better balanced for Mozart than the grand itself. But when the record is done you will have discovered that,

strangely enough, the music is more forceful, more clear, bigger sounding on the old piano than the new. One more bit of evidence that scientific progress is not as simple as it seems in the arts.

Technically speaking, the bass of the older piano seems to me to have been exaggerated in the recording (easily done in the mike placement) and the mike pickup is perhaps too close, with a rather percussive effect. (In some situations even a distant mike will produce percussive piano sound. There is no more difficult instrument to record.)

**Mozart: Sonata in B flat, K. 570; Fantasy and Fugue in C, K. 394; Suite in C, K. 399.** Ralph Kirkpatrick. Challis 18th-century style piano. Bartok BRS 912.

LP records bring us astonishing numbers of duplications of this pleasant sort. The above—received after the Badura-Skoda—is played on a new instrument made by John Challis as a "historical interpretation," averaging features of numerous pianos of the Mozart period. It has in abundance the now recognizable fine qualities of those instruments and provides a further delight and more valuable instruction for the pianist and music lover. Kirkpatrick's Mozart is crisp, thoughtful, excellent in concept, but not up to the remarkably intuitive projection of Badura Skoda; no damning criticism, I assure you nor would I hesitate for a moment to recommend Kirkpatrick as an exciting supplement to the earlier disc. Kirkpatrick's piano sound is considerably truer to the instrument, without enlarged bass, with a beautifully mellow and natural upper register.

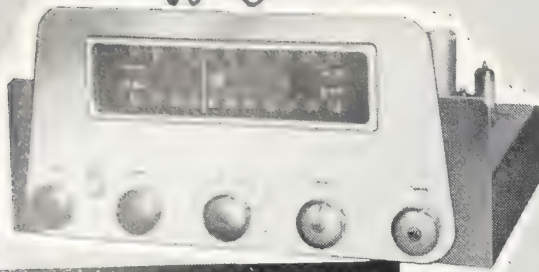
Note also Arthur Loesser's fine performance of an interesting sonata in the Mozart style by Reinagle, Colonial American composer, on a similar (the same?) Challis early-style piano. New Records NRLP 2006 (10").

**Bizet, Jeux D'Enfants (Petite Suite, op. 22); Chabrier: Suite Pastorale.** Royal Opera House Orch., Braithwaite. M-G-M E3000.

Here—under unlikely motion picture auspices—is the opposite, a warm, glowing, highly musical performance of two utterly charming and seldom heard French works—small, yet important and big in the way the French can so well shape art in the miniature. The Bizet has many a hint of the best in "Carmen," a delightful atmosphere, not caricaturing children but in these musical games playing *with* them, dignifying childhood as too many children's works do not.



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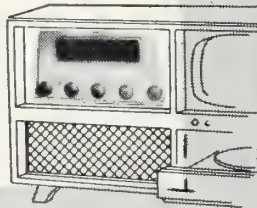
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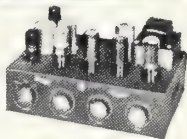
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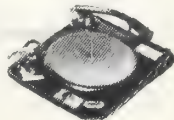
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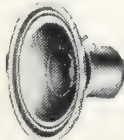
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## THE NEW RECORDINGS

**Britten: A Ceremony of Carols, Te Deum in C, Hymn to St. Cecelia.** Washington Cathedral Choir, Callaway. Sylvia Meyer, harp. WCFM LP-11.


The "Te Deum" is only a fair rendering and the beautifully moving "Hymn" is far more expertly conveyed by the Augustana Choir on records—but the "Ceremony of Carols," sung at incredibly close range by the small boys of the cathedral choir, is moving in its very frailty, in the earnest sincerity with which these children waver through its decidedly difficult measures, obviously feeling the music's sense, if not always able to express it with assurance. The realism of the recording is unnerving—one trembles with the tautness of the little soprano solo, one's breath catches with his—so clearly audible. Performances of this sort make up for the brassy perfection of most of our music.

**Hollywood Composers: La Violette Music from the High Sierras; Delmar, Hungarian Sketches; Schoop March Ballet; Laszio, Improvisations on "Oh Susannah."** Frankland State Symphony, Erich Kloss Lyrichord LL 29.

What is the matter with twentieth century civilization? If you are in any doubt, you may find the whole story in these fabulous works for huge orchestra expertly composed, effectively orchestrated with the skill of long experience highly playable, and well played too—and such inescapably bad music that one hesitates to use strong words, for sorrow that our world can misdirect so much talent, effort, and money. There is no use explaining away such music on the grounds that it is a "school" unit itself with its own inner standards, its own functional concepts of good and bad. The musical art is flexible, but not to the exclusion of universal standards that apply here as elsewhere—especially since here the larger musical world pilfered shamelessly, distorted to travesty of style and sense.

So much the worse that these are "serious" works, composed out of working hours for no "purpose" other than to be music. I agree with the jack notes that music with a purpose has often been very good—Bach and Mozart are fair witnesses. I suggest that perhaps these men have done better in their commercial product, imposing more realistic limitations of style and content. So commentary; the recording was made not in Hollywood but in Germany, by German musicians. Hollywood costs too much to play its own music, as art.





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ed H. Dearborn (left), president of the National Safety Council, presenting Award of Honor to Cleo F. Craig, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

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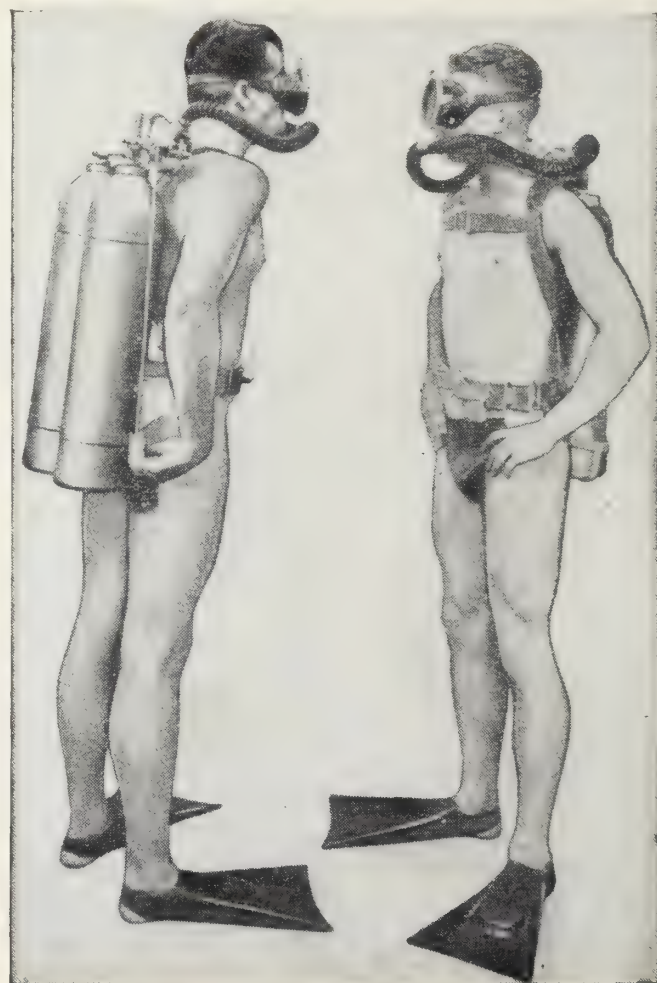
# Personal & Otherwise

**E**VER since the Great Depression of the nineteen-thirties the possibility of another breakdown of the national economy has plagued Americans like a nightmare. During World War II most of our economic sages thought that the coming of peace would bring a collapse unless something drastic were done to prevent it. Their expectations were not borne out; instead, there was a postwar boom, and we were faced with inflation instead of unemployment. But the nightmare persisted. In December 1946, C. Hartley Grattan, as cool and shrewd an economic observer as one could wish for, wrote in this magazine, "The American people still fear that before very long the economic roof will leak and let in a flood of unemployment. Just when the downpour will come, few presume to know—perhaps in 1948, perhaps not till 1951. But that it will come a majority feel as certain as they do of death or taxes."

Mr. Grattan was not far wrong. There *was* a recession in 1949, though a minor one. What he did not foresee, and could hardly be expected to have foreseen, was the extent to which the behavior of Soviet Russia would require on our part an enlarged arms program involving rising government expenditures—and the way in which the Korean war, beginning in 1950, would translate the recovery from this slight recession into another inflationary push.

By April 1948—still over two years before Korea—the scene had considerably changed, but Mr. Grattan, like most other economists, still foresaw an economic storm. In that month we published an article by him in which he said that "every sign points to the

conclusion that the going will be rough during the next four years." What made his article striking was not that he predicted early economic trouble but that he added, "It is nevertheless true that the long-term prospects for America and the world can, by sensible action, be made excellent. The nineteen-



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fifties, if mankind contrives to be rational, can be a creative and prosperous decade."

Here again the Korean crisis upset Mr. Grattan's very sensible predictions as to the short-term future. The economic trouble that visited us was of a different sort from what he had anticipated. (The trouble with even the sagest economic forecasting, these days, is that nobody can succeed at it who cannot correctly guess what the Soviets are going to do next, which is much harder to arrive at than conclusions based upon the size of inventories and the trend of department-store sales.)

By now the postwar boom, constantly intensified by our gigantic arms program, has lasted so many years that the nightmare of depression does not visit the American mind as often as it used to. Full employment, high prices, and free and easy spending have come to seem the natural order of things. Yet we would be foolish to imagine that they are necessarily here to stay. It has been said of the stock-market panic of 1929 that it arrived at just about the moment when the last skeptic climbed aboard the bull-market bandwagon. That statement may be more picturesque than accurate, but there is enough truth in it to serve as a warning for the future. Clearly the Eisenhower Administration has two contrasting responsibilities—first, to arm us effectively, and second, to prepare for the day when we may be fortunate enough not to have to arm at such a furious pace. Mr. Grattan entitled his 1946 article "Time to Fix the Roof." As *Professor Sumner H. Slichter* reminds us in the leading article of this issue of *Harper's* ("Are We Headed for a Depression?", p. 25) the roof can still stand constant inspection. And we had better not skimp the job if we want the nineteen-fifties to go down in history as the creative and prosperous decade that Mr. Grattan said they might be.

Sumner H. Slichter is Lamont University Professor at Harvard, and incidentally a member of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee for Economic Development, a group of business men formed a decade or so ago for the purpose of studying problems of economic policy and of stimulating others to study them. During the past few years he has been especially interested in examining the conditions of economic growth and the distinctive characteristics of the American economy. Last August he wrote an article for us

called "How Bad Is Inflation?" in which he came to the interesting—and hardly orthodox—conclusion that there were worse things than a creeping upward of prices. His present paper was written at our suggestion.

### *The Lady and the Pirates*

LAST April we published a remarkable article called "The Pirates' Nest of New York." "There is no concentration of power and might and beauty in any port on earth like that of New York City," said the article. "Yet this magnificent harbor, with its shoreline in many cities, is a pirates' nest. Violence and theft are . . . taken for granted. . . . Murder is common on the waterfront. . . . Death comes quickly to men . . . who protest against the 'system.' The 'system' is an informal, fourfold understanding between certain union officials, business men, gangsters, and politicians."

The article went on to describe the loading system and the pilfering, kickbacks, loan-sharking, and gambling rackets which accompanied it; and it named names in plentiful number.

How accurate was the article has been manifest during the past few weeks, when the State Crime Commission's public investigation of waterfront conditions has been bringing out, in testimony spread day after day on the pages of the daily press, the shocking truth of what was written about them in *Harper's* last spring.

But possibly the most remarkable thing about "The Pirates' Nest of New York" was that it was written, not by a hard-boiled young reporter of the sort that ferrets out the secrets of the underworld in radio thrillers, but by a gentle-voiced lady whose age, though we cannot give it precisely because we do not ask ladies such questions, may be roughly gauged by the fact that she was married in October 1898. That was when young Mary Heaton became *Mary Heaton Vorse*. The waterfront article necessitated an unusual amount of what is known in the journalistic trade as leg-work; this included climbing tenement stairs to interview longshoremen and their families. This did not deter Mrs. Vorse, though she is hardly nimble-footed. It required a talent for persuasiveness and a capacity for arousing trust, for, as Mrs. Vorse said in the article,



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"You die if you talk, longshoremen say." And, needless to say, it required, along with a willingness to study unsavory things, uncommon courage.

She has been a labor reporter for decades; in fact, one of the things that gave cogency to her 1950 article on the then recent steel strike ("An Altogether Different Strike," February 1950) was that when she compared it with the 1937 strike and the 1919 strike her evidence was first-hand: she had been in the field during all these emergencies, and in 1937 she had even been knocked down by a ricocheted bullet during a riot. She has been writing for *Harper's* a long time; her first contribution was a story bought in December 1905 and published in June 1906.

In her customarily indefatigable way Mrs. Vorse has recently been looking into the conditions of migrant labor in the United States ("America's Submerged Class: The Migrants," p. 86). She remarked to us when she turned in her manuscript that the story turned out to be a "hot potato" in many ways. "The official attitude toward our visiting migrant camps was hardly enthusiastic," said Mrs. Vorse. "One official remarked, 'Not that we are trying to keep you from seeing anything; but we don't like it and the farmers don't like it—a false picture being given.' As far as we could gather, a 'false picture' was any description of a camp that failed to praise existing conditions." Mrs. Vorse expressed her special thanks to Miss Mary L. Dyckman, president of the Consumers' League of New Jersey, "who not only made the New Jersey field trip possible but put her experience and her files at our disposal"; and mentioned also, with gratitude, Lawrence Willette, chairman of the Consumers' League Migrant Committee, and Mrs. Willette, who took the New Jersey field trips with her, and Miss Edith E. Lowry, executive secretary of the Division of Home Missions, National Council of the Churches of Christ, with whom she made the field trip in New York. But we should also make it clear that these trips made in 1952 were merely the culmination of a prolonged study of the migrant problem by Mrs. Vorse, in the field and otherwise, over many years.

## Men, Maps, and Monsters

•••If the idea of teaching ballet to octopi well below sea level, as described in "Sea Monsters and Sharks at Eye Level" (p. 31), strikes you as a great deal to swallow, despite the matter-of-fact presentation, you may be reassured to know that Rachel Carson, author of *The Sea Around Us*, considers that *Jacques-Yves Cousteau's* report on undersea life in general "cuts a refreshing path through the murky literature of diving that has accumulated through the years, much of it steeped in legend and superstition." Captain Cousteau has in addition documented a great deal of what he has seen in his more than 1,000 dives with an Aqualung in the seven undersea films he has made in the Mediterranean, the Cape Verde Islands, and the South Atlantic (three of which took grand prizes in the film competitions at Venice, Cannes, and Paris).

The research ship, the *Élie Monnier*, which appears in the article, took part in the Piccard Bathyscaphe Expedition to the Gulf of Guinea in 1948, and two years later, again under Captain Cousteau's command, sailed for Tunisia to look for the submerged city of ancient Carthage. It did not exist, but Captain Cousteau did discover the wreck of a Greek galley, sunk about 70 B.C., four miles off the Tunisian coast.

Born in a small village near Bordeaux, Captain Cousteau attended school in the United States and was trained as a naval cadet at Brest Academy. He first began goggle-diving and spear-fishing in the Mediterranean at the instigation of the American writer, Guy Gilpatric. He is married to a girl from an old French naval family (the Simone who is mentioned once in "Sea Monsters and Sharks") and both she and their sons are expert divers. The older boy, when he was eight, reached a depth of eighty feet, but no one else in the family has yet matched Captain Cousteau's 300-foot record. They live in Paris and also own a modern villa on the cliffs above the Mediterranean. Captain Cousteau has written two other books on the undersea world in French, and lectured on his findings, in English, in America and Britain.

His colleague, Frédéric Dumas, is the world's leading diver with 2,500 dives to his credit. James Dugan, who assisted in the preparation of *The Silent World*, from which this article was taken and which Harper & Brothers will publish this month, is a former *Yank* correspondent who has been associated with the Captain ever since the war.

•••The two short stories in this number are the work of experienced writers, men of learning, men who love language and poetry.

*Frank O'Connor*, whose story, "The Martyr" (p. 41), is his first in *Harper's*, is a native of Cork, Ireland, and a former director of the Abbey Theater. Though he says he had no education worth mentioning and few ambitions except writing, he is a student of eighteenth-century music, a librarian by profession, and a linguist of parts. He learned to speak Irish very early, saturated himself in Gaelic poetry, music, and legend, and was preparing a collection of his own works at the age of twelve. During a period of internment by the Free State Government, he studied languages and on his release wrote a study of Turgenev in Irish that won a prize. The poet AE first published his poems, stories, and translations in the *Irish Statesman*. He has produced novels, several volumes of short stories, much verse, and a study of Michael Collins and the Irish Revolution.

*Robert Payne*, also appearing for the first time in *Harper's*, with "The Red Mountain" (p. 77), was born in Cornwall and is still a citizen of Great Britain, though he lives in Montevallo, Alabama, where he is professor of English and "author in residence." After his early education at St. Paul's School in London, he attended college in South Africa, Liverpool, Munich, and Paris. His knowledge of the Orient comes from extensive travel in Asia between 1939 and 1947. Besides "The Red Mountain," a number of his novels and other books have this background—for example, *The Yellow Robe* and *Red Storm over Asia*.

Like Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Payne acknowledges a debt to Turgenev, and he has studied Russian and French novelists and poets, as well as the English great ones. He is a prolific



## P &amp; O

riter. P & O asked him for a count in his books; this was his reply, sent last summer from California:

Most of my books are in Alabama, but as far as I can judge the answer is: 2 books of poetry, 6 translations (from Russian, Danish, and Chinese), 1 book of short stories, 4 biographies, 2 diaries, 3 political studies, 3 travel books, 14 novels, and 2 books dealing with theological studies; which brings the total to 35.

May we add that his age is 41?

Mr. Payne likes his teaching at Alabama College, which, he says, "consists mainly of listening to students discussing what they propose to write." Since most of them write extremely well, he adds, he proposes to listen to them to the end of his days. He edits the *Montevallo Review*, an endowed and privately distributed literary magazine which comes out usually once a year. Of his own books, he comments that he likes chiefly *Forever China*, *The White Pony*, and *The Great God Pan*.

...In "The Upper Bohemians" (p. 46), *Russell Lynes* explores in fascinating detail one corner of the tapestry of contemporary society which he sketched in broad outlines in his now famous essay, "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" and which he subsequently worked out more fully in his little books, *Snobs and Guests*. We have not heard Mr. Lynes name the tapestry—this country he is surveying county-by-county, range-by-range, and river-by-river; for the nonce P & O suggests "Contemporaria," of which Upper Bohemia is both a geographical subdivision and a mental phase.

Mr. Lynes' analysis of the Upper Bohemians begins with the observations that they belong to a new kind of "aristocracy" in America, that the aristocracy is fluid, and that they are detached enough to regard the ebb and flow with amusement. They are indeed a happy few, P & O is obliged to comment, for if they feel secure in their detachment they do not partake fully of the uneasy world they live in. Yet this attitude of detachment and amusement is one of the established qualities of the true aristocrat in any era, and P & O has dug out a dog-eared note to demon-

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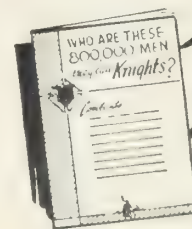
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to Christian education. During both world wars, the Knights of Columbus performed a service in ministering to the spiritual welfare and comfort of the armed forces regardless of creed, that brought sincerest thanks from a grateful nation.

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## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

strate the point. This note comes from Count Baldassare Castiglione's *Book of the Courtier*, which described the right behavior for an Italian gentleman of about the year 1500. The courtier's public acts and works, Castiglione said, should be governed by one sovereign rule: "And that is to eschew as much as a man may... affectation or curiosity and (to speak a new word) to use in every thing a certain Recklessness, to cover art withal, and seem whatsoever he doth and sayeth to do it without pain, and (as it were) not minding it..."

Like the Courtier, the Upper Bohemian follows his social code of informality combined with his private code of professional or virtuous accomplishment. He lives by a double standard—as did the Courtier—outward "Recklessness," inward certainty about taste, politics, and craftsmanship. But, if we may comment further, the Upper Bohemians actually have no easier time than those of us who press our noses against their windows. For to live by a code of the "art which conceals art" is no simple matter. In fact, it may take a lot more work than just keeping up with the Joneses.

Mr. Lynes is an editor of *Harper's*, a writer on art and society mainly, and an ex-schoolmaster. He is also the son of a clergyman, a Yale graduate, a neat draftsman, a skilled tennis-player, and a generally amused citizen of New York City.

...To a number of American and Danish critics, the current movie, "Hans Christian Andersen," is a lamentable display of American ignorance about another country, and they have apologized for it or protested volubly. Such a fuss, even though it may not have much effect on the large movie-going public, does reveal that nowadays a sense of responsibility for the public weal includes a respect for truth in the exchange of information between countries. And this respect, it is felt, should govern even the movies. It should animate even a cinematic musical-ballet version of a fairy tale. If you are going to present Denmark, the critics say, for Heaven's sake, don't make it look like Lichtenstein. And it is necessary for the critics to get this objection out of their systems

before they can talk about aesthetics or acting or story-telling or anything else.

Far be it from P & O to protest to the protesters. *Harper's* is itself a vehicle of public information, and it welcomes the company of others on the same course. As a contribution to American-Scandinavian understanding (something solidier than Hollywood's fairy tale about Denmark) *George Soloveyitchik's* study of "Europe's Quiet Corner" (p. 57) combines attractions for prospective travelers and for students of the changing European economy. Mr. Soloveyitchik pictures the peculiarities of each of the four Scandinavian countries and relates each to the Atlantic community which three of them have joined. Mr. Soloveyitchik, who is a Russian-born British citizen and student of foreign affairs, has had close personal contacts with Sweden, Denmark, and Norway since 1919. Except for the war years, he has visited these countries regularly; he speaks Swedish and reads the other languages; he has lectured at the Stockholm School of Economics and elsewhere; and he contributes to Scandinavian newspapers and magazines.

Mr. Soloveyitchik's books, including *Potemkin*, *Ivar Kreuger—Financier*, and *Russia in Perspective*, have been translated into the Scandinavian languages; among many honors he has received from the Scandinavian governments for his services, he holds the Danish Liberation Medal.

...As Leonard Engel pointed out last month in *Harper's* in an article on medical statistics, what we need for sound medical progress is "carefully compiled and rigorously analyzed data." And, he added in P & O, "I am sure the same sort of article could be written about a lot of what passes for statistical information in other fields, and about the lack of real data on crucial problems."

P & O must now humbly reveal another, less objective purpose behind his public-spirited concern for "carefully compiled and rigorously analyzed data": a concern for his own private welfare, specifically a longing to live well and avoid pain. And to get right down to it—the preservation of his teeth. This brings



## P &amp; O

is to *James Rorty's* article, "Go Slow on Fluoridation!" (p. 66). A few years back, a great many people were excited by reports that something could be done to the public water supply which would cause them to have fewer cavities in their teeth. Like many others, P & O was disappointed to learn also that the doctored water wasn't going to do him personally very much good because he was too old. Fluoridation of drinking water was going to help children (and the grownups they would become), but anybody who already had a mouthful of adult teeth must continue to resign himself either to having them decay or to adopting the Spartan measure of cutting down on sweets, which was then (and may now be) his only recourse.

It lightened his private grief somewhat to realize that the young would profit from the experiments in water-fluoridation which were being conducted by a number of American towns and cities. But recent shifts in the current of public opinion have shown his hope to be, if not unfounded, at least subject to review. Mr. Rorty represents the countershift of opinion which is now gathering momentum on the question of fluoridation. Once more the citizen is obliged to back and fill on a suggested reform. Mr. Rorty does not claim to conclude the argument; he merely insists that it be continued.

It is hardly necessary to remind readers that the press is nowadays peppered with pronouncements by good doctors, dentists, and experts in public health who endorse fluoridation. Within recent months the Newburgh-Kingston program which Mr. Rorty describes has inspired countless happy editorials hailing the benefits achieved by the experiment. In December the president of the American Dental Association, Dr. O. W. Brandhorst of St. Louis, urged that New York City get down to business on fluoridation: "Every day that the program is withheld, the children of the nation's largest city lose that much life-long protection against mankind's most common disease—tooth decay." This kind of conviction is so common that P & O welcomes Mr. Rorty's opposing argument and the evidence of the experts whom he cites.

The debate has possibly one un-



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fortunate side effect for this reader, however. He is now wondering whether it may not produce another affliction called *bruxism*—"an unconscious side-to-side gnashing and grinding of the jaws." This trouble, as described by Dr. Thomas E. J. Shanahan of Brooklyn to the Greater New York Dental Meeting in December, eventually loosens the teeth and "has been noticed especially among students, as an outlet for nervous tension." For the common man, it might be well to add to the injunction, "Go Slow on Fluoridation!", the corollary, "But don't grind your teeth over it!"

James Rorty has studied and written much about nutrition and health. He is the author of *Tomorrow's Food* (with Dr. Philip Norman) and is at work on a new book tentatively entitled *Hunger's End: The Ecology of Plenty*. To *Harper's* he has contributed "The Thin Rats Bury the Fat Rats," "Bread and the Stuff We Eat," and other articles. For the past year and a half he has been working on contract for the State Department, writing political commentaries for the Voice of America.

...It is surprising to learn that yet another insufficiently charted fields is the earth itself. The need for better maps is the theme of *C. Lester Walker's* article, "Map the World" (p. 71) in this issue of *Harper's*. If there are unemployed pioneers among our readers, perhaps some of them will be inspired by this piece to undertake the education that is needed to become valuable workers in this highly skilled job.

Mr. Walker has studied map-making as a reporter, and in 1944 he contributed to *Harper's* two articles on the wartime aspects of the subject. In "How the War Maps Are Made," he told of a twenty-one-year-old Michigan student who turned up one day at the Chief of Engineers Office and said, "I know a little about maps." As a child, this man had gathered all the maps of Antarctica while other boys gathered the funnies; in high school he had amused himself by updating the official United States topographical map of his home locality. He eventually was put in charge of the Map Research Department of the Army Map Service.

There were 70,000,000 maps in all prepared for the Allied invasion of Europe in World War II. Mr. Walker said—quite a few maps. But peace has its needs too, though it proceeds more slowly in filling them. The making of maps, Mr. Walker shows in his current article, is necessary to the solution of world problems. In the age of flight, it is more necessary than ever to man's safety. What fun the whole subject can be, we leave you to discover in his new article.

Mr. Walker is a journalist who specializes in finding out the well known and little known facts on familiar subjects. For *Harper's* he has written on a variety of topics from buried treasure and where to find it, to diabetes and the U. S. Post Office.

...The collection of D. H. Lawrence's letters to him which *Bertrand Russell* mentions in his third "Portrait from Memory" (p. 93) were published in a limited edition in this country by the Gotham Book Mart in 1948. It was amusing, reading them, to see how much the personality of the recipient emerged from Lawrence's impassioned arguments, which inadvertently revealed the cool and reasoned position that Russell had taken on various points. Lawrence's final verdict on Russell, after their acquaintance ended, was: "Poor Bertie Russell, he's all disembodied brain," a characterization which, P & O feels, the Lawrence portrait itself magnificently disproves by the amount of emotion on the subject it reveals, even at this much later date. Lord Russell's latest book (which brings his total to over fifty), *The Impact of Science on Society*, was published in this country last month.

### Artists and Poets

...*John Groth*, illustrator of "The Martyr," is an American artist whose books about the wars of this generation—*Studio: Europe* and *Studio: Asia*—are unique records in words and pictures. Quentin Reynolds commented on his "big and wonderful book," *Studio: Asia*, "Groth has the same knack Pyle had of catching the atmosphere of war as it is felt by the participants and being able to



## P &amp; O

communicate that atmosphere to us." Between trips, Mr. Groth teaches at the Art Students League in New York, and he has had many shows in New York, Dayton, and elsewhere.

N. M. Bodecker's drawings of the cow in our last issue introduced this Danish-born artist to *Harper's*. His pictures of "Europe's Quiet Corner" in this number reveal his uncanny humor about the scenes of his past and his delightful skill in details.

Harry Diamond served nineteen months during the war with the OWI in India, Burma, and China, and drove over the Burma Road to Kunming. He didn't see an Annamese tin mine, he tells us, but he must have gone hard by the scene of "The Red Mountain" which he illustrates for us this month. Living in Los Angeles, he does free-lance art work for magazines, and teaches at the Chouinard Art Institute.

The cover this month was made by the M. D. Glanzman-J. C. Parker Studios, founded in Paris in 1949 and now working in this country on many commercial art projects. They hold the thirtieth Annual Art Directors Award of Distinctive Merit for design of a poster unit.

...The two spirited poems which appear this month have little in common other than vigor and an evident respect for formal nicety.

"Song of Three Smiles" (p. 30) is the first poem we have had by W. S. Merwin, the author of *A Mask for Janus*, published in 1952 in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Mr. Merwin was born in New York, is a graduate of Princeton, and has spent the past three years in Europe. He has made verse plays out of traditional stories which have been produced over television and radio. The BBC broadcast his long poem, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," in December. He is working on a new book, *The Dancing Bear*.

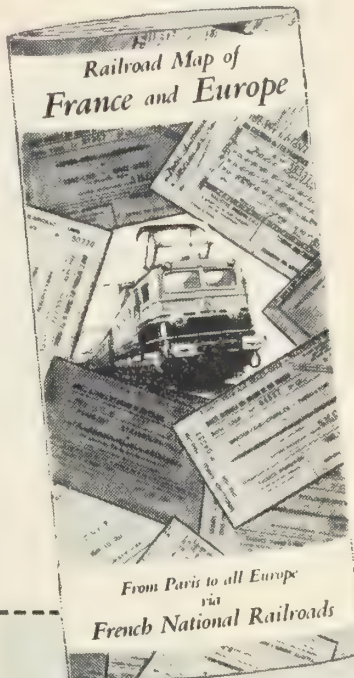
Anne Goodwin Winslow, whose novels and short stories are known for their illumination of Southern life and the human heart, has appeared in *Harper's* both as poet and as storyteller, most recently with a poem, "Rendezvous," in December. Her family home in Raleigh, Tennessee, and her many years of life abroad inspire her writing. "To My Geese" (p. 52) suggests both.

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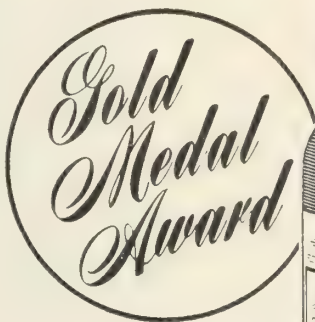
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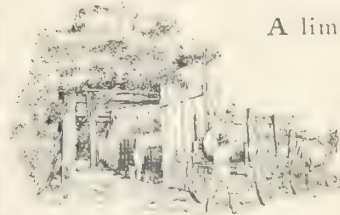
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Einar H. Ingman  
U. S. Army

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THE REDS IN AMBUSH on the ridge had lain concealed, withholding their fire. Now they opened up. The two squads were trapped. Their leaders were wounded; others were dropping.

Sgt. Ingman took command. He reorganized the survivors, assigned fields of fire, encouraged the men to fight. A red machine gun opened fire. The sergeant charged it alone, neutralizing it with a grenade.

Then he tackled another gun. A grenade and a burst of fire knocked him down, badly wounded. He got up, reached the gun, and dispatched the entire crew. When his squad reached him, they found Sergeant Ingman unconscious—but 100 of the enemy fleeing in panic.

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"The sergeant charged alone . . ."



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*"The railroads are a great machine which combines a vast variety of apparatus, devices, and processes to turn manpower and fuel into ton-miles of freight service and passenger-miles of travel." Some of the ways in which new developments are combined with tested fundamentals on the 225,000-mile "proving ground" of American railroads, and some of the advances in actual results, are outlined here by one who is in a position to see the whole picture.*

# The Advancing Rails

*by William T. Faricy*

President, Association of American Railroads

NINETEEN twenty-one is a benchmark year in American transportation. It was the first full year after Congress and the country turned from the government operation of railroads of the World War I period and returned the railroads to private management. It marked the beginning of tremendous and dramatic changes in transportation, not the least of which have come about in railroading itself.

Back in 1921 government expenditures on building inland waterways were just in their beginning. Since then, the government has spent on such projects three times as much as had been spent in all the preceding century, with resulting changes in the transportation picture.

Back in 1921 the pneumatic truck tire was just coming into use and the business of inter-city commercial transportation by motor vehicle was in its infancy. Since then, the total number of motor vehicles has been multiplied five times and the proportion of trucks

to total motor vehicles has gone up half again as much as it was then. The resulting changes in the pattern of transportation are visible on every street and highway.

Back in 1921 commercial flying of air mail had just been inaugurated and general commercial transportation by air was still to be born. In the years since then, planes have multiplied in number and grown in size, cities have built more and larger airports to accommodate more and larger planes, the federal government has assisted in airport building and has provided and operates special airways with navigation and control features. A new industry of commercial air transport has been created.

Transportation of crude petroleum by pipeline was well established before 1921, but since then the network of lines has been greatly extended and whole new networks of lines have come into being to carry refined petroleum products and natural gas in vast volume and over long distances.



## *The Growth of the Service*

**B**ENEATH the earth, then, as well as on the earth, on the water, and in the air, the past thirty years have seen changes in transportation plant and methods so profound and so dramatic that in the minds of many they have overshadowed the parallel advances made in the older method of transport by rail. To some, they may have seemed to forecast even the ultimate eclipse of the rails.

But with all the changes, the railroads have not only stayed in business but have gone ahead to render more service and better service to agriculture, to industry, and to the defense of the nation. In 1921 the railroads performed freight service equivalent to moving 2,900 tons of freight one mile for every man, woman, and child in the United States. By the peak prewar year of 1929, that amount of railroad service had grown to 3,700 ton-miles per capita. But in 1951 the railroads moved 4,200 ton-miles per capita and, during the peak years of the second world war, they had been called upon to move more than 5,500 ton-miles per year for each one of us in the country.

The people of this country continue to need railroads, and to need them more and more—especially in time of war, rearmament, and national emergency. Then what have the railroads done to keep abreast of these needs?

The measure of what railroads have done is not to be found in any mere catalogue of new devices adopted and new methods put into effect. I could list here more new and important advances in plant and methods than space permits or a reader's patience would tolerate. But the railroad is not a mere aggregation of devices and apparatus.

The railroad, rightly viewed, is a machine, and the railroads as a whole are a great machine, which combines a vast variety of apparatus, devices, and processes to turn manpower and fuel into ton-miles of freight service and passenger-miles of travel. The real measure of the advance of the railroads is to be found, therefore, in the way in which new developments and tested fundamentals are combined to produce transportation service with maximum economy and minimum expenditure of manpower, fuel, and materials.

So, as a measure of the real advance of the railroads in the past three decades, let's take a look at how these elements were combined

and used in 1921 and, thirty years later, in 1951.

## *Holding Down the Cost*

**T**HE working time of employees for which railroads paid \$1.00 in 1921 cost them \$2.81 in 1951. For fuel, materials, and supplies which cost \$1.00 in 1921, the railroads paid in 1951 an average of \$2.20. Taxes which took 5 cents out of each dollar of revenue in 1921, took 11½ cents in 1951.

Wages, fuel, supplies, and taxes make up at least 90 per cent of the cost of operating railroads, and every one of these items has more than doubled since 1921. Yet the ton-miles of freight service for which shippers paid in 1921 an average of \$1.00 cost them in 1951 only \$1.05, while the passenger miles for which you paid \$1.00 in 1921 actually cost you only 81 cents in 1951.

Of course it would not have been possible to move 1951 traffic with the railroad plant of 1921, but if it could have been done, the cost to the railroads of doing the work with that plant, but with wages, prices, and taxes at present levels; would have been nearly three times what it costs to do the job with the improved plant of today. Necessarily, under such conditions freight rates and passenger fares would have had to be very much higher than they are now.

## *Efficiency: 1951 or 1921*

**T**HE story back of this tremendous advance in efficiency and economy is one of research and invention, of investment in improved plant and equipment, of application of the new and better methods of operation which improved plant and equipment made possible.

Note that I do not say enlarged plant, for in miles of track and in number of locomotives and cars the plant of 1921 was larger than that of the present day. But in capacity and efficiency the 1951 railroad is so greatly different from that of thirty years ago as to warrant the statement that we have railroads which in essentials are new.

Let us turn our thoughts back to the railroads of 1921 for a moment. There were 2,600,000 freight cars on the rails in that year. The total output of freight service was 310 billion ton-miles. Of course 1921 was a year of business recession but even at the peak



of the boom of the nineteen-twenties, when the railroad plant was working at capacity, a similar number of freight cars turned out only 450 billion ton-miles. Last year, with half a million fewer cars than were in use in the nineteen-twenties, the railroads produced 647 billion ton-miles of transportation—getting 80 per cent more service out of the average freight car than in the prewar peak of 1929.

Back in 1921 the railroads had 65,000 locomotives, of which all but 364 were steam power. The diesel locomotive was yet to be thought of. Since 1921 we first saw the development of the modern high-horsepower, high-speed, high-efficiency steam locomotive and then the introduction and rapid adoption of the diesel electric locomotive.

So rapid has been this adoption that today 65 per cent of all freight service, more than 70 per cent of all passenger service, and more than 75 per cent of all yard service is rendered by diesel electric locomotives. And 97 per cent of the diesel electric locomotives which are performing this service have been bought since 1940. More than 82 per cent have been bought since the end of World War II, and more than 38 per cent just in the two years, 1950 and 1951.

Right now we are seeing the beginnings of what may be a still further development in the use of turbine locomotives of at least three different types—steam turbines, oil-burning gas turbines, and coal-burning gas turbines. In no field of transportation is there greater or more rapid change than in the motive power of American railroads.

And who can say that we may not have atomic-powered locomotives some day? They are not yet in sight, but for four years now the Association of American Railroads has had a competent mechanical engineer duly accredited to the Atomic Energy Commission. One of his assignments is to observe, insofar as security regulations permit observation, the workings of the Commission staff to the end that whenever atomic power becomes practically usable for locomotion, the railroads will be ready to apply it.

As was said before there were no diesel electric locomotives on American railroads in 1921. Neither were there any air-conditioned passenger cars, nor streamlined trains.

Today virtually every passenger car in regular through service is air-conditioned, and streamlined trains have become so preva-

lent that on main lines of principal passenger-carrying railroads they are now the rule rather than the exception.

### *Electronic Railroading*

**I**N 1921 there were only the rudimentary beginnings of automatic train control, and the marvel of centralized traffic control was still in the future. Now, on hundreds of stretches of railroads, switches are thrown and signals are set over districts of as much as 200 or 300 miles by one man seated before an illuminated map on which moving trains automatically show their position.

In 1921 there were no coded track circuits which now transmit information in such detail and completeness that it might be said the signals do everything but talk. And even talking has been added in the postwar years as the equipment has become available, through the use of communication between moving trains and fixed stations, now widely adopted on at least fifty railroads.

In 1921 there were no push-button yards where electronics and compressed air, co-operating with gravity, enable one hump switch engine and a few men to do the work which in flat switching yards would have required the services of a fleet of engines and a much greater number of men.

The recorded and measured advance in actual results made possible by these and hundreds of other changes on the railroads will stand comparison with those of any segment of American industry. They are not the record of an industry which is static or asleep—or even the record of an industry which has just been awakened. They are the product of unremitting research, invention, ingenuity, and investment. They are the achievement of an industry alert to present opportunities and alive to future possibilities.

### *The Basic Principles*

**F**UNDAMENTAL features of this railroad industry were arrived at long ago. There is the track, a surface unique upon the face of the earth which makes it possible for units of locomotive power to pull whole trains of cars. There is the principle of the train made up of separately and individually loaded cars combined into a mass unit for movement. There is the principle of standardization and interchangeability which permits the cars of



any railroad to be operated in the trains and on the tracks of any other—and by so doing makes possible the truly continental character of American commerce.

These fundamentals which have shaped the growth and development of rails remain unchanged. Vast changes have occurred in the manner in which these fundamentals are applied to the job of transportation. One reason why they have so largely escaped general notice is that changes in railroading are necessarily in the line of evolutionary development rather than revolutionary departure.

Take, for example, the steel rail which is at the very foundation of our commerce. To the naked eye the only change observable in the past thirty years has been an increase of about 20 per cent in average weight.

But this increase in weight is the smallest part of the change. As a result of protracted research carried on jointly by the railroads and the steel companies, the advances of metallurgy, manufacture, and design have been such that rail laid today is only one-fourth as much subject to breakage as the rail of thirty years ago and will give 50 per cent more service life.

The number of rail joints has been reduced since 1921 by lengthening the rail from 33 to 39 feet, a length which is soon to be doubled when the rolling of 78-foot rail begins. In many instances, rails are welded together end to end in long stretches of continuous or jointless rail.

What is true of rail is true in greater or less degree of every other element in the structure of the tracks. The average life of crossties has been more than doubled, for example, and the search for improved protection against decay and mechanical wear continues, with some thirty different kinds of ties and methods of treatment being subjected to service tests.

### *The Biggest Proving Ground*

ONE of the curious misconceptions about railroads is the belief that the industry has no proving ground to try out new ways of doing things. The railroads have the biggest proving ground in the world, and the only one big enough for their purposes, in their 225,000 miles of line.

Sections of this trackage do not have to be set aside as "railroad proving grounds" because any and all of it is available to try out under test conditions new ways of construc-

tion, new types of equipment, new methods of operation, or any new idea or combinations of ideas which offers enough promise in the laboratory to warrant testing in service.

At any given time many miles of railroad are so used under test conditions as carefully controlled as if the track were permanently set aside and devoted exclusively to these purposes. These tests may be short stretches of some particular track material or method of construction. Or they may be stretches of a hundred miles of line on which the performance of new types of freight car trucks, to take only one example, is tried out under operating conditions in test trains containing instrument cars which are really rolling laboratories.

Perhaps as good an example as any of how these things are tried out on the railroads is the story of the development in recent years of better freighter car air brakes. The first testing was done with sets of air brakes of new types arranged on test racks in the laboratory at Purdue University to simulate the workings on a train of 100 cars.

The type of brake which performed best on the test rack was installed in a special train in which the number of cars had been increased to 150. This train, which contained a number of instrument cars to record performance, was operated on mountain railroads in Oregon and California. After this test, the brakes were returned to the laboratory to work out defects which had developed in the field. Then they were re-installed in a 150 car train and once more subjected to road tests, this time in Pennsylvania, before the new air brake was declared ready for general use.

The cost to the railroads and the air brake companies for the entire test was in the neighborhood of ten million dollars—and now the whole process is being repeated in laboratory and train tests of still another brake—this latest one designed to handle trains more smoothly by varying the braking pressure according to the loaded or light weight of the cars.

This combination of laboratory research and field testing on the proving ground of our railroad tracks is essential in the further advancement of the industry. Much, though not all, of the laboratory work is done in the Central Research Laboratory of the Association of American Railroads located on the campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. No sooner was this large labora-



tory opened in 1950 than the rapidly growing research program of the Association of American Railroads began to outgrow it, and today we are going ahead with an additional building for enlarged mechanical research.

A major project in this field, being pursued not only at the AAR laboratory but also by the Armour Research Institute of Chicago and the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, looks toward improvement in the design, metallurgy, lubrication, and performance of axle bearings of freight cars in our constant war on that enemy of railroad performance, the hot box.

Important as are axle bearings, they are, however, but one detail of freight cars—and freight cars are but one part of the great machine of the railroads. To measure the advancement of the enterprise as a whole, it is necessary to look at operations as a whole.

There is no one measurement which reflects the results of all the changes and advances, but the one which comes nearest to doing so is the hourly transportation output of the average freight train—a figure which reflects not only train loads but train speeds. So great has been the increase in both these factors that the average freight train of 1951 turned out almost three times as many ton-miles of transportation service per hour as the average train of 1921; almost twice as much as the train of 1931; and nearly 50 per cent more than the train of 1941.

### *The Needs of Tomorrow*

**W**HO, thirty years ago, could have foreseen the advances which have been made in railroading? And who today can say what the advance will be in the decades ahead?

Certain it is that never has there been greater zeal and activity in pushing out the frontiers of knowledge than there is today. And certain it is that much of the new knowledge to be gained can be, and will be, applied to railroads and railroading. Certain it is that the gains to be achieved will benefit not merely railroads but all of us in an America whose production, whose very life, depends on steel rails.

Just as the transportation needs of 1951 could not have been met by a 1921 railroad plant, so the needs of 1981, or for that matter of 1961, cannot be met to the full with the plant, equipment, and methods of 1951.

To meet ever-growing needs with ever-better service, rendered at decreasing costs, there must be unremitting research and invention. But the most devoted and ingenious research is not enough by itself, unless somewhere there is someone willing to invest the money it takes to put the results of research to work. And that willingness to invest—so essential to the life of any business in a free-enterprise economy—depends upon earnings, or the prospect of earnings.

Railroad earnings have not been sufficient in these postwar years to warrant investment on the scale which is required. And yet during those same years the railroads have invested an average of more than a billion dollars a year in better tracks and terminals, better shops and signals, better cars and engines, better everything.

This tremendous program of improvement has been, on the part of the railroads, an act of faith—faith that the public and the government will come to recognize the railroads for the highly competitive industry they are rather than the monopoly they are supposed once to have been; faith that railroad management will be granted greater latitude to adjust rates, fares, and services to changing and flexible conditions; faith that railroads will be recognized and treated as a business, created by private investment, subject to the same economic necessities as any other business, and entitled to the same chance to operate on a business basis, without the added pressures of unnecessarily rigid restrictions or of government-aided competition.

We have it on Scriptural authority that faith will move mountains—but I suppose this to mean that the actual moving job has to be done with the tools which someone has the faith to provide. The people who have invested in railroads have provided for America a great machine for moving mountains of goods and products—a machine which in World War II moved more than 90 per cent of all war freight, and which today, and on any other average day, moved more than ten ton-miles for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

On faith, a tremendous job has been done, striking advances have been made. And if that faith shall prove to have been justified, jobs bigger than we have yet seen will be done, and advances even more striking will be made as America moves forward to her great destiny.



# LETTERS

## Without Illusion—

To the Editors:

Refreshingly illuminating is "The Illusion of American Omnipotence" by D. W. Brogan in the December issue. It seems to me that no other article in any magazine in recent years could carry with it the great pertinent message this one has for the American people. There is hope, a pathway for the future, a suggestion of the ultimate real power that America can become if she but heeds this good criticism.

Let's have more along this same line. I think *Harper's* deserves a bouquet of roses for having the courage and fortitude to select and give prominence to this sound and forceful article.

JAMES ROBERTSON, Mayor  
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

To the Editors:

Your lead article, "The Illusion of American Omnipotence," was so good my first thought was that it should be required reading in every home in America. . . .

COMDR. R. H. BARNES  
Uncasville, Conn.

To the Editors:

Do you suppose it possible to find in the vast field of Anglo-American literature another essay which combines arrogance and ignorance so horribly as Mr. Brogan's piece?

First Mr. Brogan chides us for believing that American is omnipotent—surely the most weather-beaten straw man of them all. Then he tells us we must accept calmly the "real death of thousands of Amer-

U "one of the normal  
great power." . . .

ways of doing  
biggest proving  
only one big en  
their 225,000 mile  
his power;

Sections of this t  
set aside as "railroa  
cause any and all of it  
under test conditions

failures. But there was treason, there was stupidity . . . and there remains a most obstinate determination not to face honestly our share of responsibility for the Chinese catastrophe. . . .

Where has Rip Van Winkle been sleeping that he could escape the evidence that the Communist "revolution" in China was *not* an indigenous movement? Mr. Brogan asks many questions to which direct answers can be given. For example: "How was and is American power to be exercised at that distance?" In 1945 America had enough power in the far Pacific to defeat the Japanese Empire. General Wedemeyer was in China and had ready detailed and adequate plans and the complete confidence of the Chinese government. . . . We chose not to implement his plans; we cannot honestly claim we did not have the power to do so. . . .

HENRY R. FULLER  
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . It does not detract from the excellence of Professor Brogan's article to note that his major and minor thesis has been understood by millions of Americans—that it was forcibly expressed by Adlai Stevenson during the late campaign, and that the victory of those who attributed foreign difficulties to the bungling of the State Department, etc., has filled many intelligent folks (sometimes called eggheads) with deep dismay.

WALTER MANN  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## On Writing—

To the Editors:

I emphatically disagree with Victor M. Ratner's "Who Should Do the Writing?" in the December issue. . . . Mr. Ratner does not even mention what, according to me, is the main reason for the low standard of American writing: bad education. . . . Whoever has the opportunity to read letters of application for commercial jobs will be horrified by the frequent faults in spelling and lack of gram-

mar. Every child and every student ought to learn how to express himself clearly in English. This is something that can be learned in schools. But it must be *learned* and it must be *taught*. . . . By the way it was *Harper's* who printed President Griswold's brilliant article "On Reading." May Mr. Ratner and so many others with him remember there is no good writing without good reading.

ARTHUR FEDER  
New Orleans, La.

## Ivied Sets—

To the Editors:

In Sylvia Wright's article, "Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts" [December], she makes the comment, "There's going to be a terrible moment when television and ivy get together—but let's cross that bridge when we come to it." The bridge was crossed more than two years ago when several small TV set makers brought "decorator's model consoles" to boost their sagging sales. The usual arrangement was to place the ivy across the bottom of the cabinet, in front of the speaker. Fortunately the models did not sell, and only one manufacturer continues to make them.

ROSS F. FIRESTONE  
Chicago, Ill.

## Ah, Evansville—

To the Editors:

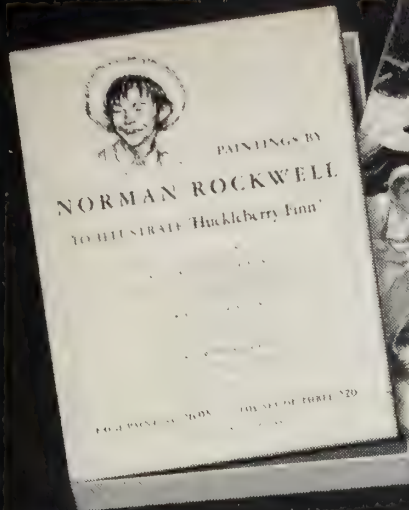
Journalists have long had an old saying which runs something like this:

When a lawyer makes a mistake he charges for it. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it. When a journalist makes a mistake, he tells the whole world about it.

You, your proofreader, and/or your linotype operator in the December Letters Column "told the whole world" that your geography teacher failed to impress upon you that the great metropolis of Evansville is NOT in Illinois but in Indiana.

One of our lively newspaper col-





You will receive this \$20 box of  
Norman Rockwell's paintings

**F R E E**

with your Trial Membership in THE HERITAGE CLUB

YES, IT IS TRUE, and there is *no* catch in this! We are offering you a \$20 set of Norman Rockwell's paintings as an inducement to obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club provided you do so *at this time*. So we'll tell you about them:

In the first place, they are *not* the original paintings in oil! If you are in position to pay several thousands of dollars to obtain one of Norman Rockwell's original oils (and if you know where one *could* be obtained), you will not want facsimiles.

For these are facsimiles. Yet we will wager one good sixty-cent dollar that, even after examining them, you wouldn't recognize them as such if we didn't tell.

They are created by several unusual processes. They are in full color; and they are on heavy board-canvasses such as oil painters use; and their surfaces are *moulded* so that you can feel the actual brush-strokes.

Facsimiles have been created in this fashion before, of some of Norman Rockwell's famous paintings: notably his paintings of *The Four Freedoms*, the facsimiles of which have had so extraordinary a sale in the shops. We would present *those* to you, if we could! But we can't, for the right to reproduce them doesn't belong to us. However, we do have the right to reproduce Norman Rockwell's paintings made to illustrate *Huckleberry Finn*; for they were made for our own now-famous edition.

We have now taken three of

them (the original oils are in the possession of the Mark Twain Museum) and have created facsimiles four times larger than the plates in the published book. Each will be sold for \$6.95; the set for \$20.

But we will give you a complete set—yes, **FREE**—if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club at this time. Why?

**WELL**, IN THE FIRST PLACE, we recently persuaded the mills which produce our fine papers to increase their allotment to us—with the result that, of four of our current publications, we have obtained from the printers about a thousand extra copies. So, in the second place, we have decided to take in one thousand new members: to *try* the Club out for just four books.

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## LETTERS

umnists (Mr. Bish Thompson of the *Evansville Press*) reported this incident when you published the letter of our Loew's theater manager, Jim Carey, verbatim but then, as Mr. Thompson reported, "flubbed the dub" in listing Mr. Carey's home address as "Evansville, Ill."

Please advise us that your readers won't suffer embarrassment of such errors and inaccuracy in the future.

HENRY R. GONNER

Chamber of Commerce  
Evansville, Ind.

(How do you suppose Illinois feels about this? We're embarrassed.—The Editors.)

## Help Wanted—

To the Editors:

I am well advanced on a variorum edition of the poems and letters of Emily Dickinson, and I have access to the great bulk of everything she wrote which is still extant. There is reason to hope that a few scattered autographs, privately owned, may be found if the owners realize that the least impressive items have importance for a work of this scope. My primary interest is in locating all items and gaining permission to examine them, in order to establish a chronology and a correct text.

If there are owners of Dickinson autographs who wish to part with them by sale, I shall be glad to know.

THOMAS H. JOHNSON  
Lawrenceville, N. J.

## The Undesirables—

To the Editors:

One article like longshoreman Eric Hoffer's "The Role of the Undesirables" in your December issue pays the price for *Harper's* for a full decade.

This is said advisedly. My own experience has been much similar to that of Mr. Hoffer whom I am proud to accept as a most representative Californian of this era, or any other.

The writer for an adult half-century has lived and worked with first-generation "undesirables" of the type described by Mr. Hoffer. . . . Yet these "Tyomies" who worked in our mines and factories and lumber camps, on our boats and railroads, produced children who became law-

yers, doctors, teachers, merchants, preachers, artists, industrialists, scientists, engineers. They were, I think, the greatest asset America had up to three decades ago, when we informed Europe we no longer welcomed its "undesirables." Many of America's difficulties today, I think, are due to the fact that these immigrants of a few decades ago have lost their strangeness and descended into that rut common to almost all of us.

Not in years have I read anything more hopeful or constructive than Mr. Hoffer's article, which I will re-read again and again. . . .

I have been a "constant reader" of *Harper's* for sixty years.

GEORGE LOGAN PRICE  
Malibu, Calif.

(Mr. Price and other readers might be interested to know that Eric Hoffer is also author of a remarkable book, *The True Believer*, published by Harper & Brothers in 1951.—The Editors)

## The Old Order—

To the Editors:

I was most interested in Paul Moor's excellent article on Berchtesgaden [December] since I paid my first visit there as a U. S. Army sergeant in 1945, a couple of days after the French had started their "liberation" of *objets d'art*, after winning the race to reach Obersalzberg first.

I was surprised at Mr. Moor's statement that there was nothing of particular interest about Goering's house because it embodied what seems to me one of the most ingenious, secret architectural aids imaginable for an incompatible married couple who wished to produce an outward aspect of conjugal solidarity.

From the outside the place looked very much like the other chalets. But inside, right in the middle, it was divided by a solid masonry wall. The front half, which contained Frau Goering's apartment, was decorated in light woods and gilt trim. The main drawing room was dominated by a large, ornate, gilt-trimmed piano. The upstairs apartments were littered with articles of feminine attire and half-empty cosmetic containers. There was also a children's nursery with toys.



## LETTERS

The rear half might easily have passed for a bachelor's apartment in de luxe, *fin de siècle* men's club. It was almost uniformly paneled in dark woods and built around a sort of central lounge-den. There was no ray, as far as I was able to discover, of getting from one section of the house to the other except by walking long an outside flagstone passage and rapping on one or the other of the two "front doors."

The basement was crammed with boxes of Christmas ornaments and what looked like portions of a Santa Claus costume. I couldn't help visualizing what a perfect St. Nicholas—physically speaking—paunchy Hermann must have made!

Another fact I have never seen mentioned is that the 15x30-foot picture window in Hitler's Berghof was not "fixed" as these windows usually are, but hung on cables, and with the aid of counterbalances and electric motors could be made to slide down into the floor, like the curtain of New York's old Hippodrome, when *Der Fuehrer* wished a summer breeze.

I brought some sections of the broken pane back and took them to the Corning Glass people who assured me the pane was made of nothing more than rolled, half-inch plate glass, and not of very good quality at that.

It was easy to see what was being catered to at Obersalzberg. The bathrooms and kitchens in all the buildings were as large and luxurious as any I have ever seen and out of all proportion, in size and number, to any apparent need. The china and crystal were beautiful and unblemished by initials, Imperial eagles, or vastikas. Evidently when Hitler decided to get away from it all, he included the Party among the things to be left behind.

ECKERT GOODMAN  
New York, N. Y.

## Complaint—

To the Editors:

The cover of the December issue is in inexcusably bad taste—in color and in concept—and bears no relation to the content quality expected by subscribers of *Harper's*.

DOROTHY HOPSON  
Kent, Conn.

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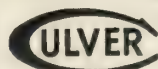
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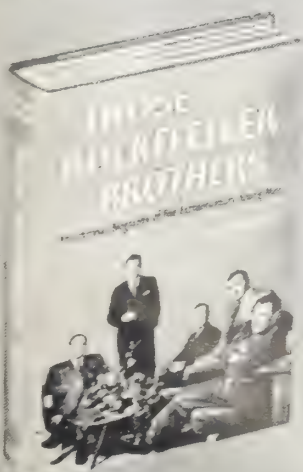
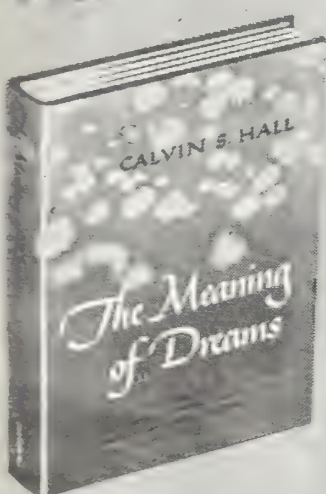
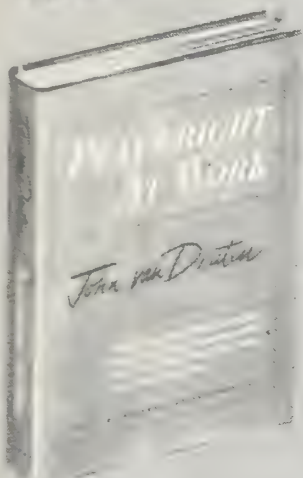
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# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

# Are We Headed for a Depression?

*Sumner H. Slichter*

THE great impending economic event for the American economy is the prospective drop in defense spending. It is not, of course, immediately impending. The present prospect is for at least another year of rising business. According to present plans the level of defense expenditures will rise from the current rate of around \$50 billion a year to nearly \$60 billion a year by next summer or early in 1954, and will continue at that rate until the end of 1954 or a little later. Then these expenditures will drop by \$5 billion or more a year until they level off at the annual rate of \$45 billion. This estimate of the ultimate rate of defense spending is necessarily rough, but there is nothing in the current international outlook to justify a lower estimate.

As the day for the decline in defense spending grows nearer, the community is becoming increasingly fearful that the drop will produce a recession. Some of our foreign critics, such as Aneurin Bevan, declare that the United States has become the prisoner of its own defense program—that we *dare* not cut defense expenditures lest we throw the economy into a tailspin. The Russians go even further, and assert that the rearmament

program was started, not because fighting broke out in Korea, but to avert a collapse of the American economy. Stalin has recently repeated all of this.

In the long run the purchase of more military goods is obviously not needed to prevent chronic unemployment. This country can always keep its labor force and plants busy simply by deciding to consume a larger fraction of its total output—that is, by raising its standard of living. But it would be foolish to underestimate the danger that a temporary recession might be precipitated by the slide-off in defense spending—or even by the *prospect* of the slide-off. In the present state of the world, even a short and mild recession in the United States must not be allowed to happen.

How to prevent a recession should be the major concern of business for the next two years. And, next only to working out a satisfactory foreign policy, averting a recession when defense spending drops should also be the principal concern of the new Administration. It is encouraging that the Department of Commerce and some business groups, such as the Committee for Economic Development, have already started to study the prob-

*Sumner Slichter, Lamont University Professor at Harvard, is a member of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee of Economic Development. He is the author of a number of books on the problems of the American economy.*



lem. Let us attempt to see the nature and size of the problem, and then consider what business and government can do to prevent a recession.

## II

**W**HY is the danger of a recession so great? A very *general* reason is the fact that the present boom has already lasted longer than booms usually last. During the past sixty-three years output has been increasing in the United States nearly four-fifths of the time and contracting about one-fifth of the time. There were nine periods of expansion interrupted by eight periods of contraction. One of these periods of expansion was three years in length; one was five years; one was six; and one was nine. The present boom has already run six years without interruption, except for a brief halt in 1949. Experience tells us, therefore, that even without a drop in defense spending a recession is about due. There are several specific reasons, however, why there is great danger of an early recession. One is the extraordinarily rapid rate at which the country has been adding to its plant and equipment for over six years; a second is the abnormally high rate at which it has been building houses; a third is the fact that corporations and individuals have been going into debt at a rate too rapid to last.

The present boom in the buying of plant and equipment is one of the longest and largest on record. From the end of 1945 to the end of June 1952, outlays on plant and equipment (including both agricultural and non-agricultural industries) were about 70 per cent as large as the total investment in plant and equipment, less depreciation, had been at the end of 1945. This comparison between 1945 and 1952 is made in terms of dollars of 1952 purchasing power in order to prevent it from being distorted by the rise in prices since 1945. Nearly three-fifths of the expenditures on plant and equipment during the past six and a half years went to replace worn-out or obsolete buildings and machines; consequently, the plant and equipment of the country have not grown 70 per cent since the end of 1945. Nevertheless, the investment represented by the present buildings and machines, when expressed in 1952 dollars, is about 30

per cent greater than the investment in buildings and machines at the end of 1945, also expressed in dollars of present purchasing power. This gain of 30 per cent in net investment may be regarded as a rough measure of the growth of the physical size of this country's industrial plant. Incidentally, the output of all private industry during the first three quarters of 1952, when unemployment was less than in 1946, was about 24 per cent above 1946.

Although the industrial plant of the country has been expanding rapidly, it is not abnormally large in relation to population and labor force. In fact, there is slightly less plant and equipment per capita today than in 1929. This means that the large purchases of plant and equipment during the past six and a half years have just about offset the small purchases during the Depression and the second world war, when plant and equipment were not being replaced quite as rapidly as they were wearing out or becoming obsolete. But one can hardly expect the country to go on increasing the physical size of its private plant and equipment by about 30 per cent every six and one-half years. Consequently, there is every reason to expect within a year or two a moderate drop in the huge outlays on plant and equipment. The decrease in these expenditures will begin before the drop in defense spending, and it may aggravate the consequences of the decline in military outlays.

**A** SECOND reason why there is danger of an early recession is the abnormally rapid rate at which the country has been building houses. In the past six years the number of dwelling units has increased over 6 million while the number of families has increased by only 4.3 million. During 1952, additions to the number of dwelling units will exceed the growth in the number of families by about 50 per cent. A high rate of building, of course, was needed to make up for the small amount of residential construction during the long Depression and the war, but six years of high construction have pretty much met the accumulated demand. Furthermore, the number of marriages is dropping and will continue to drop for several years. No drastic decrease in residential building is in prospect, partly because more and more



people prefer to live in detached dwellings that they own, partly because an increasing number of people prefer to live outside congested districts, and partly because the monthly out-of-pocket cost of owning one's own home and paying installments on a mortgage is little greater than paying rent. Nevertheless, now that the housing shortage in most cities is no longer acute, it is reasonable to expect that new dwelling starts will drop to around 900,000 to 1,000,000 a year—10 per cent to nearly 20 per cent below 1951, but 25 per cent to 40 per cent above the increase in the number of families.

A third reason why there is danger of recession is the rapid rate at which the country has been going into debt. This is a fact that is not generally appreciated. Nearly all of the increase has been in private debt. At the end of 1945, the debt of the federal government was more than \$150 billion greater than the total of corporate and personal indebtedness, but today private debts have caught up with the federal debt and exceed it by a small amount. Indeed, contrary to popular superstition, the federal government has *reduced* its indebtedness by about \$20 billion in the past six years. Private indebtedness increased by nearly \$31 billion in 1950, and by over \$36 billion in 1951, and it doubled between the end of 1945 and the middle of 1952. The national product has failed to keep pace with the rise in private debt between 1945 and 1952, as it increased (in money value) a little less than 60 per cent.

Individuals and corporations cannot be expected to go into debt indefinitely at the rate of over \$30 billion a year. Furthermore, once a contraction in business starts, willingness to go into debt will take a big drop. This will reduce the demand for goods and aggravate the contraction. Repayments on the present volume of private debts may create a problem in a recession. These repayments may be so large that it will be difficult to find investment outlets for them in years when business is contracting. To the extent that the repayments on old debts are not promptly reinvested or spent for consumer goods, these repayments will aggravate the drop in the demand for goods.

The problem created by repayments is particularly acute in the case of short-term installment debts. Repayments on these debts

are already running over \$8 billion a year. It will not be easy, in a year of contraction, to persuade people to incur \$8 billion of new debts to buy such things as automobiles and television sets, and to finance repairs and modernization of homes. Hence, the repayment of the present volume of installment indebtedness can become quite deflationary.

### III

THE fact that there are powerful influences making the economy susceptible to recession should not blind us to important elements of strength in the economy. Business concerns as a whole are in a strong financial condition and would not be compelled by a recession to dump goods for what they would bring. The government's policy of supporting the prices of farm products, in spite of all its faults, means that the incomes of farmers are protected against disastrous decline. Individuals hold more cash, bank deposits, and government bonds than ever before, and, in consequence, they would be better able than ever before to keep up their customary rate of spending even in the face of falling incomes. Inventories of most lines of business have been reduced in the last year and are not large; the need for public construction, particularly schools, roads, and hospitals, is enormous; and the capacity of industry to stimulate the demand for goods through the discoveries of industrial research is greater than ever.

In spite of these important elements of strength, however, it would be reckless to take no steps to prevent a recession in business from starting within the next two or three years. Since the influences that might produce a contraction in business are powerful, the measures adopted to avert or limit a recession should be comprehensive and should be planned on an adequate scale. Eight principal steps, in my judgment, should be taken.

(1) *Keep the plateau of defense spending as low as national security permits.* If the plateau of defense spending could be kept around \$55 billion a year instead of \$60 billion, the ultimate drop in defense spending would come later and would be smaller and shorter. Hence, the adjustment would be easier. It will not be easy to hold down de-



fense spending to \$55 billion a year. The war in Korea must be made more undesirable to the Communists than it is to us before we shall be in a good position to negotiate a settlement. Furthermore, one does not leave the command of the European army to become President of the United States for the purpose of cutting down military aid to Europe. Finally, competition in armaments between this country and Russia is not getting less, and Russia's present ambitious five-year plan calls for a total rise in the output of producers' goods of over 80 per cent between 1951 and 1955. Nevertheless, with one of the country's ablest generals in the Presidency and with a top production man as Secretary of Defense there is an extraordinary opportunity to review and improve the defense program so that much more security can be obtained for a given expenditure. Hence even if military activities in Korea are stepped up and aid to Europe and other parts of the world is increased, perhaps the plateau of defense spending can be held down to around \$55 billion a year.

(2) *Liberalize unemployment compensation and pension plans.* In order to limit the drop in incomes if and when employment drops, unemployment compensation benefits and pension benefits should be kept as high relative to customary earnings as can be done without undermining the will to work. There is room to increase these benefits, especially among the higher paid workers.

(3) *Halt as much as possible further increases in corporate and personal indebtedness for the next several years.* Heavy commitments for additional corporate borrowing have already been made, so that corporate debts are bound to grow for another year or so. And some rise in personal borrowing for real estate is probably inevitable. These increases in indebtedness, however, should be resisted by tight credit policy and by tax reforms which eliminate or greatly reduce the present preference of corporations for debt financing. Unfortunately, however, Congress refused to renew the authority of the Federal Reserve system over the terms of consumer credit. This authority should be restored. Until this restoration has been made, responsibility for checking the rise in

consumer indebtedness rests upon business itself. Certainly the next year is not the time when consumers should be encouraged to go more heavily into debt.

(4) *Reduce the annual repayments of business indebtedness by funding some short-term debts and replacing some indebtedness with stock issues.* The reduction of repayments would enable enterprises to increase their dividends and thus increase the ability of stockholders to buy consumer goods. If the obligation of enterprises to make repayments on their debts were gradually reduced during the next two years, corporations would be able to raise dividends during the year 1955 when that would do the most good.

(5) *Plan a large program of toll roads and be ready to start construction on them by the beginning of 1955.* The drop of investment in industrial plant and equipment and in housing, which seems inevitable, must be offset by other kinds of spending. One promising offset is larger outlays on schools, hospitals, water supply, and roads. A rise in these types of spending is inevitable, but it will be hard for some communities to increase them because most of these expenditures impose new burdens on local taxpayers. There is one kind of public spending, however, which does not involve increasing local taxes. This is spending on toll roads. Indeed, such roads may hold down local taxes by stimulating industrial growth. The need for limited-access roads devoted to through-traffic has been steadily becoming more urgent, but much of the money that the country has spent during the past twenty years on trying to create highways for through traffic has been wasted. The reason is that businesses and residential subdivisions have been allowed access to the through-roads so that local traffic has gradually taken over the principal use of the highways. The great demand for through-roads can be converted into an investment opportunity of considerable magnitude provided the roads are financed by tolls instead of by taxes. The new Administration should lose no time in planning a large toll-road program.

(6) *Step up industrial research.* Industrial research helps to increase the volume of spending for consumption by making it pos-



sible for business to offer new and more attractive products to consumers. It also tends to sustain investment spending by creating the need for new plants and equipment. The growth of research in the past thirty years has been spectacular, but it is now being limited by shortages of technical personnel. Hence, it is important that business do what it can to add to its technical and scientific staffs and to increase the efficiency of these staffs, and that the schools and colleges encourage more young people, especially women, to go into the physical and biological sciences. The country should have more co-operation from the armed services, which have been interfering badly with the use of engineers and technicians by taking them into the armed services, where most of them are unable to exercise their skills.

(7) *Cut taxes.* If individuals and business concerns raise their spending for goods as fast as the government cuts its defense spending, the total demand for goods will not drop and there will be no recession. The government can help individuals and business concerns to spend more by taking less from them in the form of taxes. Hence it is important that cuts in defense spending be promptly matched by cuts in taxes.

(8) *Plan to raise the proportion of personal incomes (after taxes) spent for consumer goods* from the present ratio of around 92.7 per cent to about 95 per cent. The latter figure is the approximate ratio of consumption expenditures to income after taxes in non-depression prewar years, such as 1929 when the proportion was 95.3 per cent; 1939, when it was 94.5 per cent; and 1940, when it was 95.1 per cent. If the ratio of 95 per cent were restored, the annual demand for consumer goods would increase by nearly \$5 billion a year.

It would not be desirable to raise the proportion of incomes spent for consumption while defense spending is still rising. But as soon as there is a drop in the sum total of outlays on private plant and equipment, housing, and defense, it will become important that individuals spend a larger proportion of their incomes on consumption. The responsibility for persuading them to do this falls upon business concerns. The method by

which individuals can be persuaded to buy more is to offer better goods at more attractive prices. Business is in an unusually favorable position to stimulate consumption because the per capita purchases of consumer goods by the American people have been virtually stationary for six years. This fact does not seem to be generally known. Nevertheless, in the third quarter of 1952 the physical volume of consumer goods bought per capita was less than 2 per cent higher than in 1946. In such a dynamic country as the United States six years is a long time for the buying of consumer goods per capita to remain almost stationary.

The failure of individuals to buy more consumer goods is not due to lack of purchasing power but to the fact that, as I have pointed out, they are saving at an abnormally high rate. The reason may be partly a spirit of caution induced by the unsettled state of the world, but it seems also partly to be the failure of industry to offer goods at attractive prices.

This explanation is indicated by the fact that six out of ten consumers interviewed in the Federal Reserve Board's annual survey of consumer plans for spending and saving viewed the current year as a bad time to buy goods. Incidentally, it should be remembered that a rise in the proportion of incomes spent on consumption would not produce a corresponding drop in the actual volume of personal and business savings. By increasing incomes it would tend to keep up the absolute volume of savings and, to the extent that it prevented unemployment, it would limit the extent to which people have to consume their accumulated savings.

#### IV

THIS examination of the danger of an early recession shows that the country has not one adjustment to make but three. In addition to the drop in defense spending, the country must adjust itself to a decrease in the rate of expenditures on plant and equipment, and to a decline in outlays on housing. If these three decreases in spending are offset by increases in other types of spending, they will cause no trouble. But if they are not offset and if they come more or less simultaneously, so that they aggravate one



another, they could produce a moderately severe recession.

A rise of about \$2 billion or \$3 billion a year in state and local outlays on public works, including toll roads; an increase in private spending of \$5 billion to \$10 billion a year made possible by cuts in federal taxes; and a rise of about \$5 billion a year in outlays for consumer goods, made possible by a rise in the proportion of income after taxes spent on consumption, would suffice to offset the prospective drops in expenditures on plant, equipment, housing, and defense. There is no reason why these offsetting increases in spending cannot be brought about, but it is important that prompt and adequate steps be taken to assure that the offsetting increases occur.

In the cold war with Russia there is only one policy that the United States can safely pursue—that is the policy of vigorously encouraging expansion. In the cold war this country must have guns *and* butter. The guns are necessary to discourage aggression, and the butter is necessary to keep the people more than satisfied with our institutions. Indeed, in the cold war the butter is no less important than the guns—especially since Russia relies

more upon efforts to create discontent than upon military attack.

But guns and butter in adequate quantities require a rapid increase in production. Since the end of the second world war the country has done fairly well, but only fairly well in increasing production. The combined physical output of private industry and government this year will be about 24 per cent above 1946. But population today is about 11 per cent above the monthly average for 1946. Consequently, after the needs of the defense program have been met and after about one-seventh of our output has been devoted to increasing or replacing plant, equipment, and housing, the average person has virtually no more to consume today than in 1946. This will not do. The rate at which production increases must be stepped up. Furthermore, the financing of demand must be accomplished by sounder means than in the past six years. The rate at which private debt, especially short-term debt, is rising must be greatly reduced. It would be tragic if America's efforts to win the cold war were jeopardized either by lack of an adequate growth in production or by a recession which foresight and vigorous action could have prevented.

## *Song of Three Smiles*

W. S. MERWIN

LET me call a ghost,  
Love, so it be little:  
In December we took  
No thought for the weather.

Whom now shall I thank  
For this wealth of water?  
Your heart loves harbors  
Where I am a stranger.

Where was it we lay  
Needing no other  
Twelve days and twelve nights  
In each others' eyes?

Or was it at Babel  
And the days too small  
We spoke our own tongue  
Needing no other?

If a seed grow green  
Set a stone upon it  
That it learn thereby  
Holy charity.

If you must smile  
Always on that other  
Cut me from ear to ear  
And we all smile together.



# Sea Monsters and Sharks at Eye Level

*Captain J. Y. Cousteau*

*with Frédéric Dumas*

*Since 1936 Captain Cousteau, a French naval officer, has been a student of under-sea life, diving at first with the aid only of Fernez goggles; then with rubber fins on his feet as well; since 1943 with the additional aid of an Aqualung, a device of which he was co-inventor, consisting of cylinders of compressed air which are strapped to his back, and which are connected, via an air-regulator, with two tubes which join on a mouthpiece. Equipped with Aqualungs, Captain Cousteau and Frédéric Dumas (familiarily known as Didi) and Captain Tailliez have explored the undersea world to improbable depths. This account of Captain Cousteau's observations of sea monsters and sharks was written in English by him with the aid of James Dugan; it forms two chapters of The Silent World, Captain Cousteau's book about his experiences, which is due for very early publication.—The Editors.*

FISHING is one of man's oldest occupations and fish stories entered folklore very early. Poets and nature fakers added their touches to marine superstitions that persist to our day. The popular press still cannot resist unsubstantiated stories of sea monsters.

When the helmet diver appeared a century ago, the saga gained the ultimate dramatic ingredient, a human hero to descend and give battle to the fiends. Their sanguinary engagements have been portrayed by dry writers ashore. The lonely, hard-working divers may be forgiven for their silent endorsement of the sagas. Indeed the helmet diver, imprisoned in his casque, and almost always working in filthy harbors and channels, is unable to determine whether an interference with his air pipe is caused by a giant squid or a rotted spar. Doubt leaves room for interpretation.

A naked man swimming in the sea mingles with and observes life around him and may

be watched by other swimmers, and the recording eye of the lens. His advent means the end of superstition.

If I may put aside the sea snake, the villains of undersea myth are sharks, octopi, congers, morays, sting rays, mantas, squids, and barracudas. We have met all but the giant squid, which lives beyond our depth range. Save for the shark, about which we are still puzzled, the monsters we have met seem a thoroughly harmless lot. Some are indifferent to men; others are curious about us. Most of them are frightened when we approach closely.

Our experiences, of course, have been mainly in the Mediterranean with shorter periods in the Atlantic and Red Sea. Perhaps the monsters of the Mediterranean have been tamed, and the wild ones live in your ocean. Consider the case of the slandered octopus.

The octopus owes most of its notoriety to Victor Hugo, who, in *Toilers of the Sea*, related the manner in which it ingests food, in this case a human being. "You enter in



the beast," he wrote. "The hydra incorporates itself with the man; the man is amalgamated with the hydra. You become one. The tiger can only devour you; the devilfish inhales you. He draws you to him, into him; and, bound and helpless, you feel yourself emptied into this frightful sac, which is a monster. To be eaten alive is more than terrible; but to be drunk alive is inexpressible." Such was the anticipation of the octopus we took to our first dives. After meeting a few octopi, we concluded that it was more likely that to be "drunk alive" referred to the condition of the novelist when he penned the passage, than to the situation of a human meeting an octopus.

On countless occasions we have offered our persons for this libation. At first we had a natural revulsion against touching the slimy surfaces of rocks and animals, but we found that the finger-tips conveyed no such sense. That made it easier to touch a live octopus for the first time. We saw many octopi on the floor and clinging to reefs. Didi Dumas seized the nettle one day, by pulling an octopus from a cliff. He was somewhat apprehensive, but it was a small octopus and Didi felt he was too large a drink for it. If he was timid, the octopus was downright terrorized. It writhed desperately to escape the four-armed monster, and succeeded in breaking loose. It made off by slow jet propulsion, exuding spurts of its famous ink.

Soon we were handling any size of cephalopod we found. Dumas became a sort of dancing instructor to devilfish. He would select an unwilling pupil, hold it firmly and gently, and gyrate around, inducing the creature to follow. The octopus used every trick to escape. The bashful animal usually refused to fasten its suction cups to flesh. Didi tried to wrap the tentacles around his bare arm, in the familiar blood-drinking position, but without success. The octopus would not retain the grip. Didi forced the suction cups against his arm and succeeded in obtaining a brief adhesion, quite easy to remove, leaving momentary marks on his skin.

The octopus has a remarkable trait of adaptability. Dumas determined that by patiently playing with it, until he met some response. Usually octopi were most submissive when very tired. Dumas would release an exhausted octopus and let it jet away

with its legs trailing. The octopus has two distinct means of locomotion. It can crawl efficiently on hard surfaces. (Guy Gilpatric once saw an octopus let loose in a library. It raced up and down the stacks, hurling books on the floor, possibly a belated revenge on authors.) Its method of swimming consists of inflating the head, or valva, with water and jetting the fluid to achieve moderate speed. Dumas could easily overtake the animal. The octopus discharged several ink bombs and then resorted to its last defense, a sudden plunge to immobility on the bottom, where it instantly assumed the local color and pattern. Keeping a sharp eye out for this camouflage stunt, Didi confronted the creature again. At the exhaustion of its psychological warfare effects, the octopus sprang hopelessly from the bottom, fanned its legs, and dribbled back to the floor.

At this point Dumas found it willing to dance. Taking the student by the feet, he led it through some ballet improvisations. Several octopi induced to this state of nervous collapse responded imitatively to his figures, and ended the lesson in the attitude of a playful cat. When Didi's air was gone, the spent octopus remained extended and relaxed, watching him fly into the sky. I know this sounds like a story from Marseilles. I was careful to make several movies of it as evidence.

The ink of the octopus has been liberally diluted with journalistic fantasy. Masks protect our eyes so I cannot say whether or not the ink is optically venomous. It had no effect on naked skin and appeared to have none on a fish passing through the ink. We found that the emission was not a smoke screen to hide the creature from pursuers. The pigment did not dissipate; it hung in the water as a fairly firm blob with a tail, too small to conceal the octopus. If the ink wasn't poison or concealment, what was its function? I heard an interesting explanation from a staunch friend of the octopus, Theodore Rousseau, curator of painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He submitted that the ink bomb is a mock-octopus shape to divert weak-eyed pursuers. The size and shape of the puff roughly corresponds to that of the swimming octopus which deposited it.

On the flat shallow floor northeast of Porquerolles we came upon an octopus city. We



could hardly believe our eyes. Scientific credence, confirmed by our own experiences, holds that the octopus lives in crannies of rock and reef. Yet here were strange villas, which were indisputably erected by the octopi themselves.

A typical home was one roofed with a flat stone two feet long and weighing perhaps twenty pounds. One side of the stone had been raised eight inches and propped by two lintels, a stone and a red building brick. The mud floor inside had been excavated five inches. In front of the lean-to was a wall of accumulated debris: crab and oyster shells, stones, shards of man-made pottery, sea anemones, and urchins. A tentacle extended from the dwelling and curled around the rubble, and the owl-like eyes of the octopus peered at me over the wall. When I went closer, the tentacle contracted, sweeping the debris up against the door, concealing the inhabitant. We made color photographs of an octopus house.

To me the observation was noteworthy, for it may prove that the octopus is capable of using tools, which involves complex conditioned reflexes which I have not seen previously credited to the octopus. By assembling materials to build a house and by lifting the rock and holding it while it inserted the pebble and brick pillars, the octopus may have promoted itself in the brain classification of species.

## II

A FAVORITE haunt for another breed of monster was an encampment one hundred and thirty feet down in La Sèche du Sarranier in the Côte d'Azur. The soil was distinctive—it seemed sandy until we drew near and saw it was a field of queer round pebbles of organic origin, tinted in delicate shades of rose and mauve. There were a few stone cairns, inhabited by *merous* and rock-fish, but the place was owned by rays. A host of sting rays, eagle rays, and skates rested flat on the pebbles.

As we swam to them, they raised alertly on their wingtips, ready to flee, and when we closed in, they rose in pairs and fled. We often saw them swimming in couples, but we have not been able to capture a natural pair to see if they were sexual mates. Once I came upon two medium-sized sting rays asleep on

the bottom. One awoke and started to fly. It hesitated, returned to the other, and awakened it by flapping its wings. They sailed away together.

When we glided motionless into the ray kingdom, they remained, rolling their big round eyes and closely watching us. The thicker bodies were pregnant females, which retain their young for a long time, as if to launch them as capable as possible in the struggle for life. Spearing rays has no further interest for us. The killing is simple and unworthy. In the early days we sometimes harpooned rays. One that we landed surprised us by giving birth on the sand. Tailliez picked up one of the eight-inch calves to return it to the water. The newborn infant gave him a man-sized sting.

Fishermen are sometimes hurt by boated rays and observe the rule of severing the tail when the animal is hauled in. The wounds often become infected. There is a poison gland in the tail, and the thick coat of mucus on the serrated stinger may plant infection in a wound.

Rays are no danger to a diver. Certainly the ray will never attack a man. The celebrated stinger is not an offensive weapon—it is a reactor to molestation. The stinger is located at the base of the tail, extending for only a sixth of its length. Dumas swims up behind a ray and grabs the end of the tail, an insurance against an accidental sting. The ray struggles to release its tail from his grasp, but it cannot manipulate the stinger while Dumas holds the tip. The saw-toothed weapon is placed to defend attack from behind and above. Bathers who step on a ray may receive this reflex stroke, inflicted as deeply as the frightened animal can swing. It may mean several weeks in the hospital.

IN UNDERSEA fiction, the moray eel is a formidable gangster of the deep. It guards as many sunken treasures as does the literary octopus. Fishermen fear the moray on a realistic basis. Flopping out its life in the bilge boards of a boat, the moray *in extremis* will bite anything presented to its jaws. Wise fishermen crush its head as soon as it is boated. Roman historians relate that Nero threw slaves into pools of morays to amuse his friends with the sight of human beings eaten alive. This celebrated perversity, whether



true or not, gave the moray a bad name for all time. Nero must have methodically starved captive morays until the fish had no choice of menu.

Morays will not attack men in the sea. They presented themselves to us with only the head and neck emerging from the hole. They looked quite fearsome. In addition to speed, camouflage, and weapons, fish employ psychological effects. The moray disseminates propaganda with its evil eyes and bared fangs. If it could hiss like a wildcat, it would. The moray is also found in sunken ships, staring with basilisk eyes from encrusted aeries of pipes and trunks. Alas, it is as prosaic as you and I and the cat. It wishes to be unmolested in the destined journey of life. It is a confirmed home body. It will hence inflict a bite on an intruder. Dumas was once reaching into the reef for lobsters under Machado light, when he took a moray bite on his finger. The puncture was unimportant and healed overnight. The next day the wound hemorrhaged and closed again. Dumas said, "The moray did not attack me. It warned my hand to get out and stay out." There was no infection. The bite was not venomous.

### III

WHILE we were grubbing in the harbor of ancient Carthage, we called on Dr. Heldt, director of the oceanographic station at Salambo. He and his wife had great enthusiasm for Tunisian marine fauna, and urged us to visit one of the most horrible and grand sights we would ever see, the Madrague of Sidi Daoud. A *madrague* is a gigantic tuna net originated centuries ago in the Aegean and Adriatic and brought later to Tunisia. It is a wide-meshed vertical net a mile or two in length which is stretched diagonally from the shore, terminating at sea in four roomy chambers in which big tuna are trapped during the early summer spawning season.

Tunas are migrants; some zoologists believe they cruise around the world. World travelers, or citizens of a single ocean, tuna invariably come inshore in the spawning season and swim in schools along the beaches. They always navigate with their right eyes toward the shore. Aristotle, who was no mean oceanographer, concluded that tuna were blind in the left eye, a belief still prevalent

among contemporary Mediterranean fishermen. But whatever the reason why honey-mooning tunas keep the shore to starboard, it is the characteristic that signs their doom.

When the herd encounters the *madrague*, it turns left along the net wall to skirt the obstacle, and passes straight into the trap. Arab fishermen in boats watch the foyer of the trap and close the door when the fish have entered. They admit the tuna to a second room and close it, so that the outside door may be open for new arrivals. The fish are conducted into a third chamber, beyond which hangs the death cell itself, which is termed by an ominous Sicilian word, the *corpo*. Sixty gigantic tuna and hundreds of bonitos were in the *corpo* when we arrived in the village of Sidi Daoud to film the massacre in color.

The *corpo* had been towed inshore. On the jetty stood the master of ceremonies and head executioner, the *raïs*, a majestic fellow in a red fez and American Army trousers. He hoisted a flag as the signal for the *matanza* (massacre). Hundreds of Arabs converged in steady flat-bottomed rowboats and disposed them in a hollow square around the *corpo*. The *raïs* was rowed to the center. He ordered the ritual to begin. A barbarian roar broke from the fishermen and they chanted an old Sicilian song, traditional to the *matanza*. To its cadence the boatmen hauled in the walls of the net.

Marcel Ichac filmed the spectacle from a boat above the *corpo*, while Dumas and I dived into the net to record it below. Sunk in the crystalline water we could not see both sidewalls of the *corpo*, and imagined that the fish could not, either. We had unconsciously taken on the psyche of the doomed animals. In the frosty green space we saw the herd only occasionally. The noble fish, weighing up to four hundred pounds apiece, swam around and around counter-clockwise, according to their habit. In contrast to their might, the net wall looked like a spider web that would rend before their charge, but they did not challenge it. Above the surface, the Arabs were shrinking the walls of the *corpo*, and the rising floor came into view.

Life took on a new perspective, when considered from the viewpoint of the creatures imprisoned in the *corpo*. We pondered how it would feel to be trapped with the other



animals and have to live their tragedy. Dumas and I were the only ones in the creeping, constricting prison who knew the outcome, and we were destined to escape. Perhaps we were oversentimental but we were ashamed of the knowledge. I had an impulse to take my belt knife and cut a hole for a mass break to freedom.

The death chamber was reduced to a third of its size. The atmosphere grew excited, frantic. The herd swam restlessly faster, but still in formation. Their eyes passed us with almost human expressions of fright.

My final dive came just before the boatmen tied off the *corpo* to begin the killing. Never have I beheld a sight like the death cell in the last moments. In a space comparable to a large living room tunas and bonitos drove madly in all directions. The tuna's right-eyed honeymoon instinct was at last destroyed. The fish were out of control.

It took all my will power to stay down and hold the camera into the maddened shuttle of fish. With the seeming momentum of locomotives, the tuna drove at me, head-on, obliquely and crosswise. It was out of the question for me to dodge them. Frightened out of sense of time, I heard the reel run out and surfaced amidst the thrashing bodies. There was not a mark on my body. Even while running amok the giant fish had avoided me by inches, merely massaging me with backwash when they sped past.

The nets were pegged, the *raïs* gave the ceremonial sign of execution. He lifted his fez and saluted those who were about to die. The fishermen struck at the surfaced swarm with large gaffs. The sea turned red. It took five or six men whacking gaffs into a single tuna to draw it out, flapping and bending like a gross mechanical toy. The boats rocked with convulsive bleeding mounds of tuna and bonitos. The fish ended their struggles, and the bloody fishermen leaped into the pink water of the *corpo* to wash and relax.

**B**ARRACUDAS are no danger to divers. Despite undersea fairy tales, I know of no reliable evidence of a barracuda's attacking a diver. Many good-sized barracudas passed us in the Red Sea, the Mediterranean, and the tropical Atlantic, giving no sign of aggressiveness.

A diver is too busy avoiding a certain truly

dangerous undersea animal to fret over barracudas. This real-life peril of the deep is the commonplace sea urchin, a burrowing thistle-like echinoderm with sharp, brittle spines. It is in no way aggressive, it is merely omnipresent. The urchin may not measure up to the demands of the monster-mongers, but when one bumps into an urchin there is villain enough. Its spines penetrate the flesh and break off. They are extremely difficult to remove and may become infected. We keep a sharper eye out for sea urchins than we do for barracudas.

A larger nuisance is the stinging jellyfish, whose varicolored crystal cups hang in the water like small naval mines. They are pleasingly patterned in dark blue, brown, and yellow. Many varieties of jellyfish can deal a shocking sting. The most prevalent and dangerous is the Portuguese man-of-war, whose arrival at the seashore has spoiled many a resort season. The animal floats on the surface dangling its long poisonous filaments. I made a dive off Bermuda, through a colony of men-of-war, so crowded together it was hard to find a place to enter. Safe below the surface, I looked up at a ceiling of injurious threads, fringing the sky to the limit of sight. Among the filaments swam small *Nomeus* fish, of the perch-pike family, who have an absolution from the man-of-war. It never stings them.

Two important living enemies of undersea man are fire coral and sea poison ivy, which inflict burns that may last for days. They are allergenic phenomena—a few persons are immune and others suffer no pain on the first contact, but the second exposure brings a severe rash. Anti-histamine creams heal the burns of sea ivy and fire coral in a few hours.

Such are some of the monsters we have met. If none have eaten us, it is perhaps because they have never read the instructions so generously provided in marine demonology.

#### IV

**O**N A goggle dive at Djerba Island off Tunisia in 1939 I met sharks under water for the first time. They were magnificent gun-metal creatures, eight feet long, that swam in pairs behind their servant remoras. I was uneasy with fear, but I calmed somewhat when I saw the reaction of my



diving companion, my wife, Simone. She was scared. The sharks passed on haughtily.

The Djerba sharks were entered in a shark casebook I kept religiously until we went to the Red Sea in 1951, where sharks appeared in such numbers that my census lost value. From the data, covering over a hundred shark encounters with many varieties, I can offer two conclusions: The better acquainted we become with sharks, the less we know them, and one can never tell what a shark is going to do.

Man is separated from the shark by an abyss of time. The fish still lives in the late Mesozoic, when the rocks were made: it has changed but little in perhaps three hundred million years. Across the gulf of ages, which evolved other marine creatures, the relentless, indestructible shark has come without need of evolution, the oldest killer, armed for the fray of existence in the beginning.

One sunny day in the open sea between the islands of Boavista and Maio, in the Cape Verde group, a long Atlantic swell beat on an exposed reef and sent walls of spume high into the air. Such a sight is the dread of hydrographers, who mark it off sternly to warn the mariner. But our ship, the *Élie Monnier*, was attracted to such spots. We anchored by the dangerous reef to dive from the steeply rolling deck into the wild sea. Where there is a reef, there is abundant life.

Small sharks came when we dropped anchor. The crew broke out tuna hooks and took ten of them in as many minutes. When we went overside for a camera dive, there were only two sharks left in the water. Under the racing swell we watched them strike the hooks and thrash their way through the surface. Down in the reef we found the savage population of the open ocean, including some extremely large nurse sharks, a class that is not supposed to be harmful to man. We saw three sharks sleeping in rocky caverns. The camera demanded lively sharks. Dumas and Tailliez swam into the caves and pulled their tails to wake them. The sharks came out and vanished into the blue, playing their bit parts competently.

We saw a fifteen-foot nurse shark. I summoned Didi and conveyed to him in sign language that he would be permitted to relax our neutrality toward sharks and take a crack at this one with his super-harpoon gun. It had

a six-foot spear with an explosive head and three hundred pounds of traction in its elastic bands. Dumas fired straight down at a distance of twelve feet. The four-pound harpoon struck the shark's head and, two seconds later, the harpoon tip exploded. We were severely shaken. There was some pain involved.

The shark continued to swim away, imperturbably, with the spear sticking from its head like a flagstaff. After a few strokes the harpoon shaft fell to the bottom and the shark moved on. We swam after it as fast as we could to see what would happen. The shark showed every sign of normal movement, accelerated gradually, and vanished. The only conclusion we could draw was that the harpoon went clear through the head and exploded externally, because no internal organ could survive a blast that nearly incapacitated us six harpoon lengths away. Even so, taking such a burst a few inches from the head demonstrated the extraordinary vitality of sharks.

One day we were finishing a movie sequence on trigger fish when Dumas and I were galvanized with ice-cold terror. It is a reaction unpleasant enough on land, and very lonely in the water. What we saw made us feel that naked men really do not belong under the sea. At a distance of forty feet there appeared from the gray haze the lead-white bulk of a twenty-five-foot *Carcharodon carcharias*, the only shark species that all specialists agree is a confirmed man-eater. Dumas, my bodyguard, closed in beside me. The brute was swimming lazily. In that moment I thought that at least he would have a belly-ache on our three-cylinder lungs.

Then, the shark saw us. His reaction was the last conceivable one. In pure fright, the monster voided a cloud of excrement and departed at an incredible speed.

Dumas and I looked at each other and burst into nervous laughter. The self-confidence we gained that day led us to a foolish negligence. We abandoned the bodyguard system and all measures of safety. Further meetings with sharp-nosed sharks, tiger sharks, mackerel sharks, and ground sharks, inflated our sense of shark mastery. They all ran from us. After several weeks in the Cape Verdes, we were ready to state flatly that all sharks were cowards. They were so pusillanimous they wouldn't hold still to be filmed.



ONE day I was on the bridge, watching the little spark jiggle up and down on the echo-sound tape, sketching the profile of the sea floor nine thousand feet below the open Atlantic off Africa. There was the usual faint signal of the deep scattering layer twelve hundred feet down. The deep scattering layer is an astounding new problem of oceanography, a mystifying physical mezzanine hovering above the bedrock of the sea. It is recorded at two to three hundred fathoms in the daytime and it ascends toward the surface at night.

The phenomenon rises and falls with the cycle of sun and dark, leading some scientists to believe it is a dense blanket of living organisms, so vast as to tilt the imagination. As I watched the enigmatic scrawls, the stylus began to enter three distinct spurs on the tape, three separate scattering layers, one above the other. I was lost in whirling ideas, watching the spark etch the lowest and heaviest layer, when I heard shouts from the deck, "Whales!" A herd of sluggish bottle-nosed whales surrounded the *Élie Monnier*.

In the clear water we studied the big dark forms. Their heads were round and glossy with bulbous foreheads, the "bottle" which gives them their name. When a whale broke the surface, it spouted and the rest of the body followed softly, stretching in relaxation. The whale's lips were curved in a fixed smile with tiny eyes close to the tucks of the lips, a roughish visage for such a formidable creature. Dumas skinned down to the harpoon platform under the bow while I stuck a film magazine in the underwater camera. The whales were back from a dive. One emerged twelve feet from Dumas. He threw the harpoon with all his might. The shaft struck near the pectoral fin and blood started. The animal sounded in an easy rhythm and we paid out a hundred yards of harpoon line, tied to a heavy gray buoy. The buoy was swept away in the water—the whale was well hooked. The other whales lay unperturbed around the *Élie Monnier*.

We saw Dumas's harpoon sticking out of the water; then it, the whale, and buoy disappeared. Dumas climbed the mast with binoculars. I kept the ship among the whales, thinking they would not abandon a wounded comrade. Time passed.

Libera, the keen-eyed radio man, spotted

the buoy and there was the whale, seemingly unhurt, with the harpoon protruding like a toothpick. Dumas hit the whale twice with dum-dum bullets. Red water washed on the backs of the faithful herd, as it gathered around the stricken one. We struggled for an hour to pick up the buoy and tie the harpoon line to the *Élie Monnier*.

A relatively small bottle-nosed whale, heavily wounded, was tethered to the ship. We were out of sight of land, with fifteen hundred fathoms of water under the keel, and the whale herd diving and spouting around the ship. Tailliez and I entered the water to follow the harpoon line to the agonized animal.

The water was an exceptional clear turquoise blue. We followed the line a few feet under the surface, and came upon the whale. Thin streams of blood jetted horizontally from the bullet holes. I swam toward three other bottlenoses. As I neared them, they turned up their flukes and sounded. It was the first time I had been under water to actually see them diving and I understood the old whaler's word, "sound." They did not dive obliquely as porpoises often do. They sped straight down, perfectly vertical. I followed them down a hundred feet. A fifteen-foot shark passed way below me, probably attracted by the whale's blood. Beyond sight was the deep scattering layer; down there a herd of leviathans grazed; more sharks roamed. Above in the sun's silvery light was Tailliez and a big whale dying. Reluctantly I returned to the ship.

Back on deck I changed into another lung and strapped a tablet of cupric acetate on an ankle and one on my belt. When this chemical dissolves in water it is supposed to repulse sharks. Dumas was to pass a noose over the whale's tail, while I filmed. Just after we went under he saw a big shark, but it was gone before I answered his shout. We swam under the keel of the ship and located the harpoon line.

A few lengths down the line in a depth of fifteen feet we sighted an eight-foot shark of a species we had never before seen. He was impressively neat, light gray, sleek, a real collector's item. A ten-inch fish with vertical black-and-white stripes accompanied him a few inches above his back, one of the famous pilot fish. We boldly swam toward the shark,



confident that he would run as all the others had. He did not retreat. We drew within ten feet of him, and saw all around the shark an escort of tiny striped pilots three or four inches long.

They were not following him; they seemed part of him. A thumbnail of a pilot fish wriggled just ahead of the shark's snout, miraculously staying in place as the beast advanced. He probably found there a compressibility wave that held him. If he tumbled out of it, he would be hopelessly left behind. It was some time before we realized that the shark and his courtiers were not scared of us.

Sea legends hold that the shark has poor eyesight and pilot fish guide him to the prey, in order to take crumbs from his table. Scientists today tend to pooh-poo the attribution of the pilot as a seeing-eye dog, although dissection has confirmed the low vision of sharks. Our experiences lead us to believe they probably see as well as we do.

The handsome gray was not apprehensive. I was happy to have such an opportunity to film a shark, although, as the first wonder passed, a sense of danger came to our hearts. Shark and company slowly circled us. I became the film director, making signs to Dumas, who was co-starred with the shark. Dumas obligingly swam in front of the beast and along behind it. He lingered at the tail and reached out his hand. He grasped the tip of the caudal fin, undecided about giving it a good pull. That would break the dreamy rhythm and make a good shot, but it might also bring the teeth snapping back at him. Dumas released the tail and pursued the shark round and round. I was whirling in the center of the game, busy framing Dumas. He was swimming as hard as he could to keep up with the almost motionless animal. The shark made no hostile move nor did he flee, but his hard little eyes were on us.

I tried to identify the species. The tail was quite asymmetrical, with an unusually long top, or heterocercal caudal fin. He had huge pectorals, and the large dorsal fin was rounded with a big white patch on it. In outline and marking he resembled no shark we had seen or studied.

The shark had gradually led us down to sixty feet. Dumas pointed down. From the visibility limit of the abyss, two more sharks

climbed toward us. They were fifteen-footers, slender, steel-blue animals with a more savage appearance. They leveled off below us. They carried no pilot fish.

OUR old friend, the gray shark, was getting closer to us, tightening his slowly revolving cordon. But he still seemed manageable. He turned reliably in his clockwise prow and the pilots held their stations. The blue pair from the abyss hung back, leaving the affair to the first comer. We revolved inside the ring, watching the gray, and tried to keep the blues located at the same time. We never found them in the same place twice.

Below the blue sharks there appeared great tunas with long fins. Perhaps they had been there since the beginning but it was the first time we noticed them. Above us flying fish gamboled, adding a discordant touch of gaiety to what was becoming a tragedy for us. Dumas and I ransacked our memories for advices on how to frighten off sharks. "*Gesticulate wildly,*" said a lifeguard. We flailed our arms. The gray did not falter. "*Give 'em a flood of bubbles,*" said a helmet diver. Dumas waited until the shark had reached his nearest point and released a heavy exhalation. The shark did not react. "*Shout as loud as you can,*" said Hans Hass. We hooted until our voices cracked. The shark appeared deaf. "*Cupric acetate tablets fastened to leg and belt will keep sharks away if you go into the drink,*" said an Air Force briefing officer. Our friend swam through the copper-stained water without a wink. His cold, tranquil eye appraised us. He seemed to know what he wanted, and he was in no hurry.

A small dreadful thing occurred. The tiny pilot fish on the shark's snout tumbled off his station and wriggled to Dumas. It was a long journey for the little fellow, quite long enough for us to speculate on his purpose. The mite butterflyed in front of Dumas's mask. Dumas shook his head as if to dodge a mosquito. The little pilot fluttered happily, moving with the mask, inside which Dumas focused in cross-eyed agony.

Instinctively I felt my comrade move close to me, and I saw his hand held out clutching his belt knife. Beyond the camera and the knife, the gray shark retreated some distance, turned, and glided at us head-on.

We did not believe in knifing sharks, but



the final moment had come, when knife and camera were all we had. I had my hand on the camera button and it was running, without my knowledge that I was filming the oncoming beast. The flat snout grew larger and there was only the head. I was flooded with anger. With all my strength I thrust the camera and banged his muzzle. I felt the wash of a heavy body flashing past and the shark was twelve feet away, circling us as slowly as before, unharmed and expressionless. I thought, *Why in hell doesn't he go to the whale? The nice juicy whale. What did we ever do to him?*

The blue sharks now climbed up and joined us. Dumas and I decided to take a chance on the surface. We swam up and thrust our masks out of the water. The *Élie Monnier* was three hundred yards away, under the wind. We waved wildly and saw no reply from the ship. We believed that floating on the surface with one's head out of the water is the classic method of being eaten away. Hanging there, one's legs could be plucked like bananas. I looked down. The three sharks were rising toward us in a concerted attack.

We dived and faced them. The sharks resumed the circling maneuver. As long as we were a fathom or two down, they hesitated to approach. It would have been an excellent idea for us to navigate toward the ship. However, without landmarks, or a wrist compass, we could not follow course.

Dumas and I took a position with each man's head watching the other man's flippers, in the theory that the sharks preferred to strike at feet. Dumas made quick spurts to the surface to wave his arms for a few seconds. We evolved a system of taking turns for brief appeals on the surface, while the low man pulled his knees up against his chest and watched the sharks. A blue closed in on Dumas's feet while he was above. I yelled. Dumas turned over and resolutely faced the shark. The beast broke off and went back to the circle. When we went up to look we were dizzy and disoriented from spinning around under water, and had to revolve our heads like a light house beacon to find the *Élie Monnier*. We saw no evidence that our shipmates had spied us.

We were nearing exhaustion, and cold was claiming the outer layers of our bodies. I reckoned we had been down over a half hour.

Any moment we expected the constriction of air in our mouthpieces, a sign that the air supply nears exhaustion. When it came, we would reach behind our backs and turn the emergency supply valve. There was five minutes' worth of air in the emergency ration. When that was gone, we could abandon our mouthpieces and make mask dives, holding our breath. That would quicken the pace, redouble the drain on our strength, and leave us facing tireless, indestructible creatures that never needed breath. The movements of the sharks grew agitated. They ran around us, working all their strong propulsive fins, turned down, and disappeared. We could not believe it. Dumas and I stared at each other. A shadow fell across us. We looked up and saw the hull of the *Élie Monnier's* launch. Our mates had seen our signals and had located our bubbles. The sharks ran when they saw the launch.

**W**E FLOPPED into the boat, weak and shaken. The crew were as distraught as we were. The ship had lost sight of our bubbles and drifted away. We could not believe what they told us; we had been in the water only twenty minutes. The camera was jammed by contact with the shark's nose.

On board the *Élie Monnier*, Dumas grabbed a rifle and jumped into the small boat to visit the whale. He found it faintly alive. We saw a brown body separate from the whale and speed away, a shark. Dumas rowed around to the whale's head and gave the *coup de grâce*, point-blank with a dum-dum bullet. The head sank with the mouth open, streaming bubbles from the blowhole. Sharks twisted in the red water, striking furiously at the whale. Dumas plunged his hands in the red froth and fastened a noose to the tail, which is what he had started out to do when we were diverted by our friend.

We hoisted the whale aboard and were impressed by the moon-shaped shark bites. The inch-thick leather of the whale had been scooped out cleanly, without rips, ten or fifteen pounds of blubber at a bite. The sharks had waited until we were cheated away from them before they struck the easy prey.

The whale became Surgeon Longet's biggest dissection. He swept his scalpel down the belly. Out on deck burst a slimy ava-



lanche of undigested three-pound squids, many of them intact, almost alive. In the recesses of the stomach were thousands of black squid beaks. My mind leaped back to the fathogram of the deep scattering layer. The coincidence of the whale's lunch and the lines drawn on the fathogram may have been entirely fortuitous. It was not strict proof. But I could not dispel an unscientific picture of that dark gloaming of the scattering layer twelve hundred feet down, and whales crashing into a meadow writhing with a million arms of squids.

**S**TANDING for Dakar we met a porpoise herd. Dumas harpooned one in the back. It swam like a dog on a tether, surrounded by the pack. The mammals demonstrated a decided sense of solidarity. Save that the whale was now a porpoise, Dumas and Tailliez dived into a re-enactment of the previous drama. This time the dinghy carefully followed their air bubbles.

I watched the porpoise swimming on its leash like a bait goat a lion hunter has tied to a stake. The sharks went for the porpoise. It was cruelty to an animal but we were involved with a serious study of sharks, and had to carry it out.

The sharks circled the porpoise as they had circled us. We stood on deck remarking on the cowardice of sharks, beasts as powerful as anything on earth, indifferent to pain, and splendidly equipped as killers. Yet the brutes timidly waited to attack. Attack was too good a word for them. The porpoise had no weapons and he was dying in a circle of bullies.

At nightfall Dumas sent a *coup de grâce* into the porpoise. When it was dead, a shark

passed closely by the mammal, and left entrails in the water. The other sharks passed across the porpoise, muddying the sea with blood. There was no striking and biting. The sharks spooned away the solid flesh like warm butter, without interrupting their speed.

Sharks have never attacked us with resolution, unless the overtures of our friend and the two blues may be called pressing an attack. Without being at all certain, we suppose that sharks more boldly strike objects floating on the surface. It is there that the beast finds its usual meals, sick or injured fish and garbage thrown from ships. The sharks we have met took a long time surveying submerged men. A diver is an animal they may sense to be dangerous. Aqualung bubbles may also be a deterrent.

After seeing sharks swim on unshaken with harpoons through the head, deep spear gashes on the body, and even after sharp explosions near their brains, we place no reliance in knives as defensive arms. We believe better protection is our "shark billy," a stout wooden staff four feet long, studded with nail tips at the business end. It is employed, somewhat in the manner of the lion tamer's chair, by thrusting the studs into the hide of an approaching shark. The nails keep the billy from sliding off the slippery leather, but do not penetrate far enough to irritate the animal. The diver may thus hold a shark at his proper distance. We carried shark billies on wrist thongs during hundreds of dives in the Red Sea, where sharks were commonplace. We have never had occasion to apply the billy, and it may prove to be merely another theoretical defense against the creature which has eluded man's understanding.

### *It's a Nice Place to Visit, but . . .*

**S**OCRATES was wont to say, that the city of Athens pleased, as ladies do whom men court for love; every one loved to come thither to take a turn, and pass away his time; but no one liked it so well as to espouse it, that is, to inhabit there, and to make it his constant residence.

—From Montaigne's *Essays*, Book III, Chapter V.



# *The Martyr*

A Story by Frank O'Connor

*Drawings by John Groth*



**T**HERE'S your martyr! Commandant Myles Hartnett, killed by Free State Troops in Asragh Barrack, November 18, 1922. "For the glory of God and the honor of Ireland." Every year they lay a wreath there.

It was really my fault that he was killed. I was in charge of the barrack. A young fellow called Morrissey captured him, and, as he was carrying a gun at the time, that meant one thing only. I didn't like Morrissey; he was one of those conceited young fellows who go through life with a grievance against everybody, and he had a particular grievance against me because I tried to keep some sort of discipline in the infernal place.

I was alone in the office, wondering what all the row was about, when Morrissey, Daly, and a few others pushed him in. I could see they'd knocked him about pretty badly already. He was a tall, powerful man with fair hair, blue, short-sighted eyes (they had smashed his glasses), and that air of the born athlete that I, for one, always like in a man. Even then, he looked as though he could still have made smithereens of them but for the guns.

"And who have we here?" I asked.

"This is the fellow that organized the Duncartan ambush," said Morrissey triumph-

antly. Now the Duncartan ambush was a bad slip-up on my part. Believing the information I had got, I had just walked my men right into it. In the scrap I had lost the only friend I had in the barrack, MacDunphy.

"Oh, is that so?" I asked. "You're the chap we're indebted to for our welcome there? How nice!"

"I am not," he said contemptuously.

"You are," shouted Morrissey, clenching his fists. "You were the man who used the Lewis gun that killed MacDunphy. You needn't try to get out of it."

"I'm not trying to get out of it," said Hartnett in the same scornful tone. "I'm only telling you you don't know what you're talking about."

"Shut up, you—liar!" shouted Morrissey, and drove his fist into Hartnett's mouth.

Hartnett took out his handkerchief, wiped off the blood, and looked at me. Then he smiled. I knew what the smile meant and he knew I knew.

"Have you quite finished with the prisoner, Captain Morrissey?" I asked.

"But don't you know this was the fellow that killed Harry MacDunphy?" he shouted.

"No," I said, "and as things are shaping I'm hardly likely to find out."

He muttered an obscenity, turned on his heel, and went out, banging the door.

"Were you in the Duncartan ambush?" I asked.

"Ah, not at all," said Hartnett. "I was over in Derreen the day it happened. Not that it makes any difference."

"Not the least," I said. "All right, Jimmie," I said to Daly, a young lieutenant. "Take him downstairs. And tell the sentry that Captain Morrissey isn't to go into his cell without my permission."



IT WAS the same at the court-martial. He was quiet, self-possessed, and almost contemptuous of the men who were supposed to be trying him. He denied nothing and stood on his right as an officer and prisoner of war. He had the education which they lacked (I discovered he was a spoiled priest), and succeeded in making them look like the fools they were. Not that that made the least difference either. The verdict and sentence were a foregone conclusion; so was the sanction unless he had friends in Headquarters.

Then one night about a week later I was working alone in the office when a sentry came in. He was a little Dubliner, one of my own men and one I could trust.

"Mick," he whispered conspiratorially (he always called me "Mick" when we were alone), "that Hartnett fellow would like to talk to you."

"What does he want to talk to me for at this hour?" I asked irritably.

"He said he wanted to speak to yourself," said the sentry. "Morrissey and Daly are out, boozing. I think you ought to have a word with him."

I knew that Hartnett had managed to get round my sentry and that I wouldn't get any peace till I saw him.

"Oh, all right," I said. "Don't bring him up here. I'll come down and see him later."

"Good man!" said the sentry. "I'll leave on the light in his cell."

I finished up and then went down to the cells with my own keys. It wasn't very pleasant at that hour. The cell was small; the high barred window had no glass in it; the only furniture was a mattress and a couple of blankets. Hartnett was standing up in his shirt-sleeves and socks. He had got a spare pair of spectacles. He tried to smile, but it didn't come off.

"I'm sorry for disturbing you at this hour," he said in a low voice so as not to be heard in the neighboring cells.

"Well?" I asked. "What is it?"

"Tell me, by the way," he said, cocking his head, "aren't you a friend of Phil Condon's?"

"Very much by the way," I replied. "Was it to talk about Phil Condon that you brought me here?"

"There are times you'd be glad to talk about anything," he said with a touch of bitterness. Then, after a moment, "I thought

any friend of Phil's would be a decent man. That's more than you could say for most of your officers."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I suppose I'm going to be shot?" he asked, throwing back his head and looking at me through the big glasses.

"I'm afraid so," I said without much emotion.

"When, do you know?"

"I don't know. If the sentence is confirmed by tomorrow, probably the following morning. Unless you have friends in Headquarters."

"That gang!" he said scornfully. "I haven't, only all the enemies I have." He put his hands in his trousers pockets and took a couple of short steps up the cell beside the mattress. Then he looked at me over the glasses and dropped his voice still farther. "You could stop that, couldn't you?"

I was a bit taken aback by this direct appeal. It wasn't what I had expected.

"I dare say I could," I said lightly, "but I'm not going to."

"Not on any account?" he asked, still looking at me over the glasses, his eyebrows slightly raised.

"Not on any account."

He waited. Then he took two steps toward me and stood, looking at me.

"Not even if I made it worth your while?"

Again I was taken aback. I felt the first time I saw him that we understood one another, and now I was irritated at his low opinion of me. I tried to smile.

"Are you trying to bribe me?" I asked.

"Were you ever in my position?" he asked, cocking his head again.

"No."

"Would you blame me if I was?"

"I'm not short of money, thanks," I said. "If you want anything else you can ask the sentry."

"Ah, you know what I mean all right," he said, nodding. "You know well enough 'tisn't money I'm talking of."

"What the hell is it then?" I asked angrily.

"Something that fellow, Morrissey, said upstairs, about the Duncartan ambush," he said, nodding in the direction of the door. "This MacDunphy—was he a great friend of yours?"

"He was," I said. "Can you bring him back to life?"



"Do you know who the chap was that shot him?"

"I have a fairly good idea."

"The man who had the Lewis gun that day?" he said scornfully, raising his voice so that I was certain he could be heard. "You have not."

"All right," I said. "I haven't."

"You'd like to know who he was, wouldn't you?"

"Why?" I asked mockingly. "Are you thinking of turning informer?"

I WAS sorry the moment I'd said it. It wasn't fair from a man at liberty to one with only his wits between him and the firing squad. His big face grew as red as if I'd slapped it.

"All right," he muttered, "I was asking for that. But you see the way I am! The man is no particular friend of mine, and it's his life or mine."

"That's what you're assuming," I said.

"And aren't I right?" he asked, pushing his big face into mine with a sort of hypnotic look in his eyes.

The trouble was, he was. That's the curse of civil war. No matter what high notions you start with, it always degenerates into a series of personal quarrels, family against family, individual against individual, until at last you hardly mind what side they're on.

"Very well," I said. "You are. Who was it?"

"Micky Morgan—Monkey Morgan from Dirrane."

"And what was Monkey Morgan from Dirrane doing in Duncartan?"

"Ah, he shouldn't have been there at all,

man," he said, tapping me on the elbow, and for a moment it was just one officer speaking to another. "'Tisn't his area. But fellows like that, nobody can control them."

"And where does Monkey Morgan hang out?" I asked.

"Mostly in Mick Tom Ogue's in Been-sheen; Mick is a sort of cousin of his mother's."

"This isn't another invitation like the one in Duncartan?" I asked.

"What sort of fool do you take me for?" he asked contemptuously.

"I don't know," I said. "I was just wondering. . . . All right, hang on!"

Then I went out and ordered up two lorries and twenty men. I made sure the sentry was out of the way before I went back to the cell. I had a cap and greatcoat with me.

"Put these on," I said, and Hartnett did.

"They're a good fit," he said, thrusting his hands into the pockets.

"Yes," I said. "They belonged to Mac-Dunphy."

Then we went out to the waiting lorries. Hartnett avoided the headlights; apart from that there was nothing to show that he wasn't just another officer from Dublin on a tour of inspection.

"All right, Colonel," I said in a loud voice to him. "Step in!"

He sat in front between me and the driver. It was a dark night with brilliant stars. We went up through the hills by roads we both knew well, though he knew them far better than I. Once he made me cross an open field to avoid the delay at a blown-up bridge. At last we stopped at the foot of a lane, and the men got out quietly. He pointed out to







me where to post sentries so that the house was completely covered, and then he and I led the way up the lane. When we reached the door of the farmhouse he stood on one side and let me do the knocking. We didn't knock long because the door began to give under the rifle butts, and it was hastily opened for us by an old man in his shirt.

"Ye can't do anything to me," he shouted. "I have varicose veins."

We caught Morgan in the bedroom, pulling on his socks. He made a dive for his Peter the Painter, but two of our men got him on the floor before he could use it. He was a slight man with a long, hard, fighting face. We waited while he dressed. Then he pulled himself erect and went out with his chin in the air. He didn't notice the tall man standing by the door with his chin in his chest. I wondered what Hartnett's feelings were just at that moment.

I wondered more a few days later when I glanced out of the office window and saw the prisoners exercising within the barbed wire. Hartnett and Morgan were walking side by side. I stood leaning for a long time on the window, thinking how curious it was.

IT WAS next day or perhaps the day after that that Morrissey slouched into my office in his usual uninhibited manner with a cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth. He stood with his back to the fire, his hands folded behind him.

"Did you hear anything about this escape?" he asked.

"No," I said without interest. "Has there been one?"

"There's going to be. It's all arranged with the fellows outside. One of our contacts brought in the news."

"And who's planned it?" I asked. "Hartnett?"

"I don't know. I suppose it is. Listen," he added in a squeaky voice, knocking his ashes behind him into the fire, "when is that fellow going to be bumped?"

I was exasperated almost beyond endurance by the fellow's tone. It was both ill-bred and childish. He was like a schoolboy expecting a prize. Hartnett was his prize.

"I'm not sure that he is going to be-bumped," I said. (In fact, I knew perfectly well that he wasn't, but I was taking care that Morrissey didn't know. Nobody must know



if Hartnett's life was to be saved from his own men.)

"Well, all I can say is, it's a damn shame," said Morrissey. "Any idea what's behind it?"

"Some people have friends in high places," I said oracularly.

"Looks like it," Morrissey said impudently, and I knew he meant me.

"You might remember," I said, "that there was a time when people like Hartnett were considered quite useful. . . . All right. I'll speak to him myself. Send him up, will you, please?"

Hartnett was led up a few moments later by the sentry. He looked rather more like himself, confident and at the same time watchful.

"Tell me," I asked, "what's all this about an escape?"

"An escape?" he asked wonderingly. "What escape? 'Tis news to me."

"Oh, is it?" I asked. "Are you quite sure you're not the ringleader?"

He looked at me doubtfully for a moment and then his lip began to curl.

"You're not by any chance looking for an excuse to break your bargain?" he asked almost contemptuously.

"No," I said without taking offense, "I don't have to look for excuses. Your friend, Morrissey, has just been in to know why you haven't been executed. Several others would like to know the same thing. They're not going to be told if I can manage it. So there isn't going to be any escape. Do you understand?"

He thought for a moment, sighed, and nodded.

"I understand," he said hopelessly. "You're right, of course."

He was going out when I stopped him. I couldn't let him go like that. Afterward I was glad I didn't.

"Don't think I'm criticizing you," I said. "It's just that there are certain actions we can't hedge about, that's all."

He nodded again and went out.

Two days later Morgan was executed. I was wakened by the noises outside and then I lay awake listening for the bangs. "That's for you, MacDunphy," I said, but it gave me no satisfaction. I wondered if Hartnett was awake listening to them, too. Two

men regretting a bargain. When I got up there was the usual air of gloom and hysteria in the barrack. Morrissey was on the drink from early morning. Shutters had been put up in the town, and I sent round a lorry of men to take them down again. Then I went off to Moirlough for a conference.

While I was there a telephone message came through from Daly to say that two of our men had been shot in the street. I realized the danger at once.

"All right, Jimmie," I said, trying to make my voice sound natural. "Hold everything till I come back."

I didn't even wait to clear up things after the conference but got the driver to go hell for leather through the dusk. It was the darkness I was afraid of, and darkness had fallen when we reached the barrack gate.

"Everything all right, Sergeant?" I asked at the guardroom.

"Everything all right, sir," he said. "You heard that two of our fellows were shot."

"Yes, I heard that. Nothing else?"

"Only one of the prisoners shot, trying to escape."

"I see," I said. "Hartnett, I suppose?"

"That's right, sir," he said in confusion. "Did they tell you?"

"I was expecting something of the sort," I said. "And Captain Morrissey shot him. Where is the body, Sergeant?"

He began to stammer. The damn fools had even been trying to keep the truth from me! I found the body lying in a shed in the yard, abandoned on the straw. I picked it out with my torch. The head had fallen sideways as though he were trying to sleep. He had been shot through the back.

As I was coming in, Morrissey came up to me; he was recovering from his drinking bout and a bit frightened.

"Oh, about that fellow, Hartnett," he began to stammer.

"I know," I said. "You murdered him. Good night."

Afterward he came up and started hammering on my door, demanding an explanation, but I only told him to go to hell. I felt sick of it all. That's what I mean about civil war. Sooner or later it turns into a set of personal relationships. Hartnett and I were like that; accomplices, if you care to put it that way.



# The Upper Bohemians

*Russell Lynes*

**I**N A twilight zone in our society, neither below the aristocracy nor above the middle class, lives a somewhat ornamental and by no means inconsequential group of Upper Bohemians. They are a reasonably constant element in a social structure that has some of the qualities of a feather bed. In the center of the bed lies the great body politic, and when this body rolls over slightly, as it does from time to time, our society takes on a new shape. No matter how conscientious may be our efforts to be classless, the leveling off process when it pushes down a social tuft here pushes one up over there.

For a nation that prides itself on the democratic premise that one man is as good as another, we produce a remarkable number of aristocrats and a remarkable variety of aristocracies. Unlike the upper classes of Europe which maintain some kind of permanent if uneasy tenure even when their fortunes are impaired, our upper classes constitute a highly fluid aristocracy with its feet in quicksands and its head in storm clouds. Today's aristocracy is more than likely to be tomorrow's middle class, and our middle class is constantly tossing up new and somewhat astonished aristocrats. When, for example, we lopped off the heads of the old moneyed aristocracy by taxes, we produced an expense-account aristocracy to take its place; when we more or less laughed out of countenance the old aristocracy of breeding, we nurtured a new one of industrial

tycoons. Just now we are beginning to see the rise of an entertainment and communications aristocracy which embraces not only the Goldwyns and the Skourases, the Sarnoffs and Luces, the Bentons and Bowleses, but also the cream of the talent that serves them in their movies, television, radio, publications, and advertising empires.

The Upper Bohemians regard this ebb and flow of aristocratic tides with detached amusement because they consider themselves to be genuinely unconcerned with the social ladder. I should like to venture briefly into their twilight zone and look at their habitat and their mores. I do not believe that they have been defined before, and it is my hope that this preliminary invasion of their privacy may tempt some qualified social scientist, who is endeavoring to make the quixotic structure of our society seem reasonable, to find a handy pigeonhole for some of my best friends—who least like to be pigeonholed.

**I**N BOHEMIAN society it is the convention to look upon all conventions, all codes of behavior, and all rules of taste as matters never to be taken for granted. Conventions by their very nature are regarded with suspicion, for on the surface they seem to have been devised only to obscure and make palatable man's basic inhumanity to man. It is the convention of Bohemianism to say, "To hell with all that; we live by the rules of our own morality."

Traditionally the Bohemian is a romanti-

*Russell Lynes of our staff, student and critic of several arts, likes to classify people by their brows, their snobberies, and their behavior as guests. Now he sketches for us a familiar but hitherto undescribed subspecies of humankind.*



cist with his eyes raised to the higher truths of art and nature, a walking protest against social sham and all sorts of rules of behavior. He is a man in search of the truth who finds it in the cold north light of a studio garret. There he makes love and poetry and song and worries about his soul; he does not fret about tomorrow or yesterday or about wealth or position or any of the cushions of life that we now group under the unromantic heading of Security. This is the "*Vie de Bohème*" or simon-pure kind of Bohemianism of song and story, of the old Left Bank and the old Greenwich Village, of Murger and berets and beards.

It is a far cry from the Upper Bohemianism of today, though some of the romanticism remains, some of the soul-searching, some of the mannerisms of social revolt, or at least of social eccentricity. The Upper Bohemians look down on the new aristocracies, or perhaps they look sideways at them. In either case they couldn't exist without them.

But let me explain, if I can, who they are and what place they occupy in our social panoply and what their function is. Perhaps I can best do this by introducing you to a few of them at the risk of your already knowing them as well as I do or better.

Mr. and Mrs. U. B. happen to live in New York, though you might as easily meet them in Cincinnati or Chicago or Los Angeles; you are not apt to find more than a handful of their like in smaller cities or towns. Their house is a remodeled brownstone, possibly somewhat modernized on the outside but still largely indistinguishable from the other houses in the block. If you were to peer through the living-room window, you would notice that they indulge in rather definite and slightly odd colors on the walls, have rather more than the usual number of books, some drawings and probably a painting or two—one an abstraction and one a somewhat unconventional landscape—and possibly a mobile. Their house is not in a currently fashionable part of town; it is not close to Park Avenue, for instance; but neither is it in an unfashionable district, nor a socially improper one. They live, one might say, not quite on the fringe but, rather, on the verge. The twilight of residence between the fashionable and the worthy is their natural habitat out of conviction. They do not want to be classified.

Mr. U. B. is a publisher, though he might

as easily be a lawyer, or writer, or an architect, or an editor, or, but less likely, a business man. If he is in business, the chances are that he is in advertising or some other form of communications, though there are a few Upper Bohemians in any big business, free spirits who are models of buttoned-down-collar conformity on the job but quite independent of their business associates and deportment from five o'clock on. In his professional life Mr. U. B. usually moves in and out of the arts or near them, but in any case he calls them by their pet names and is alive to their latest alarums and excursions. He is aware of what exhibitions are on 57th Street, what plays are current and imminent, and he has definite convictions about which ones he will bother to see and which he will eschew. The same might be said of his attitude toward current books, motion pictures, and ballet. He is culturally hep, but he is not a cultural hepcat. Many things interest him but few things "send" him. He is a sophisticated patron of the arts, so sophisticated that for the most part he lets other people gamble on them. His discriminating taste in paintings and books and furniture has nothing, he is convinced, to do with fashion; it has only to do with permanent quality. He is not likely to be a collector in any orderly or elaborate way; that sort of thing he leaves to the aristocrats who collect under the guidance of a dealer and who have, he believes, no taste of their own. He is merely an acquirer of miscellaneous items of artistic or literary interest. For this reason his house is customarily furnished with a chef's salad of a few modern pieces and a good many old, "amusing" ones—nineteenth-century Gothic, for example—and just plain comfortable and unclassifiable and well-made upholstered pieces that by no standards of taste are "objectionable." Mr. U. B. wouldn't be caught dead reading *House and Garden* or *House Beautiful*. He is not in the least worried about his taste or concerned with being told what is chic. He might, on the other hand, subscribe to an architectural magazine because he is interested in changes in style. He makes a sharp distinction between fashion and style. Anyone can follow fashion, he believes; only a man of taste can distinguish style.

His wife, Mrs. U. B., shares this attitude, as is evidenced most clearly by her manner of



dress. She isn't above peeking into *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* though it is usually to complain about what she finds there. She dresses in her own style, which is likely to be a slightly eccentric version of what other women are wearing and may even be a "thing" she has picked off the rack at Klein's or Ohrbach's and endowed with her own touch. Her costume jewelry is "Victorian heirloom" or extravagantly fake in order that it may make no pretense of looking like real jewelry. Ideally she would like a piece of brass cut into a mobile by Alexander Calder, big and bold and defiant, but short of that, a chunk of Mexican silver or even small jadeite rocks or something that looks like an old bedspring will suffice. But whatever it may be, it is not a cheap copy of something expensive. Expensive conventional jewels, like expensive furs, are, she believes, a mere matter of publishing one's bank balance on one's person. That is for the socially pretentious or the socially insecure, not for her. Furthermore she discards garments that merely have what she derisively calls a "well bred" or a "ladies' club" look. She owns a hat ("In case I need it for a funeral or something . . ."), but never wears it if she can help it, which she usually can.

Her husband's dress is not eccentric, but it is casual. The tweed jacket and slacks as a costume for office wear were almost surely introduced not by sportsmen, who are strong adherents to the conventional costume for the proper occasion, but by Upper Bohemians who put comfort and casualness before routine propriety. The Upper Bohemian would not, however, wear the loud be-palmed and be-flowered sport shirt with its abbreviated tails hanging outside his slacks; his country play clothes are more likely than not to be the true countryman's work clothes. Not long ago I saw on a railroad platform in rural Connecticut what I consider the quintessence of Upper Bohemian male attire—army shoes, a red-and-black checked woolen shirt, and dungarees. From the wearer's watch pocket hung a Victorian gold chain dangling a Phi Beta Kappa key.

From their outward appearance you will see that Mr. and Mrs. U. B. are more confident and more free-and-easy about their taste than are the members of the various aristocracies who depend on decorators to give consistency and style to their homes (or rely on

accepted conventions) and couturiers to embellish their persons. But how do they live? What goes on in these somewhat eccentric houses and in these unconventional clothes?

## II

LET us look first at some of the more superficial aspects of Upper Bohemian life before we attempt to see what lies beneath the casual surface. The surface, first of all, is casual; life in the Upper Bohemian household is studiously informal. It might almost be said that an Upper Bohemian will always sit on the floor in preference to a chair in any room where a group is gathered, no matter how many chairs there may be. He also prefers his dinner on a card table in the living-room to sitting at a dining-room table conventionally accoutered. His attitude toward servants (though he would be unlikely to refer to anyone as a servant, lest the word sound patronizing) is cozy rather than pretentious. He doesn't care a fig about maids in black dresses and white aprons; that is merely sham for sham's sake. He would always rather have a rough and ready type who is "an instinctive cook" than a trained maid who understands the art of waiting on table. He wants his meals when he wants them, and he has a special intolerance of anyone whose life is dictated by what he calls "a tyranny of servants." In his mind the only justification for service is to make life more relaxed, not more formal, though if he happens to be well off (which he not infrequently is) his parties may be well staffed and rather quietly elegant.

This relaxed attitude toward convention is typical of the Upper Bohemian and basic to an understanding of his behavior. But there is in his mind always a good reason for unconventionality, for he is not sloppy in his manners. He merely thinks of manners of all sorts as an expression of good will, not of good training. He treats his friends in a somewhat offhand and casual way which he expects them to accept as a sign of affection. He assumes that they are perceptive of his moods and do not need to be treated like strangers or children; they should know that if he disliked them he would be elaborately polite to them. Only rarely, only when provoked, and only to a member of one of the aristocracies, would he be elaborately rude.



If he is a true Upper Bohemian and a serious one, he scarcely dares to let down the bars that separate him from the conservatism of the new aristocracies or from what he would call the "middle-class moralities." His horror of the philistinism of Main Street is exceeded only by his amusement at the cultural pretensions of Park Avenue and Beverly Hills and Westchester. He looks upon all culture but his own, all other standards of behavior, and all other measures of success with tolerant suspicion.

OTHER people are likely to underestimate the importance of the Upper Bohemians, the Upper Bohemians are likely to overestimate themselves. Their number is not legion, and yet there are more of them than one might suspect from a superficial look at one's own community or one's friends. I have suggested that they are most likely to be found in fairly sizable and large cities, but you will find them also wherever there is an academic community, such as, for example, Princeton, New Jersey, which is within difficult but possible commuting distance of a metropolis. Some of the Upper Bohemians in such a community are directly connected with the university, but many others have moved there because they like the pleasant breeze of intellectualism that blows off such an academic reservoir. They enjoy the opportunity to number among their friends those whose profession requires them to think in large and abstract terms about the arts or about the state of the world, and they like to mingle with others who put, often perforce, the satisfactions of the mind and spirit ahead of those of social status. While there is social status within a university (indeed, there may be no other society save the Army so rigidly classified), the scholar is to the world outside the university a classless man, and so the Upper Bohemians find him congenial.

You are unlikely to find the Upper Bohemian in the suburbs which closely surround big cities; if he is a suburbanite (a name he would abhor) he lives in the more inaccessible and peripheral suburbs, so that he and his wife can enjoy the freedom of the country without fear of being observed over the back fence by neighbors. They want to sunbathe stark naked if they feel like it. You will not, however, find them in a remote suburb in

which there are no others of their own kind. Upper Bohemians are no less gregarious than most people, though they are strong in their protestations of independence and confident of their ability to keep themselves entertained.

They are not joiners and are likely to shun country clubs, ladies' clubs, civic organizations, and all other forms of what they consider artificially contrived social media. It doesn't occur to them that the fact that they run in droves, that any party they may go to is likely to consist of the same dozen or so couples making the same kinds of conversation (art, politics, music, books) over the same kinds of drinks (martinis, bourbon, wine and soda) is very like the country-club pattern without the country club.

Wherever an Upper Bohemian may travel in this country or abroad he will, if he sticks to the sizable cities, always land with his own kind. There is a sort of unacknowledged and unofficial grapevine by which he travels, and if he goes from New York to Denver or San Francisco, for instance, he finds himself with letters of introduction to a business-man-poet or a physician who paints, and he will soon be taken to the bosom of the local Upper Bohemia. Furthermore he will discover that nearly everyone he meets knows a friend of his or a friend of a friend. This same grapevine will lead him to his own kind in London, Paris, and Rome; he can go anywhere without ever leaving Upper Bohemia more than a day's journey ahead or behind.

The Upper Bohemian might be willing to concede that he is something of an intellectual snob. He does, after all, set more store by intellectual pursuits than does any other class except the professional academics and the artists. If he lives geographically in a sort of social no man's land, he also lives in a sort of intellectual neutral zone. He thinks of himself as a bridge between the bright light of intellectualism and the artificially illuminated world of affairs. His conversation bears this out. Unlike most peoples' conversation which proceeds from the general to the specific, from "How's business?" to the price of gaskets, his is apt to go from the specific to the general. A casual remark about a tomato is likely to end in a heated discussion of the comparative values of organic gardening, or a reference to a Buick to a speculative argument



about the state of American industrial design. The Upper Bohemian likes to see things in the large and to savor their implications.

The same might be said of his attitude toward his children. Children are problems before they are people, and as a parent he is full of theories about the rounded development of the complete personality. For this reason he inclines toward progressive schools and away from traditional institutions.

He encourages his children to call him and his wife and their friends by their first names, and to engage in adult conversations which as often as not mystify and benumb them. This is part and parcel of his theory that every child is a little adult whose mind should be stretched and whose interests should parallel his parents'. This forced growth and over-insistence on intellectual interests in some cases breeds hardened little Philistines and in other cases monstrous little prodigies; it also breeds its fair share of average children.

The Upper Bohemian attitude toward sex may be summarized as open-minded. He is not a defender of promiscuity, but he maintains such a tolerant attitude toward other people's behavior that he often finds it exceedingly difficult to make clear-cut decisions for himself. When an Upper Bohemian talks about his doctor, it is a safe guess that he is as likely to be talking about his psychiatrist as about his physician, but his readiness to seek psychiatric advice is probably sound. Because the Upper Bohemians recognize the uses of psychiatry, I doubt very much if the incidence of mental breakdown among them is as high as it is among the aristocracies or the middle classes, who think of psychiatrists as witch doctors.

There may, however, be a quite different reason for this stability. The Upper Bohemian is essentially secure in his social position. He is more likely to be interested in keeping even with "the people" than up with the Joneses.

### III

**T**O UNDERSTAND this we must retrace our steps for a moment and consider the origins of the Upper Bohemian. What is it that endows him with this sense of security that makes it possible for him to stand apart and look at other strata of society,

to consider their mores, and to fashion a style of living and a code of belief out of his distrust for theirs? Let's see where he came from and how he has got where he is.

The Upper Bohemians do not lend themselves to statistical analysis (at least they do not lend themselves to *me* for this purpose), but they come mainly from two socially secure segments of society. It would be my guess that the largest number are the sons and daughters of the professional classes, the offspring of the law and medicine, of academics and clergymen. They have been brought up in an atmosphere in which the achievements of the mind have been put ahead of the achievements of the bank balance—if not actually, then at least conversationally and by precept. It is well, in this connection, to remember that there is always in the back of the mind of the professional man the comforting thought that if he is not a financial success he can without losing face be an "interesting intellectual"; no one holds it against an intellectual that he hasn't made money; on the contrary, it is unfashionable for him to do so. When, however, a professional man makes a great deal of money, as writers and architects occasionally do and lawyers do far more often, he is likely to regard this bonanza as something over and beyond his real satisfactions in life and not essential to them. In this respect he is obviously quite distinct from the business man who, when he has accumulated his wealth, then looks around at the cultural ornaments of life and decides in which ones he would like to indulge.

So it is out of professional families that I believe the largest number of today's Upper Bohemians have come. They have been brought up to mistrust the kind of life in which money and the ostentation that it can buy are all-important. During the past ten or fifteen years the status of the intellectual in America has risen considerably in the social scale, as I have pointed out in another essay,\* so that today's progeny of yesterday's intellectuals have a newly built-in social position. In order to maintain this status and not let it become confused with other and to them

\* "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow," *Harper's Magazine*, February 1949. If you are familiar with these categories, you will have recognized that Upper Bohemia is peopled entirely by Highbrows and Upper Middlebrows.



less distinguished social groups they have formed their own. . . . though they would be the last ones to recognize how neatly stratified they have become.

Also into the Upper Bohemian group have migrated the intellectually inclined sons and daughters of the rich who are embarrassed about Father's lack of what they would call "any real culture." They come from a socially secure group well versed in the gentle amenities of decorous behavior and well able to give their children all of what are known as "the advantages." These scions of wealth and manners are refugees to Upper Bohemia from the upper classes, seeking sanctuary from aristocratic stuffiness.

The third main reservoir of recruits for Upper Bohemia is more difficult to define because it has no single character and no clear edges. It might be called the Pool of the Arts, for it is fed by streams from all the social classes. Into it flows a steady trickle of moderately to considerably successful, intellectually respectable, and socially perceptive writers, artists, academics, and architects, along with a few actors. Many of them are "bright young things," extremely clever, extremely ambitious, and already at a tender age self-made. Acceptability in Upper Bohemian circles is to them the achievement of a social ambition. To them Upper Bohemia is a desirable sort of aristocracy to which to belong, and of all the Upper Bohemians they are the most conscientiously and cautiously Bohemian.

#### IV

IT CANNOT be denied that the Upper Bohemian serves a useful purpose in our cultural and civic life. Since he believes that his interests are not identified with those of any special social or economic class he serves as a minor social, political, and cultural balance wheel. He is a believer in social progress but, as he is not a faddist, he is suspicious and scornful of dogma; sometimes his beliefs and his suspicions cancel each other out and leave him inert. This is not to say, however, that he is a middle-of-the-roader; he is far more likely to be on one side of the road on some questions and on the other side on others. In general, however, you will find that the Upper Bohemian inclines to take the

side of the labor aristocracy against the business aristocracy, inclines to the Freudian interpretation of behavior, and the Keynesian interpretation of economics, and a free-thought interpretation of religion. He goes overboard about none of these. His deepest belief is in personal and intellectual freedom. He is not a theorist, though he enjoys theory, any more than he is a realist (as the business man uses that word) though he is a respecter of the realities.

Where the arts are concerned he keeps what he dearly hopes is an open mind. He believes in freedom of expression and he resents the recent political incursions into arguments about the arts. He will argue violently on one side or the other of such a question as whether the main current in painting today is abstractionist, but the question is of far less moment to him than whether or not there seems to be vitality in the arts in general. He deplores the commercialism of television, and settles this problem for himself either by not having a set or by using one with fastidious discrimination. He considers the movies an art form and his attitude toward them, as toward other arts, stresses the honest, as he calls it, against the pretentious.

Not all of his behavior in relation either to the arts or to the world around him is aloof. He likes to mix with the other classes, to partake in causes in which he believes, even to do menial jobs in a political campaign (part of his pride is in making it quite clear that he doesn't think he is better than other people . . . just different), so long as he can escape into his own comfortable Bohemianism when he is through with his job. He does not really want to be one of the boys any more than Lady Bountiful wants to be one of the girls, but while he is with them he wants to be identified as one with the people though not quite one of them.

ONE of the characteristics of Bohemianism has always been its questionable respectability in the eyes of the community. It is looked on by all classes of society as something not quite real—by the poor as an affectation of poverty by people who could be better off if they wanted to be, by the middle classes as darn fools and dreamers who are free and easy in their morals and have no fear of God or the Treasury Department, and



by the Upper Classes as quaint. But the real strength of the Bohemians and their vital function, both of which are out of all proportion to their numbers, has been rooted in their eagerness to flaunt convention for the purpose, sometimes sincere and sometimes affected, of fostering new ideas and bringing about the destruction of sham and flummery.

In this the Upper Bohemian believes, and if he is caught in a kind of sham and flummery that is all his own, he is not aware of it. If he were aware of it, it is unlikely that it would bother him, because, remember, he is not only a social introvert but an observer and in some ways a self-appointed policeman of the social scene. He is not above casting a critical eye upon himself, though when he does he is inclined to be pleased with what he sees. Whether his tribe is on the increase or the decrease at this moment is difficult to tell, though recent events tend to indicate that middle-class morality rather than intellectual independence and agility are gen-

erally on the rise. The pressures for conformity, by the same token, are strong, and the tide is running against the free-wheeling individual who declines to accept this as the greatest of all possible societies. Dr. Pangloss rides again.

On the other hand, there has never been a Bohemianism so essentially respectable as this one. To its fold may flock more and more men and women who wish to identify themselves with the side of revolt against what they consider to be the false standards of the new aristocracies and the dreary conventionality of the middle classes. There is always a reservoir of eager spirits who wish to enjoy the titivation of flaunting convention, and who at the same time never want to stray far from the warmth of a secure social hearth. There are always those who believe that they can take convention or leave it. Those who leave it with a flourish are true Bohemians. It is those who manage both to take it *and* leave it who are the true Upper Bohemians.

## *To My Geese*

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

I WONDER why you always wait  
For me to come and let you through the gate  
Before you waddle on your way  
To do today what you did yesterday—  
To crop the field that has no field beyond,  
To flout around the same round pond,  
Then sit and cackle in the sun,  
Drying the pillows that you floated on?

You were outfitted for the far-off things—  
Feathered for winters at the pole, for springs  
Whose freshets overflow  
Fields I shall never know—  
Why do you stay in this dull place with me?  
Go rise on your incomparable wings  
From meadows I shall never see  
To wider skies;  
Go launch your squadrons on the foam  
Of rivers far from home—  
Be emblems of some high emprise,  
Screaming in triumph, saving Rome!



# *The Easy Chair*

## Billion Dollar Jackpot

*Bernard DeVoto*

THREE weeks after the election the *Denver Post* ran an editorial pointing out the necessity of maintaining "the public's right to protect its own land." It did not know, the *Post* said, whether the incoming Administration would retain or replace a U. S. district attorney who had filed suit against two Colorado ranchers for grazing sheep on the public lands without a permit, but in either event the suit must be fought through. For its outcome might well determine whether the benefits received from nearly half a billion acres of publicly owned land "shall go to the people who own the land or to those who, under any other name, may still be classified as trespassers."

In short, could the public continue to control the use and prevent the abuse of its property? "We favor," said the *Post*, which, I point out, is a soundly Republican newspaper, "we favor the maximum beneficial use by the people of the lands and forests they own, particularly in the Western states, but we do not favor a few of the people being able to commit abuses or to establish a profitable monopoly in such lands under false pretenses or by absolute illegality." The land involved in this particular suit was grazing range administered by the Bureau of Land Management, but the principle supported by the *Post* applies to all categories of public land. The public-lands policy which the editorial expresses is both typically Western and national as well.

A policy the exact opposite of this is the one expressed in some resolutions adopted by the Wyoming Farm Bureau Federation at about the same time. We are going to hear a lot of talk about the public lands from this and related points of view during the next few months, while alert special interests try to impose on a Republican Congress that

will take a little time to learn its responsibilities. So the Federation's language is worth scrutinizing.

One of the whereases speaks of the public lands which are located in Wyoming as being "claimed by the federal government." Note: *claimed*. The notion that the United States never owned any land and has held the public lands unconstitutionally or illegally shows up in Wyoming now and then. Supporters of the idea cannot have reflected that their title to any land they may hold is no better than the "claim" of the United States. Title originates in a patent from the United States, whether direct to an original homesteader or purchaser, or at one remove through such a grantee as the state itself or a railroad company. If the United States did not own the land it granted, the present holders of it do not own it, and presumably they are liable to ejection, dispossession, alienation, and action for damage.

A related and more popular absurdity speaks of "returning" the public lands to the states in which they are situated. With the exception of a few minute areas which the government has acquired by exchange or purchase, it would be impossible to "return" any public land to the states, for it was never theirs. So long as it has been American it has belonged to the federal government, that is to the people of the United States.

Another of the Federation's whereases says that since the public lands are not on the Wyoming tax roll, land taxed by the state is under a double burden. This is a very ancient bouquet of horse feathers. Much of the public land in the West is desert that could never in any circumstances be taxed. As state officials well know, from practically all the rest of it, except the national parks, the Western states receive from the federal government payments in lieu of taxes at least as



large as taxes would produce—greater, in fact, considering the additional benefits tied in with these payments.

The whereases lead to a thunderous conclusion. The Federation resolved "that all public lands and all minerals on or under said lands [oil rates as a mineral] claimed by the federal government should become the property of the State of Wyoming." It endorses "any steps necessary to attain this goal" and declares that legislation which will attain it should "be tied onto the Tide Lands Bills."

**T**HIS is one version of a proposal that is going to be made in various forms and to various degrees, as desirous groups experiment to see how far they can get the new Congress to go. (The groups are numerically small but powerful, and after all there was that public-lands plank in the Republican platform; you will remember that I predicted just this in the October *Harper's*.) It is aimed at the most valuable publicly owned natural resources: oil and coal and natural gas reserves now worked under lease, other reserves such as phosphates and oil shale, power and irrigation sites, the mineral and water resources of the national parks, and the timber and grazing ranges of the national forests. It has some implications that should alarm all the West but the predatory groups.

Thus Montana would find itself the proprietor of the Custer Battlefield National Monument, including the national cemetery. The upkeep is considerable and the Montana taxpayer probably would not assume an expense that is now borne by the American at large. Unless some way of making it an amusement park for tourists could be found, it would have to be abandoned. (Leased for grazing, as the Wyoming cowboys have proposed, it might bring the state from \$30 to \$60 a year.) Wyoming could not possibly assume the expense of maintaining and operating Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks. The power potential of Jenny, Jackson, and Yellowstone Lakes is negligible but they could be sold to irrigation companies. (This one was actually tried in the nineteen-twenties.) The gold that is supposed to be "locked up" in Yellowstone Park could be sold, though only at a trivial price, for trying to find it would be a highly speculative enterprise. The timber in the parks could be sold and such scenery as

might survive the construction of mining, dredging, and irrigation works could be sold to resort corporations.

Perhaps, once the foreground has been made hideous by irrigation developments, Wyoming would be willing to divert to the maintenance of Teton Park some of the money to be obtained by selling the national forests. But since they can be sold only once, the state must set up a trust fund and run the parks on the income from it. It won't be large: the idea is to dispose of the forests at fire-sale prices.

When the Western states get the forests they will be acquiring a big future expenditure. Once the grazing ranges have been worn out, as those now owned by the states mostly are, and once the timber has been clear-cut, silt from the resulting erosion will soon fill power dams, irrigation systems, and municipal reservoirs. The upstream states will find themselves defendants in damage suits brought by irrigators, cities, and factories and the corporations which by then will have bought the dams. Sometimes these suits will run to many millions of dollars, as when Los Angeles or the Pacific Gas & Electric Company sues Wyoming for loss of water and power caused by the destruction of Bridger National Forest. Since the forest will have ceased to be national, the damage can be assessed only against Wyoming taxpayers. If the Federation expects Vermont to pay damages, it had better inquire into the nature of Yankees.

The states are also going to lose a lot of income which they now get from the national Treasury and only their own taxpayers can make good the deficit. They will have to build most of their own roads, for instance. Because they have got public lands within their borders, the federal government contributes much more for road construction than it does to states that haven't got them, and that benefaction will end. They will also have to raise their own tax funds for fire protection and fire control in the once-national forests and for the 50 per cent cut that the Treasury now pays for the same work in private and state forests. California might be able to do this, if its taxpayers should consent, but none of the other states could. Insect control, wild-game management, construction of recreation facilities and fire- and access-roads, and maintenance of roads and trails



within the forests—these too will be a charge on the local taxpayer. So will reforestation and the reseeding of forest grazing ranges and those now under the Bureau of Land Management. Most research in forestry and related sciences, land management, power transmission, gas, petroleum, mining, and the like will have to be paid for by the states as soon as they and corporations get the public lands. The big-income states—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Texas—pay for most of it now, and all the states pay their proportionate share, simply because these *are* public lands, the property of all the people. But there is no reason why Pennsylvania should pay a dime to maintain an Oregon (or Weyerhaeuser) forest, a Nevada (or P. G. & E.) dam, or a Wyoming grazing range. And why should Pennsylvania pay for any of the other direct or indirect subsidies the West now receives because of the public lands? Pennsylvania congressmen have to get re-elected and will not appropriate federal funds for private profit or state graft in the West.

Another gimmick is being hopefully set up because of some incautious Republican speeches during the campaign. It will cost, say, a hundred million dollars and upward to build a power project on any of the remaining sites. A percentage of this cost, under the present system, is charged against reclamation (and ultimately against the taxpayer by way of relief bills), and a larger percentage is written off as “non-reimbursable” because of flood protection, recreation, and native American piety. A hundred million dollars is a large sum for even the biggest power company to raise by bonds. So the hope is that Pennsylvania can be persuaded to build the project, write off the percentages aforesaid, and either give it to Oregon (which pays 1 per cent of the federal income tax) or sell it at some agreeable valuation to a public utility. Well, the Western bloc was able to put over a series of silver-purchase acts but they were small potatoes. A stop-the-music program with a billion Pennsylvania and New York dollars in the kitty would be different.

**I**N CONNECTION with these grabs and giveaways we are going to hear a lot about something else worth noting here, the wail that the Western states never got a fair cut of the national domain and ought to be

given the public lands as an apologetic tip. This is simply a request that they be given free what everybody else had to pay for. Connecticut and Virginia did indeed receive (from the area that is now Ohio) some land and some warrants to buy land, to satisfy bounties promised their Revolutionary veterans. (They got them in return for turning over to the national government their ancient grants of far larger areas.) All states carved out of the national domain received Section 16 of every unsold township for the support of public education. After the passage of the Morrill Act in 1862 additional small areas were given to the states for the support of agricultural and mechanical colleges, and those that had no national domain within their borders were allotted their proportionate share from the sale of the national domain. Payments to land-grant colleges ceased to be made from land sales in 1907 and they are now made direct from the Treasury. Last year they totaled \$48,000,000. The West got its cut.

The total area of all these grants was infinitesimal compared to the portions of the public domain that were granted to the eleven Western states. They were given land for common schools, normal schools and colleges, internal improvements, various state institutions, state parks, and other purposes. Nevada, which received the smallest area, got just under three million acres—more than the total combined areas of Rhode Island and Delaware, neither of which ever got an acre of public domain, plus a third of Connecticut. New Mexico got most, just over ten million acres, almost twice the area of Massachusetts, more than twice that of New Jersey, neither of which, again, received any of the public domain. Eight Eastern states, in fact, are smaller than the area of public land granted New Mexico or that granted Arizona. California, Utah, and Oregon each got an area larger than Maryland; Montana an area larger than New Hampshire; Colorado, Idaho, and Wyoming each an area larger than Connecticut. Most of this land is still in the possession of the states. If, when the states ask for Boulder Dam and Yellowstone Park, Congress will inquire into the condition, uses, finances, and management of these state lands, as the *Denver Post* did last spring, it will find some shocking conditions. Montana and Idaho have managed theirs with considerable wisdom,



Washington and Oregon pretty well, and the others with various degrees of venality, including the highest possible degree. But I will discuss state lands at another time.

THE public lands are public property which Congress long ago decided to preserve and develop in the common interest. The new Congress would be wise to recall the reasons that made conservation a national policy. The reservation of the public lands was the outcome of the realization that much of our heritage of natural resources had been wasted, that much of what remained was impaired, and that all of it was in grave danger of being exhausted. The objectives were the controlled use of non-renewable resources, the preservation and scientific development and increase of renewable ones, and the protection of watersheds, especially in the arid West. The great achievements of our conservation policy have been in the twentieth century but its roots go back almost to the Civil War. One remembers the pioneers, the prophetic genius John Wesley Powell, such scientists as Charles Sargent and Nathaniel Shaler and Othniel Marsh, such statesmen as Carl Schurz, many other scientists, public officials, industrialists, business men, and the National Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Association for the Advancement of Science.

The new Congress will note that those I have named were all Republicans; down to 1932 practically all the achievements of conservation were the work of Republicans. The word "conservation" itself was given its present meaning by W. J. McGee, a Republican. The first reservations of public land were made by President Benjamin Harrison and the biggest ones by Theodore Roosevelt, who also established the Forest Service and procured the passage of the Reclamation Act. The Carey Act, the Withdrawal Act, the Weeks Act were Republican measures. The Inland Waterways Commission was a Republican creation and so were most of the national parks, the mineral and oil and coal and water-power reserves, the licensing system under which they are used, and the reservation of Muscle Shoals. If Franklin Roosevelt is one of the three greatest names in conservation, the other two, Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, are Republican. Finally, it was a Republican who phrased the policy

under which the public lands have been administered: "the greatest good of the greatest number over the longest time."

From this well established point of view, safeguarding the future has always been more important than enriching small pressure groups at public expense, the nation more important than 2 per cent of the West, and the public interest in publicly owned resources more important than the private interests that coveted them. This view has always been under attack and will now be under very hopeful attack by groups, hitherto frustrated, who hope they can induce Congress to undo the great work that has been done. They are the same interests they have always been, and they constitute the same threat to the future of the West and of the United States. They are using the same pressures, arguments, lies, and fraud that they have been using for more than fifty years. In the twentieth century they have won only one victory, the annihilation of the Grazing Service expertly perpetrated by Senator McCarran.

Senator McCarran's technique is in their minds as they prepare now for what they hope will be the kill. As I have been pointing out here at intervals ever since the January 1947 issue of *Harper's*, their first objective will be the Forest Service; if they cannot wreck it as completely as the Grazing Service was wrecked, depriving it of its regulatory power would do almost as well. Beyond the Forest Service are oil and oil shale, phosphates, water power, and the hope that Massachusetts can be induced to build dams for Utah. They will be stopped again unless they carry it with the first rush, for Western and national public opinion will, as always, solidify against them. But there is that first rush. When it begins, Congress should remember three things: that the public lands belong to the citizens of forty-eight states and not to 2 per cent of eleven, that impairment of the public lands would arrest progress in the West and ultimately make the region a charge on the rest of the country, and that the public lands are the only responsibility of the government besides atomic energy about which Congress could make an irretrievable mistake, one that could not be corrected later on. For if the public lands are once relinquished, or even if any fundamental change is made in the present system, they will be gone for good.



# *Europe's Quiet Corner*

## *The Scandinavian Countries Today*

*George Soloveytchik*

*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*

EVERY year or two my work takes me to the Scandinavian countries—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland—and I always enjoy these visits. The endless variety of the splendid scenery, the friendly nature of the people, the excellent standard of accommodations even in the most modest of places, are all inviting. All these countries can claim the further advantage—a rare one—of being both picturesque and clean; and prices, despite a recent general rise, are still surprisingly moderate. Finally, the Northern countries have for many years presented an especially fascinating field of study for anybody who wants to see on the spot how these curious people manage to combine progressive democracy with monarchy (except in Finland) and with old-world tradition (in all of them); how they run their highly efficient co-operative movements on purely capitalistic lines; and how their Labor or semi-Labor governments practice their peculiar form of socialism with-

out nationalizing anything and without upsetting in any very noticeable way the existing social order.

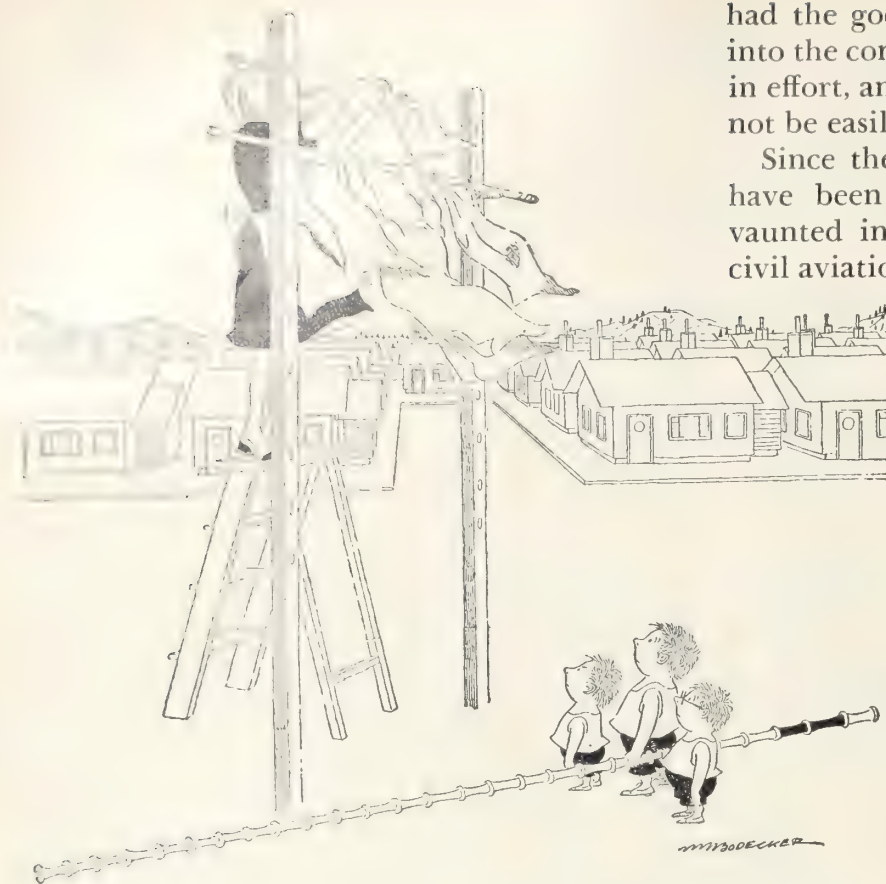
Whenever I arrive in this "quiet corner" of Europe, my first reaction is always one of surprise that things look so unchanging. Life seems to follow an ancient pattern so thoroughly ingrained in the history and national character of the people that not even war or a world crisis can destroy it. The same people seem to crowd the restaurants and cafés at the same hours of the day, consuming the same national dishes and beverages. The same business men preside over their offices, the same civil servants are still in their departments, the same editors are still in their editorial chairs. And if there are any newcomers they seem to have developed such an amazing similarity to their predecessors as to have become quite indistinguishable from them.

Nothing, however, could be more misleading than this superficial impression of almost



*The Danes produce a standard pig with the precision of Ford manufacturing a car.*





*Olympic Village turned into a housing project afterward.*

stagnant stability and determined continuity. For despite the fact that the technique of living still tries to follow old patterns, the Denmark of today (or Sweden or Norway or Finland) is a very different place from what it used to be only a few years ago. Furthermore the resemblance between these countries, so striking to the casual observer, is likewise misleading; for the old differences between them have become a great deal more accentuated and are constantly growing deeper.

THE idea of teamwork between the Scandinavian countries is theoretically attractive, but the truth is that it never worked in practice, even before the war, if really important issues were concerned. There were conflicting political and economic interests that could not be ruled out of existence by any amount of oratorical jugglery. The second world war showed how the position of each Northern country could be altered virtually overnight. Norway was invaded by the Nazis and became a fighting ally of our side; Denmark was likewise invaded and was an ally in all but name; on the other hand, Finland fought on Germany's side; Sweden alone

had the good fortune to escape being drawn into the conflict. This disparity in experience, in effort, and in the feelings it has created cannot be easily brushed aside.

Since the end of hostilities many attempts have been made to re-establish the much vaunted inter-Scandinavian co-operation. In civil aviation, for instance, it has been possible

for the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish airlines to merge into one jointly owned company called the Scandinavian Airlines System. But even this was not easy to achieve and required a good many difficult personal and national adjustments. It is an admirable organization now and, incidentally, it can boast, not only of the first passenger flight across the North Magnetic Pole, but also of the prettiest hostesses in the world, since it has the chosen beauties of three countries to pick from. The Co-operative Societies of all the five Northern Coun-

tries (including Iceland) have established a joint purchasing organization abroad, and the National Tourist Offices likewise work closely together. There has been much streamlining of legislation, especially in the social field. Scandinavians visiting other Scandinavian countries no longer require a passport. But in the fields of politics and economics it is impossible for co-operation to get beyond pious hopes and meaningless platitudes, despite the numerous societies, councils, and other official or private bodies that are continuously being set up—such as the recently established Scandinavian Parliamentary Council, a consultative body (which Finland for obvious reasons has refused to join), which will inevitably be one more forum for futile discussion and devoid of any power to take practical action.

After Czechoslovakia went under Communist control, the Prime Ministers of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden met in Stockholm and spoke in unison when condemning the Communist peril. They could also, with genuine sincerity, proclaim their own devotion to the principles of democracy. But when it came to the vexatious question of a joint



foreign policy, all the old obstacles re-emerged with new vigor. Sweden's endeavors to form an independent and neutral Scandinavian block were doomed to failure, because as a price of her guarantee to Norway and Denmark she demanded that these two countries should not enter into any binding arrangements with the West. Norway flatly turned this down and Denmark followed suit. The Danes and the Norwegians signed the Atlantic Pact instead, and are now active members of NATO.

Foreign policy is no longer a matter of discussion or bitter polemics in Denmark or Norway. All parties, except the small and unrepresentative group of Communists and a few pacifist Radicals in Denmark, accept wholeheartedly their country's membership in NATO—with all the risks, responsibilities, and financial sacrifices that this implies. But in Sweden foreign policy remains in the very center of frequently acrimonious debate. Though the nation is, without question, genuinely attached to its tradition of neutrality and loath to give it up, it does feel alarmed at being outside the group of NATO countries. It is also irritated at not being able to enjoy the advantages of membership without accepting the responsibilities involved. The fact that Norway and Denmark have thrown in their lot with the Western powers causes deep annoyance, much personal resentment against the Norwegian Foreign Minister, Halvard Lange—an admirable man, whom the Swedes hold responsible for this "Atlantic" rather than "Scandinavian" orientation—and, finally, no small amount of envy.

In view of Finland's special relations with Soviet Russia, the Finns could not have joined NATO even if they had wanted to. But their economic and cultural ties with the West are very strong indeed. While they are conscientiously carrying out their obligations toward Moscow—the last cent of the huge reparation debt was duly paid in September 1952—Great Britain is once again their best customer, and trade with America is extremely active. Politically, however, the Finns want no entanglements and wisely refuse to join any groups. Unlike the Swedes, who are always jittery about Finland's future, the Finns themselves are serene, reasonably optimistic, and, above all, fatalistic.

These frugal and immensely hard-working

people are far too busy reconstructing their country to meddle in international politics. Throughout 1951, there was such an unprecedented world demand for their timber, pulp, paper, and other wood products that they had gone a long way toward achieving a new and well-deserved prosperity. They managed to maintain it in 1952, despite a number of difficulties. The twenty-million-dollar loan which was granted to the Finns in 1952 by the World Bank (incidentally, Finland is the only country in the world that has fully paid its first world war debts) should help them to consolidate some of their recent achievements. The Olympic Games were a great moral triumph even if they resulted in little financial profit. These practical people were not taking any unnecessary risks, however, and the Olympic Village they put up for the visiting foreign athletes was so constructed as to be easily turned into a large housing project afterward.

## II

FOR the first time in many years, Denmark now has a government which is neither Socialist nor of the Farmers' party (they used to succeed each other in office time and again), but a coalition of the Farmers' and Conservative parties. This came into being in the fall of 1950, when after a protracted crisis the Farmers—to everybody's surprise—decided to throw in their lot with the Conservatives. This new coalition holds jointly fifty-nine seats in the Folketing, or exactly the same number as the Socialists. So they, too, are a minority government—like so many of their predecessors. But they have brought something new into present day Danish politics: speed and decision. The nation has been accustomed for so long to Socialists or Farmers, usually supported by the Radicals, governing them—the Conservatives not having held office except in the wartime and post-liberation national coalitions—that the present team is a novel experience in every way.

Denmark's economic situation is a difficult one indeed. Five years of German occupation were not only ruinous financially but also left a heavy inflationary burden which, however, the Danes have succeeded in reducing to about one-half. Britain's present economic weakness is likewise exercising a most crippling effect



on the whole Danish economy. More than 40 per cent of all Danish exports are sold in the British market and there have been times when this proportion was as high as 70 per cent. Three-quarters of Denmark's butter exports and 90 per cent of her bacon exports (these two items are the most important export commodities she possesses) are sold to Great Britain. When the prices Britain pays for her food are good (and in sterling that is convertible, too!) and when the prices she charges for the coal or textiles or equipment she sells to Denmark in return are reasonable, the Danish economy flourishes. When the reverse is true—as, alas, it has now been for a long time—the Danish economy automatically finds itself in a state of crisis.

Despite these difficulties, one must admire the success of the Danes in maintaining themselves as a huge, streamlined, and brilliantly managed food-producing concern. This they created at the close of the last century through inventiveness, skill, perseverance, and a special genius for co-operative organization. The first co-operative dairy was established in 1882 and the first co-operative bacon factory in 1887. Soon there was a whole network of them throughout the country. By transferring the production of dairy produce from the farm to the co-operative dairy, they freed redundant labor and greatly reduced their costs. By selling and buying collectively, they found a way to canalize most of the profits back to the original producers. And, above all, co-operative organization brought with it a standard of hygiene, efficiency, and quality which are unrivaled in the world. The Danes are producing a standard pig, a standard egg, or a standard side of bacon with the same precision with which the Ford Company manufactures an automobile.

To achieve all this, the farmers have to be highly educated. I have frequently seen, in ordinary farmers' cottages, libraries of considerable quality. Many farmers speak English, and before the war they even subscribed to English papers in order to be able to follow the fluctuations of the British market. Now, of course, most of the prices are established after a protracted series of negotiations between the farmers' organizations and the government, and then between the Danish and British governments.

Apart from the tension in economic rela-

tions with Britain, the rest of the picture in Denmark is by no means gloomy. Visitors from abroad are so numerous that the National Tourist Office, under the brilliant leadership of Mogens Lichtenberg, has to find accommodation for them in private houses and even in the dressing cubicles of Copenhagen's excellent health baths. Last year's harvest was the best in the country's history, shipping earnings in 1951 established a record and are still excellent, most industries are doing well, Marshall Plan aid and now membership in the European Payments Union are most beneficial, and the budgetary position has much improved.

Anyway, the Danes are cheerful by nature; they work hard, but they also like to enjoy themselves. Night after night the innumerable cafés and bars of Copenhagen are filled with people whose joviality is most contagious. It helps them to forget the depressing realities of their balance-of-payments problems, or the poor prices paid by Britain for bacon and butter and eggs. The Danes very wisely refuse to spend all their time brooding over their miseries. They go through life with a smile.

And they are the most informal people in the world. The King—an enthusiastic amateur musician—can be seen conducting the radio symphony orchestra in his shirt sleeves, or pushing a pram while he walks with the Queen and the little Princesses (since he has no son a constitutional amendment will probably establish the eldest daughter as heiress to the throne), or riding a bicycle. Out of Copenhagen's million inhabitants, roughly one-half have bicycles; it is the national means of locomotion and is used by everybody from the King and the Prime Minister to the chimney sweep, the fashionable actress, or the errand boy.

I have only two grievances against the Danes. One is that whenever I want to cross a street or a square in their charming and gay city of Copenhagen, all the five hundred thousand cyclists seem to make a point of being there and of simultaneously converging on me from every direction. My second complaint applies not only to Denmark, but to the whole of Scandinavia—the inferiority of restaurant service, which is in striking contrast to the excellence of the food. There is only one thing more exasperating than order-



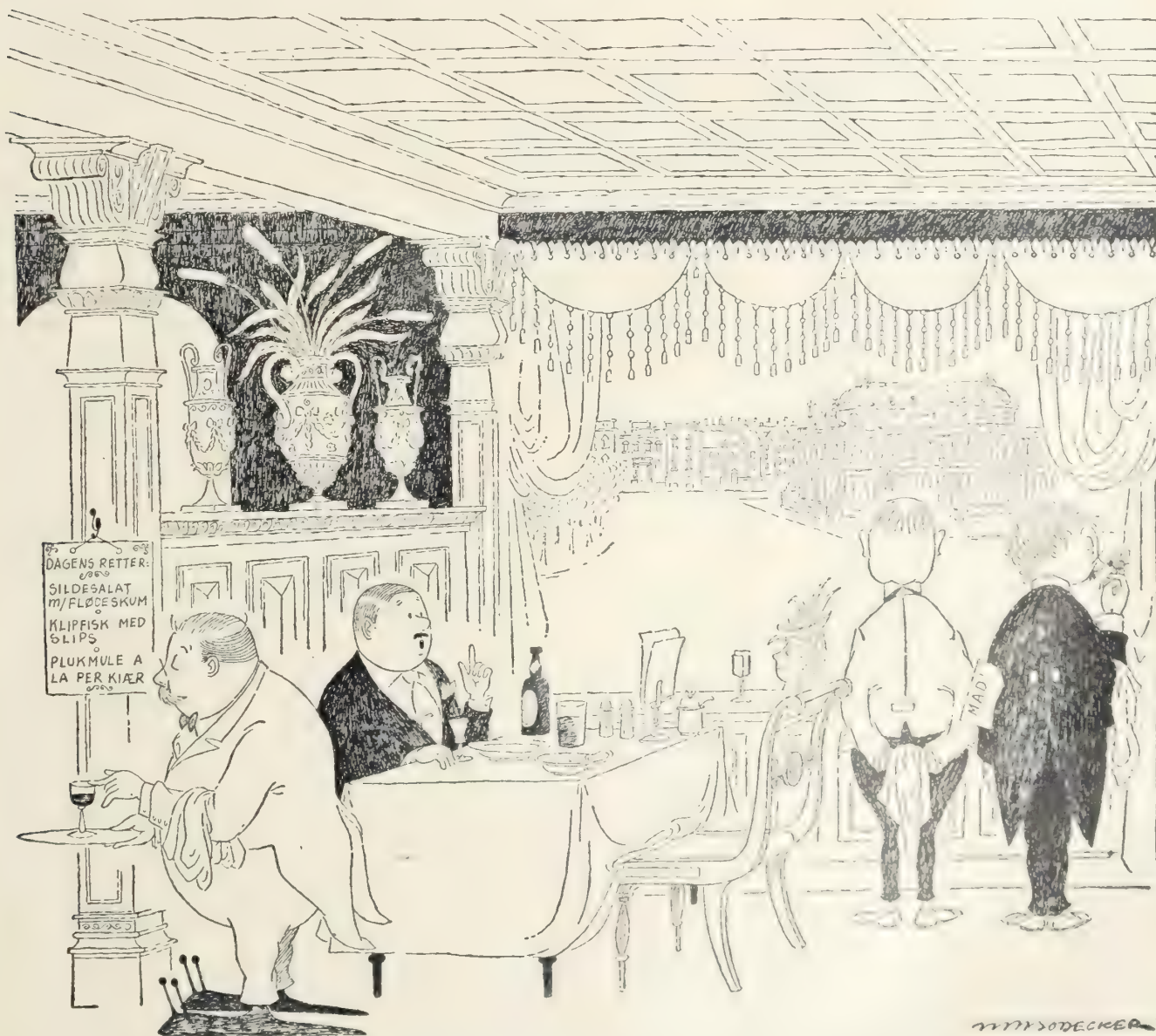
ing a meal anywhere in Northern Europe and that is trying to pay for it.

### III

**A**S FOR Norway, the war—and the damage it did—completely unbalanced her economy. Her merchant fleet of 4.9 million tons was reduced to 2.7 million tons. The whaling fleet likewise lost one-half of its tonnage. Northern Norway was hard hit and the important iron ore mine at Kirkenes, which was in process of being developed before the war, was blasted so effectively that its production has been retarded for years. Sabotage by the Norwegian resistance, Allied bombing, and German looting have destroyed about 20 per cent of the nation's total wealth. And Norway has a population of only three

million people, who inhabit a country that is three-quarters barren, with only 3 per cent of arable land and few natural resources except timber and water power. It is against this background that Norway's immense reconstruction effort must be seen.

Through austere living (they still had rationing until last year) and hard work; through the investment of all they could find by way of financial resources in their own depleted coffers, or by borrowing abroad, plus Marshall aid, the Norwegians have performed a miracle of reconstruction. Their merchant fleet today is even larger than before the war—exceeding six million tons. Meanwhile, with the freight market booming, the income of Norway's shipping fleet beat all records in 1951 and has been remarkably good in 1952. Foreign trade figures have likewise reached an



*One thing more exasperating than ordering a meal is trying to pay for it.*





*They have a magnificent view over the fiord.*

unprecedented high. And industrial production is about one-third higher than before the war.

Despite all achievements, Norway's economic position remains somewhat precarious. She has so many commitments, so many urgent tasks, and such limited resources, both in finance and in men, that she is living in a state of constant strain. Now rearmament is putting a further heavy burden upon her. But there is no question about Norway's being willing to play her full part in NATO, and the praise she received from General Eisenhower on this account was well deserved.

A new threat, which would ruin Norway's economy once and for all, has suddenly arisen in the shape of a proposal inspired by the Price Controller, Vilhelm Thaagaard, to introduce planning on such a scale that, if ac-

cepted, it would scarcely permit a citizen to blow his nose without the government's specific authorization. Oddly enough, Mr. Thaagaard is a liberal. He is more of a planning maniac, however, than the whole Socialist party put together, and his latest plan is as impractical as it is destructive and unnecessary. Even the Socialist government knows that, and will no doubt modify it, if it really wants to get it accepted by the nation.

An event which united the whole nation in a spontaneous expression of respect, gratitude, and affection was the celebration by King Haakon VII of his eightieth birthday on August 3, 1952. It has been a great and eventful life which the old gentleman has lived to the full, always showing unfailing good humor, tact, devotion to duty, and a far more democratic spirit than some of his Socialist subjects. The early tensions between King Haakon and the Socialists are very much a matter of the past. Nothing has done more to iron out all the difficulties and make him the nation's universally acclaimed "grand old man" than his heroic and dignified behavior during and since the war. His Ministers now recognize in him not only a great head of State but their best friend and adviser.

Two members of the Socialist government deserve special mention. The Foreign Minister, Halvard Lange, enjoys universal approval and support. On the other hand, a firebrand who seems to create constant controversy is Erik Brofoss, the Minister of Trade. He is a brilliant man and his good intentions are beyond doubt. But his doctrinaire socialism and firm attachment to state planning, as well as a certain gratuitous aggressiveness toward the business community, create a great deal of bad blood. Personally, I have found him most likable and cannot help feeling that he is not treating the capitalists as badly as they say, and that they are not opposing him as much as he seems to believe.

The beauty of Norway's countryside is in striking contrast to the ugliness of Oslo, the capital city. The fiords in their majestic splendor, the picturesque little fishing vil-



lages, the smiling valleys, or the highlands and mountains with their endless waterfalls and logging rivers are among the loveliest sights in the world. Plenty of comfortable modern hotels have been built by the Norwegians in all these places since the war, to take care of their own holiday-makers and the ever-growing number of foreign tourists. In 1950, Oslo celebrated its nine-hundredth Jubilee and did what it could to embellish itself. But it is a plain and unprepossessing city, and some of the new buildings are imposing without being attractive. The huge Town Hall, begun long before the war, has been completed at last. It has many fine rooms, some of which (especially the big hall) are spoiled by too many murals. Perhaps the best thing you can say for it is that the occupants of its offices and also of the various new government blocks around it have a magnificent view over the fiord.

#### IV

**I**F YOU want to see a really lovely Northern capital, do not miss Stockholm. It is a city of dreams. It is neither as large nor as gay as Copenhagen, but it is far more beautiful. The abundance of water, the picturesque elevation of "Söder" (the South side) which is built on a huge granite rock, and the bustling life in the endless sea inlets and harbors with their white little ships and ferry boats and occasional huge ocean liners, combine to create a romantic and nostalgic atmosphere. In the summer, the days are long and it never gets really dark at night—you can read without a lamp at 2:00 A.M. These "white nights" have the same kind of gossamer quality that inspired so many poets and writers in the old St. Petersburg of prerevolutionary days.

Stockholm is full of architectural treasures both ancient and modern. Curiously enough, its magnificent eighteenth-century palaces and churches with their green copper roofs blend perfectly with the latest twentieth-century apartment houses and office blocks. It is a harmonious city, pleasing to the eye, not only on account of its natural beauty but also because of the artistic achievements of its people. There is no doubt in my mind that the Swedes have an inborn and very keen perception of beauty. For instance, most of their restaurants and public buildings are so placed that you

invariably get a lovely view from wherever you happen to sit. All the four Scandinavian countries are famous for their arts and crafts; but Sweden's achievements in this field are particularly great and I know of no country which produces more lovely glassware, ceramics, pewter, homespun textiles, furniture, and wooden mosaics. Window display has been developed to a fine art.

This, by the way, is more than one can say about salesmanship. There is many a shop in Sweden where "the customer is always wrong." One of the few happy exceptions is Stockholm's great store "Nordiska Kompaniet" or "N.K." for short: it is much more than an excellent big shop—it is a cultural institution which not only knows how to display at its best all that Sweden (and the rest of the world) can produce, but also knows how to sell it.

**F**ROM the end of hostilities to the present day, Sweden has been enjoying a boom unprecedented in its scope and longevity. Yet neither the government, nor the business community, nor even the public at large can be said to be happy.

Like Switzerland, Sweden emerged from the second world war with her economy in a truly flourishing condition. But while Switzerland has managed to maintain her position unimpaired, Sweden is floundering from economic crisis to economic crisis and the boom seems merely to aggravate her difficulties instead of solving them. For it has created a shortage of labor, excessive purchasing power, and many other unhealthy phenomena. The government claims to be combating these, but all too frequently its actions tend to have exactly the reverse effect. Even before hostilities came to an end, Sweden's Socialist planners made up their minds that a world slump would set in as soon as the fighting was over, and prepared for a policy of cheap money, credit expansion, and general "pump priming." They began to apply this regardless of the fact that the much-heralded slump in America and elsewhere did not set in and that there was a boom instead. Yet they would not depart from their preconceived ideas and continued to pursue their inflationary policy with dogged obstinacy. The result has been a serious unbalancing of their economy; rising wages and prices, chasing each other in well-known spiral fashion; high taxation; dwindling gold and



dollar reserves; endless government controls, and all the other paraphernalia of a crisis economy.

The favorite explanation of the Swedish Socialists is that these troubles have been due to circumstances over which Sweden has no control, such as the cessation of normal multi-lateral trade, the world shortage of coal or dollars or chemicals, Britain's economic malady, and similar dislocating factors in international economics. There is some truth in this argument. But as an explanation of Sweden's difficulties it is totally inadequate. The principal causes of her troubles have been political, not economic. Cheap housing and a huge social-welfare program—which have always loomed large in the Socialist election pledges—may be very desirable in themselves, but when these are financed in a way that completely ignores the very fundamentals of sound economics, they become a menace.

IT is a paradox that in a country of so many brilliant economists and planners, the authorities should have been so wrong in the choice and timing of their methods. During seven boom years, when money was far too abundant anyway—partly owing to international conditions and largely as a result of the Swedish government's own policy—they kept on "priming the pump," thus themselves creating a dangerous inflationary gap between current income and the available supply of goods. But now, at the very moment when the first signs of a recession are becoming discernible, they have suddenly introduced credit restrictions which threaten to disorganize the money market completely and to put a severe curb on legitimate business. Thus, having promoted inflation at a time when they should have done everything to stop it, they are now introducing strong anti-inflationary measures at a time when the very reverse may prove to be desirable. Moreover, they are resorting to these new measures only after having allowed a second round of wage increases which add a further 10 to 15 per cent to wages and salaries. These higher wages must naturally lead to higher prices, and thus the government is undoing with one hand what it is trying to do with the other.

All the figures for 1952 very clearly indicate that the boom conditions of the previous two years are now over. In his address

to the shareholders' meeting of Svenska Handelsbanken, Mr. E. Browaldh, the President, neatly summed up the feelings of the business community when he said: "It is now obvious that the efforts to arrive at an effective stabilization of wages have very largely failed, and in this field we must expect a renewal of inflationary pressure similar to what occurred during the first half of last year. At the same time, the decline in sales both on the foreign markets and on the domestic market that set in during the latter half of last year (1951) has now been seriously aggravated. In regard to foreign markets, the deterioration in marketing conditions—notably those of the forest industries—has become a matter of ominous concern. It is plainly seen how insecure were the foundations on which last year's high export prices rested, and substantial reductions in the prices of pulp and paper and also of timber are now unavoidable."

Swedish business men are greatly worried by the fact that the competitive position of the Swedish export industries is deteriorating. The very steep rise in costs which has taken place has gone much higher than in the leading competitor countries, and the effect of this development is already making itself felt in many of Sweden's principal export markets—not only in the case of pulp and paper, but also in the engineering trades and steel.

The parliamentary elections which took place on September 21, 1952, went against most predictions. The Social Democrats, who until then were holding 112 out of the Second Chamber's 230 seats, were hoping to gain a few more, which would have given them an absolute majority. Instead, they lost over 80,000 votes and two seats. Nearly a year prior to the elections, in order to make sure of a strong majority, they had entered into a coalition with the Agrarian party. The costs of this cynical deal had had to be borne by the public in the shape of increased food prices, and now the nation clearly showed its displeasure. The Agrarians likewise lost over 80,000 votes and their membership shrunk from 30 to 25. The Communists, whom everybody had expected to be completely obliterated, went down from 8 to 5 seats, but still represent 4.5 per cent of all the votes cast (instead of 6.3 per cent)—an unpleasant surprise. On the other hand the Conservatives, whose



membership had been dwindling in one election after another, managed to reverse the trend, rising from 23 seats to 31. The Liberals, who in 1948 had won a spectacular increase from 26 to 57 seats, gained another two this time.

Though the Socialists alone still have 46.1 per cent of all the votes and 110 seats, while together with the 25 Agrarians they form a strong majority, the trend is definitely against them. In fact, if the Agrarians were to withdraw from the coalition, for the first time in many years the non-Socialist parties would have a small majority in the Chamber. In any case, the election results show that over-full employment purchased at the price of non-stop inflation is no magic formula for political success.

If the Swedish Socialists wish to maintain their position in the future, they will have to govern less, and considerably better, than they have done in recent years.

On November 11, King Gustaf VI Adolf celebrated his seventieth birthday in great splendor. King Haakon of Norway, King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark (the Swedish King's only daughter), and President Paasikivi of Finland came to Stockholm for the occasion. A nation-wide collection for a special fund as a gift from the people to their King brought in over 5,000,000 kroner—or approximately \$1,000,000. It is fully in keeping with the recipient's character and his wide range of intellectual interests that this money will be used as the "King Gustaf VI Adolf's Seventieth Anniversary Fund for Promoting Swedish Culture."

The ever studious, dutiful, and hard-working Monarch, who is showing no signs of his age, and who could easily earn his living as a museum curator or professor of archaeology, proposes to take an active part in the fund's administration and to examine in person all applications for grants.

Whatever the more serious implications of the present political and economic difficulties may be, there is no doubt that the mass of the people is enjoying its spending power and is more concerned with its present prosperity than with the adverse effects this may have on the future. No citizen can be expected to spend all his time thinking about monetary problems on a national and international scale.

That is what the experts are for, and if the experts turn out to be wrong—as they often do—the recuperative capacity of the nation is so great that somehow or other it manages to triumph over all its difficulties.

Compared to the rest of Europe, Scandinavia is still a quiet corner.



*In many a shop the customer is always wrong.*



# Go Slow on Fluoridation!

*James Rorty*

A LITTLE before World War II the "no business" report of a local dentist named Dr. Heard enabled Hereford, the county seat of Deaf Smith County, Texas, to publicize itself as the "Town Without a Toothache."

A little knowledge, plus a great deal of publicity, can be a dangerous thing. Deaf County's water supply contained from 1.5 to 2.5 parts per million of fluorine, and enough was already known about the effect of water-borne fluorine on reducing the incidence of tooth decay in young children to tempt a few dentists and public health workers into some rather hasty *non sequiturs*.

However, the majority of the scientists concerned were in no hurry to make mass application of the apparent value of fluorine in reducing tooth decay. They went slowly about the business of isolating causes, measuring effects, and checking possible contra-indications—until about three years ago, when both the dentists and the public health workers started moving fast.

Too fast, in the opinion of the Delaney Committee to Investigate Chemicals in Food. Thanks to the unanimous "Go Slow" recommendation of this Congressional committee, issued last July, most of us seem to have escaped being rushed into the role of guinea pigs in one of the most grandiose as well as one of the most venturesome experiments in mass medicine ever projected by a public health agency.

But not all of us have escaped. In some three hundred of our cities having a total population of about three million people, the water that comes out of the tap already contains about one part per million of *added* fluorine, a highly toxic element. That is just enough,

according to the United States Public Health Service, to reduce substantially the incidence of tooth decay in young children, but not quite enough to affect adult health adversely or to cause the disfiguring, brown-stained "Texas teeth" that are common in areas where the public water supplies are naturally fluoridated.

Is the Public Health Service justified in urging all of us to take what is admittedly a calculated risk, guided only by a few epidemiological studies which, even when they are completed, will leave unanswered a score of obscure questions concerning the effect of fluorine, not just on the teeth of young children, but on the total human physiology at all ages?

The Delaney Committee thought not. The Committee's "Go Slow" recommendation was strongly influenced by its distinguished medical member, Dr. A. L. Miller, one-time director of the Nebraska State Department of Health. Before he learned better, Dr. Miller was the author of the bill that put fluorides into the District of Columbia's water supply, beginning last spring—about the same time that the scientific opponents of fluoridation were winning their debate with the Public Health Service representatives at the hearings of the Delaney Committee. Here, briefly summarized, is some of the evidence that led Dr. Miller to change his mind, that caused his Committee to report that "a sufficient number of unanswered questions concerning the safety of this program exists to warrant a conservative attitude," and that seemingly has slowed down what had threatened to become a kind of lemming-rush of American communities into fluoridating their water. (Hartford, Connecticut, and Lincoln, Nebraska, have recently



voted against it; the water commissioner of St. Louis has recommended against it; in general the advocates of the program are meeting increasing opposition.)

## II

**T**HAT mottled teeth, or "Texas teeth," as the phenomenon has long been known throughout the Southwest, are caused by fluorine in the drinking water was first discovered in 1930 by Professors Margaret and H. V. Smith, biochemists at the University of Arizona. As little as .9 parts per million of fluorine may produce white flecks on the tooth enamel; higher percentages cause disfiguring brown stains. Hence, for a decade after the Smiths' discovery, municipal authorities were concerned with getting fluorine out of the water supplies rather than with putting it in. But when the epidemiological surveys of the United States Public Health Service demonstrated a relatively low incidence of tooth decay in children drinking water containing one part per million or more of natural fluorine, zealous dentists and health workers saw the chance of scoring a huge public health triumph.

Tooth decay is probably the most prevalent chronic disease of modern man. To reduce the annual increment of dental cavities by 60 or even 40 per cent might enable the hopelessly overworked American dental profession to catch up with its job, instead of, as at present, struggling with a huge and seemingly irreducible stockpile of unfilled cavities.

So ran the logic of the public health epidemiologists. Would drinking water to which one part per million of fluorine had been added have the same effect upon the developing teeth of young children as did the naturally fluoridated water that was drunk in areas where the reduction of the incidence of tooth decay had been noted?

To answer this question the Public Health Service set up controlled studies with the cooperation of state and municipal health departments. Kingston, New York, which has practically no fluorine in its water supply, served as a control for Newburgh, New York, where, beginning in 1945, one part per million of fluorine was added to the water supply. Brantford, Ontario; Evanston, Illinois; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Lewiston, Idaho; Marshall,

Texas; and Sheboygan, Wisconsin, also served as pilot plants for the Service's fluoridation program.

Within four years the dental examiners in these communities were able to report reductions of dental cavities ranging from 32 to 58 per cent. Apparently the Public Health Service's \$64 question had been answered—even before the controlled studies had reached the halfway mark—with a resounding "Yes!"

Certainly Dr. H. Trendley Dean and his associates at the National Institute of Health believed with crusading earnestness that they had hit a public health jackpot, and the professional organizations to which they brought the glad news soon adopted the same view. Resolutions endorsing the fluoridation program were passed by the American Dental Association, the American Public Health Association, the American Medical Association, the National Research Council, and the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers. By January of 1952, when the Delaney Committee began its hearings on fluoridation, 250 American communities were already fluoridating their water supplies and as many more had determined to adopt the program.

## III

**U**NFORTUNATELY, the \$64 question posed and so triumphantly answered by the Public Health Service's studies is not the only question that must be asked and answered before the artificial fluoridation of municipal water supplies can be considered safe—even for all children, not to mention adults and oldsters with impairments of the kidneys, the heart, or other vital organs.

The body doesn't need fluorine to build good teeth; many sound teeth contain no fluorine at all. Greek and Italian children tend to have excellent teeth, regardless of the presence or absence of fluorine in the drinking water. There, as elsewhere, the chief cause of tooth decay seems to have been the introduction of refined white flour and sugar. The ancient Greeks had excellent teeth. So do many primitive tribes before they begin eating civilized food, with its concentrated carbohydrates, especially sugar. Nor is this immunity limited to primitives. In Altoona, Pennsylvania, Dr. Fred Miller has for years kept many of his younger patients



practically caries-free by controlling their diets; many other prevention-minded dentists are now doing the same thing.

Certainly, adding fluorides to the water supply is not the only way to attack tooth decay. The advantages of the method are cheapness and ease of application. But mass medication can take no account of the wide individual variations of fluorine tolerance in the sick and in the old. Nor do the Public Health surveys shed much light. Morbidity and mortality statistics are ominous in some naturally fluoridated areas, but fluorine may or may not be to blame. In any case it cannot be assumed that the effects of naturally fluoridated water will be reproduced by water to which sodium fluoride or sodium silico fluoride has been added. Little is known about the physiological effects of either compound.

"If a pharmacist did what the fluoridators are doing," writes Dr. Veikko Oscar Hurme, research director of the Forsyth Dental Infirmary of Boston, "he would lose his license to compound pills."

Finally, if fluorine must be used, why not adhere to the method of topical application by dentists or dental hygienists, where the benefits are proven and the possibility of systemic poisoning can be excluded?

THE endorsement of the fluoridation program by the American Dental Association has tended to obscure the fact that the program is vigorously opposed both by leading research dentists and by biochemists and nutritionists of high standing. Dr. Robert S. Harris, director of the Nutritional Biochemistry Laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, began his testimony before the Delaney Committee by listing nineteen basic questions which have not been answered by the proponents of water fluoridation; most of them have not even been raised by the current ten-year pilot fluoridation studies, which have from three to five more years to run. These studies are concerned primarily with the effect of fluoridation on the *average* child and, even more narrowly, on the average child's teeth, although the bones tend to be a better measure of the total physiological effect since the femur concentrates about fifteen times as much fluorine as teeth.

As Dr. Harris pointed out, there is plenty

of evidence that one part per million of fluorine or a little more in the drinking water interferes with enzyme systems which are involved in the growth of bones, and in the functioning of nerve tissue. He and other scientists who feel that the water fluoridation program is premature insist that the precise effects of fluorine in drinking water cannot be determined by epidemiological surveys, but only by long term laboratory and clinical studies.

Further study is also needed to determine whether fluorine in the water is the sole or even the chief cause of the low incidence of tooth decay in naturally fluoridated areas, such as Texas, Arizona, Colorado, and South Dakota. In Dr. Heard's "no business" report from Deaf County, he suggested that the presence of fluorine in the drinking water was not the sole explanation of his lack of patronage, and the state health authorities shared his view. Climate, they thought, and the superior mineral content of the foods grown and consumed in the area might help to explain the phenomenon. Incidentally, visiting dentists have recently reported finding plenty of toothaches in Hereford, Amarillo, and other naturally fluoridated areas of Texas.

Dr. Harris' own studies tend to support this pluralistic explanation. He fed two groups of hamsters milk and corn from Texas and from New England. The hamsters fed the Texas food had only half as much tooth decay as those fed the New England food, but the amount of fluorine in the Texas food was too low to have had any measurable effect on dental caries. Further experiments convinced Dr. Harris that riboflavin, a vitamin nutrient without any toxicity, is about as effective in preventing caries as fluorine.

DR. HARRIS was followed on the stand by six other highly qualified scientists, all of whom urged caution and further research before the fluoridation program is generally adopted. Among them were the Smiths of Arizona, mentioned earlier as the co-discoverers of the cause of dental fluorosis.

The Smiths testified that their subsequent studies demonstrated the delicate and variable balance between the caries-reducing effect of a little fluorine, and fluorosis, the mottling and weakening effect of a little too much.



Their studies in the naturally fluoridated areas of Arizona showed that the low incidence of caries in young children in these areas increases sharply after the age of twenty-one; moreover, that the decay of fluorine-containing teeth is exceptionally severe and difficult to repair, and that the percentage of extracted teeth in all age groups is high. (Similar findings, obtained from a comparative study of two suburbs of Sheffield, England, one naturally fluoridated and one without fluorine in the water, probably account for Britain's lack of enthusiasm for fluoridation.)

Dr. Margaret Smith further challenged the Public Health Service "optimum" fluorine level of 1 to 1.5 parts per million by citing evidence that continuous use of domestic water supplies with a fluorine content of one part per million results in mild dental fluorosis in 10 to 12 per cent of the inhabitants of the community.

Dr. Hurme of Boston, quoted above, who also addressed the Delaney Committee, declared that fluoridation is neither a public health measure nor a preventive procedure, but rather mass medication, undertaken without anything approaching adequate knowledge of fluorine toxicosis, or the widely varying fluorine tolerance of young and old people in health and disease. He added that the claims for the reduction of caries in the communities now fluoridating their water supplies varied so widely—from 20 to 65 per cent—as to call into question the methods and the objectivity of the examiners.

Dr. Hurme's belief that the general adoption of fluoridation is premature is shared by Dr. Reuben Feltman, research dentist at the Passaic, New Jersey, General Hospital. Since 1948 Dr. Feltman has been conducting studies of children and pregnant women to whom fluoride tablets have been administered in daily doses designed to provide an equivalent of the one-part-per-million water fluoridation program advocated by the U. S. Public Health Service.

Some of his subjects, reports Dr. Feltman, had such bad reactions in the form of urticaria, vomiting, etc. that even this small dosage had to be discontinued. He asks: "What will happen to such individuals when water is fluoridated if it may cause unusual reactions to a few?"

Equally disturbing questions have been

raised by other clinicians. The children of low-income groups get too little milk and their intake of calcium is likely to be deficient. Hence these undernourished children seem to show the effects of fluorine poisoning more strongly than well-nourished children.

The individual's varying and completely unpredictable intake of drinking water raises another problem. Basal metabolic rates, which vary widely, are also a factor in susceptibility to mottled enamel.

In view of these and other hazards Dr. Feltman can scarcely be considered alarmist when he asks: "Where are we going? Are we going hastily to fluoridate all water supplies, reduce the incidence of dental caries, and then be stigmatized as a profession because of dental fluorosis which appears after twelve to fourteen years of use, and possible other effects which may prove to be serious medical problems after twenty to thirty years of ingestion? I feel that continued expanded research and studies are necessary before we as a profession approve universal fluoridation of water."

**P**ERHAPS the best designed and most revealing epidemiological experiment to date has been conducted by the Canadians. In 1948 the Canadian health authorities began a comparative study of school children in the towns of Sarnia (fluorine-free), Stratford (naturally fluoridated 1 to 1.5 parts per million), and Brantford (1 to 1.2 PPM of fluorine in the form of sodium fluoride added to the water supply).

After six years of fluoridation, the number of decayed, missing, and filled teeth found in the 9-11 and 12-14 year-old groups was nearly twice as many in Brantford, where the water is artificially fluoridated, as in Stratford, where it is naturally fluoridated. This suggests that the artificial fluoridation of fluorine-free water supplies cannot be depended upon to result in the same low incidence of caries that is found in the naturally fluoridated areas. However, because of the complexities of the problem the Canadian authorities urge caution in the interpretation of this and other data until the completion of the Sarnia-Brantford-Stratford study in 1957. In fact some experts believe that 1957 is much too early for the termination of the Canadian study.



## IV

LED by the "pilot plant" town of Sheboygan, over fifty Wisconsin cities and towns are now fluoridating their water supplies. Yet from Wisconsin came Dr. E. B. Hart, the State University's distinguished emeritus professor of biochemistry, to argue vigorously against the premature adoption of the program. In 1946 Dr. Hart was a member of a committee of biochemists, physicians, pathologists, nutritionists, dentists, pediatricians, and engineers appointed by the Mayor of Madison, the state capital, to advise the city council on the question. The committee voted unanimously against immediate fluoridation, but, under the pressure of enthusiastic dentists, the Council adopted the program anyway.

Unquestionably the Public Health Service's promotion of the fluoridation program has been marked by a great deal of high pressure evangelism, coupled with intolerance of any and all opposition, despite the fact that the scientists who have opposed the program are as sincere and at least as well qualified to appraise the issues as are the Public Health Service epidemiologists.

Disturbed by what he considered the excessive zeal of his former public health co-workers, Dr. Miller, in a personal statement supplementing the Delaney Committee's unanimous "Go Slow" recommendation declared that

The United States Public Health Service should concern itself with good public health measures and the prevention of disease. If it goes into the propaganda field it will lose its effectiveness and the confidence of the public. . . .

In a speech on the floor of the House on March 24, 1952, Dr. Miller went further and suggested that prospective commercial beneficiaries of water fluoridation might have had something to do with the propaganda in behalf of the program.

It is true, of course, that commercial propagandists and lobbyists regularly board—and sometimes get out and push—the bandwagons of public health programs from which their clients stand to benefit. It is not surprising,

therefore, to find *Chemical Week* in its issue of July 7, 1951, declaring that

. . . Only one per cent of the nation's water is now treated; thus the market potential has fluoride chemical makers goggle-eyed. . . . Any apathy or opposition on the part of the public is made up for by the U. S. Public Health Service's zeal in drumming up the program. It is asking for federal money to develop interest and there is talk of seeking federal subsidization of water treatment. . . . Standing to benefit from the boom are chemical companies and equipment firms. . . . It adds up to a nice piece of business on all sides. . . .

In the case of fluoridation, however, the economic interpretation of bureaucratic zeal may be discounted, both because the bureaucrats involved are highly reputable epidemiologists, and because the program, at best, would yield relatively slim pickings to commercial interests. Whether fluoridation is safe or not may be left for further research to determine, but it is certainly cheap. Depending upon the amount of fluorine in the water before fluoridation, the fluoride employed, the size of the community, and the per capita use of water—95 per cent of which, of course, is used for other than drinking purposes—it costs from four to fourteen cents per capita to fluoridate a given water system. Eliminate farm homes served by individual wells and you get at most an annual fluoride market of well under ten million dollars—far too little to increase the pulse rate of the huge chemical industry.

The real lessons of the fluoridation controversy are to be found elsewhere; in the tendency of American health workers to make premature general application of new therapeutic discoveries, and pay too little attention to contra-indications—as occurred with the sulfa drugs and the antibiotics; in the increasing compartmentalization of science and the mutual intolerance of the specialists; finally, of course, in the drive of big federal bureaus to extend their empires and use the federal grant-in-aid formula to that end.

Against these tendencies our best protection is still the Congressional investigating committees, most of which, like the Delaney Committee, do a much better job than they are ever given credit for doing.



# Map the World

*C. Lester Walker*

**A**CERTAIN Mr. Stanley Lott, a civilian pilot, flew his private plane straight into a mountain near Pendleton, Oregon, some months ago under seemingly mysterious circumstances. Lott's plane, heavily icing, had been forced down to 4,700 feet when he reported his position, altitude, and course to the CAA station at Pendleton and asked for instructions. He was told to keep "the same altitude and course," that this would bring him safely out over the flat lands and safely into Pendleton. Lott complied and presently struck the mountain, killing himself and his two child passengers.

But why? What had gone wrong? And why should CAA have given such tragically faulty instructions? Later investigation revealed the answer to be a simple but surprising one.

The flyer had hit an uncharted ridge. The CAA man in Pendleton had given the best information he had, but that ridge was on none of the aeronautical charts. Why not? Because aeronautical charts are compiled from the basic topographic maps of a region, and these, for the area where Lott flew, were non-existent. In other words, the area had never been topographically mapped at all. This despite the fact that it is only a few miles from Pendleton and the main traveled highways of routes U. S. 30 and U. S. 395.

If this surprises you, the amount of still unmapped territory in the rest of the country and, more especially, in the world at large will surprise you more.

Because you can buy an atlas at any stationer's showing maps of all countries, you have probably thought of this globe we live on as pretty well mapped all over. But this is far from true. The world has 55 million square miles of land surface, and only one-tenth of it is covered by topographical maps—the kind, of course, which show the exact configura-

tion of the land. Even less, 5 per cent, has been mapped in accurate detail. Hence there exist millions of square miles on which our information, topographically speaking, is a total blank.

What parts of terra firma *are* completely and thoroughly mapped? Only certain countries of Europe and some limited areas elsewhere. Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Austria head the list. They are 100 per cent topographically mapped, in large scale and with the highest accuracy.

The United States, where the ubiquitous automobile road map deludes the average American into imagining we are mapped down to the final square foot, is less completely mapped than Japan or India. There are topographical maps for only half the country, and large-scale ones for less than a fifth. In fact, only *two* states are, by modern standards, completely and adequately mapped—Massachusetts and Rhode Island. South Dakota, Oklahoma, and some of the states farther west have hundreds of thousands of square miles never touched by topographical mapping at all.

And don't imagine that the rest of the eastern states are all better off. Three of the *least* mapped in the country are Illinois, Georgia, and Florida. Just how unmapped some eastern regions are was illustrated by what TVA discovered when it was being set up a few years ago. For the 40,000 square miles of the Tennessee Valley watershed Arthur E. Morgan, then the chairman and chief engineer of the project, found practically no maps available at all. So before its work could begin TVA had to turn to and make its own maps of the entire area.

Today, for the whole United States, it is estimated by the Geological Survey that there are at least 900,000,000 acres which have not been charted yet.



**O**VER the rest of the world, where maps are not lacking altogether, many of those in use are, the geographers say, inaccurate or obsolete. And sometimes, it appears, they are amazingly and perilously so.

Well-esteemed maps of the Atlantic coast of Panama turn out to have been compiled from British Admiralty charts of the year 1854; and maps of Australia, it has been found, show lakes which have been bone dry for a hundred years.

On the maps of one Latin American country a large lagoon showed, where actually 2,000-foot peaks rose. Brazil's huge Xingu River has been found to be, on the maps, thirty to forty miles off true course. Isle of Pines, just south of Cuba, which aircraft have long used as a check point when approaching Havana, turns out to have been misplaced on the maps as much as eighteen miles, recent re-mapping of the area reveals. And up north, the Canadians, recently remapping their northeast coast, have discovered 5,000 square miles of islands where current maps had shown only empty sea.

During the late war radar-guided bombers based on Corsica kept missing their targets. This was corrected only after Corsica's position in relation to the mainland was resurveyed. Then it was discovered that the whole island had to be repositioned on the map—an astonishing thing in a region like the Mediterranean which had been surveyed for centuries.

Because good topographical maps are lacking for so much of the earth's surface, there exists an even greater dearth of special purpose maps. These are the ones used by the technicians and specialists—the engineers, agriculturalists, geologists, wherever they go to tame the rivers, discover oil and minerals, or turn the desert into cropland. Such maps almost always depend on a basic topographical map for their beginning. Hence where one is lacking, the other is likely to be non-existent too.

Geological maps, for instance, exist for only a minute fraction of the earth's rocky understrata. Five or six European countries are fully mapped geologically. But the United States, in geologic maps of full detail and adequate scale, could claim less than 15 per cent of its area. The average over the rest of the globe stands lower still.

As for other technical and special purpose maps—such as those of the world's soils, its ground-water resources, its forests, water power, vegetation, drainage, climate, land erosion, land use—for most of the surface of the earth these simply don't exist at all.

That is why the United Nations, in one of its published reports only a few months ago, complained that less than 2 per cent of the land area of the world was mapped on a scale large enough for use in its planning, development, and administration, and then rather ruefully added:

"The United Nations is concerned with the entire world. But it cannot proceed intelligently in the solution of world problems when adequate information is lacking for three-fourths of the world's land area."

## II

**I**S THE UN unduly disturbed? Do inadequate maps, or no maps at all really make a difference, perhaps a great difference, in the world's various affairs and enterprises today?

There are some highly instructive examples. One is that of Great Britain's great land-utilization map. This shows in minute detail what all the lands from John o'Groats in Scotland to Land's End on the tip of Cornwall are best suited for. Fortunately it was completed before World War II began. Had it not been, Britain would have suffered more than she did for lack of adequate food supply. This map enabled her at once, in the first months of the war, to expand her plowland acreage by 60 per cent, and thereby to double the island's production of essential foods.

In contrast, the Canadian prairies of southern Alberta and Saskatchewan were settled and put to farming almost without benefit of adequate maps of any kind. Had there been landscape maps, soil maps, water-table, precipitation, and climate maps, and had the settlers been able to heed them in advance, the fate of the region some years later would not have been so sorry. The wrong farming in the wrong places got under way on a vast scale; then during the unfavorable years of 1921 to 1926, one farm in every three in the dry southern belt had to be abandoned.

Maps made a difference in another way to the state of Tennessee. The state intended,



some years ago, to run a new road cross-country between LaFollette and Jellico and engaged some private surveyors to lay out the course it should take. The finished survey indicated a road which would be 26.3 miles long. But the state geologist was dissatisfied and prevailed on the Highway Department to have the U. S. Geological Survey make a detailed strip contour map of the area. "To see if a better route couldn't be found," he explained. From this map state engineers picked out another course for the road—seven miles shorter, and with no grades of over 6 per cent. The new route saved the state over \$400,000 in construction costs.

Highway engineers maintain that if the whole United States were adequately mapped, the saving in road-building costs over a twenty-year period would be more than two billion dollars.

A town in Virginia (Big Stone Gap) once learned the hard way about the difference that maps make. The town wanted to establish an adequate water supply, and attempted to pick a site for its new reservoir without help from fancy modern frills like geological maps. So a natural depression on the summit of a hill was selected as the obviously ideal location and the reservoir built there. But when the water from a distant stream higher in the mountains was turned in, the finished reservoir refused to fill. There was no visible outlet, but the water somehow found underground channels which all the smartest tricks of all the engineers couldn't close. "A good geological map of the underlying strata," it was pointed out later, "would have warned in advance of this."

Even colossal Boulder Dam almost got into difficulties because it let itself get behind in its necessary map-making. For a number of reasons (including the control of water operation and of water release at the dam, and accurate estimation of the rate of loss of storage capacity) it is important to know the water volume of backed-up Lake Mead. But without a contour map of the entire lake bed and adjoining areas this could not be accurately known. And at that time (1935) once the water covered the land no such map could be made without terrific expense. But the day the dam outlets were closed, only a portion of the map (the section at the very bottom of the future lake) had ever been drawn.

Nor had any more been completed when, three weeks later, the waters were already backing up at the rate of two miles a day.

Then suddenly the uncompleted mapping job was remembered. The map *had* to be made; so telegrams to a Los Angeles mapping firm followed. Five hours later the mapping company's plane was over the area making the necessary basic photographs. From these the completed map was later compiled. One of its revelations, among others, was that previous estimates of the future lake's capacity had been wrong. The lake would hold two billion acre feet of water more than was expected.

**G**OOD underground maps—of formations under the bed of Lake Michigan—are aiding the city of Chicago in the construction of its new filtration plant and water system which will bring drinking water from the lake bottom. It is planned to have the water tunnel (sixteen feet in diameter) run five miles under the harbor, be parallel to the waterfront, and lie fifty feet under the region's limestone bedrock. Obviously a costly project. But it is less so thanks to new maps made for the city by the Ground Water Branch of the Geological Survey and the Navy's Bureau of Ships.

Using an electronic depth finder whose sonic signal records the depth down to the mud and gravel ground layers, and then to the different layers of bedrock, the Survey and the Navy charted the profile of strata below the lake bottom, giving thereby an exact picture of the configuration of the rock. They discovered two hidden valleys deep in the bedrock, one two miles long and 130 feet deep, and running roughly parallel to the shore line. Knowing about these underground formations, which the map will show in detail, will mean that construction of the water tunnel can be accomplished more expeditiously and more economically.

In the new nation of Israel (to look abroad again) a map which has meant much to agricultural development has been one of the dew-fall. Since the summers are rainless, dew is a major factor in the water balance of the vegetation; and the map shows, with contour-like lines, how much dew falls annually, and the number of dewfall nights, and where. It has shown that the region of poorest rainfall,



the Negeb, is richest in dew formation, and has indicated what sections (they are at the foot of the mountains) receive least dew of all. From these data the farm planners know better what to plant and where, and what areas promise least as future croplands.

During the last war the Army was scouting the mid-continent for a location for a \$30,000,000 chemical warfare munitions plant when the city of Denver, which was bidding for the plant along with other communities, stole a march on its competitors by preparing a special map and sending it to Washington.

This map consisted of four sheets of the large-scale topographical maps of the area, with pertinent details concerning the proposed site sketched in on it. It showed the level expanse of flat terrain needed, ten miles from the city, how it lay between and not far from two railroads, and how it was in an area of pure and ample water supply.

"From what that map told us," the Army Engineers have said, "in a matter of hours we decided on that site, without ever needing to leave Washington."

**B**UT perhaps the grandest-scale sample of the difference maps can make in today's world is seen in the fortune of Britain's great groundnut adventure in Africa. We all remember with what fanfare and great expectations it was launched. Millions of acres of wild land in Tanganyika were to be converted to peanut growing, and from the peanuts would be produced tons of much needed edible oils and margarine for Britain's fat-hungry citizens. "The biggest food-raising scheme ever attempted," it was called. But three to four years later it was something less than a whopping success. "A dismal failure," some have termed it; and no small part of the trouble seems to have stemmed from the fact that its planners and directors were somewhat too casual about the need for adequate maps for such an enterprise.

Their soil maps for this region in Tanganyika, for instance, were not what they should have been. As a result a bad choice was made as to which of two large areas should receive the major development. One was the region around the town of Kongwa, which was reached by a railroad from the port of Dar-es-Salaam on the coast. The other was inland from Nikindani, another town, and without

as good road or rail connection to the sea. The former area was picked, because of the railroad, and because no soil maps of the area indicated correctly the hostile character of the land there.

This turned out to be so full of quartz sand that plows and other farm implements used in it rapidly wore out. It also happened to have an iron cement content. This, unless ample rains softened the soil at just the right time, made the ground so hard that the fertilized pistils of the peanuts couldn't push through it. "No more than they could penetrate a brick pavement," one report put it.

Good soil maps would have forewarned against these conditions. But here the soil maps were based on inadequate, almost amateurish data. Many of the tests done for them, far from being careful and competent, had been performed with the help of only a few simple chemicals and (as the instrument used for the mechanical analysis of the soil sample) a tea strainer.

Better geological maps and underground water maps could have prevented some of the project's other major headaches. For instance, the mistake about the drinking water supply for Kongwa. It was to be produced by boreholes sunk near by. But the water brought up turned out to be so loaded with magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts) that it was undrinkable. Underground water maps based on drilling surveys made in advance could have indicated that wells should be sunk elsewhere. Since these were not provided, the end result was that all drinking water had to be hauled in over the road by tankers.

Three to four years after the groundnut project was launched it had cost over 36 million pounds sterling, and it had not produced enough peanuts to equal the amounts ordered for seed. Among the chief factors involved in its failure was that of trying to work without good maps.

### III

**O**BVIOUSLY the sooner the world can get a uniform and accurate map of itself, its whole self, the better off it will be. And the preparation of such a map has been under way now for some time.

This is the so-called Millionth Map, or International Map of the World (termed IMW



for short), which is sponsored by the International Geographical Union. The idea for it goes back as far as 1891 when a young professor of geography of the University of Vienna, Albrecht Penck, arose in the meeting of the International Geographical Conference being held at Berne and proposed it. It was recognized at once as something which the world was, even then, greatly in need of. A scale of one-to-one-million (about one inch to sixteen miles) was suggested, and an international committee was appointed to initiate preliminary studies and get the project rolling.

Then for eighteen years the Millionth Map got just about nowhere. National differences of opinion blocked any progress. French geographers objected to Greenwich as the zero meridian and insisted on Paris. British geographers protested the use of the metric system; they preferred feet and inches. The Germans fought all comers on the question of how the map should show the hills and valleys, *i.e.*, the topography of the land. They deplored contour lines and favored "hachures," the clawlike squiggles they used to indicate heights and mountain ridges.

In January 1909 nobody would have given a broken sixpence for IMW's future. But later that year, on a British government invitation, delegates from various nations, each with the rank of ambassador, met in London to try again—to see if the world map couldn't finally be launched on its way. This meeting was a success. It decided all the undecided questions: the precise scale the map should be, the type of projection, layout of sheets, scheme of symbolization, even the spelling of names. It also apportioned out what parts of the world outside their own borders should be mapped by what countries. The French were to complete their series on Asia, the Germans their map of China, and the British theirs of Africa.

Progress along these lines was interrupted by the first world war. However, before the war had advanced very far the Allies discovered they badly needed a general map of Europe of the style and accuracy of the intended International Map of the World. They, therefore, had the Royal Geographical Society, under the direction of the British Army's General Staff, prepare and produce one. This map covered Europe (except for

Spain and Portugal) north to Leningrad and east to the Urals, with some overlap into northern Africa and southwest Asia, and was in most essentials a near twin to the proposed Millionth Map of the World.

By 1938, just before the second world war began, forty-eight sovereign nations were enlisted in the International Map project, permanent headquarters had been established at Southampton, England, and a substantial portion of the map had been fully completed. Of its intended total of 974 sheets, to cover the land area of the earth (each sheet to be six degrees of longitude by four of latitude, and no larger than twenty by seventeen inches in size) 232 sheets rated as standard had now been published. So there were still unfinished 742 sheets, or over three-quarters of the total map to be.

Seven years later (1945) the International Map received a big lift from an outside source. The American Geographical Society of New York had been working on a map of Hispanic America for some years, and now brought it to completion. This map covered the lands from the Mexico-United States border to the tip of Cape Horn and was identical with the Millionth Map in style and scale. Its sheets were early listed by IMW's Central Bureau as part of the projected map of the whole world; and one-sixth of the land surface of the globe was thereby to be added on.

Currently a new mapping of Latin America has been under way. This is part of a program sponsored by the Caribbean Command of our Department of Defense, working with the collaboration of the nations south of the border. The new maps will be based on new and extensive geodetic survey work—that is, new determinations of latitude, longitude, and altitude points. This will make it the most accurate map of the South American countries ever compiled.

SOME of the difficulties which this survey (officially called the Inter-American Geodetic Survey) has already encountered should, in passing, be mentioned here. For they go far to answer the question why the world has not been wholly mapped long before this, and why, also, the job cannot be finished in short order.

Mapping is one of the most arduous and time-consuming of tasks and, despite the mod-



ern short cuts furnished by aircraft and photography, still depends for top-order work on the establishment on the ground of a network of accurate points of latitude, longitude, and elevation (in this survey, they are fixed by markers which must be correct to one-half inch in seven miles) known as the "geodetic control." This means men on foot (survey parties) setting up hundreds of observation stations. For this latest South American map between 500 and 600 stations of different types were set up in just one year. In the plotting of a single north-south arc by the mappers, the number of stations eventually to be involved would be nearly 2,000. And the territory the survey parties must cover was, of course, 6,000 miles long and 3,000 wide.

To set up just one station and complete the necessary observations, survey parties on this mapping project have sometimes had to hack their way through jungle for fourteen days to go twenty miles, and then stay on station for weeks, waiting for enough clear weather to make their observations. While they waited, if the weather were wet (as it was in Costa Rica where rainfall is 320 inches a year) fungus formed on the lenses of the surveying instruments. Or if it were dry the summer sun seared the vegetation of the terrain, creating a smoke-like haze which cut down visibility day after day. Some of the stations had to wait more than a hundred days for proper observation conditions.

Other work-delaying difficulties were constantly encountered. Wild boars attacked and broke up the campsites, often treed some of the surveyors for hours. Panthers who had never seen man before, and were therefore curious and fearless, were another nuisance. Food ran out, frequently had to be dropped in by plane. One party was reduced to shooting and feeding on red monkey.

Some of the survey's parties got themselves lost and had to be searched for. Others spent days scaling high peaks to establish a station, only to discover their efforts wasted. On the Bolivia-Chile border one party toiled up 18,000-foot Cerro Santiago to find on the top that their line of sight was blocked by another mountain and so their observations could not be made. And because the season was late they would have to wait till the following year

to climb another peak and continue the work.

Is it any wonder, then, that in first-quality mapping such as this, it may take years just to lay out the preliminary control points? Or that the American Geographical Society's Map of Hispanic America took twenty-five years to finish? Or that the International Map of the World moves toward completion at such a seemingly plodding pace? The final tally as last reported from the map's headquarters, which are now at Chessington in Surrey, gave 461 sheets finished of the now planned total of 961 for the continents and adjacent islands. So the project is within twenty sheets of being one-half completed.

As to when it will be wholly completed, no geographer, and no official of the Millionth Map would dare to prophesy. But that it may move ahead faster than in the past seems probable because of a recent development. This is a movement to place the map under the aegis of the United Nations. The more than fifty countries which are now "adhering nations" to the map agreement will have to approve, but are expected readily to do so; and UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization) has already petitioned the UN's Secretary General to take steps to effect the transfer. Should this move be successful, more funds will be available to push the project more rapidly toward completion.

But in the meantime the map is proving its value in the regions it already covers. Its sheets have been used as the official map in settlement of seven touchy international boundary disputes. Aviation charts of the U.S. Hydrographic Office have been based upon it. Ecuador, Panama, and Colombia use it as the base map for census-taking, and it is the mainstay of communications and road-building commissions in Peru. It is also being used by the International Geographical Union as the "mother map" for the Union's projected and internationally important one-to-one-million scale Land Use Map of the World.

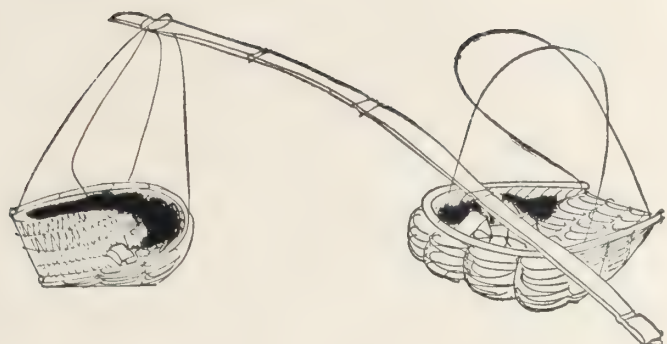
The map's Hispanic sheets are being put to good use by steamboat captains on the upper Amazon. "It is even better," they are reported as declaring, "than the navigation charts we have."



# *The Red Mountain*

A Story by Robert Payne

*Drawings by Harry Diamond*



FOR three years Anselme Sainteny had been in charge of the Tham-vaung tin mines in northern Annam. When he awoke in the morning he could see from the wide window the whole extent of his territory from the red honeycombed mountain in the north to the winding green sluggish river, where the small paddle-steamer rested against the jetty, and everything in between belonged to him. The dispensary belonged to him, and so did the palm-leaved hospital, and so did the railway which came across the plain, bringing the payloads into the smelting sheds, and beyond the smelting sheds lay the powerhouse and the bright yellow smokestack which kept coughing out plumes of yellow smoke. The company stores, the coolie-lines where the Chinese miners lived and the other coolie-lines where the Annamite clerks lived, all these were his, or rather they belonged to the company with its headquarters in Paris; but it was the red mountain with its faint scorings, its yellowish outcroppings, the little caves dotted all over the surface and reached by wooden ladders, which delighted him most. At night the huge conical mountain with the forest crowding at its foot was the darkest indigo unless the moon shone directly upon it, and then it was pure silver. And at dawn it was always a mysterious rose-red, seeming to float upon the earth.

That morning, Sainteny woke up in excellent humor. The Annamite woman sprawled over the bed was smiling drowsily in her sleep. She was small and very beautiful, and her fat pigtails lay over her breasts, rising and falling rhythmically. She was so animal-like in her dark grace, so much like a small ripe fruit lying against the white sheets, he had no

heart to disturb her. He simply gazed at her, bending low over the bed, breathing gently the smell that arose from her, a smell compounded of chocolate and curdled milk and frangipani flowers. Once she murmured, "Anselme," in her sleep, and this pleased him so much that he made a little involuntary gesture over her, a kind of hovering benediction with his long, lean hands, which fluttered for a moment over her sleeping face, but afterward, afraid that the shadow he had thrown would disturb her, he walked out on tiptoes to the bathroom, saying to himself over and over again: "My God, why do I love her so much? She is completely admirable."

In the bathroom, with the cold water plunging into the marble basin, he wanted to announce at the top of his lungs that the world was wonderful and especially created for him that morning. Streams of yellow sunlight flooded through the bathroom window. He could see the tops of the waving palms and the small silky threads of white mist hovering over the blood-red mountain, and already there was the familiar noise of throbbing machinery, the screech of the tip-cars on the rusted railway, and the horrible tubercular coughing of the engines in the powerhouse, but somehow the coughing sound, which usually annoyed him, was pleasant this morning. The water glistened against marble tiles. He could hear the cook busily preparing breakfast. A brightly colored bird was swinging dizzily on a branch just outside the window. "It's quite impossible that there should ever be a better day," Sainteny murmured, and then he hopped out of his bath, threw a towel round his waist, and went into the bedroom. She was still lying there, exactly as he



had left her. "My God, you're unbelievable," he said aloud, and then hurried back to the bathroom. All the time he was shaving he was humming stupid, happy little tunes to himself.

He breakfasted alone. There, in the small dining-room heaped with the flowers which Néné gathered on the sides of the mountain, among the silverware imported from Paris, the wineglasses gleaming in rows, and the flower vases painted in strange Annamite patterns. As he dipped his *brioche* in the *café au lait*, Sainteny went over the plans for the day. He would walk over to the sorting sheds, go over some accounts with the Chinese overseer, Wang Dieh, make his usual morning inspection of the hospital, and then he would ride down to the river and take an *apéritif* with *le capitaine* Jerome on the old paddle-steamer which took the tin ore down river and brought up his supplies. The rest of the day was his own. Perhaps he would sleep during the afternoon, for it promised to be a hot day, or he would read the five-weeks-old copies of *Le Temps*, or if there was time he would row over to the village of Tham-vaung and have the usual monthly talk with the headman.

DRESSED in a tweed coat, a blue shirt open at the neck, and jodhpurs, Sainteny strode towards the mines, absurdly pleased with himself. He was nearly forty, long and square-faced, and like many Normans he had reddish hair and thick pepper-colored eyebrows. He did not look like a Frenchman. In his manner there was something of a Scot, and in his younger days he was often called *l'Ecossais*, and when he addressed one of the Annamites he would always bend slightly, and there would be an amused sympathetic look on the strong face. All round the tin mines lay the forest. It did not frighten him. He liked to think of himself as an embattled conquistador: here for a few years he would hammer out a victory against the corroding elements which demanded their fee of pain and labor and life and death.

"Well, how is everything?" he shouted to Dubonnet, his young assistant, who was standing outside the sorting sheds with a solar topee two sizes too large for him. "My God, man, didn't I tell you the sun won't harm

you. It's an absurd confession of weakness to wear the damned thing."

Dubonnet smiled weakly. He never argued with Sainteny, but he did not remove the solar topee.

"Have you heard of the accident?" Dubonnet asked.

"What accident?"

"There was a cave-in in one of the tunnels. Some of the Chinese were trapped. They're just bringing them in."

"You mean it all happened this morning?"

"That's right. Half an hour ago—on the first shift. I've just come down from there."

The sweat was streaming down Dubonnet's face, and his eyes, though hidden in shadow, looked frightened. He looked absurdly young, almost a boy, and simply because he was young, Sainteny could not prevent himself from bending slightly and putting on a sympathetic air and addressing him in the same tones as he would address the Chinese overseer or the Chinese doctor.

"You shouldn't worry so much, *mon cher*," Sainteny said. "The Chinese can stand anything."

"I think two of them will die," Dubonnet went on. "They were terribly mangled."

Sainteny put a hand on Dubonnet's shoulder.

"A tin mine is like a war, you understand. We must expect wounds sometimes. It is the price we pay for —"

He did not go on. Quite suddenly he realized that young Dubonnet was suffering from a real grief and a real shock.

"You were there?"

Dubonnet nodded.

"Then, my dear fellow, permit me to suggest you take the morning off and have a stiff glass of whiskey."

Afterward, when Sainteny continued his tour, he realized that he had hopelessly failed to console young Dubonnet. The raw wound, concealed beneath the solar topee, was now festering. Whenever there was a cave-in, alarm bells were automatically set ringing. It occurred to Sainteny that he had not heard the alarm bells because the wind was coming from the northwest. Still, there had been accidents before. After seeing Wang Dieh, he would make his way to the hospital and see what could be done for the Chinese.

As Sainteny walked through the plant, he



observed that the colors of the place were especially bright this morning. It was some trick of the light perhaps: more likely it was his own contentment, the blood racing in his veins, the extraordinary joy he had felt ever since he woke up. He told himself that the Chinese were always getting into accidents, because they were always taking risks and cutting corners, and laughed at the safety regulations. They gambled and smoked opium and ran after the Annamite women, and this was troublesome, because the headman of the village was now complaining that a woman had been abducted, and had even sent a description of the woman, asking for her immediate release and the punishment of the abductors. Somewhere, he believed, perhaps in the edge of the forest or in one of the disused caves of the mine, the Chinese kept three or four Annamite women prisoners. There was something slovenly about the Chinese workers, their bodies calloused by knuckles of falling rock, their eyes inflamed by powder-blasts. And though they were slovenly and at the same time hard-working, he could not help liking them.

*"Bonjour, Monsieur Sainteny."*

HE TURNED to see the almond eyes of Wang Dieh gazing up at him. Wang Dieh was a spruce little man with a wrinkled, pock-marked face and the manners of a clerk, but the most remarkable thing about him was the almond eyes. Few Chinese have eyes like that. They were soft and warm, and there was a wonderful curve to the eyelids. Wang Dieh knew he had good eyes. All

his intelligence, all his sensitivity were expressed through the eyes.

"It has been a bad accident," Wang Dieh said. "It is my understanding that three men have been hurt painfully."

Sainteny nodded gravely.

"Three men hurt painfully and four others less painfully," Wang Dieh went on, with a wry apologetic little smile. It was not that he found anything amusing in the accident: it was simply that he always smiled whenever accidents occurred because he could never understand them, never console himself with them, never reconcile himself to the jagged wounds and bruised flesh.

"Where are they?"

"In the hospital."

"Then I'll go there at once," Sainteny said quickly, and he was surprised when Wang Dieh tugged at his arm. There was a look of terrible fear on Wang Dieh's face.

"You don't want me to go?"

"No, it is not good to go. It doesn't help, Monsieur Sainteny."

Sainteny gripped him by the bone-thin arms. Wang Dieh's voice had risen into a thin high-pitched scream.

"Yes, I understand what you are suffering, but it's no use raising your voice. You ought to go riding, Wang Dieh. Do something about those muscles of yours—tone yourself up. You take things too seriously." He went on, speaking softly in French, overcome by a relentless fit of tenderness for the pock-marked little man who worked so industriously. "The important thing is never to give way to the emotions, you understand. In this climate it's







dangerous to give way to the emotions. I've kept myself fit, haven't I? And why? Because I exercise my body. I ride. I have women. I am always active. And you? You are always working, or smoking opium."

"Only a little opium," Wang Dieh smiled sheepishly.

"We won't go into that now," Sainteny replied. "But you don't need it. It lowers the vitality. Opium is the religion of the people—well, of your people."

They exchanged smiles. The color was coming back to Wang Dieh's face. Sainteny put one hand heavily on Wang Dieh's shoulder, and then led him in the direction of the hospital sheds.

"You know what I have done about safety regulations," Sainteny said. "Well, you know they are all my children—I do the best I can for them, and now we'll see what can be done for them in the hospital."

Slowly, immersed in their thoughts, they walked toward the palm-leafed hospital shed. Even there you could hear the pounding of the engines in the smelting factory, the rumble of the paydirt coming down the line, the distant echo of the picks in the caves. There were tiles on the floor of the hospital, and all the walls were whitewashed. There was the heavy smell of iodoform and lime, and the place was unusually quiet. In the beds beneath the gray mosquito curtains the patients lay listless, some like cocoons in their band-

ages, others with faces streaked with Mercuriochrome, others gaunt and sickly with skins turning blue as a thrush's egg. In starched white cotton dresses and white stockings the Annamite nurses hovered down the lane between the beds. The Chinese doctor from the Shantung Medical College, peering through thick spectacles which made his eyes resemble enormous pebbles, came out of the small operating theater to greet them, but Sainteny was not looking at the doctor. He was looking at the boy who lay outstretched on a bed near the operating room: something in the boy's hopeless eyes, so dark, so sunken, so deep, drew Sainteny to him. His chest and shoulders were wrapped in thick bandages, and already the bandages, the gauze, and the cottonwool were stained rust-red with blood. The boy recognized Sainteny, smiled, made an effort to rise, and then fell back heavily on the bed.

"Opium," the boy said, his mouth a little cave.

"You want opium?" Sainteny asked, bending down.

The boy's eyes clouded over. He was evidently in great pain. The doctor was making signs: signs which could mean only that the boy was not expected to live.

"Tell her to come here," the boy murmured. "Tell her to come now."

"You want the nurse?"

"No, not the nurse."



"Who do you want?" Sainteny went on, stroking the boy's forehead, now running with sweat. "If there is anything you want, I'll bring it to you."

"I want the girl," the boy said.

"Which girl?"

There was no answer. Wang Dieh was standing near, and so was the Chinese doctor. They were all listening to Sainteny's conversation with the wounded boy. Like many healthy men, Sainteny could be extremely tender with people when they were hurt. He smiled at the boy and then bent down to listen to his whispers. He did not know Chinese well, only enough to pass the time of day with the workmen when they were coming off shift. He was popular with them, and he could understand elementary phrases, and prided himself on being able to say the few words that pleased them, but all he could understand from the boy was that there was a girl somewhere in one of the caves. It was what he had suspected. He was about to pull himself to his full height when he observed through the window two coolies lifting a dead Chinese into a wooden coffin. He could observe this only with great difficulty, for the window was painted over on the outside, but some of the white paint had flaked away. By shifting his position a little, Sainteny was able to observe one of the coolies, then the dead Chinese, then the other coolie.

"I can't make out what the boy is saying," he said to the doctor, his voice shaky. "If he wants opium, I suppose it won't do any harm to give it to him."

"He will be dead in an hour," the doctor said.

SAINTENY walked blindly out of the hospital, and all the time he was thinking of the boy who would be dead in an hour. The boy could not have been more than seventeen, and he had come over the frontier only recently—you could tell that because there were no blue scars on his face. He had delicately boned hands, high cheekbones, a small but determined chin, and his face was a soft warm brown. You had to admit to yourself that he was an unusually handsome specimen of his race. Thinking of his own virile body, untouched by any rock-fall, Sainteny said: "They ought to be more careful—oh Jesus, they ought to be more care-

ful," and then he decided to make his way to the old rusting paddle-steamer. He would talk to Jerome. They would drink and laugh for a while, and they would put all their worries behind them.

Walking down the long avenue of palms Sainteny felt the hot wind against his cheeks. Some brown and turbaned Annamite women passed him, and as he always did he bowed reverently. "They like these little attentions," he told himself, smiling. "It gets known in the village. They know, too, how much I admire them."

Climbing the gangplank he saw the Annamite sailors pretending to be busy cleaning the brass. They were stripped down to their drawers. As he walked across the deck they eyed him surreptitiously, and he was sure they were whispering about him. A black trickle of smoke crawled listlessly from the flaking funnel. He shouted out to Jerome, and there was a great answering shout. The cabin door was flung open.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to see you," Sainteny said, when he was sitting comfortably opposite Jerome.

Jerome was a rather ugly man, with high cheekbones, hollow temples, and pale watery eyes. He was heavily built, and he had a short heavy neck: the back of the neck was wrinkled, reminding Sainteny of an elephant's hide. Yet there was something extraordinarily pleasant in the man's wide-mouthed smile. He spent most of the day reading interminable French novels with yellow backs to them; the cabin was piled high with these novels. As usual, the room was in disorder, there were bottles everywhere, the smell of stale tobacco hung on the air, and the navigating charts had slipped to the floor. Propped on a small pile of novels was a photograph of Jerome's wife taken when she was seventeen: she looked deeply religious, and there were mysterious lights in her dark, deep-set eyes. She had died long ago, but Jerome often entered into long silent conversations with the photograph in the gilt frame.

Sainteny breathed deeply and watched Jerome pouring out the red wine.

"I'm pushing off tomorrow," Jerome remarked, "and I don't mind telling you I will be glad to go. This damned place gets on my nerves."

He said this very cheerfully, lifting his glass



so high that the rim of it touched the low ceiling.

"You like the towns, and I like the villages," Sainteny said. "We agree to differ, eh? I wouldn't mind going down the river with you sometime, though."

"Why don't you come this time?"

"I wouldn't impose on you."

"Nonsense, Anselme, there's room enough for you. I could turn my chief engineer out of his bunk, or I could bed you down in my cabin. You ought to get away sometimes."

Sainteny stared reflectively at the ceiling. In another year he would receive eight months' leave: no use in taking leave now. If he went with Jerome, it would be at least twelve days before he could return to the mines, and Dubonnet was too young, too inexperienced to run the place.

"No," he said slowly, and it occurred to him that there was nothing more restful than a river-boat, even an old paddle-steamer nearly falling to pieces. Here on the edge of shore no wind stirred, there was no rustle of falling leaves, no high-pitched voices of Chinese, no dulled explosions from the cliff face: only the lapping of the river against the ship's sides, and somewhere the Annamite women talking together as they washed clothes along the shore.

"Is it Néné?" Jerome asked, holding his head to one side. "You don't want to leave her, eh? Well, that's understandable. But I could make room for Néné, too, if you wanted to come."

"It's no use, Jerome," Sainteny said at last, smiling and shaking his head. "There's young Dubonnet to think about. There was an accident this morning—two or three Chinese hurt in a powder blast—the usual thing—but Dubonnet took it to heart. He is a young man with the proper sympathies, an excellent boy, I'm fond of him, but he doesn't know the beginning of a tin miner's life. If you're going downriver tomorrow, why don't you come and have dinner with me tonight? I'll get Néné to prepare something charming, and she'll be delighted to have company."

Jerome looked across the table with a strangely mocking expression. "I couldn't do it," he said. "You know how it is on the last night, when we are battening down the hatches. I've got to be here."

"To prevent thieving—?" Sainteny asked,

though he knew that the question was absurd.

"That, and other things."

"What sort of things?"

"The worst of them is opium. I'm not going to take the risk of the river police coming on the boat and finding unlicensed opium hidden away in the engine room."

"It's always opium," Sainteny smiled. "Wang Dieh admitted to me this morning that he smokes the stuff, and there was a Chinese boy lying on the hospital bed. He asked for opium, and then went rambling on about a girl. You know, they've got girls hidden away in the caves."

**J**EROME nodded. He had known this for a long time, much longer than Sainteny had known it. Sainteny amused him. He was so fresh, so virile, but half the things that happened in the mine passed unnoticed by him.

"I didn't know you knew," Sainteny admitted.

"I know an awful number of things I shouldn't know," Jerome said, laughing. "I know what your nickname is."

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you," Jerome said reddening. "You have one nickname from the Annamites, and another from the Chinese. I'll say this. They're very good at inventing nicknames."

"So you knew about the Annamite women in the caves?" Sainteny said, anxious to change the subject, although he was in good humor and he was not in the least annoyed by Jerome's talk of nicknames. "That's one thing I have against them—taking women to their caves. They know I've forbidden it. They keep the women there, never let them out, they are no more than slaves—those women. I do my best for the Chinese. No one can tell me I do not treat them as though they were my children, and still they do things like that. I've had another letter from the headman—another woman abducted. If we are not careful, we shall find open war between the Annamites and the Chinese."

"It might happen."

"You seem to take it very cheerfully—"

At this, Jerome burst out laughing, reached for the bottle, poured some more wine, and remarked casually: "I won't have to face the music. I'm leaving tomorrow morning."



"Then you think it will happen soon?"

"What will happen?"

"You don't have to be evasive. I mean, trouble between the Annamites and the Chinese."

"Oh, it might happen at any time."

Sainteny was no longer sure whether to take this conversation seriously. There was a half-mocking, happy look on Jerome's face. It occurred to him that Jerome was enjoying himself.

"I'm deadly serious," Sainteny said.

"So am I."

"Then you really think there will be trouble?"

"There's trouble already, Anselme. That accident this morning. Doesn't it occur to you that the Annamites might have caused it. The Chinese are very careful when they blast. They've learned their lesson. The Annamites, for all I know, may have caused a premature explosion—"

"Oh, nonsense."

"I am only suggesting it."

"You are really allowing your imagination to get ahead of you, *mon cher capitaine*. There are of course some malcontents, but on the whole you can see that they get on well together. The Annamites don't harbor grudges. I suppose the abduction of the women—I believe there are three or four women, not more, in the caves—I suppose it's serious enough, but they wouldn't kill each other over it. I am their friend—I treat the Chinese and the Annamites equally."

"Because you are their friend doesn't alter the fact that they are at each other's throats, Anselme."

Sainteny wanted to change the subject. It was hot and airless in the small cabin. Jerome was smiling and brushing the ends of his mustache with an upright movement of his hands, and the bottles were in disorder, and already they had drunk five or six glasses of wine. He heard his own voice dying away in the little room where no air ever stirred, no wind ever blew. Well, it was absurd to think about. The Chinese and Annamites had brought it upon themselves. Had he not given them a hospital, medicines, facilities beyond any they possessed before? He had fought to give them higher salaries. They worshipped him, or at least they pretended to worship him. When his eight years were over, he would be able to look back approvingly on his own conduct among them, for had he not brought civilization to the remote tin mine on the edge of the jungle?

"When you go down, there's a favor I'd like to ask of you," Sainteny heard himself saying. "Please inquire about some nuns."

"Some nuns?" Jerome asked, in an astonishingly loud voice.

"Yes—French nuns. It would help a great deal if we had some nuns working in the hospital. It would help to elevate the morals of the workmen."

"I've no doubt," the captain said, not without a touch of sarcasm.





"Then you don't believe me?" he asked.

"I don't believe or disbelieve. If you think a couple of nuns would work a miracle—"

"Then what do you suggest?"

"Bring some Chinese girls. Buy them from Shanghai—you won't get them in Saigon except under false pretenses. Announce in the Shanghai newspapers that the girls are expected to live high up on the cliff face for a period of two or three years. Everything they could dream of will be given them. The Chinese workers will buy them every kind of expensive perfume, every kind of clothing they could desire. Their food will be especially prepared for them. They will be swaddled and looked after as though they were princesses, but not once during the period they are here must they leave the cliff face. The others are loaded with jewels, and though they never see the sun, I assure you they are perfectly content."

"Then you have seen them?"

"Yes, I've seen them," the captain said, and there was a long silence.

Shortly afterward, Sainteny made some excuse to leave the paddle-boat.

AS HE came down the gangplank, he felt hot and angry. It was nearly midday, the sun very high and white, and all the earth breathless before him. The heat came out of the sun like a sword, and the palm trees were stiff and silent in the heat, and so was the red honeycombed mountain, but he could no longer distinguish in the brightness the entrances to the caves. He thought for a moment of going to the village on the other side of the river. He would have a quiet talk with the headman. He would explain what was being done. He would take the old headman into his confidence. After all, you could not deny that the slender and turbaned Annamites had cause for complaint. It piqued him that *le capitaine* Jerome knew more about the affair than he had suspected, and perhaps there was something to be said for Jerome's suggestion, but it would need a considerable outlay in money and headquarters in Paris could hardly be expected to approve. The vultures were still circling overhead, throwing their lazy blue shadows on the earth, and the slow creaking train, filled with reddish ore, was coming down the mountain.

That afternoon Sainteny summoned Wang Dieh to his office.

"I'm told there are four women in the mountain," he said quietly.

He was determined not to put Wang Dieh in a position where he would take offense.

"Let's speak about it man to man. We are faced with difficulties. It has been suggested to me that the explosion this morning may have been caused by our beloved friends, the Annamites. What do you think?"

"Yes, Monsieur Sainteny, I am listening."

"Please be reasonable. Please try to understand the position I am in. You are all brothers and sons to me. You must give up the women."

"Yes, Monsieur Sainteny."

"I am glad you are so reasonable, Wang Dieh. I've always trusted you, haven't I? You must believe me that I am not thinking about this in terms of morality—simply in terms of the greatest benefit for the Chinese workers."

"You ask us to surrender the women, is that right? Previously you have asked us to give up opium. No, Monsieur Sainteny, we cannot give these things up. After work there is nothing for us—only work and heat. No women. No opium. You want to take all these away. Why should we live?"

Feeling discouraged, Sainteny returned to his house on the edge of the clearing. For the first time he was beginning to hate the tin mines. Néné was waiting for him, wearing a flowered skirt slit to the thighs. She smiled sleepily, kissed him, showed him the flowers she had gathered on the mountain, and busied herself putting them into the painted pots, until the room smelled like a gravemound piled with wreathes. All evening he pondered the problem. In Indochina the light falls quickly, and soon the last tip-cart had disappeared into the red corrugated shed and the last puff of yellow smoke had been coughed out of the powerhouse chimney. He saw the paddle-boat lying dark and silent at the end of the jetty, and beyond the plowed fields on the opposite shore blue smoke arose to meet the moonlight. The palm leaves waved tranquilly, the silver bellies of the leaves assuming the whole color of the moon. The air was oppressively humid, and as usual at night there came from the forest a heavy exhalation like a warm and evil-smelling breath. Néné was smiling. She was accus-



tomed to this weather: it did not disturb her to hear the sounds of the forest animals, a sound which grew louder and fiercer as the night progressed.

"Are you all right?" she smiled, putting her soft brown hands on his forehead.

"Yes, quite all right."

"You look preoccupied, Anselme—"

"Of course. Business worries—don't disturb your pretty head about them."

All through dinner she would cast little sidelong glances at him. After dinner he listened to Radio-Saigon, drank Cointreau, and rested for a while with her head on his lap. Her hair was scented and oiled. When he squeezed one of the plaits, it was like squeezing a fruit. He drank some more Cointreau, inserting his tongue in the small glass until the last golden drops were absorbed, and then went to bed. Néné followed him, but he kept to his side of the bed.

HE COULD not sleep. The moon shone brilliantly outside, and to make matters worse a huge palm leaf kept scraping against the window, and sometimes, when he was about to doze off, he heard the faint scream of the animals in the forest. Now, more vividly than during the day, he saw the blood-soaked body of the Chinese being lifted into the coffin, and he saw the boy lying on the hospital bed. He tried to dismiss them from his mind, but they would not go. He tried to tell himself that they were only something in a ledger, a cost account canceled because it served no useful purpose, something to be mentioned casually in a report sent to the Boulevard Haussmann—"Three Chinese workmen were unfortunately killed in an explosion."

Néné was smiling calmly in her sleep, but her calm smile did nothing to reassure him. He wanted to say: "You understand. I love you. Have patience. I am faced with insoluble problems." How still everything was! How beautiful the moonlight! "I mustn't give way to my emotions," he told himself, and he gazed out of the window to see whether any clouds were forming, but there was no change in the sky—only the dark blue sky with the silver stars, a sky sodden with humidity, raining down a perpetual ceremony of heat even in the middle of the night. When the pillow was sodden with sweat, he

got up and fetched another: and though there was comfort in its coolness, he knew there was no lasting comfort. He was filled now with a profound sense of pity, not for himself or even for the dead Chinese boys, and certainly he had no pity for the Annamite women high up in their cave: it was pity for all the poor devils who live out their lives on the shores of the river and below the red mountain, a vast pity which knew no end.

"It's no use," he told himself. "I can't go up to the cave and remove the women, they wouldn't let me, and yet if the women are not removed, the Annamites will desert the mine, or cause more explosions, or slit all our throats. You see, there is nothing I can do. I can't write to Paris and say: 'The Chinese have abducted some women and put them in the caves. They have everything they want—brocades, silks, jewels, cushions, everything. It's a strange mountain. It's full of ghosts. If we are not careful, murder will come out of one of the caves.'"

In the stupor of weariness he had the illusion that phosphorescent lights were streaming out of Néné's eyes. The moonlight was still blinding. He dozed for a little while, and then woke up sharply, but it was only the wind, a faint breath of wind, and outside the air was still warm and the stars were growing larger, as they always did before dawn.

When the dawn came at last, he staggered to the bathroom. When he cut himself shaving, he found himself remembering every detail of what he had seen in the hospital: the rust-red bandages, the two coolies lifting the Chinese into the coffin. When he had dressed, he went out of the house, thinking he would see Jerome. They would take breakfast together, they would talk about Paris. In the bluish light of dawn, watery and swollen, he found himself going down to the river, but the paddle-steamer had already left, leaving a gaping hole. He wanted to shout after it: "Come back, Jerome. Please don't desert me now when I need your advice." Along the shore a few palms were waving listlessly, and for some reason the villagers on the other side of the river were beating drums. He watched them in the wavering heat haze as they formed into a procession, waving pink and purple banners. It was some religious ceremony, and very faintly across the river he could hear the chanting voice of a priest.



# America's Submerged Class:

## the Migrants

*Mary Heaton Vorse*

**L**ITTLE Walter Giles was crushed by a truck on the farm of Grant Berry in Pemberton, New Jersey, last August. He died at Mount Holly Hospital on the night of August 24.

Walter was a little Negro boy of six who, with his twelve-year-old sister and his ten-year-old cousin, had accompanied their parents on a "day haul" from Philadelphia to pick beans. About a third of this crew of bean-pickers were children, in spite of the fact that New Jersey is one of the few states that have good child-labor laws which cover agriculture and forbid children under twelve from working in the fields.

The little boy became quite famous after he died. The A F of L unions sent out releases about the tragedy, the *CIO News* ran an article about him, and a well-known labor commentator mentioned his death on the radio. For it called attention to the presence in American fields of children who should never have been there.

The U. S. Wage and Hour Regional Office division of the Department of Labor found over 480 children under sixteen at work during school hours in New Jersey fields between the beginning of 1951 and November 1952. And this did not include the children like Walter who did their work out of school hours or on vacation.

Less than a month before Walter's death,

old man Tobin was killed by a tractor driven by an eleven-year-old boy on Fred Thomson's farm in St. Lawrence County, New York. Old Tobin was still haying at seventy-five because there's no retirement age for farm workers, nor do they get old-age insurance. The vigilant farmers' lobby had seen to it that the Department of Labor's Hazardous Occupation Order No. 2, which forbids the employment of children in dangerous jobs, didn't apply to farm trucks.

These two deaths illuminate the story of the migrant workers of the United States—an unregarded army of people who, from the cradle to the grave, are "children of misfortune."

"We depend on misfortune to build up our force of migratory workers, and when the supply is low because there are not enough unfortunates at home, we rely on misfortune abroad to replenish the supply," says the report of the President's Commission on Migratory Labor. Yet they are vital to our agriculture. As one farmer put it to me, "We need 'em awful bad when we need 'em, but after they're through we want 'em to get to hell out."

How does it happen that in a nation which prides itself on its enlightened labor legislation, its generally good labor conditions, and its outlawing of child labor, these people are still disregarded?

*In her long experience as a labor reporter, Mary Heaton Vorse has studied conditions among steel, dock, and textile workers, factory hands, Southern recruits for war jobs up North, and many other groups of laboring people.*



**N**O MARXIAN but Father James Vizzard, SJ, of the Catholic Rural Life Council, gives one answer: "We had our industrial revolution in agriculture, which has created its proletariat." For these migrants are mostly employed on the great farm factories and the small captive farms tied to canneries.

In the words of William M. Leiserson, "Our farms are manufacturing plants. Agriculture is not learning from industry how an industrial revolution can be handled. . . . instead of learning from the rotten conditions that we had in our industrial revolution in industry, we are going through all of the same things that we did a hundred years ago."

A peculiarly helpless group of people have as their employers some of the most highly organized and powerful industrial groups in this country. These workers are especially vulnerable, because they are always on the move. They follow the crops, moving from Mexico and Texas to the cotton-picking—moving up to the Central and Northern states for sugar beets, and on further for fruit and vegetable crops—moving from Mexico and southern California to do the fruit-picking of the Pacific Coast—moving northward from Texas with the combines through the wheat-fields of the Great Plains—moving from the Ozarks and the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains to harvest the crops of the Central states—moving northward from Florida and other Southern states to pick crops along the Atlantic seaboard—and coming out of city slums on day hauls to do the harvesting scores of miles away. Wherever they are, they are nobody's business: "State by state, county by county, township by township, nearly every unit of government seeks to evade responsibility for these migratory workers," says the report of the President's Commission.

And so the laws of the land which protect other workers don't apply to migrant farm workers. When Social Security aid was extended to some agricultural workers, migrants were excluded. The migrant gets no unemployment benefits; except in two or three states he gets no advantage from the minimum wage laws. In only a few states has he workmen's compensation. Except for child labor, the amendment to the Fair Employment Practices Act does not apply to him. Only here and there are small groups of migrant workers

under union protection; generally speaking, if he tries to organize he can be thrown out. He has not even a Taft-Hartley Act to aid him.

Because he has no settled residence, schools are seldom open to his children. Moreover he is excluded almost everywhere from health and welfare benefits. Too often he is despised by the local community and treated as an outcast. Even most churches don't want him. Being a migrant, he has of course no vote, so it pays nobody politically to help him.

The Department of Agriculture has stringent regulations governing the transportation of cattle and pigs. They must be unloaded at stated intervals for rest, food, and water. But not the migrants, 60 per cent of whom travel long distances in trucks to get work.

"Many travel 1,800 miles with no rest stops on three- or four-day trips without stopover for sleep or replenishment of food. . . . There is a desperate need for transit rest camps supplied by the federal government," says Dr. Martha Eliot, chief of the Children's Bureau.

Walter Giles was not the only child crushed by a farm truck last year. The pages of the Congressional hearings on migrants are littered with dead children—children run down, babies dying by the roadside because no hospital would receive them—while that faithful yardstick of conditions in an industry, infant mortality, piles up records of babies' deaths wherever there's a migrant camp.

Migrants are largely recruited by crew leaders or labor contractors, some of whom get kickbacks out of the workers' pay, or misrepresent jobs, or run camp stores at high prices; and when they do not supply liquor and women, their work groups are likely to be followed by professional gamblers, prostitutes, and dope peddlers.

The case of Mr. X, told by Mrs. Mabel Hopper of the Consumers' League of New York, could be repeated often wherever migrants work. Mr. X owned a taxicab company and a filling station, and had an interest in a bar and grill in Florida, all financed from his earnings as crew leader. He operated crews from Key West to Canada, and had one of the largest crews in New York State. When he was interviewed by Mrs. Hopper, he had a crew of two hundred recruited from Florida to Maryland who had been waiting for work



two weeks, and were already in debt to him \$1,500. "A cynical disregard on the part of the company as well as the crew leader was revealed on closer inquiry," says Mrs. Hopper. "In order to secure a labor supply being on hand when needed, the company and Mr. X signed a contract providing a minimum guarantee of \$5,000 if Mr. X had a crew of two hundred for a four-week period. . . . Mr. X is a good example of a big-time operator."

Only a few states have housing codes for migrants, and so the men and their families are as likely as not to be housed in squatter camps, trailers, barracks, rickety farm buildings, tents, or even chicken coops—mostly below the standards of decency. And although the going rate of pay for migrant farm work has risen from 16 cents an hour in 1940 to 55 cents an hour in 1950, the average migrant works only 101 days a year, for annual earnings of only \$514—about a fifth of what the average industrial worker now gets. American prosperity has passed him by.

## II

**H**EADING the list of states which have done something substantial to aid the migrants is New Jersey—with New York, California, and Wisconsin not far behind. New Jersey is the only state which has a Migrant Bureau, whose responsibilities include housing, child labor, wage claims and payments, health and welfare. Farm workers are covered by workmen's compensation. The schools of New Jersey admit migrant children. And the employment agency law has a new provision encouraging farmers to pay workers directly instead of through the crew leaders, who sometimes make off with the men's pay.

The town of Freehold, New Jersey, offers a fine example of how a community can tackle the migrant problem. On a recent trip through the state, I visited its summer school for migrants' children. It was in a fine modern four-room school building; and Mrs. Dorothy Jackson, who supervised it, had three teachers assisting her. Here sixty-two children from thirteen migrant camps were going to school for six summer weeks, and getting a savory lunch; there was even a nursery school for little children. "We can't take all the children who apply," said Mrs. Jackson.

This was truly a community project, with the local Board of Education providing the school, the State Department of Education providing the teachers, the Council of Jewish Women donating the milk, a local dairy supplying the ice, the Catholic Daughters giving paper plates, cups, etc., the Red Cross furnishing transportation for the woman caterer, and the county library lending the books. As I saw the children running back and forth, saying politely, "Excuse me," as they passed on their way to their physical examination which was being held that day, they looked like anything but children of misfortune. Their clothes were neat, they were confidently friendly, and the nurse told me they had gained pounds since the beginning of the term.

On Saturdays and Sundays, this school was used as a migrant center. Mothers could leave their children there when they went shopping. There were softball and horseshoe pitching for the active boys and men; books, games, music, television, and radio for the less athletic. The police reported that there had been fewer arrests since the Center began to compete with the taverns, where there had been frequent disorders.

While I was at the school, a handsome Negro woman sat at the door with her sick grandchild sleeping on her knees. The baby was diagnosed as having whooping cough and pneumonia. "As soon as school is over I'm going to see that that baby gets to a doctor, if it's the last thing I do," said Mrs. Jackson. A day or two later I saw the grandmother again, and found that the baby was miraculously convalescent; and I reflected that here was one baby who might have died but for the care New Jersey takes of its migrants.

Alas, this school and Center must be discontinued. The building is required for administration purposes, and no new one has been found. But there is talk that there will be more schools in other New Jersey counties.

**T**HE day after my visit to the Freehold school, I saw one of the better migrant camps. It was a row of thirty cubicles, fourteen by twelve feet, of corrugated cast iron, painted with aluminum paint to refract the sun. It was near a tree-bordered ravine, with decent privies at a distance. Like all the camps except one for Puerto Ricans, it was



occupied by Southern Negroes. One of the men told me that the owner was there every day inspecting the grounds. There was no litter; garbage and trash were neatly stored in bins. Clotheslines with freshly laundered clothes abounded, as they did in the meagerest camps. The camp leader's wife, a fine-looking woman, was doing her washing; another woman, on the steps of her home, was putting a beautiful baby to sleep; children were playing with tricycles.

Vastly different was another camp which we reached after a drive through the fat New Jersey countryside. It was tucked out of sight up a dirt road. There were two rows of blackened, forlorn shacks. Twenty people lived there. In the front sheds lived married people; the back sheds housed the unmarried men, the unmarried women, and one married couple. The floor of the unmarried men's room was so broken that there was a hole large enough "to break your leg in," as one of the tenants put it. "There's an awful lot of rats around," another remarked.

One handsome young woman in Copenhagen-blue shorts had scrubbed her floor and had a clean spread. But the other rooms were dirty and cluttered, and the beds—with sagging mattresses and soiled and flimsy bedclothes—were the only furniture. Down a narrow path, overgrown with poison ivy, was the single privy for men and women, stinking and buzzing with flies.

Up on a small rise was a better four-room shack where the crew leader lived, and his handsome blue car was parked nearby.

It was shocking to come across this place in this opulent countryside. Yet even this was better than many camps had been before the New Jersey migrant law was passed. At least it had electricity; the well was covered; the garbage was in two big receptacles, although there was some dismal litter about. "Formerly garbage covered with flies rotted where it was thrown, the season round," one of our party told me, "and rats sometimes drowned in the open wells."

At another camp which we visited later—a larger one with about fifty people—the crew leader was gambling with the men and women of his crew. Piles of folding money had gravitated to him. At one side a large slot machine stood ready for use. He was a large, fleshy man, brutal and arrogant, who naturally took

a dim view of our visit. As we left the gamblers, a drunken woman lurched after us; one of our party recognized her as a camp-follower who had come from Trenton.

Life here was roaring. It was the most wide open place I have ever seen in my travels—part saloon, part gambling joint—but worse, for here also were children, and there was no chance for the respectable crew members to get away from the all-pervading atmosphere of evil.

"I didn't sleep none last night—all them drunks shoutin' and yellin' an' tryin' to break into cabins," one woman complained.

The last camp we saw that day was in an old farmhouse, where there had been a bad fire. A gap in the wall had been filled by a slab of corrugated iron. No one was at home except three little children who showed us their downstairs room; it had a beautiful pillared fireplace, but the walls were blackened by smoke, and there were two double beds and two cots, dirty beyond any I have seen human beings occupy. And upstairs (where the children told us the single men lived) the walls were stuffed with cardboard where the plaster had fallen; there were piles of the insides of decayed mattresses, dirty double beds and a cot, and a small room or closet heaped high with rags and ancient bedding—an invitation to fire. It was as spectral as an Addams cartoon.

THE camps we saw later with an inspector from the Migrant Bureau were reassuring. One of these—occupied by Puerto Ricans—was in a farmhouse beside a road. In one clean, well-swept room there were four cots. The mattress of each cot was rolled up neatly. On the bare springs of each cot lay a suitcase next to which was a well-polished pair of shoes. One might have thought that the room housed an army outfit, except that from the pegs on the wall hung workmen's clothes. This was a good example of a change for the better, for an attractive farmer's wife who lived in a big farmhouse nearby pointed to a blackened row of farm sheds that had formerly housed the workers.

In another camp which housed about forty people, there was an outdoor communal kitchen with bright linoleum and tables under the trees. The crew leader's wife, a notable-looking Negro woman, told us, "My



husband don't allow no drinkin' and no funny business here. He bounces 'em right out." The inspector remarked that the crew leader had to be a big, strong man to do that.

One of the largest farm factories of the Eastern states is the Seabrook Farms of New Jersey, which employ thousands of workers. They are among the few agricultural plants whose migratory workers are under union contract. Both the cannery workers and the farm workers have been organized, to the satisfaction of both management and workers, by Local 56 of the Meatcutters and Butchers A F of L. The relationship has been considered such a successful example of collective bargaining that reports of it have been used in various colleges and universities teaching the subject. This is the more noteworthy in that attempts to organize farm workers have been generally resisted, often with violence. The Seabrook Farms have co-operated with the Home Missions Council and the State in maintaining clinics, nursery schools, recreation programs, and religious services.

There are some admirable camps in New York State too, for New York—spearheaded, as is New Jersey, by the Consumers' League—has done almost as much as New Jersey to ameliorate its migrant problem. Its interdepartmental Migrant Commission has almost the effect of the New Jersey Migrant Bureau, and it has outstripped New Jersey in its child-care centers and its suppression of child labor. Many communities have been zealous in helping migrants—notably Suffolk County, Long Island, which has a Migrant Farm Labor Committee appointed by the County Board of Supervisors.

At Cutchogue in Suffolk County I saw a big camp, run by the Potato Growers' Association, which can house four hundred people, though there were only three hundred living there at the time of my visit—in huts built by the Farm Security Administration. A grove of trees surrounding the settlement made it a pleasant place, and the old FSA huts furnished decent housing.

We went into the day nursery where children were sleeping in cots. At the infants' end a baby was being tended by the colored nurse in charge. Any child, it seemed to me, would have been delighted at the play material. I learned that soon the nursery would be transformed into a school, run by the

county; that the place served for recreation in the evenings—radio, television, etc.; and that divine service was held there on Sundays, with a Home Missions missionary officiating. The Council of Home Missions of the Churches of Christ first started the day nursery, as they have done in many other places.

Yet even in Suffolk County, as in New Jersey, there are grim enough camps. Gone, as a result of the new laws, are the one-time tent colonies "whose smell would knock you down because people were dying of dysentery"; but even in the states with the best laws, right in the midst of prosperous communities, there remain rural slums which don't get the policing that ordinary slums do.

### III

"THE flight of human migrants is not as swift as that of birds, but their pattern of migration is almost as rigid," one observer has said. At present, the human flight would seem to be of less importance than the bird flight; while an appropriation of \$6,000,000 for birds was under discussion not long ago, Senator Paul Douglas was ruled out of order when he proposed that \$181,000 be diverted to assist the states in providing schooling for migrant children. Like the number of birds, the number of migrants has been only approximated. The nearest figure—including their families—seems to be about two million.

Mexico is the biggest reservoir of migrant labor, legal and illegal. Here we have a border 1,600 miles long and only 750 border patrolmen and immigration officers to guard it, who consequently, as they say, are "wallowing in illegal aliens." The "wetbacks," as they are called, pour across to the roughly estimated number of a million annually. "Getting rid of them is like shoveling sand against the tide," immigration officers say.

Surely this is a scandalous situation. While Ellis Island is corked tight as a bottle against anybody who is under suspicion of having a pale pink spot on his past, the Mexican border is a gaping wound in our security. This wide open and relatively unprotected frontier is an open door where Communists may enter unchecked. A short walk or a brief wade or swim when the Border



Patrol isn't there, and they're in the United States.

It would profit the staunch Congressional protectors of our borders to ponder the testimony of Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, Texas. He points out that while in 1944 there were less than 100,000 deportations and voluntary departures of Mexicans who had entered this country illegally, in 1950 there were—believe it or not—565,000. And for every Mexican who was deported, the guess is that from one to ten slipped through the wide-meshed net of the Border Patrol and Immigration Services.

What happens when these Mexicans slip across the border into the United States? They displace, in the labor market, a lot of American citizens, who thereupon migrate northward. In 1950, according to the Texas Employment Service, 90,000 Texas farm workers were counted at various points of exit to other states, and this count did not include their families. They were looking for work farther north, driven from home by the cheap Mexican labor, legal and illegal.

"While we were getting rid of 90,000 U. S. citizens . . . in 1950, we legally imported 51,000 aliens from Mexico, not to mention those who entered illegally," says the Archbishop. "It does not make sense."

Incidentally, the Mexicans who entered the United States legally—190,000 of them in all, counting also those who were bound for states other than Texas—did so under legal contract (provided for by treaty) which provided for their wages, health, transportation, and housing; and there were over 500 U. S. Employment Service men working in Mexico, and Public Health doctors as well, supervising their exit. The cost to the American taxpayer has been estimated at \$85 per immigrant—a cost which might be classed as a subsidy to the large employers of cheap labor. Puerto Ricans also come in under contracts which do not exist for workers born in the continental United States.

The illegal immigrants, the half-million or so wetbacks, have of course no protection. They are a wretched lot who must work for anything offered, even for a wage as low as twenty cents an hour, according to the President's Commission. They live anywhere—in the brush, in holes in riverbanks. Their water comes from ditches and canals where others

wash clothes and dump waste; their babies die of dysentery, and they of TB and malaria and venereal diseases.

In a scholarly monograph on the Wetback of the Lower Rio Grande, Sanders and Leonard have summed up his plight: "Being illegal, he can protest over nothing, small pay, uncertain employment over long hours; so his docility makes him as attractive as his low pay." And what a bonanza to farmers this low pay is! A farmer who produces fifty bales of cotton a year saves \$1,000 by employing wetbacks, and the big farm factories which produce over 100,000 bales can really cash in.

No wonder, then, that a strong political bloc has developed to maintain the *status quo*, and that when the Immigration Service asked for adequate money to protect our borders, it got not one red cent from the House. The Senate granted it \$1,000,000, but Public Law No. 78 so multiplied the administrative requirements surrounding the bringing in of legal Mexicans that the Service got no good from the appropriation, as far as much-needed personnel were concerned.

#### IV

FOR a short time, under the Farm Security Administration, there was a migrant program in the hands of people who really wished to do something and had authority to do it. Government-operated camps with decent housing, and with health and child services, were set up in the nineteen-thirties to meet the needs of the Dust Bowl fugitives. The program was expanded in World War II; under the stress of wartime shortages, the FSA recruited, housed, and transported workers in orderly fashion. The number of people employed on some farms was decreased 50 per cent through orderly procedure. There were as many as ninety-five labor camps for 75,000 workers. "We made a determined and realistic attack on this many-sided problem, and for the first time challenged the exploitation of agricultural labor," says Robert W. Hudgens, director of the American International Association for Economic and Social Development, and former Associate Administrator of FSA. "Here was something that was working; and when it got working well, then all at once it stopped."

What happened was that in 1943 the FSA



program was turned over to another agency, and Public Law 45 was passed which gave it a \$36,000,000 appropriation—under these restrictive terms:

No funds shall be used directly or indirectly to fix, regulate, or impose minimum wages or housing standards, to regulate hours of work, or to impose or enforce collective bargaining requirements or union membership with regard to any agricultural worker, except with respect to workers imported into the United States from a foreign country, and then only to the extent necessary to comply with the agreements with the government of that foreign country.

The camps, still used during wartime, were then dismantled, the buildings were bought up by individual farmers, and the enormous saving of time and workers that these distribution centers had made possible was wiped out. And—despite the fact that in the opinion of many experts there is enough farm labor in this country—the wholesale importation of foreign labor began.

THE situation is not without hope. In the first place, the widespread concern for migrants which culminated in the President's Commission on Migrant Labor, and in the comprehensive hearings of the subcommittee headed by Senator Humphrey, shows that a great many Americans feel guilty about the situation and want something done about it. In the second place, there is a rising interest in many states and localities, represented, for example, in the work of the Texas Good Neighbor Commission; in Wisconsin the work of the Governor's Committee on Labor, which was preceded by the former Governor's Commission on Human Rights; and in Denver the work of the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations.

California began employer camp inspection at least forty years ago. Since 1920 it has had migrant schools. Its child care program is as good as any in the United States; and one should mention, too, the Governor's Committee to Survey the Agricultural Labor Resources of the San Joaquin Valley.

Applause should go in addition to the Consumers' League, especially that of New York and New Jersey, which printed a study of migrants as early as 1905, and has led the battle which has resulted in New Jersey's pro-

gressive laws. The Division of Home Missions, National Council of the Churches of Christ, has done signal work over the past twenty-five years. From Texas to Minnesota, from California to Delaware, there are communities that are coping with the problem as Freehold does.

Perhaps the most significant, because the most fundamental gain, is in the fact that associated groups of farm employers are beginning to take an interest in the fortunes of their migrant workers—pooling their alien contract labor to make better use of the available supply, and, here and there, giving guarantees to domestic labor comparable to those given to Mexicans and Puerto Ricans.

This is an important beginning as a sign of recognition that as American agriculture becomes industrialized, the migrant problem is essentially an industrial problem.

Instead of studying the management of labor as industry has done, the farmer industrialist, like his industrial counterpart of many years ago, imports cheap foreign labor without utilizing the pools of labor existing within the country. Many leaders of farm organizations are saying today just what the industrialists were saying in 1923: that American labor won't do the work. If they had their way, the seasonal labor would soon be largely composed of Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Bahamans, etc.

The majority of farm organizations, and the farmers they represent, according to their own testimony before the President's Commission and in Congressional hearings, appear to want cheap, docile, unorganized labor, and a big labor surplus. Their point of view is understandable. For the farmer is so harried by the vagaries of the weather and of insects, and the fly-by-night instability of his labor supply, and is so driven by the absolute necessity of getting his fruit and vegetables picked, or his harvesting done, at the optimum moment, that it seems essential to him to have men on hand, ready and waiting for the time when he will need them, without uncertainty and without palaver. The idea that these men might organize is a nightmare to him; he thinks it means dry cows, rotting fruit, spoiled crops, and bankruptcy. And on top of all this it seems outrageous to him to be beset by commissions composed—as one representative of a big farm organization



put it—"of people totally ignorant of the subject they are investigating." Yet the fact remains that American agriculture is the most efficient in the world—except in securing its seasonal labor supply. That is why any sign of interest in solving the migrant problem by farmers themselves represents a step forward.

Yet despite these signs of promise and the good work done in a few localities, it would be misleading to say that more than a beginning has been made in solving the national problem of the migration of two million men, women, and children. We have hardly begun to face up to what needs to be done. What

is needed is a bold plan for concerted action by federal authorities, state governments, and local communities. Such a plan was proposed by the President's Commission on Migratory Labor.

Proposed bills to carry out that plan were blocked in both houses last year. Their passage would have been a start toward improving the shameful condition of the migrants. But no such plan will be put into effect until we, the American people, realize that there is too much blood and disease and dirt on the food we eat and become indignant enough to demand that our migrant farm workers get treated like human beings.

## *Portraits from Memory*

### III: D. H. Lawrence

#### *Bertrand Russell*

MY ACQUAINTANCE with D. H. Lawrence was brief and hectic, lasting altogether about a year. We were brought together in 1915 by Lady Ottoline Morrell, who admired us both and made us think that we ought to admire each other. Pacifism had produced in me a mood of bitter rebellion and I found Lawrence equally full of rebellion. This made us think, at first, that there was a considerable measure of agreement between us, and it was only gradually that we discovered that we differed from each other more than either differed from the Kaiser.

There were in Lawrence at that time two attitudes to the war: on the one hand, he could not be whole-heartedly patriotic, because his wife was German; but on the other hand, he had such a hatred of mankind that he tended to think both sides must be right in so far as they hated each other. As I came to know these attitudes, I realized that neither

of them was one with which I could sympathize.

Awareness of our differences, however, was gradual on both sides, and at first all went merry as a marriage bell. I invited him to visit me at Cambridge and introduced him to Keynes and a number of other people. He hated them all with a passionate hatred and said they were "dead, dead, dead." For a time I thought he might be right. I liked Lawrence's fire, I liked the energy and passion of his feelings, I liked his belief that something very fundamental was needed to put the world right. I agreed with him in thinking that politics could not be divorced from individual psychology. I felt him to be a man of a certain imaginative genius and, at first, when I felt inclined to disagree with him, I thought that perhaps his insight into human nature was deeper than mine. It was only gradually that I came to feel him a positive force for evil and



that he came to have the same feeling about me.

I was at this time preparing a course of lectures which was afterward published as *Principles of Social Reconstruction*. He, also, wanted to lecture, and for a time it seemed possible that there might be some sort of loose collaboration between us. We exchanged a number of letters, of which mine are lost but his have been published. In his letters the gradually deepening consciousness of our fundamental disagreements can be traced. I was a firm believer in democracy, whereas he had developed the whole philosophy of fascism before the politicians had thought of it.

I don't believe [he wrote] in democratic control. I think the working man is fit to elect governors or overseers for his immediate circumstances, but for no more. You must utterly revise the electorate. The working man shall elect superiors for the things that concern him immediately, no more. From the other classes, as they rise, shall be elected the higher governors. The thing must culminate in one real head, as every organic thing must—no foolish republics with foolish presidents, but an elected King, something like Julius Caesar.

He, of course, in his imagination, supposed that when a dictatorship was established he would be the Julius Caesar. This was part of the dreamlike quality of all his thinking. He never let himself bump into reality. He would go into long tirades about how one must proclaim "the Truth" to the multitude, and he seemed to have no doubt that the multitude would listen. I asked him what method he was going to adopt. Would he put his political philosophy into a book? No: in our corrupt society the written word is always a lie. Would he go into Hyde Park and proclaim "the Truth" from a soap box? No: that would be far too dangerous (odd streaks of prudence emerged in him from time to time). Well, I said, what would you do? At this point he would change the subject.

**G**RADUALLY I discovered that he had no real wish to make the world better, but only to indulge in eloquent soliloquy about how bad it was. If anybody overheard the soliloquies so much the better, but they were designed at most to produce a little faith-

ful band of disciples who could sit in the deserts of New Mexico and feel holy. All this was conveyed to me in the language of a fascist dictator as what I *must* preach; he underlined the "must" fifteen times.

His letters grew gradually more hostile. He wrote:

What's the good of living as you do anyway? I don't believe your lectures *are* good. They are nearly over, aren't they? What's the good of sticking in the damned ship and haranguing the merchant pilgrims in their own language? Why don't you drop overboard? Why don't you clear out of the whole show? One must be an outlaw these days, not a teacher or preacher.

This seemed to me mere rhetoric. I was becoming more of an outlaw than he ever was and I could not quite see his ground of complaint against me. He phrased his complaint in different ways at different times. On another occasion he wrote:

Do stop working and writing altogether and become a creature instead of a mechanical instrument. Do clear out of the whole social ship. Do for your very pride's sake become a mere nothing, a mole, a creature that feels its way and doesn't think. Do for heaven's sake be a baby, and not a savant any more. Don't *do* anything more—but for heaven's sake begin to *be*—start at the very beginning and be a perfect baby: in the name of courage.

Oh, and I want to ask you, when you make your will, do leave me enough to live on. I want you to live for ever. But I want you to make me in some part your heir.

The chief difficulty of his program was that if I adopted it I should have nothing to leave.

He had a mystical philosophy of "blood" which I disliked. He said:

There is another seat of consciousness which exists in us independently of the ordinary mental consciousness. One lives, knows, and has one's being in the blood, without any reference to nerves and brain. This is one half of life belonging to the darkness. When I take a woman, then the blood-percept is supreme. My blood-knowing is overwhelming. We should realize that we have a blood-being, a blood-consciousness, a blood-soul complete and apart from a mental and nerve consciousness.



This seemed to me frankly rubbish, and I rejected it vehemently, though I did not then know it led straight to Auschwitz.

He always got into a fury if one suggested that anybody could possibly have kindly feelings toward anybody else, and when I objected to war because of the suffering that it causes, he accused me of hypocrisy:

It isn't in the least true that you, your basic self, want ultimate peace. You are satisfying in an indirect, false way your lust to jab and strike. Either satisfy it in a direct and honorable way, saying, "I hate you all, liars and swine, and am out to set upon you," or stick to mathematics, where you can be true. But to come as the angel of peace—no, I prefer Tirpitz a thousand times in that role.

I FIND it difficult now to understand the devastating effect that this letter had upon me. I was inclined to believe that he had some insight denied to me, and when he said that my pacifism was rooted in blood-lust I supposed that he must be right. For twenty-four hours I thought that I was not fit to live and contemplated committing suicide. But at the end of that time, a healthier reaction set in, and I decided to have done with such morbidness. When he said that I *must* preach his doctrines and not mine I rebelled and told him to remember that he was no longer a schoolmaster and I was not his pupil. He had written:

The enemy of all mankind you are, full of the lust of enmity. It is *not* a hatred of falsehood which inspires you, it is the hatred of people of flesh and blood, it is a perverted mental blood-lust. Why don't you own it? Let us become strangers again. I think it is better.

I thought so too. But he found a pleasure in denouncing me, and continued for some months to write letters containing sufficient friendliness to keep the correspondence alive. In the end, it faded away without any dramatic termination.

What at first attracted me to Lawrence was a certain dynamic quality and a habit of challenging assumptions that one is apt to take for granted. I was already accustomed to being accused of undue slavery to reason and I thought perhaps that he could give me a vivifying dose of unreason. I did in fact acquire a certain stimulus from him and I think the book that I wrote in spite of his blasts of denunciation was better than it would have been if I had not known him. But this is not to say that there was anything good in his ideas.

I do not think in retrospect that they had any merit whatever. They were the ideas of a sensitive would-be despot who got angry with the world because it would not instantly obey. When he realized that other people existed, he hated them. But most of the time he lived in a solitary world of his own imaginings, peopled by phantoms as fierce as he wished them to be. His excessive emphasis on sex was due to the fact that in sex alone he was compelled to admit that he was not the only human being in the universe. But it was because this admission was so painful that he conceived of sex relations as a perpetual fight in which each is attempting to destroy the other.

The world between the wars was attracted to madness. Of this attraction Nazism was the most emphatic expression. Lawrence was a suitable exponent of this cult of insanity. I am not sure whether the cold inhuman sanity of the Kremlin is any improvement.

*Next month Harper's will publish the concluding portrait in this series, a double sketch of Sidney and Beatrice Webb.—The Editors.*



# After Hours

## *Side Arena Seat*

AS I WRITE this, Madison Square Garden's eleven-laps-to-the-mile running track is still in storage, but before you read my words the 1953 indoor track season will be on, and spiked shoes will be thudding around banked curves, and pole vaulters will be falling fourteen or fifteen feet into heaps of sawdust, and I shall be on hand to shout for the old favorites and cast a judicial eye upon the rising newcomers.

Why some people enjoy going to indoor track meets on winter evenings while others take superior delight in hockey, or the ballet, is a little hard to say. For myself, I suppose part of the reason is that I like to watch races, and indoor track is replete with them. (Horse-racing addicts are supposed to be enjoying races, too, but surely what they chiefly revel in is gambling in a festive crowd, for in a long afternoon they see only six or seven races, and most of the time the competitors are so far away as to be recognizable only with field glasses; whereas a spectator at a well-run track meet may see twenty or more races of an evening, and be able to watch the expressions on the runners' faces as they circle the track.) Naturally anybody who has followed indoor track for years, going to two or three meets each season, finds that his experience is enriched, year by year, by his recollection of earlier meets, until he relishes, from long and happy habit, even the beer-and-popcorn atmosphere of the corridors, the brief thunder of feet that follows the crack of the gun for a sprint, and the knowing comments of the old-timer in the next seat, who carries a stopwatch

and knows just why he expects the Seton Hall boys to win the mile relay. And every now and then there is the satisfaction of seeing a really superlative performance.

I was on hand when Bob Richards, the Reverend Bob, cleared fifteen feet for the first time in his life a couple of years ago, and a fine sight it was. He had done fifteen feet, as he thought, in an earlier meet, but when, after an endless delay due to some slip-up by the officials, a stepladder was fetched out and the precise height of Bob's vault was measured, it came out a fraction short of the altitude he had dreamed of reaching. And so when, later in the season, Bob actually went over the bar at a height already officially determined to be a shade over fifteen feet, his joy was all the more intense because of his previous disappointment. This time he grazed the bar on his way over; and then, as he landed in the sawdust, and glanced up, and saw the bar had not been dislodged, he bounced three or four feet in the air out of sheer ecstasy, and rushed about hugging officials and competitors in an abandon of rapture, while the applause of thousands went on and on. The great Cornelius Warmerdam had cleared fifteen feet again and again in other years, but nobody else in the world had ever done it until that evening; and the Reverend Bob's delight was a pleasure to behold.

Don Gehrmann is another fellow whom anybody who's seen him at his best would want to see again. For a couple of years he formed a habit of finishing so close to Fred Wilt of the FBI in the mile run—usually cutting down Wilt's lead in the last lap and then passing him in a terrific sprint *just* at the tape



—that their races had become duels of which one would rather be a mere spectator than a judge. But last year Wilt shifted to the two-mile and Gehrmann to the half-mile, and the pattern was changed. Late in the season there was a benefit evening at Madison Square Garden—a strange occasion for which the middle part of the floor had been flooded and frozen, so that performances by Dick Button and other skaters could be interspersed with running races on the track—and Gehrmann came out for a half-mile race with the pick of the land. What happened then illustrated the old truth that a perfect solo can be a more beautiful sight than the tightest contest. Gehrmann leaped out in front at the first turn, opened up a lead on the nearest man, extended it to ten yards, then twenty yards, then thirty yards, and won by an absurd margin in as flawless an exhibition of running as I have ever seen: He is a very mild-looking, bespectacled youth; when he sits at the track's edge putting on his spiked shoes before a race you would think him a precocious candidate for the Ph. D.; but the moment he starts to run you realize that in his prodigious stride there is great power. When his official time that evening was announced—1 minute 51 seconds flat—I expected he would shine in Helsinki. As things turned out, he ran himself stale or something in the spring and never even qualified; but I can't help hoping he'll be winning races again this winter.

Then there's Harrison Dillard, whose hurdling form is far from perfect but who is the greatest hurdler in the world (he *did* win at Helsinki) because he spends practically no time on the ground between hurdles; and Lindy Remigino and Andy Stanfield, the two lightning-fast boys who outsprinted the rest of humankind in Finland; and the relay racers from Georgetown and Villanova and points south and west. I'll be there.

Oh all right, you go to the ballet, and I'll see you afterwards.

### *What Is Illustration?*

I HAVE been looking at magazine illustrations for a good many years now and I have inadvertently developed some tentative theories about what illustration is supposed to be. Recently I spent a couple of hours examining an excellent collection of

Rembrandt drawings and prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and I discovered somewhat to my surprise that my theories were strengthened. Usually when one looks at the work of such a consummate draftsman, one comes away wondering why nobody can draw these days. Instead it seemed to me that if some magazine were to publish as free and easy drawings as Rembrandt's sketches now, readers would wonder what these hen scratchings were doing on a printed page.

They are not, to be sure, hen scratchings; anything but. They are the quick and sure notes that an artist makes for himself to record something he has seen or to outline a composition that he thinks may be useful to him some day when he gets around to making a print or a painting. Sometimes they are just preliminary tries at organizing an idea. But whatever their intended purpose, and however incomplete and hurriedly made, they are interpretations of a scene, a mood, and often a story. Many of Rembrandt's drawings are, of course, of Biblical subjects. He never makes them elaborate or grandiloquent; he always manages, even in the simplest sketches of just a few lines, to make them poignant without bathos, touching without sentimentality, or occasionally awesome without horror.

Rembrandt, in this sense, is a perfect illustrator, and I have seen in this magazine and in several others an attempt to approach that kind of attitude toward illustration. I haven't seen any Rembrandts, to be sure. I'm not vain enough to be sure I'd know one if I saw him, but I have seen a conscientious endeavor to get illustration out of the cellar into which it was driven some fifty years ago by the arrival of the half-tone process of reproducing photographs, and restore it to respectability.

There used to be a strong tradition of American illustration in the days when Winslow Homer reported the Civil War for *Harper's Weekly* and Frederic Remington illustrated Western stories for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. In fact the most persistently successful strain in American graphic art has been illustration—Eastman Johnson, George Caleb Bingham, William Sidney Mount are a few of the old boys. But not long after the turn of the century illustration came to be considered not quite respectable for the artist; it was taken over by the photographers and a new crew who called themselves com-



mercial artists. These commercial painters and draftsmen have developed into an extremely expert, extremely successful group of highly-paid performers whose work millions of people find pleasing. They have developed conventions of drawing and painting the human figure and of composing pictures for use on magazine spreads which show great graphic ingenuity. If their drawings are as distorted as baroque angels and their color as unlike nature as that used by the "Wild Beasts" who painted in Paris in 1910, they have at least devised a mannerism which people accept in lieu of truth. Truth, to be sure, is not often so pleasant.

The great bulk of magazine illustration is done by these clever men, and with the exception of a few, they are not illustrators at all. They are barkers. That is the assignment given to them, and they perform it with *élan* and skill. Their drawings are pure come-on, flashy bait filled with action or sex or sentiment to trap the reader into a story which he often discovers on reading is less action-packed, less sexy, but probably no less sentimental than advertised by the illustrations.

Probably the second-largest category of magazine illustration (I except photographs) is purely decorative—the ornamental sort of thing that appears on the recipe page of a woman's magazine—and the third is cartoons. There are a few cartoonists who are first-rate draftsmen—Charles Addams and Peter Arno and Steinberg and Osborn—but most of them look as though they had learned to draw by a correspondence course.

**B**UT the old kind of illustration—of mood and character and interpretation of ideas—virtually disappeared years ago and is now struggling for revival. It is doing it piecemeal and it is doing it, as it must, in terms of what has been happening in the world of the graphic arts that has stayed away from commercialism. By piecemeal I mean that much of it is just mood or just an attempt to portray character or only an interpretation of an idea. There is very little that successfully manages all three. By the terms of non-commercial graphic art I mean that it seeks a kind of artistic integrity that avoids the flashy and the slick and tries—within the broad limits of freedom that the modern movement in painting has given the artist to fuse the

pictorial with the written word—to complement the author's intention rather than, as the commercial artist does, to run away with it and falsify it. Some of the best modern illustration these days is not in magazines at all but on record albums, which are often excellently designed, ably drawn, and understandingly interpreted. It was possible, since there was no precedent for how an album should look, for artists to strike out in a new direction and no one was disturbed. The same kind of drawing in a magazine where the reader expects one of the traditional styles of illustration would disturb many people, just as an unidentified sketch by Rembrandt would disturb many people because of its cryptic quality. Call it a Rembrandt and anyone would accept it; give it no name and most people would wonder how a magazine thought it could get away with this sort of modern sketchiness.

But it seems to me that there is a good day dawning for illustration. More and more painters who heretofore have thought that only easel painting was a respectable pursuit have got interested in illustration as a legitimate art. More and more young men and women just out of art school, full of enthusiasm and high ideals and occasionally full of talent, consider illustration a goal worthy of attainment. More and more magazines are opening their pages to the experiment. It will all take time, but we may see in the next decade, now that we have digested the pill of modernism, something not unlike the great era of American illustration that died a half-century ago. It will not look the same, of course; the nineteenth century convention is dead for keeps. But it will be in the firm tradition of good draftsmanship and sensitive observation and interpretation of reality.

### *Playing with Nails*

**E**VERY evening in a cluttered penthouse in midtown New York a man named Abe Frisch sits diligently applying small nail heads and bits of paper clips to an aluminum strip. Transferring the pattern of these metal bits to a strip of recording tape by running a magnet along them, he puts the tape through a recording machine to produce some of the oddest sounds imaginable. Frisch's eventual aim—one that has been shared by



others like the inventor of the Hammond Organ—is to reproduce musical sounds purely mechanically, in this case by magnetic means rather than electronic ones, and with rhythm built into them. The odd thing is that he is so close to his objective.

Until a few years ago, Frisch was just a successful lawyer with a consuming interest in mathematics. He also liked music and wondered what it had to do with mathematical formulas. In his spare time he assembled a notebook full of mathematical notations on the theory of rhythms. Once, by complicated means, he made a "picture" of a sound wave and transferred it to a tape, then ran the newly magnetized tape through his tape recorder. Out came nothing more than noise. But the picture itself had resembled a lot of tiny nails laid crosswise on the tape, and this started Frisch thinking.

Musical pitch, he recalled, is governed by the number of times a sound wave vibrates in a given length of time. A above middle C, for instance—the note by which musical instruments are tuned—is traditionally set at 440 vibrations, or cycles, a second. Well now, recording tape is usually regulated to run past its magnetic pick-up at the rate of fifteen inches a second. Taking up his micrometer, Frisch found just the right size of nail so that 440 of them would lie neatly side by side from one end of a 15-inch strip of aluminum to the other. Then he glued them to the strip, laid the strip along a stretch of tape, and ran a magnet along the back of it. Holding his breath, he put the newly-magnetized tape in the recording machine. Out came a steady banjo-like A tone.

Soon afterward Frisch found himself deeply involved in the nail, paper clip, and hairpin business. Larger nails, it turned out, produced lower notes, there being fewer of them in the strip; smaller nails made higher notes. He withdrew every fifth nail from a strip; out

came a note an octave or two lower than the note he'd started with, but related to it harmonically. Taking out every other nail resulted in a tone one octave lower. On the other hand, these manipulations changed the tonal quality—the lower notes were more piano-like than banjo-ish. Maybe he could make the sounds of different instruments! By now Frisch was a familiar figure in neighborhood hardware and five-and-ten-cent stores, coming in and asking to measure paper clips and hairpins with a micrometer. Most people hardly knew what to make of it, but at least one man, a manufacturer of florist's wire whom he found in the Bronx, was sympathetic. Frisch explained that the ultimate result of his foolishness was to make music, and when the man's eyes lit up at this, Frisch was curious. "Well," said the wire maker, "I happen to be the concertmaster of the Mt. Vernon symphony."

Mixing things up, Frisch began alternating the nail sizes on one strip. This brought out some fascinating rhythms which he thereupon used as background for a melody played on the Solovox, a kind of sawed-off Hammond Organ which he has on his piano. The result was pure snake-charmer music. Recently, he has been superimposing different aluminum strip dies on single tapes, alternating different notes on successive lengths of tape and feeding all these through the recording machine to make real melodies. Much of it sounds odd, but it's music.

"The whole field of synthetic music," says Frisch, "has a lot in it that we don't know." Leaning back in his chair, he gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling-high rack of aluminum dies, each with its row of nails, which he has made to date. "I used to say we'd never replace the symphony orchestra, but now I'm not so sure."

—Mr. Harper



# NEW BOOKS

## People, Puppets, and Poetry

*Gilbert Highet*

JANUARY has brought us a more interesting crop of new novels: some very good, some less good but interesting in their very defects.

First, a brief word for a deliciously seedy story by Graham Greene, which I read under the cynical title of *England Made Me* away back in 1935, and which Viking has now reissued as *The Shipwrecked* (\$3). It contains two disgusting English demi-scoundrels, keenly observed, a faintly and artificially described Swedish millionaire, and a number of exquisite symbols of decay: the spider under the tooth-glass, the milk-jug full of pus. Mr. Greene's style is as sensitive as a torn fingernail.

Next, a poetic novel of country life by a distinguished American author. One of the hardest things to do in literature is to depict an inarticulate hero. Of course it is easy enough to make such a man into a subordinate character, faithful and silent and slightly comic, like Ajax in the *Iliad*. But there are some men of their hands—fishermen, woodmen, cowboys, mountain guides, sailors—who are worthy heroes, but who are simply unable to talk, even about things they feel important or hold dear. Only a skillful and sympathetic writer can make such a man come alive as the center of a book.

Mrs. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings has done so, in a gracefully written novel called *The Sojourner* (Scribner, \$3.50). Her hero, Ase Linden, grows up, farms a plot of land somewhere west of the Hudson Valley, marries, rears a family (losing two that he loved, and seeing himself outstripped and sometimes despised by the others), grows old nursing a per-

petual anxiety, resolves it at last, and dies well stricken in years—as an old tree dies after scattering its seedlings and enriching the earth around it. In the long story, full of variety and incident, he himself says little: Mrs. Rawlings never puts artificial words in his mouth. But, by the way in which others talk to him, by their love or hatred or contempt or loyalty toward him, we discern very clearly what kind of man he is; and as he works the farm year after year and faces the recurrent crises of raising a big family and fighting a selfish mother, we see the land and the people through his eyes, so that, even without his speaking, we can share his experience fully and eloquently.

There is a complex plot about ownership of the farm and conflicting affections within the family: its final denouement is a trifle artificial. But that is a small matter compared with the dignity of the entire book, with the sensitivity with which its characters are drawn (Ase has a delightful wife, whose extra energy keeps working itself off in impish practical jokes, gay enough to relieve his own gaunt energy and to show us how happy they were together), and with Mrs. Rawlings' power to convey the connection—close but hard to express—between the exacting routine of the farmer and the maintenance of a strong, courageous moral code. (*The Sojourner* is the selection of the Literary Guild for January.)

### *Historical Romances*

IT is always a pleasure to meet a new romancer, with a store of new ideas and experiences and a style fit to carry them.



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THE LITTLE Tyrhennia Line steamer *Olbia* takes a couple of days to butt through the Mediterranean, from Genoa via Leghorn to brigand-riddled Corsica. If you're aboard, don't stay up late watching the wild mountain dances of Ligurian peasants on the steerage deck. For you must be on deck at dawn—while you pass the lone island of Capraia, with salt-blown Elba to the south—to watch for the high Corsican peaks to show above the horizon.

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Last year, 52 million Americans spent a record of \$12 billion on vacations. Many went on organized cruises at prices from \$125 to \$25,000. But some traveled off the tourist track, got cheaper and more glamorous vacations.

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One far superior to most recent newcomers is John Masters—a former Indian army officer now settled in the United States, who is planning to write a series of novels about the British in India from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. His first book, *Nightrunners of Bengal* (Viking, 1951), and his second, *The Deceivers* (Viking, 1952), were exciting stories about the Indian Mutiny and about the ritual-murder society of the Thugs. Now his third has appeared: *The Lotus and the Wind* (Viking, \$3). It is quieter than the first two, and in some ways less successful, but still interesting. It deals with that sensitive period, the eighteen-eighties, when the Russians were beginning to shape up their empire in Asia and to move toward the frontiers of the Indian subcontinent. On one level, it is an exciting and occasionally confusing story of espionage and counter-intelligence. On another, it shows us (as do Mr. Masters' other books) one particular type of Anglo-Indian officer. Its hero is an intelligence man: he has been rather an eccentric soldier, and is personally rather mad; but he likes the strange life of disguise and hiding and travel, a life as unpredictable as the flight of the wind. From still another point of view, all these books show us different relationships between men and women. In this, there is at least a trace of homosexuality about Robin, and his marriage is a fragile, difficult, and complicated thing. Mr. Masters is now at work on a fourth historical novel, which I look forward to reading.

A much lighter historical romance, on a far more important subject, is *Désirée*, by Anne-marie Selinko (Morrow, \$4.50, Literary Guild choice for February). It is in the form of a diary kept by an attractive French girl. Its heroine is engaged to Napoleon by page 64, screams with horror at being supplanted by Josephine on page 85, and receives proposals from Junot, Marmont, and one or two other Napoleonic generals before the book is one-quarter over. Eventually she becomes the wife of General Bernadotte—who was elected crown prince of Sweden in 1810, and, as Charles XIV John, reigned over Sweden and Norway from 1818 to 1844. She is a perfectly real character (as can be seen by a glance at the article on her husband in the *Britannica*) and the book follows her career faithfully enough in outline. Through it, we can see the grander adventures of Bernadotte, of his for-

mer comrades in arms, and of Bonaparte himself; but most of them are here tinged with frivolity. Thus, it is the alluring heroine who is chosen after Waterloo to tell Napoleon that he is to be exiled to St. Helena. They sit together in the maze at Malmaison. The fallen emperor remembers an earlier scene: "That was the first time I kissed you, Eugénie"; and, as he hands over his sword to her in surrender, he recalls how they used to race to the end of her father's garden in the sweet old days. Charming, isn't it? I just *love* history.

**B**UT it is really torture for anyone who knows a little history to read most of the modern romances which deal with the Roman empire and the foundation of Christianity. It would be exasperating for most Americans to read a novel about the West, written by a foreigner, in which the Ohio river was made to flow through the Grand Canyon, and, at a climax, was leapt by a cowboy in chain mail mounted on his faithful zebra. The absurdities in some recent historical novels are just as gross as that.

Frank Slaughter's *The Galileans* (Doubleday, \$3.50), a tale of the mission of Jesus blended with the love story of Mary Magdalene, is just such a mixture of naïve piety, vivid topographical and medical description, and painful historical blunders. Mary of Magdala is made into a street dancer (as in Anatole France's "*Procurateur de Judée*"). She is bold enough to perform at a Voluptuous Banquet where her predecessor does a strip-tease; and yet she is surprised, shocked, nay, stupefied with horror, when a Roman officer named Gaius Flaccus, well-known for his vices, forces his attentions upon her. She faints. . . . (Gaius Flaccus, by the way, is not a likely Roman name). Then she becomes a professional dancer on the Alexandrian stage, taking the name Flamen—which Mr. Slaughter informs us means "torch," although in fact it means either "a male priest" or "a blast of wind," and is anyhow in the wrong language for Alexandria. She contrives to get Flaccus, although he is a high Roman officer, to take part in a public ritual marriage with her in the theater, so that she can gain her revenge by stabbing him at the climax; but she relents. Later—in a scene strongly reminiscent of the climax of Pierre Louÿs' *Aphrodite*—she does a public strip-tease in order to avert a pogrom.



## NEW BOOKS

Goodness, what nonsense this is. Mr. Slaughter then starts altering Scripture for his purpose. Mary forgives the sinister Gaius Flaccus and lives with him for some time, it is not clear why. Then, *after* the Roman dies, she is picked up and shown to Jesus as the adulterous woman—although we are expressly told in John viii.4 that that particular sinner was “taken in the very act.” Those of us who respect the thoughtful gravity of the story as told in the Gospel—in which the accusers, “being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest”—will not thank Mr. Slaughter for vulgarizing it into a comic scene where the accusers “sneak away” in the midst of “a roar of merriment” from the bystanders. They will wonder also why he chooses to spend about a dozen pages on describing a Roman revel (full of false details), and then, toward the end, hurries through the Crucifixion in less than three pages. The mistakes of this book are ridiculous, but its bad taste is unforgivable.

*“J’ai plus de souvenirs que si j’avais mille ans”*

ABOUT a generation ago every major school in England contained at least one rather dim boy who was patronized by the bloods, alternately snubbed and befriended by the handsome athletes, misunderstood by the extroverts, and doused with lukewarm platitudes by the masters. After leaving, he usually wrote a novel in which he caricatured the school, described his agonies of self-doubt and self-discovery, and scored off everyone else by displaying them as boors, clowns, or arrested children. Sometimes he scored off them doubly by making the hero a quiet little figure who was miraculously more successful in love, literature, and self-mastery than all the others, once so proud of their clubs and their letters.

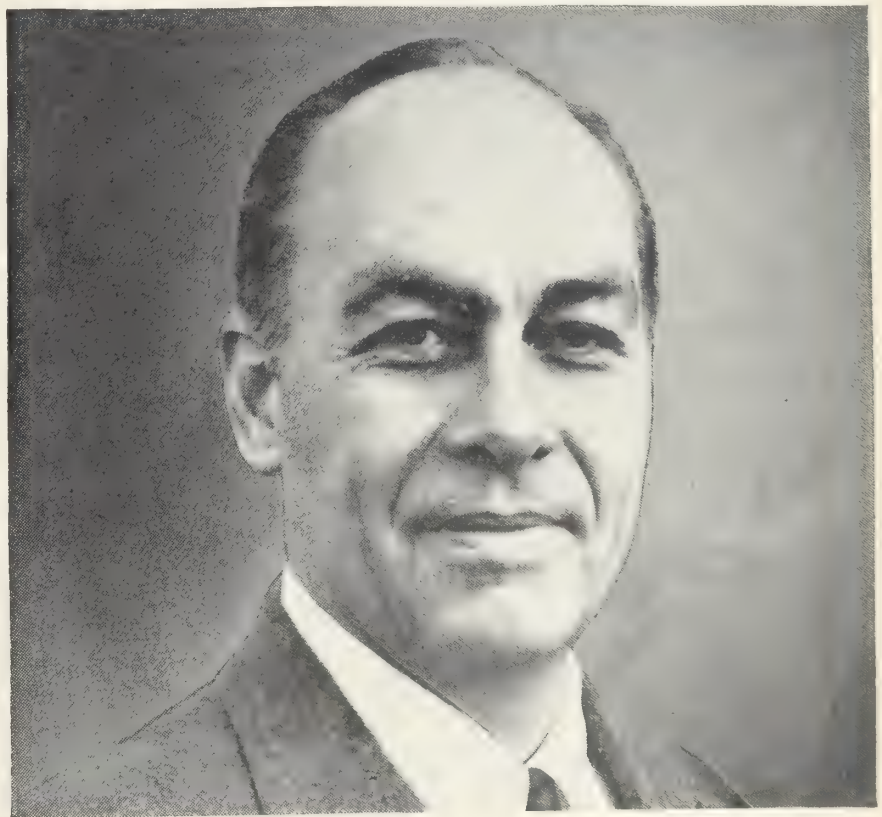
The habit of writing such novels has now spread to this country. There have already been at least one about a military institute, one about a girls’ school out West, and four or five about boys’ schools and colleges in New England. The latest is *The Second Happiest Day*, by John Phillips (Harper, \$3.75). It is a peculiar book, for a number of reasons. One

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is that it vacillates constantly between truth and fiction. For instance, the narrator of the book goes to a New England prep school called Emmanuel, which is imaginary; but then he enters Harvard College, which is real: he lives in Wigglesworth and reads the *Crimson* and so forth. Again, he visits the "Squash and Quoit Club," the imaginary name of an institution carefully described as being "a brick building that occupied an entire block front" on Park Avenue; but his host's stepfather is attached to Kenyon & Eckhardt, which is a real firm. This kind of thing may not strike everyone as being very sensitive. But apart from that, it spoils the effect of the book by constantly reminding the reader that he is sampling a mixture of memory and invention. This, he feels, must have happened; but that has been made up; this is real, that is imaginary.

Then the proportions of the story are unsatisfactory. Mr. Phillips loves parties: his narrator does not enjoy attending them, because all the other guests are boozy or bogus, but he loves describing them. Chapters 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 narrate the adventures of one single party, which occupies almost the whole of Book One; most of Book Three is taken up with another party (25 pages); there are several more, all equally grim and terribly long, scattered through the book. At these parties every detail, and pretty nearly every drink, are described. Yet elsewhere in the book important events and vital motivations are either passed over briefly or left unexplained. For instance, the main plot is (roughly) that the narrator seduces his best friend's fiancée and then refuses to marry her; but it is not made clear why he should behave like this without being treacherous or feeling mean. Stories written in autobiographical form are difficult to read, because the author is usually unable to explain much of his hero's character, and sometimes is quite obviously concealing or distorting his motives.

A third peculiarity of the book is that most of it reads like an imitation (or a parody) of J. P. Marquand's novels. Thus, one of the characters is an old gentleman, a close relative of the narrator, who is financially unstable but conceals his

instability: he lives in a small New England town, talks in a rather pompous way, and is a sort of Massachusetts Micawber. Remember Charles Gray's father in *Point of No Return*? Another is a school friend of the narrator—a tremendous figure at Emmanuel, captain of the winning team, handsome, distinguished, and shallow. Remember Bo-jo Brown in *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*? Or consider the relationships of the characters. The narrator is introduced to us while driving a handsome girl to the "Water Club" (over by the East River). She badgers him all the time: "Put your coat collar down. . . . Please stand up straight. . . . Are you depressed, darling?" Remember Madge in *So Little Time*? Or consider the style: flashbacks in the pluperfect tense: "Last winter Aunt Connie had driven me to Boston. . . . I had sat on a hard pine chair and had waited for Mr. Jennings : . . ."; ironical transcriptions of platitudinous speeches made by others: "George told us his decision. College was not for him. There were more important things to do. Life was beginning at last."

In fact, almost the entire manner of the book is closely similar to Mr. Marquand's novels. So the narrator is a lonely but intelligent figure, pestered by excitable girls who tell him how handsome and sweet he is, and by earnest but shallow friends who think they are helping him but are really patronizing him. An introvert surrounded by empty-headed extroverts, he observes them all in silence, answering their questions only by evasions or clichés, making his own way, alone: questioning, and melancholy, and (the reader occasionally thinks) a bit of a bore himself. This immature novel is the Book-of-the-Month Club choice for February.

### So Long to Learn

AMERICAN scholars have for some time been writing more and more expertly about the important fields of English literature. English critics tend to write eloquent appreciations; but Americans make discoveries, stake out new territory, round out the half-explored. Alfred Harbage's *Shakespeare and the Rival Traditions* (Macmillan, \$6) shows us



how much a widely-ranging critic can reveal about Shakespeare as a man of the theater; and, in addition to its learning, it is wittily written. And now Professor Edgar Johnson of City College, New York, has produced the standard, the essential biography of Dickens: *Charles Dickens, his Tragedy and Triumph* (Simon & Schuster, \$10). It is a thoughtfully written, admirably proportioned work in ten large parts, something like sixty chapters, with many illustrations, full justificatory notes, and a copious index. Dickens' career was so odd and he himself was in many ways such an attractive man that even those who do not enjoy his novels are bound to like this biography; and the critical chapters, in which Mr. Johnson analyzes the books written at each stage of Dickens' career, will persuade many readers to turn back to tackle them with fresh interest. The elderly author's affair with a young actress (recently discussed by Ada Nisbet in *Dickens and Ellen Ternan*, University of California Press, \$2.75) is treated here with tact and seriousness; while the curious changes in Dickens' character as he grew older and more successful are illustrated both by the development of his art and by copious quotations from his correspondence. Mr. Johnson has also edited a long and sympathetic collection of Dickens' letters to the wealthy young heiress Angela Burdett-Coutts (*The Heart of Charles Dickens*, Duell, Sloan & Pearce/Little, Brown, \$6), which variously display his high spirits, his vivid, galloping style, and his soft heart. A very good way to spend the remainder of this winter would be to buy and read Mr. Johnson's biography, pausing at intervals to revisit the inimitable novels, from the rollicking and transparent *Pickwick* to the sinister and still enigmatic *Edwin Drood*. (The Book-of-the-Month Club has made it the selection for January.)

The Scandinavians must be good people. Certainly they are good family people. There are so many books of reminiscence which tell of their patient, steadfast virtue (sometimes broken by flashes of harsh temper), their good cooking, their cleanliness, and their determination to keep the children virtuous and see

## Waiting.....



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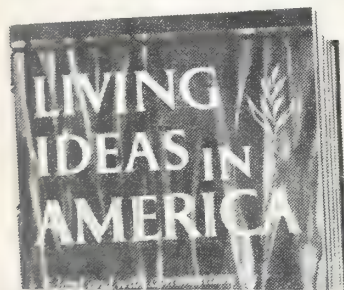
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## NEW BOOKS

them well fitted for life. Carl Sandburg's autobiography—or rather its first section—*Always the Young Strangers* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5), which carries us from his birth to his twentieth year or so, is wholly colored by respect for his quiet, strong, persevering Swedish-American father, and love for his handsome, pious mother: it is instinct with the ideals of hard work and honesty and kindness which they instilled into him. If it has a fault, it is that it is rather too long. Much of it consists of isolated anecdotes: how young Carl was arrested for swimming in the brickyard pond, how he used to watch the Chinese laundrymen at work ("they made me think about the human race and how different some parts of it are from others"), and how he read jokes in *Hostetter's Almanac* (a whole page-load of the jokes, 1880 vintage, is transcribed). Yet the important crisis through which the young man passed in 1896-97, after which he became a hobo, is scarcely explained at all—as though Mr. Sandburg either did not understand it or could not bear to remember it. However, his descriptions of his own family—particularly of their Swedish ways and their gradual conversion into Americans—are heart-warming to read.

It reminds me of another book by a Scandinavian-descended American: *Pioneer's Progress* (Viking, \$5) by Alvin Johnson, until recently head of the New School for Social Research. Mr. Johnson was the son of a Danish immigrant who fought in the Civil War; and, like Mr. Sandburg, he can reach far back into history through his own family. His great-grandfather shot himself when Napoleon was defeated, and his great-grandmother remembered folk-songs which went back into the Middle Ages. He himself was born in northeastern Nebraska, on land broken and surveyed by his father; and, by an interesting coincidence, both he and Mr. Sandburg enlisted in the Army during the Spanish-American war. One equally interesting difference between them is that Mr. Sandburg, who believes things readily, accepted the story that the canned meat supplied by the army was "embalmed beef" and threw it overboard; while Mr. Johnson, who always questions and reflects, ob-

served that the beef was perfectly good and remarks that the illnesses of the troops were really caused by slovenly sanitary habits. Carl Sandburg leaves us at page 424, just as he is about to enter Lombard College; Alvin Johnson enters Columbia after mustering out, on page 119. Yet, apart from the difference in proportion, the books give the same impression of a staunch, simple, energetic parentage and people: one of the finest stocks in our land.

## Other Tongues

IT is terribly difficult to translate poetry. Difficult enough when one is dealing with a poet of one's own age and a neighboring country, it becomes almost impossible when one tries to re-think the thoughts of an ancient Greek, a medieval Chinese, a tenth-century Arab. Good translations are in fact more rare, in almost every language, than good original poems. That is one of the chief reasons why we learn and teach difficult languages like Latin and Greek—in order to read for ourselves the ultimately untranslatable.

It is terribly hard also to make a good anthology of poems. Difficult enough to choose the best from one country's literature, without being platitudinous or eccentric; but far more difficult to make a large selection from several different literatures and many ages, near and remote.

For these two reasons, Mr. Hubert Creekmore's *Little Treasury of World Poetry* (Scribner, \$5) is a rare achievement. It is the single finest modern poetic anthology I have ever seen, and ought to be a permanent part of the library of everyone who loves literature. It brings together poems from almost every culture-language except English; and almost every one of them is beautifully and fitly translated. Some of them I did not know had ever been translated, and I am astonished at the patience and skill of the editor in discovering these fine versions: for instance, Aldous Huxley's rendering of Mallarmé's "Afternoon of a Faun"; Rolfe Humphries' "Faithless Wife," from García Lorca's Spanish; some delicate little Japanese lyrics, done by Kenneth Rexroth; C. W. Kennedy's fine straightforward translations from Anglo-Saxon, in an



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

alliterative meter close to the original. Mr. Creekmore must know a great deal about poetry, more than most living critics in any land, and his choice is filled with so many good things that it seems a shame even to appear ungrateful. But it is not ingratitude if we point out that almost the only fault of the collection is its concentration on lyric poetry. There is not enough epic: none of the *Aeneid*, none of that splendid poet, Lucan the hater of tyrants, no Tasso and too little Ariosto and no Camoëns. There is not enough dramatic poetry: no Molière, hardly any Racine and Calderón. There is hardly any didactic poetry, either frivolous (Ovid's *Art of Lovemaking*) or serious (*The Romance of the Rose*). Surely it would have been better to call the book an anthology of lyric and elegiac poetry from all over the world, revising it to suit that definition. Taken as such, it is a marvelous collection, wholly modern and almost timeless.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

## FICTION

*The Witch's Thorn*, by Ruth Park. Except for those who know the other books by this Australian novelist—*Harp in the South* and *12½ Plymouth Street*—readers will be surprised to learn what pleasure is to be had from this book about an illegitimate child and life among the poverty-ridden Maoris and the equally poor whites in the North Island of New Zealand. Miss Park is not one of those who glorify poverty—far from it—but in her writing and her perception she shows that it is as often ennobling as it is degrading. And among people not separated from life's immediacies by the protections money can buy, things happen with a directness and violence—and sometimes with an unavoidable humor—that give her stories great excitement and emotional impact. Moreover here is a novel that moves episodically and unashamedly on only one level—that of straight narrative—eschewing all self-conscious Freudian symbols and

innuendoes and ascribing to an older mythology the thorn tree that the Highland ancestors of some of the New Zealanders believed in: "Whoever it pricked could pass on the poison to someone else, just with a touch." . . . This book is one of those published simultaneously in paper and board covers.

Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50; Ballantine, 35¢

*The Descent*, by Fritz Peters.

Some years ago George Stewart wrote a novel called *The Storm* in which by a freak of nature the lives of many people, strangers to one another, were suddenly brought into the same violent focus. Mr. Peters uses an automobile accident to bring together a similarly diverse group of people. The reader discovers the occupants of each of the six cars involved when they are still many miles from Santa Fé, the scene of the accident, and follows them—some from as far away as New York—to the smashup for which one has been prepared in the first chapter. The effect is inevitably scattered and unsatisfactory when compared with the controlled intensity of Mr. Peters' previous novels, *The World Next Door* and *Finistère*. But if the reader gets beyond dismay at the hop, skip, and jump technique, he will get caught up, in spite of himself, in the violence and inevitable sense of tragedy which the story builds to a surprising degree. Absorbing if not altogether convincing.

Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3

*The Flowering Thorn*, by Margery Sharp.

It will be good news to all who have become Margery Sharp fans only within the past fifteen years to learn that one of her earliest and best novels has just been reissued. Published in 1934, before *The Nutmeg Tree* and *Cluny Brown*, this is gay and perverse and amusing in the same vein. A spoiled young woman of London (she has everything) suddenly decides to adopt a baby boy and takes him to a small village to live. The astonishing—though quite matter-of-fact—things that happen to them are a delight and a revelation in the Margery Sharp tradition.

Little, Brown, \$3

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

### NON-FICTION

*Lady on the Beach*, by Norah Berg with Charles Samuels.

This is the story of a middle-aged couple who have triumphed over discontent in the city and their personal drinking problem by finding a life for themselves among the beach-combers of the Washington coast. The fascinating part of Mrs. Berg's tale is the way these self-appointed derelicts from society make a living and a good life from the wild beauty of the sea and woods although they rarely have any hard cash in their pockets. There is lumber, of course, tossed up by the sea to build their shacks with and to sell, and many another oddment—glass balls from fishermen's nets, unopened cans of food and paint—but the real living is in digging clams, picking fern fronds and huckleberry brush (for florists), and stripping cascara bark. Never mind who owns the woods and beaches. The produce seems to belong to the beachcomber. An interesting tale of independent people who have a real part in our economy and close to absolute freedom as well—at least in their own terms.

Prentice-Hall, \$3

*Annapurna*, by Maurice Herzog.

Mr. Herzog led the French expedition which in June of 1950 conquered Annapurna, the Himalayan peak of 26,493 feet, highest ever climbed by man. In his book he tells of the organization of the expedition, of the setting out, of the long and difficult reconnaissance necessary before beginning the ascent, of the ardors and anguish and triumph of the ascent itself, step by breathless step, and of the even more anguished descent, racing with the monsoon. . . . To one who is allergic to the simplest directions the first part of the book, describing how the various parties set up the various camps, was most difficult to follow: indeed I usually gave up even when supplied with helpful maps. But when the reader arrives at the torture of the final push, the heroism in the face of frostbite and blindness, all the characters come to life, become distinguishable and lovable (Herzog's words about the native guides, the Sherpas, are most moving), and the book takes on the drama of a novel.

. . . I must say that when one sets the tiny moment of triumph (the bitter wind and cold allowed only a few minutes at the summit) against the torment of ascent, frostbite, and, later, amputation, one feels that mountain climbing must be rather like love as popularized by the French singer, Lucienne Boyer, in the old song: *Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un instant, chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie*. . . . But apparently the mountain climbers would be the first to disagree. From the book one gathers that the instant is joy enough to last a lifetime.

Dutton, \$5

*The Little Madeleine: The Autobiography of a Young French Girl*, by Mrs. Robert Henrey.

Mrs. Henrey was born in a cobbled street in Montmartre in 1906, the daughter of a French seamstress and an unskilled laborer in the building trades. It is a mystery how this girl, with little formal education (she got her "diploma" in a beauty parlor), can write a book about Paris of *le temps perdu*, of shopkeepers and modistes, cooks and chauffeurs, that is not only beautiful in its evocative quality but full of narrative excitement far beyond many novels. A charming book that ends with Mrs. Henrey's first real job in the beauty "salon" of the Ritz in London. One wants to know more—how and when she met her husband, and about her little boy, Bobby Henrey, the wonderful child actor of "The Fallen Idol." But as far as it goes, in its simple directness and lack of pretension it is a classic.

Dutton, \$4

*From Main Street to Stockholm: Letters of Sinclair Lewis 1919-1930*, selected and with an introduction by Harrison Smith.

Back in 1919 when young Alfred Harcourt left Henry Holt to start his own publishing house, almost the first author to come to him—before there were even any offices—was another young publisher with four almost unknown novels to his credit: Sinclair Lewis. Young "Red" was then at work on a novel called *Main Street*. This collection of letters is an exchange between him and his publishers from the time they issued *Free Air* (and didn't illustrate it because it would have raised the price of the novel from \$1.60 to \$1.75) till



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

1930 when Lewis was awarded the Nobel Prize and subsequently severed his connection with the firm. If there is inevitably a certain sameness in such a correspondence—hard work on the newest book, suggestions for titles, plans for advertising, comments on its reception—there is also a sense of gigantic restlessness and vitality in Lewis that gives evidence of having been as personally destructive (to himself and people whom he obviously loved) as it was constructive in terms of his work. There is very little here, except the drive, to reveal the man as opposed to the author. Perhaps the dividing line didn't exist. Harcourt, Brace, \$5

**Great Stars of the American Stage: A Pictorial Record**, by Daniel Blum. Somebody recently said the last word, or anyhow the best, about books of theater reminiscences: "There's no stalgia like show stalgia," he said, and this book proves it. It is 150 large pages of pictures of show people of the past fifty years. The photographs aren't very good; they are reproduced in fuzzy offset clumsily laid out in crowded rows; the "American stage" includes such un-American actors as Bernhardt, Bea Lillie, and the Oliviers. But that old stalgia keeps one turning the pages to the very end.

Greenberg, \$7.50

**Popular Mechanics Picture History of American Transportation**, by Edward L. Throm.

This is another (and excellent) nostalgic picture book, this time of American transportation from the earliest stagecoach to the newest jet. It is full of pictures of all kinds—early steel engravings, diagrams, photographs—all attractively laid out—and text to inform and interest almost every age. Take one look, for instance, at the picture of the elegant cabin of the river steamboat, *The Grand Republic* (p. 49), and if you weren't lucky enough to find this large (306 pp.), delightful volume under your Christmas tree, you'll want to go buy it now.

Simon & Schuster, \$5

## FORECAST

**Lincoln and Other Biography**

Never, never, never will we have enough of Lincoln. On February 3

Macmillan is publishing, in their Brief Lives series, *Abraham Lincoln*, by **Herbert Agar**. A few days later Little, Brown will release *Mary Todd: Biography of a Marriage*, by **Ruth Painter Randall**, wife of the Lincoln historian, J. G. Randall. . . .

Two autobiographies of more than passing interest: On February 3, *The Sign of Jonas*, an account of **Thomas Merton's** six years at the monastery of Our Lady of Gethsemani in Kentucky. From Harcourt, Brace. And later in the spring, from Scribner, *My Host the World*, by the philosopher **George Santayana**, his last book.

**Saroyan, Upton Sinclair, etc.**

Several wholly diverse novelists make fiction news on the spring lists. On February 2 Doubleday will publish **William Saroyan's** new novel, *The Laughing Matter*, which is said to have "inflammable subject matter." In mid-February, from Prentice-Hall comes *Satan's Children*, a book containing two novels of **Georges Simenon**, and *The General's Wench*, by **Rosamond Marshall**, author of *Kitty*. The Literary Guild selection for March is *The Intruder*, a first novel by an Australian woman, **Helen Fowler**. It will be published on February 25 by William Morrow. . . . And lo and behold, the Viking Press is rushing through the presses for spring publication a new novel by **Upton Sinclair** who was supposed to have polished off Lanny Budd for good and all in 1949. This one will be called *The Return of Lanny Budd*.

**Likely Oddments**

On February 23 Knopf is publishing a book about what it means to be a woman. It is called *The Second Sex* and is written by the French philosopher and novelist, **Simone de Beauvoir**. On February 25, published simultaneously in paper (The New American Library of World Literature) and cloth (Houghton Mifflin) comes a volume which will cover "every aspect of reading and publishing." Its name is *The Wonderful World of Books* and among its sixty-seven distinguished contributing authors are **Fulton Oursler**, **Marchette Chute**, **Bennett Cerf**, and the *Harper's* book critic, **Gilbert Highet**.

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# The New Recordings

## Song Among the Cycles

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE ubiquitous phrase "high fidelity," once a simple descriptive term, has lately begun to acquire the usefulness and vagueness proper to all good slang. As activities under the "hi-fi," or "high-figh," heading proliferate, it becomes increasingly difficult to say just what high fidelity is. So the phrase will be used here as it is being used generally, which suggests a continued discussion that, as long as hi-fi exists, will come to no conclusive end; nor should it.

A starting definition, full of loopholes nonetheless, might be this—a high degree of faithfulness in sounds issuing from loudspeakers and intended to be facsimiles of other sounds heard by microphones. Of course hi-fi has long since burst this definition. As I suggested here in October, it now refers to an idealized concept of good music, good engineering, good listening. It defines an established and flourishing industry, engaged in the manufacture of sound equipment superior to the ordinary, store-bought, prewar radio-phonograph. These separately-acquired units, purchased at net prices and considerable saving to the purchaser, bring vast technical improvement in the music listened to at home.

It should be added that hi-fi is also a wholly non-musical activity, of impressive proportions, that makes use of the physical sounds contrived by composers, not for their musical sense, but simply to make the equipment function, the better to study mechanical and electrical faithfulness for its own sake. It is a compliment to the musical art that these sounds make such good material for research. Mere noise is not half as useful. Yet what a strange business this is! As one listens to resonant peaks, tonal valleys, cross-over regions, intermodulation, transients clean and unclean, bass at 30 cycles and treble at 12,000—all factors undeniably vital to the faithful reproduction of sound—one runs the risk of forgetting their purpose, of listening to music and hearing only noise.

Many are able to grasp the sense of the music, moreover, from the poorest equipment, the tinniest table radio, to the amazement of the hi-fi fan. Yet it must be admitted that the effort can become exhausting. However forbidding the jargon, or the technician's single-minded devotion, there need be no doubt that the physical superiority of high fidelity sound makes musical enjoyment both easier on the intellect and more extensive in perceived detail. In this the hi-fi engineers, musical and electronic, have already done us a splendid job. And we will undoubtedly benefit in the end from the hi-fi fan's fanatical pursuit of the ultimate, the perfect, the ideal music system.

**Tchaikovsky: Romeo and Juliet; Four Waltzes.** André Kostelanetz and His Orchestra. Col. ML 4546.

**Tchaikovsky: Romeo and Juliet; Hamlet.** Philharmonia Orch. of London, Fistoulari. M-G-M E3002.

How the Kostelanetz string tone comes forth here, in the softer music, just as it always sounds! "Romeo" is beautifully recorded, with big full bass, clean highs, while M-G-M's record is a poor job technically, with overemphasized highs that screech easily in the loud parts, a thin bass, and groove cutting so light that it invites needle skipping. But Fistoulari clearly does a more intelligible interpretation, in spite of his lesser ensemble. "Hamlet" is heavy going for all but the devoted Tchaikovsky lover, a noisy tragedy that for our generation, at least, emphasizes the qualities of restraint, indecision, and underplaying in the original play.

**Strauss: Burleske. Dohnanyi: Variations on a Nursery Theme.** Fabienne Jacquinet, piano, Philharmonia Orch., Fistoulari. M-G-M E3004.

Same orchestra, conductor, and recording company as the "Romeo"- "Hamlet" disc above but it sounds far better. Why? Is it merely the difference in the musical content itself in terms of tone color, loud and soft, orchestral transparency? Not easy to tell—but this disc of two fearfully long works is good



## THE NEW RECORDINGS

both in sound and in the performance. A solid, adequately virtuoso version of the exhibitionist early Strauss, bringing out the best of its genuine musical qualities without overplaying the pompousness, the youthful self-adulation. (It took Strauss fifty years to get over that.) The Dohnanyi, no doubt intended as a satire, is so heavily satirical that humor is lost in the shuffle for much of its length—yet there are many skillfully written parts. The piano, in this as in Strauss, is a technical delight, very well recorded, and the orchestral sound is excellent, too.

**Liszt: Todtentanz. Rimsky-Korsakov: Piano Concerto. Jacquinet, Philharmonia Orch., Fistoulari. M-G-M E182 (10").**

This rounds out the M-G-M offering—more of the same combination, sounding still better with these two composers. Excellent sharp brass, an ultra-natural piano tone well balanced and not too close. Jacquinet rumbles ominously in the Liszt, if perhaps without the full masculine power envisioned. The Rimsky-Korsakov, directly modeled on the Liszt work, is (as might be expected) lighter, more colorful, tuneful in the old-fashioned way, less consequential. A good comparison—Liszt is so clearly the bigger man in spite of the outdated bombast. An excellent basic record for the Romantic library.

**Mozart: Zaide, K. 344. Mattiwilda Dobbs, Hugues Cuenod *et al*, Paris Philharmonic, Leibowitz. Polymusic PR 901/2 in box.**

**Mozart: Il Re Pastore, K. 208. Soloists, Tonstudio Orch., Lund. Period SPL 553(2).**

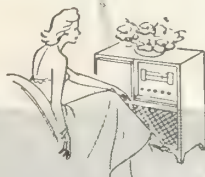
"Zaide" is—or would have been—a major Mozart opera, had the composer ever finished it; instead, it was put aside half done in favor of a more immediate sale. "Zaide" was carried forward into "Die Entführung"—the story is a strikingly similar tale in the Turkish vein. A dozen-odd arias and some stunning "Melodram"—words spoken against a musical background—are all that exist, but the opera clearly would have been more profound, less of a musical comedy than "Die Entführung" and the music is decidedly first rate. This is an excellent realization, notably the Dobbs soprano arias, though the ensemble is a bit rough.

"Il Re Pastore," a gem of formal pastoral classicism—where "Zaide," in contrast, was Mozart's first attempt at German-language "modern" opera—is a set of delicate and lovely solo arias, the recitative that made pretense of

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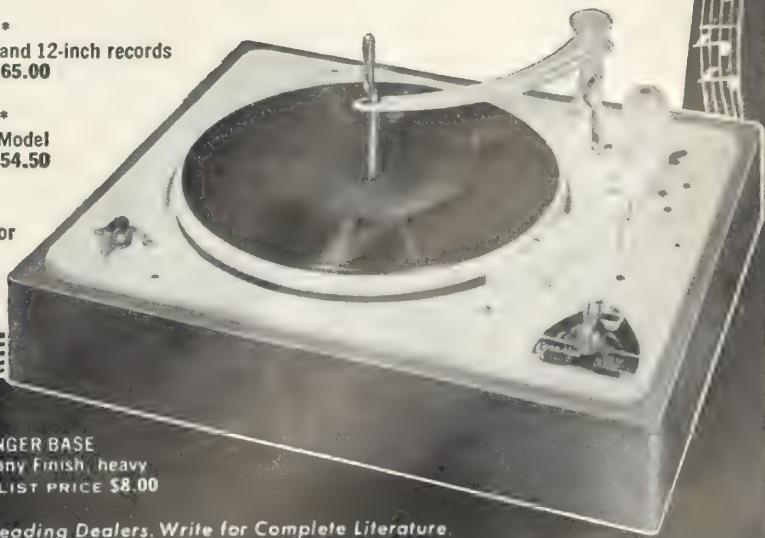
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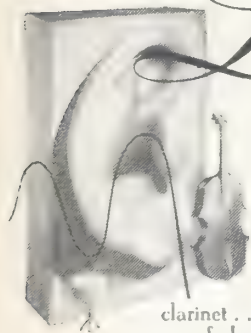
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## THE NEW RECORDINGS

joining them together here omitted. A properly mounted performance physically, with the right intimate, small orchestra; but this is a remarkably unimaginative recital, the diction uninspired and inaudible, the singing as though by rote. Much, perhaps, is due to the rigid, unbending beat of the conductor. The music is there, if you can penetrate to it.

**Purcell; Dido and Aeneas.** Flagstad, Schwarzkopf, Mermaid Theater Co. Geraint Jones. H.M.V. LHMV 1007. (See also 45 rpm.)

Don't miss this release, of last summer, if you have waited these many years as I have for an unarranged, non-anachronistic Purcell. I have never heard Flagstad's voice more perfectly used, nor more suitably—Wagner or no. The instrumental accompaniment (with harpsichord) and the chorus are both in perfect style, the music superbly, modestly played. The most finicky classicist will be more than gratified. The sung English is highly intelligible and without foreign accent, the recording is excellent. But a major fault, too much music on one LP side, mars the music of the inner grooves, the most important in the opera. In this case the 45-rpm version, if available, may prove a better bet in spite of the breaks, notably for the famous lament and the final chorus.

**Offenbach: La Belle Hélène.** Linda Felder, André Dran, Paris Philharmonic, Orch. and Chorus, Leibowitz. Renaissance SX 206(2).

**Offenbach: La Vie Parisienne, arr. Rosenthal. Bizet: Four mezzo arias from Carmen.** Jennie Tourel, Columbia Symphony, Morel. Columbia ML 4608.

The indefatigable Leibowitz—conductor of "Zaide" as well as the splendid recording of Gluck's "Alceste" and numerous other worthy recorded projects—has made an extraordinarily good show of "La Belle Hélène"! This soufflé of ingeniously hair-brained satire, with its lightning-fast French, is a kind of Gallic Gilbert and Sullivan, triple-speed, as preposterous and delightful as any of the famed British operettas. The spontaneity of this performance is combined with impeccably expert projection to the listener. Words are ultra-clear, both in spoken and sung form (complete text in both languages) and the recording is excellent as well. I'd nominate this as the best album of French opera to date for performance and recording excellence combined.

Jennie Tourel sings the Rosenthal

montage of Offenbach arias with her superb sense of style and her faultless musical and microphonic projection, even if too much mezzo without tonal contrast can only go so far. Her Carmen strikes a nice balance between the neo-classic French Carmen and the bawdier American version, the torch-Carmen of Swarthout and Stevens.

**Mozart: Women Are Like That (Cosi fan tutte).** Steber, Tucker, Guarrera, Thebom, Peters, Alvary; Met. Opera Orch., Stiedry. Columbia SL 122(3) boxed.

This increasingly popular double-scoop soda—two couples, the men and ladies singing like two pairs of identical twins—has been a notable success in this Alfred Lunt production, surviving the almost impossible ordeal of English translation. The English is excellent here (allowing of course for the Italian horseplay of the original text, no literary gem), the word rhythms actually fit the music, and the sense is clearly audible. Semi-close-up voice recording makes for remarkable clarity, yet there is enough background liveliness to give a natural theater sound to the whole. And all the singers speak English! Best sign of the current new deal in opera-in-English thinking, and about time.

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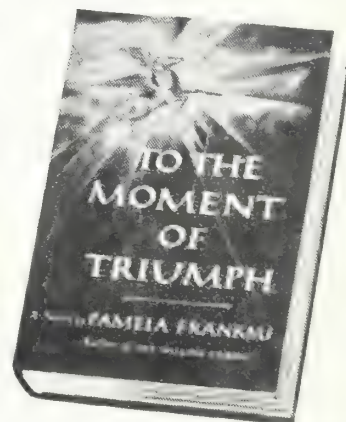
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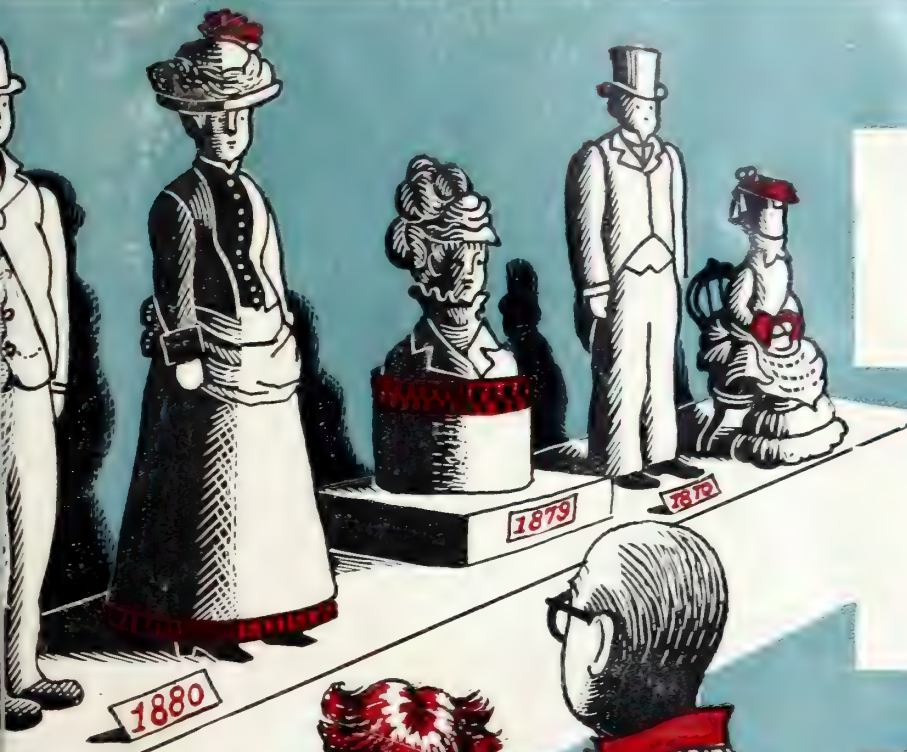
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Cover by Tom Funk



# Personal & Otherwise

**I**F YOU watch the flow of events and compare what people say about them beforehand with what they say about them afterward, you may occasionally be amused at the peculiar patterns assumed by human hindsight. One of these patterns of hindsight might be called the fallacy of inevitability. This is the widespread assumption, after something happens, that it was destined to happen—was so foreordained that any bright person ought to have seen it coming—even though up to the moment when it actually happened most bright people would have hesitated to bet on its coming. The result of a pennant race, let us say, is actually in doubt until the last ball is pitched in the last game; yet as soon as Bobby Thomson hits his home run you would almost imagine, from the twitter of the sportscasters and sports reporters, that Brooklyn had been doomed all season and the Giants had had the pennant in their pocket for months. General Eisenhower makes the bold decision to launch the D-Day attack even though the German defenses in Normandy are redoubtable and a storm endangers the invasion; and pretty soon a great many people, seeing the triumphant result of his decision, begin to talk as if victory had been in the bag from the outset, and even argue as to whether the invasion effort had not been over-organized.

To succumb to the fallacy of inevitability is agreeable, for it gives one a pleasant if spurious feeling of wisdom. Historians as well as village gossips like to tell their stories as if events took an inevitable course—a course which they themselves foresaw or could have

foreseen—even though in cold fact the actual event, whether it was the issue of a battle or the question whether John would marry Mary, was a matter of touch and go.

Another peculiarity about hindsight which fascinates P & O is our proneness to make flat statements about historical cause-and-effect in the total absence of what scientific investigators would call adequate controls. When a laboratory research man performs an experiment on rats, he performs it on some but not all of them, in order to be sure that what looks like proof that Dr. Somebody's new vitamin tonic is a disease-killer is not simply proof that the whole rat colony has been entering a period of rude health. But when a critic of our recent foreign policy in the Far East says that the meager scale of American aid to Chiang was what lost China to the Reds, he is unable to show us in any positive way what would have happened if we had given Chiang ten billions or ten divisions; the experiment was performed without adequate controls. Yet this does not prevent a great many people—even well-informed people—from being dogmatic about it.

That people should have opinions about what caused what is wholly reasonable. History would be pallid indeed if historians did not see a pattern in the course of events, and politics would be deadly dull if orators could not show that the opposition was responsible for all the ills of our day. One often wishes, however, that history would be kind enough to buttress one's own opinion by providing suitable controls—which it persistently refuses to do.



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WE WERE reminded of these peculiarities of hindsight as we read the first two articles in the current issue, *John Fischer's* "What Do the Democrats Do Now?" (p. 23) and *William J. Coughlin's* "The Great Mokusatsu Mistake" (p. 31). Not that either author falls into either of the traps we have been discussing; but each has at least walked along the edge of one. When we began Mr. Fischer's article, and read about the festering condition of the Democratic party organization, we remembered how often we had heard, during the campaign last fall, that if the Republicans did not win, the Republican party would wither away. Was Mr. Fischer going to argue that the Republicans had had the pennant in their pockets all season because the Democratic party was already withering away? We were relieved to find, on continuing, that what had looked for a few moments like the fallacy of inevitability was chiefly a capacity on Mr. Fischer's part for lively statement. And we were likewise relieved that Mr. Coughlin, for his part, left us free to speculate on just what would have happened if the extraordinary *mokusatsu* mistake had not been made.

The opportunities for speculation are fascinating. If that mistake had not been made—or had been promptly corrected—and the atomic bomb had not been used against Japan, when would the world have known that there was such a weapon? How much would the Russians have found out—and believed—about its actual potentialities? And what form would the subsequent international competition in atomic weapons have taken? If the Japanese had clearly sued for peace before the Russians could get their offensive rolling, would it have rolled anyhow—and would the Chinese Communists have won anyhow—and would Korea have been invaded anyhow? Perhaps the mistake was a monstrous disaster for the world; perhaps not. There were no controls for the experiment.

John Fischer was born on the Texas-Oklahoma border, went to the University of Oklahoma, and, as a Rhodes scholar, to Oxford; did a stint of newspaper work and then served in the government, first with the Department of Agriculture and later with the Board of Economic Warfare and Foreign Economic Administration; joined the staff of

*Harper's Magazine* in 1944, and is now general book editor of Harper & Brothers. He is the author of a book about Russia, written after he had spent a few months in the Ukraine on behalf of UNRRA (*Why They Behave Like Russians*, 1947), and one on the construction of American foreign policy (*Master Plan, U.S.A.*, 1951). Last fall he spent several weeks at Springfield as a member of the Stevenson campaign staff—an experience which gave him a fresh view of some of the liveliest problems of American politics, including the one he writes about this month.

William J. Coughlin is a former fighter pilot (in World War II) and a Stanford graduate who, after his graduation, spent two and a half years covering the Pacific as a foreign correspondent for the United Press; then was awarded the Melville Jacoby Fellowship for the study of Far Eastern affairs at Stanford; then returned to the United Press almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the Korean war to become manager of the UP foreign desk in San Francisco. Later he was assigned to Mexico City. While on the Stanford fellowship he had written a book on General MacArthur's relations with the press in Japan, entitled *Conquered Press* (it was published last spring). As the result of a dispute with the United Press executives over passages in an advance copy of the manuscript, Mr. Coughlin resigned; he is now associate editor of *Aviation Week* magazine, in charge of West Coast coverage, and has recently been on assignment in Korea, as war correspondent for McGraw-Hill. He first ran across evidence of the great *mokusatsu* mistake while doing research for his book, and has pursued the subject relentlessly ever since.

### *Three Historians, All English*

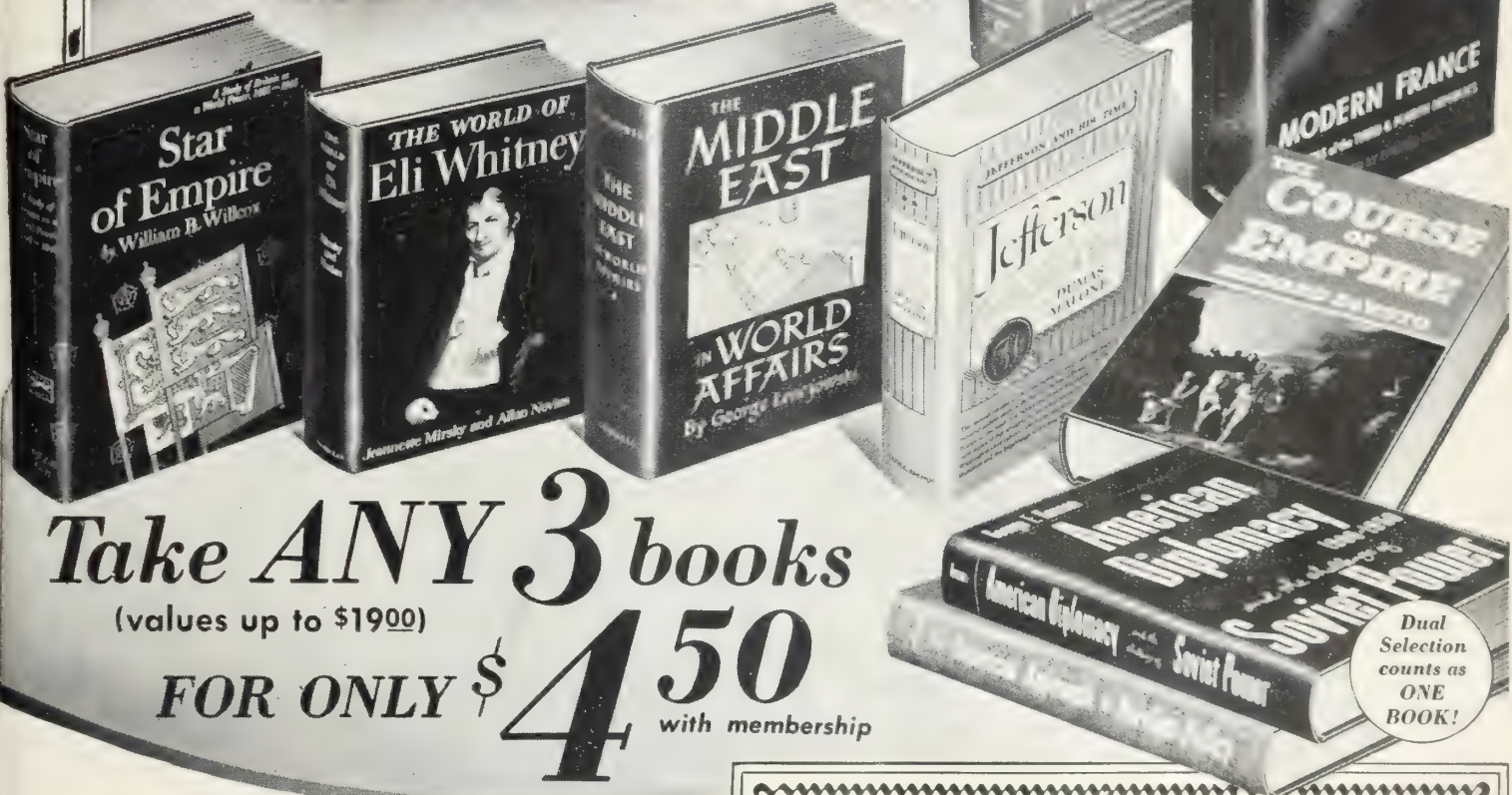
THE culture of England washes up on the shores of *Harper's* this month in the work of three British historians of three quite different sorts. *Arnold J. Toynbee*, a historian with a telescopic view of the vagaries of man throughout civilization, gives us "Russia and the West" (p. 54); *C. V. Wedgwood*, a historian with a microscopic view of English history, gives us a delightful and illuminating account of the wherefore and the now of "England's Country Houses" (p. 65); and *Osbert Lancaster*, who makes up



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## PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

history and then illustrates it, gives his pictorial comment on the houses about which Miss Wedgwood writes.

There is probably no historian these days whose name and work is as well known to Americans as Professor Toynbee's. His many-volumed *A Study of History* offered one of the most ambitious and successful theories of history to emerge in many years, and a short version of it became a best seller here in 1947. *Harper's*, we are glad to say, anticipated Mr. Toynbee's American fame in a number of ways and by a number of years. His first work to appear in this magazine was in September 1927 and the subject bears a striking similarity to that of the article we are printing this month. It was called "Western Civilization and Far Eastern Reaction." Just about twenty years later we published an essay by Granville Hicks entitled "Arnold Toynbee: The Boldest Historian," which article, we are privately convinced, was what started a ball rolling that gathered momentum at an astonishing rate of speed until Mr. Toynbee's name was on the lips of nearly everyone.

The essay that we are publishing this month, and the one that will follow it in our April number, will form parts of a small book, *The World and the West*, which will be published by Oxford this spring. Professor Toynbee, among a great many other things, is a Fellow of the British Academy and Director of Studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

Miss Wedgwood, who takes us on a tour not only of the history of English country houses but into the great halls of a few of them and even up on an occasional roof or two, is at present working at the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton, an august institution to which only the most distinguished scholars are invited. Not all of her ten books of biography and history have been concerned with England, but most of them have, and she has been concerned not only with history but with literature. For eight years she was the literary editor of the English weekly *Time & Tide* and she is a member of the selection committee of the British Book Society. As a Wedgwood she was, in accordance with a family custom, "allowed at

an early age to decorate a piece of Wedgwood ware at the 'Works'." Modestly she adds, "Its merits were not great and having too little gift for pottery I resigned myself by the age of twelve to a writer's career."

Our final historian, Osbert Lancaster, is a very rare combination of men—a social satirist who invents history that in every respect except for the facts is entirely sound. To understand this you will have to read *Draynefleet Revisited*, in which Mr. Lancaster invents an English town and writes a parody guidebook of it which he illustrates with drawings of the town at various stages of its development. His understanding and knowledge of architecture is not only profound and loving but also greatly amused. Visitors to the Fun Fair in Battersea Park summer before last may remember, or may not have known, that Mr. Lancaster was the principal designer of that fairyland. He is the author and illustrator of a variety of books and is the perpetrator and perpetuator of Lady Littlehampton who appears regularly in the London *Daily Express*.

## Star Squabbles and Earth Squabbles

•••It's pretty hard to tell at the midpoint of a century what contemporary scientific clashes will "make" the history books of a hundred years hence. The scientists themselves, who often get into battle most vociferously on immediate issues, are likely to stand back and refuse judgment on the long-term values involved. As Fred Hoyle put it, in winding up his book on *The Nature of the Universe*, "I think that all our present guesses are likely to prove but a very pale shadow of the real thing. . . . Perhaps the most majestic feature of our whole existence is that while our intelligences are powerful enough to penetrate deeply into the evolution of this quite incredible Universe, we still have not the smallest clue to our own fate."

In this issue of *Harper's*, another scientist, **Loren C. Eiseley**, professor of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, explores some long lost scientific battles of the last century and places them in the perspective of post-Darwinian discoveries and interpretations. In "Little Men



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# Canadian Pacific

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P & O

and Flying Saucers" (p. 86) he tells quite clearly what he thinks about the possibility of the existence of men on other planets of the Universe—and his certainties do not quite agree with Professor Hoyle's—but, putting his ideas against the background of old disagreements, he leaves the ultimate mystery intact.

In a note to P & O, Professor Eiseley points out that the British magazine *Punch* joined the astrotheological debate with a poem printed anonymously a hundred years ago, entitled "Star Squabble," which ran in part:

Says Brewster to Whewell, let's  
fight a star duel

Though you've been very cruel to  
raise such a strife.

What! Nature makes worlds for  
mere lanterns or fuel?

I tell you the planets are swarming  
with life.

Says Whewell to Brewster, you old  
Cock or Rooster,

Why will you anew stir the question  
with me?

Excepting our planet, Creation's  
whole cluster

'S as empty as you and your vol-  
ume, Sir D.

Mr. Eiseley comments that the debate, in more modern terms, still continues, as some concluding remarks by the late great British scientist E. A. Milne in his posthumously published *Modern Cosmology and the Christian Idea of God* (Oxford, 1952) clearly indicates. And Mr. Eiseley adds:

I regret that the exigencies of space made it impossible to explore all of the ramifications of the "star squabble" or to dwell extensively upon dissident and differing points of view among the early nineteenth-century thinkers. Not all, including Brewster himself, were unwilling to consider the possibility of different forms of life on other planets, though the archetypal "plan" exercised a powerful fascination for many. The reader should also remember that a thin trickle of genuine evolutionary thought runs through the first half of the century, obscured though it was by the conservative and more palatable point of view.

The writing of "Little Men and Flying Saucers" was a side diversion



for Professor Eiseley during a sabbatical year made possible by a grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropology. He has been writing, reading, and wandering around getting himself covered with sand burs and other prickly seeds—all of this activity being pertinent to the writing of a book, parts of which the readers of *Harper's* have enjoyed in advance in various articles printed in this magazine in the past, most recently in "The Great Deeps" (December 1951).

•••*Fessenden S. Blanchard's* account of the "Revolution in Clothes" (p. 59) is based not simply on such personal observation of the passing scene as any of us might be able to engage in, but also on over forty years in the textile industry. For twenty-eight years he was with the Pacific Mills, during part of that time as assistant to the head of the company. Later he became president of the Textile Research Institute. Since 1945 he has been a marketing consultant, specializing largely in textiles; his firm is known as Fessenden Blanchard & Morrell. Also, like many leading business executives, he has done time in Washington; during World War II he had charge of textile conservation for the War Production Board.

Mr. Blanchard has not only written numerous articles on business subjects but has produced four books which have reflected his outside enthusiasms. As one of the Scarsdale, New York, inventors of the popular game of platform paddle tennis, and its most ardent evangel, he wrote *Paddle Tennis*; as a devotee of cruising he wrote, with Robert F. Duncan, *A Cruising Guide to the New England Coast*, and later, *A Cruising Guide to the Chesapeake*. And last fall he brought out *Where to Retire and How*; a book which might be characterized as a cruising guide to the rewarding aspects of the inevitable.

He would like us to acknowledge here his indebtedness to *Textile Organon*, of whose statistical data (source: The U. S. Census Bureau) he has made ample use in the article.

•••"It establishes a foundation for industrial warfare. . ." said Alfred P. Sloan. "It would be a dangerous

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## PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

stride in the direction of a totally managed economy," said President Truman. Each gentleman was talking about a law, though not the same law. Mr. Sloan, in 1935, was talking about the Wagner Act, while Mr. Truman, in 1947, was talking about Taft-Hartley. But somehow, since 1947—let alone since 1935—the nation has managed to escape both tyranny and civil war; and since 1948, when *Harper's* printed the collection of dour opinions from which these two are drawn, the language of partisanship has so moderated that now, as **Benjamin Rathbun** remarks in "Taft-Hartley and The Test of Time" (p. 74), "the voice of the reasonable man has begun to be heard."

Mr. Rathbun's voice seems very reasonable. He is a Washington journalist, in the special field of unions and labor relations, who writes for the *Daily Labor Report* on congressional and governmental activity. Since 1946 he has reported for the Bureau of National Affairs, a private publishing firm. Before that he was a sergeant in Military Intelligence, also in Washington, and in 1941 he worked briefly for the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, otherwise known as the William Allen White Committee. He attended Union College, in Schenectady, New York, and Columbia University. He is married and has two children.

•••The two short stories in this month's issue share the common theme of prejudice, although in setting, mood, and treatment they are, quite literally, miles apart. P & O defies anyone to read **Mary McCarthy's** "Artists in Uniform" (p. 41) without at least one moment of startling and profoundly disturbing self-revelation, and the story's uncomfortable immediacy is intensified by the author's device of appearing in it under her own names, both professional and married. **Donald R. Depew's** "Indigenous Girls" (p. 81) will perhaps strike sharpest at those who have served their country overseas, but its poignancy is universal.

Mary McCarthy was born in Seattle and attended convent schools and an Episcopal seminary before she graduated from Vassar. She has taught at Sarah Lawrence and Bard Colleges, where she collected some of

the material for her highly controversial novel of last year, *The Groves of Academe*. Her first novel was *The Company She Keeps*, published in 1942, and her second novel, *The Oasis*, won *Horizon's* 1949 short novel contest. Her fiction and criticism have appeared in a number of magazines, among them the *New Yorker*, the *Nation*, and the *New Republic*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Town & Country*, *Politics*, and *Partisan Review*.

**W. T. Mars**, who made the illustration for Miss McCarthy's story, was born in Poland and studied art in Warsaw and France. He painted murals for the Festival of Britain and worked as book and magazine illustrator for various British publishers before coming to this country in December 1951.

Donald R. Depew is a young army veteran who graduated from Princeton in 1949, was drafted in 1950, and after nearly sixteen months' service in this country was shipped to Korea. He wrote "Indigenous Girls," the first story he has sold, on his return, while he was looking for a job in Pittsburgh, his home. "You accepted the story, I got the job, and I passed my twenty-fifth birthday, in that order," he wrote to P & O in reply to a request for information. "Everyone who returns from the Far East seems to have something profound to say about the strange Oriental mind," he added. "In my small experience with the Korean mind, the only thing I found hard to understand was the perfectly amazing extent to which they kept their courage, their determination, their devotion to their families (I do not mean reverence), their warmth of friendship, and in the case of those who had had little contact with the Americans, their modesty. We were informed emphatically, though never quite officially, that the South Koreans were a pack of liars and thieves. No Korean stole anything from me, but many of them gave me gifts when I left."

The Korean girls and their office mates in "Indigenous Girls" were drawn by **Grisha Dotzenko**, who returned from Korea just a short time ago after a seventeen-month stint with the Engineers. Mr. Dotzenko designed church interiors in his native Russia and does book jackets



## P &amp; O

and portraits in this country. He studied in Moscow, Munich, and the Art Students League in New York and is staff artist for *Guitar Review*.

...His dissection of the Webbs (p. 92) concludes *Bertrand Russell's* 'Portraits from Memory' which have been appearing in the last four issues of *Harper's*. The 1950 Nobel Prize winner's next book will be *Satan in the Suburbs*, a collection of five short stories which a London publisher is bringing out this spring, and, incidentally, the first fiction ever published under Lord Russell's own name.

...“Northeaster” (p. 30) is not only the first poem of *Elizabeth Enright's* to appear in *Harper's*, but one of the first two poems she ever submitted anywhere. The second, which accompanied it, will appear in a later issue of this magazine.

Poetry is the newest of Miss Enright's several accomplishments and one at which she started working only last summer. She began her career as an illustrator of children's books, switched to writing children's books herself (among them *Thimble Summer* and *Spider Web for Two*), and then took up writing adult short stories, a collection of which was published in 1946. Her most recent story in *Harper's* was “Tale for a Deaf Ear” in April 1951, and she also contributed a special Christmas feature on children's books in December 1951. She is married to Robert Gilliam, has three sons, and lives on Washington Square in New York City.

In contrast, *Sara Van Alstyne Allen* (“Saying Good-by to a Child,” p. 40) has been writing poems ever since an aunt, who knew of her interest, gave her a membership in a poetry course as a wedding present. A newcomer to *Harper's*, her poems have appeared in the *Saturday Review*, the *Yale Review*, the *New Yorker*, the *North American Review*, *Tomorrow*, and *Poetry*, as well as other magazines and newspapers.

She was born in Philadelphia, moved to the West when she was a small child, attended Pomona College, and taught English for three years in California before she married an Easterner and moved to New York.

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Of course, Christ said nothing about Communism, Trade Unions, or Capitalism. These questions did not then exist.

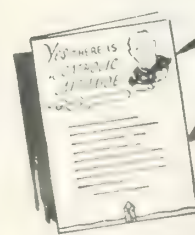


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"I am very fortunate," she writes, "to be married to a man who likes poetry and who is also a stickler for facts (he is a wage survey expert with American Telephone and Telegraph). So if I ever tend to 'soar' too much, he brings me gently back."

The child in "Saying Good-by to a Child" is her ten-year-old daughter, Helen, and the poem was written after her mother had waved good-by to her one morning as she started off to school.

## The Big Change

ON OCTOBER 1 next, John Fischer, the present general book editor of Harper & Brothers, will succeed Frederick Lewis Allen as editor in chief of this magazine. Mr. Allen, after a leave of several months, will become a part-time editor free to devote much of his time to writing. Under the new arrangement Russell Lynes will be closely associated with Mr. Fischer as managing editor.

The reasons behind Mr. Allen's decision to resign the editorship in chief as of next fall were explained by him in a letter which on December 3 last he handed to Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of Harper & Brothers, publishers of *Harper's Magazine*, from which we quote:

For a couple of years I have been telling you from time to time that I proposed to resign from the position of editor in chief of *Harper's Magazine* well in advance of any regular retirement date, and now I think I had better make the resignation definite in order that you may be able to plan ahead at leisure. I hereby tender my resignation to take effect next autumn—on September 30, 1953—at the end of just twelve years as editor in chief, and at the end of thirty and a quarter years with the magazine.

You know as well as I do that this resignation does not mean any lack of loyalty or enthusiasm for the magazine, or for the House of Harper, or for the management. I should like to go on working for them for a long time to come. Nor is it the act of a tired or disillusioned man. I have two basic reasons for my decision.

One is that I have always had two ambitions—to edit and to write. As long as I have carried the constant load of responsibility for the magazine, and only occasionally have been able to take days or weeks off



## P &amp; O

from my nine-to-five stint in order to write, and have had to do most of my writing in my spare time, putting in a great many six and seven day weeks, writing has necessarily had to take second place. I should like to be free to spend more time at writing, and also to be a little more footloose generally.

The other reason is that I had rather not run the risk of becoming an outdated character as an editor. This is always a danger as people grow older. I had my apprenticeship long ago; and while I think I have retained a lively interest in changes and adjustments to the new conditions of new times, I realize that I am not the best judge of whether I am able to keep up with the needs of the day. I am proud of the job we have done at *Harper's*; but now that I have sat in the driver's seat for twelve years (which, we must remember, is equal to three Presidential terms) I'd rather move over and let somebody else take the wheel.

I suggest that after October 1 next, I take at least three months off, and maybe more, to give my successor a free hand to rearrange things without embarrassment. Then I should like to come back on some part-time basis to be worked out with me by you and the new editor.

Nothing would dismay me more than to have anybody imagine for a moment that I am not wholly happy at Harper & Brothers. So let me say once more that I am second to none in my enthusiasm for you, Mac [Frank MacGregor, president of Harper & Brothers], Ray [Raymond C. Harwood, executive vice president, secretary and treasurer], and the Harper family in general; and that this decision is based simply upon my feeling that it is wise to shift the principal responsibility for a magazine like *Harper's* at not too long intervals from older shoulders to younger ones, and also that I'd like to experiment with a somewhat differently organized life, with a little more chance to do my own observing and say my own say, while maintaining a connection with the House of Harper.

John Fischer, Mr. Allen's successor, who will continue to be general book editor of Harper & Brothers until September 30, was an editor of the magazine from 1944 to 1947, when he moved across the hall to work for the publishing house.

However he continued to be a con-

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P & O

tributing editor of *Harper's* and among the numerous articles he has written for it are "Truman: A Little West of Center," "The Scared Men in the Kremlin," "The Lost Liberals," "Unwritten Rules of American Politics," "Insomnia in Whitehall," and "The German Booby Trap," as well as the lead piece in this issue. For further biographical information about him, see the account on page 6, in connection with that piece, which was written before we were sure that this announcement could be made in this issue.

### Honor for Mr. DeVoto

Is there any reader who has not heard that the National Book Award in non-fiction for 1952 went, by unanimous decision of the judges, to Bernard DeVoto for *The Course of Empire*, the magnum opus on which he has spent most of his time since 1945, and a fragment of which—about Lewis and Clark—we published in the September issue of *Harper's*?

The National Book Award is jointly sponsored by the American Book Publishers' Council, the American Booksellers' Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute, and the selections are made by distinguished juries after receiving nominations from a variety of sources. As master of ceremonies at the Book Award, Frederick Lewis Allen paid tribute to the fact that Mr. DeVoto had "resisted all shortcuts and all compromises with his own standards of thoroughness and completeness, even though, as he progressed, what had started as a book about Lewis and Clark expanded into a massive and eloquent epic three centuries long and five thousand miles wide."

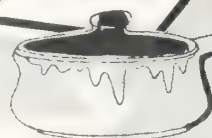
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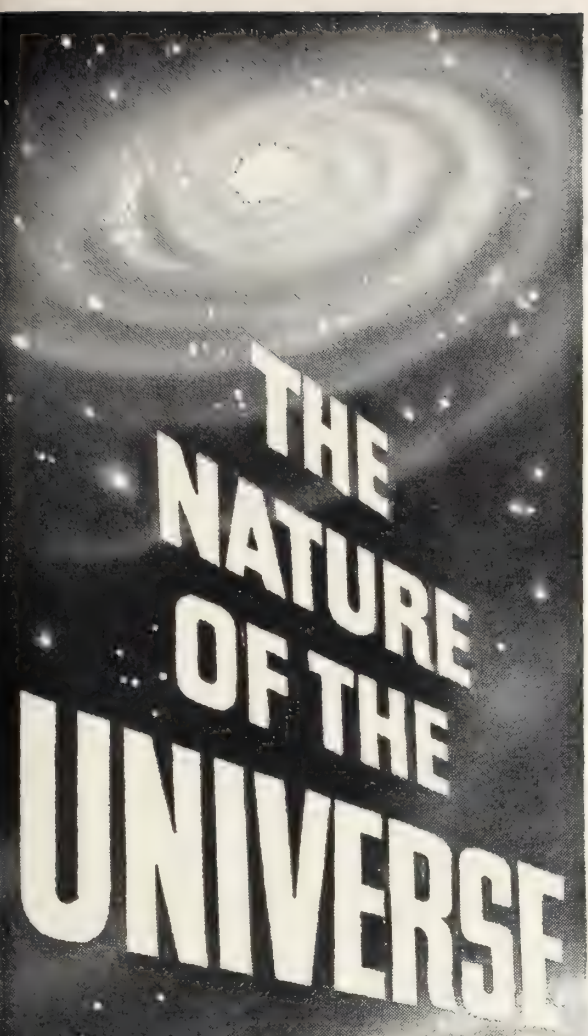
If you are in high school, besides taking extra work to help you get through your difficult courses more quickly; this summer could also be a testing ground for your future plans. Perhaps you're thinking about majoring in dramatics in college. Wouldn't you like to work in an actual theatre?

You don't have to lounge your summer away. If you would like suggestions, write to our Information Bureau, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.

### Highet on the Air

Gilbert Highet's astute and popular radio talks on books, which WQXR has been broadcasting in New York for several months, are now going out over Station WFMT Chicago. The time for the New York program is 9:45 P.M. on Tuesday in Chicago it's 9:00 P.M. on Wednesday. The Oxford Press sponsors the WQXR broadcasts. *Harper's Magazine* is sponsoring Mr. Highet in Chicago.





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# LETTERS

## Who Said What?—

To the Editors:

Apparently Perry ("A TV Man at the Stevenson Watch," January) Wolff had been driven "ragged, nervous, and incapable of accurate work" by too many hours at the Leland Hotel pinball machine in Springfield.

On that fateful election night, I never stated "publicly that the situation 'looked grim.'" It was another member of the Stevenson staff, so, obviously, Wilson Wyatt couldn't have rebuked me "publicly." Wilson wouldn't dare call me "impertinent" because (1) we're awfully good friends and that night we worked out our public pronouncements together, and (2) it might be true.

Since we're both affiliated with dear old CBS, I insist, Perry, you turn in your Peabody Award.

VICTOR A. SHOLIS  
Louisville, Ky.

To the Editors:

Mr. Sholis did not say the situation "looked grim," but he should have. Had he said so, and at an early hour, I might add, this would have given him power to make predictions in 1956 at an earlier hour with even more attention paid to them.

I hope this sufficiently clouds the issue and masks the fact that I was wrong and Mr. Sholis was right.

PERRY WOLFF  
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

I have been the victim of grave misrepresentation and injustice. I do not mind being misquoted on most matters. I am used to that. I have been misquoted by better men than Denis Brogan.

I do not mind having my most brilliant lines of prose assigned to some anonymous author. Mr. Brogan and I exchange bon mots often enough.

But I mind very much when two

lyrics of a musical comedy are mangled to make two lines and these are assigned to some vague and obscure "American friend."

I refer, of course, to Professor Brogan's misquotation in the December *Harper's*:

Clean-limbed American boys are not like any others.

Only clean-limbed American boys have mothers.

Now I owe it to you and to posterity to set this record straight. These alleged lines come from a musical comedy, not a poem. The name of the musical comedy is "Clean Limbs" and it concerns one clean-limbed, clear-eyed, high-minded American boy named Bradford Saltonstall. Professor Brogan's couplet is actually an amalgam of two lyrics in this masterpiece. The first is sung by the chorus when Bradford comes on the scene:

Clean limbs! Clean limbs!  
Uncle Sam's soldiers have clean limbs.  
They're not corrupted by Old World Sin,  
They're not debauched by whiskey and gin—  
Clean-limbed American boys.

The second is sung by Bradford himself when the heroine asks him how it happens that he is so clean-limbed:

I'm only a normal American boy,  
I'm just like all the others.  
But never forget that American boys  
All have mothers!

Chorus:

They all have mothers,  
They all have mothers,  
Alone of the boys of all the world  
American boys have mothers.

Now you can see what a grave injustice Professor Brogan did me. I cannot believe this was unintentional. I do not know whether to put it down to professional jealousy

or to a crude effort to revenge himself for the time I (allegedly) pushed him down the steps of the Reform Club and broke his arm.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER  
Oxford, England

## Magazines Wanted—

To the Editors:

The December 1952 issue of *Harper's* contains a request to help the American Library in Paris. I shall be glad to do so. Does the U. S. Information Service still want magazines, etc. for its outposts in foreign countries? I haven't seen any mention of it in *Harper's* for some time and would appreciate advice on whether the need still exists.

SYDNEY B. MARKEY  
Haverstown, Pa.

(The State Department tells us that there is still a great need overseas for all magazines "which are descriptive of American life," both back and current numbers. They should be sent to: United States Book Exchange, 1816 Half St. S.W., Washington 4, D. C.—The Editors)

## Kitimat Company—

To the Editors:

May I ask you to call attention to an error in Richard L. Neuberger's excellent article on Kitimat [January] which, while minor, could be embarrassing to our company? Referring to the Aluminum Company's employment of a contractor, he wrote: "It calls in the largest construction firm in the world—now the Morrison-Knudsen Company which surprisingly, maintains its headquarters in Boise, Idaho." As a matter of fact, this Canadian project is being undertaken by our Canadian subsidiary, Morrison-Knudsen Company of Canada Limited. Some Canadian readers might resent the idea that the job went to an American firm, and be correspondingly



## LETTERS

relieved to know it actually went to a Canadian one.

PAUL NATIONS

Morrison-Knudsen Co., Inc.  
Boise, Idaho

## Quien Sabe?—

To the Editors:

Mr. Highet's review of *The Wonderful Country* by Tom Lea [December] reminds me of a South American saying: "*Que pase el aserrador!*"

He is, I believe, quite right when he writes that Lea "has a good idea" in the novel. But he is a meticulous old fuddyduddy when he writes that the conversation "is often unintelligible to the average reader."

What does he mean by "unintelligible"? The average reader has no trouble with the simple clarity of the translations. . . . The author's device of translating à la Hemingway gives flavor and local color to the tale.

What does Mr. Highet mean when he writes that "one gets bewildered watching the hero leaping onto his *vara* and tying up his *tostones* in a *ringo chingao*"? Does he not know the meaning of these Spanish-Mexican words?

The reviewer is not *muy simpatico*. He is a bit unfair to Mr. Lea and the reader, and careless with the meaning of words.

SAMUEL F. HUSAT

Department of Spanish  
Western Reserve Academy  
Hudson, Ohio

To the Editors:

I am grateful for Mr. Husat's letter. His first remark exactly illustrates one of the two difficulties I criticized in Mr. Lea's novel, for although the proverb he quotes is significant to him and to others who now colloquial Spanish, most of us do not know whether it means "East, west, home's best," or "Let the buyer beware." . . . Mr. Husat probably does not see this difficulty because he knows Spanish well, but let him imagine a novel about Finland in which the hero said to his girl, "*Rakastettu, give me my puukko,*" and he will know how the rest of us feel.

His second point is that Mr. Lea's word-for-word translations give the flavor of the speech of his bold, sim-

ple characters. I am afraid that this is mistaken. Literal translations of conversational speech are nearly always false. . . . So Mr. Lea makes a disgruntled Mexican soldier say, "We encounter the military of the parlor," when what the man really said was something like, "All we get now is ice-cream soldiers."

These are matters of style. But matters of style are important, particularly in a book which deals with the contact of two languages and the interpenetration of two cultures. That is why it is unfortunate that Mr. Lea chose two devices which sometimes obscured or distorted his energetic story. . . . Whenever one reads a good tale, one regrets anything which hinders communication between the author and his readers, as much as one hates shiny glass or old varnish on a good painting.

GILBERT HIGHET  
New York, N. Y.

## Keynes' Soul—

To the Editors:

I hope that the "Portraits from Memory" series by Bertrand Russell will continue for a long time. As I am an economist, I particularly enjoyed his sketch of J. M. Keynes [December]. But I was surprised and shocked to have him say about Keynes that "when he concerned himself with politics and economics he left his soul at home." . . . By comparison with Ruskin and other English romanticists he may seem to be a soulless analyst, but compared to the Ricardian school (including Marxism) which his economics has qualified, if not supplanted, he would stand out as a warm-hearted humanitarian.

VALDEMAR CARLSON  
Yellow Springs, Ohio

## The Cow's Side—

To the Editors:

Re "Nothing Difficult About a Cow" [January]. If A. B. Guthrie always milks his cows from the wrong side, as shown in the illustrations, it is no wonder they don't like it.

If it is the artist's error, I am surprised at him, coming from a great dairy country like Denmark.

NORA MOSER  
Alexandria, Va.

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\*(Letters on file)

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# Harper's

MAGAZINE

## What Do the Democrats Do Now?

*John Fischer*

**W**HEN Adlai E. Stevenson gets back from his tour abroad late this spring, he will buckle down to the hardest job he has ever tackled—harder, even, than his campaign for the Presidency. He will start trying to rebuild the shattered remnants of the Democratic party, working under a set of hair-raising handicaps.

It is surprising that he should try at all. It would have been easy, and far more comfortable, for him to retire to his Libertyville farm, or to pick up the threads of his once-profitable law practice. It is even more surprising that a good many skeptical, hard-bitten Democratic politicians think he has a reasonable chance to succeed.

Long before the election, most people in the Democratic headquarters at Springfield had begun to suspect that their party was in a pretty gamy stage of decay. No one, so far as I know, foresaw the majestic weight of the Republican landslide, and two or three congenital optimists such as Wilson Wyatt and Clayton Fritchey bubbled with optimism to the very end—but very few Democrats in Springfield bet any money. I suspect that Governor Stevenson (a notably canny investor) never put up a dime. Certainly he showed

no sign of being either astonished or overwhelmed by his defeat.

For almost every day of the campaign had uncovered additional symptoms that the party was suffering from two crippling ailments. Either of them might have killed off for good any organism less durable than the Democratic party.

No political surgeon—not even The Old Wizard, FDR—could have cured them in the three and a half months between the convention and election day. Indeed, it probably will take at least four years of fasting, exercise, and meditation in the wilderness—plus massive doses of political vitamins and lots of luck—to get the patient in shape to fight another campaign on even terms. This article is an attempt at a diagnosis, with a very tentative guess at the chances for a cure.

**O**NE of the obvious troubles was intellectual anemia. For twenty years the party had been feeding on a batch of ideas whipped up in the first phase of the New Deal. This pantry was nearly emptied by 1940, and only the outbreak of World War II concealed for a while the Democrats' mental poverty.

*John Fischer, general book editor of Harper & Brothers (and a contributing editor of this magazine), was a Stevenson aide at Springfield last fall and has kept close track of post-election developments in the Democratic party.*



Harry Truman's effort to warm up the left-overs under the guise of the Fair Deal didn't produce anything very appetizing—which was not surprising, since it is rare in this country for any political formula to work twice. (Van Buren's failure to coast on Jackson's program is a case in point; William Howard Taft's back-to-McKinley movement is another.) It is now clear that Truman's surprise victory in 1948 resulted, not from any wild popular enthusiasm for the menu he offered, but rather from the GOP failure that year to promise any nourishment at all.

Not that the Republicans did much better in 1952. The most painstaking analysis of their platform and campaign speeches discloses hardly a chemical trace of a new idea. But this time they didn't need any. Ike—plus a carefully vague promise to do something about Korea, plus the irritations and disappointments which had piled up during twenty years—were enough to lick the enfeebled Democrats.

It is only fair to note that Stevenson didn't offer much that was new either—aside from two significant but generally overlooked items which we shall note in a moment. He campaigned, in effect, on the proposition that the problems ahead of us are uncommonly tough ones; that he had no easy answer; but that he would take a fresh look at the entire agenda if he were elected. That was the only honest strategy, since any thoughtful long-range planning is impossible during the uproar of a campaign. But in the role of opposition leader, one of Stevenson's main tasks will be to equip his party with a new outlook and a new program.

## II

THE second malady which afflicted the Democrats was an almost total collapse of the party organization. Those of us who arrived in Springfield early in the campaign assumed that we would be working with a going party machine—ancient, of course, but presumably still serviceable. I had known something of the Roosevelt-Farley organization in prewar days, and took it for granted that at least a substantial remnant would still be in operation. After all, Mr. Truman prided himself on being an old-fashioned organization man, bulging with

political know-how, who always Took Care of the Boys. The newspapers denounced the Big City Machines as if these monsters were still breathing fire and brimming with health. The columnists, including such shrewd old hands as Arthur Krock of the *New York Times*, talked knowingly about the 2,500,000 federal employees, who could be expected to deliver at least ten million Democratic votes come November.

All these assumptions turned out to be sadly naive. Some of those Washington bureaucrats may have been Democrats once, but as soon as they got civil service status and \$4,600 a year they generally moved out to Montgomery County and registered as Republicans. The city machines proved to be a toothless and rheumatic team of dragons, far gone in senility and fatty degeneration. The old-time bosses—Crump, Arvey, De Sapio, Flynn, Kenny, Dever, and the rest—found they could no longer deliver the votes.

(The only exception was Philadelphia, where a young, vigorous—and clean—Democratic organization, headed by Mayor Joe Clark and City Chairman James A. Finnegan, stacked up a 160,000 plurality for Stevenson: roughly twenty-three times as large as Truman's plurality in 1948.)

The apparent reason for this decay was simply twenty years in power, during which the machines had grown flabby and encrusted with vermin. Perhaps the most noisome example was New York City; some of the goon types who hung around the corridors of the Democratic Headquarters in the Biltmore Hotel during the campaign would have frightened Boss Tweed. These Tammany dignitaries made awkward teammates in harness with the idealistic Junior League characters who largely made up the Volunteers for Stevenson. Moreover, their long record of corruption and incompetence had finally become too malodorous even for the complacent citizenry of New York; hundreds of thousands switched to the Republicans out of sheer revulsion.

A more fundamental reason for the breakup of the machines, however, lies in the revolutionary change in the structure of our urban society during the past two decades. Originally, the typical city boss had founded his power on the bewildered immigrants who streamed in from Europe during the past



century. He gave them jobs, advice, protection, and a kind of rudimentary social status in a strange land. In grateful self-interest, they gave him votes.

This fountain of power began to run dry in the nineteen-twenties, as the immigration barriers went up. During the Depression it was replaced, temporarily, by the New Deal's bountiful pump; the hungry and friendless turned naturally to the local boss for hand-outs and WPA jobs. But by 1940 hardly anybody needed relief, and anyhow the Roosevelt version of the Welfare State had established itself on a permanent, non-patronage basis. Grandma no longer needed to see her precinct captain about that pension; instead she talked to a brisk civil servant with a Vassar degree in the neighborhood Social Security office.

**M**EANWHILE, the broken-English laborers who had once formed the core of the Democratic city vote were dying off. When Giuseppe got off the boat, about 1919, he had been called a Dago and cuffed into the nearest slum. A few years later, he was proud and flattered when the Tammany district leader invited him to a clambake and spoke feelingly of "our sterling Italo-American citizens." But by the time Giuseppe's children had been through high school, and maybe college, they were neither Dagos nor Italo-Americans. They were Americans, period—and they resented the beef-headed ward heelers who were slow to realize that the hyphen had disappeared.

Moreover, this second generation has left both the slums and the laboring class. The new industry which has grown up since 1940 doesn't need many muscle workers; what it does need is a lot more engineers and chemists and accountants. So Giuseppe's children have moved simultaneously into the suburbs and into the middle class. Usually they register Republican, as the solid residents of Oakcrest and Westchester always have. The change in party is, quite simply, an outward badge of their progress up the ladder.

The sociologists have described this process as a broadening of the middle class to include virtually the whole of American society—accompanied by a massive flight away from the cities. The old-time Democratic boss merely knows that the cowed and poverty-haunted ethnic groups which once made up

his army—the Poles, Irish, Italians, Germans, and East European Jews—have somehow deserted. The only such groups which stood firm last November were the two most recent batches of immigrants—the Puerto Ricans and the Negroes from the South—who have not yet had time to graduate into the middle class. The very success of the Democratic regime in raising living standards had undermined the structure of its power in the Northern and Eastern cities.

### III

**M**UCH the same kind of thing happened in that other major stronghold of the old Roosevelt Coalition—the once-solid South. The astonishingly swift spread of industry throughout the South during the past two decades has changed both its economy and its attitudes.

It is misleading to talk about "The South" as one piece, because any two of the states—say, Texas and South Carolina—differ just as much as Vermont and Ohio. But it is no wild oversimplification to say that as late as 1936 the South was still a semi-feudal society, scratching a thin living out of its cotton plantations and worshipping the political creed of John Calhoun. Its small governing class was of course profoundly conservative, but it called itself Democrat—out of habit, loyalty to the legend of Robert E. Lee, and a shrewd hunch that a one-party system was easier to control. It tolerated the New Deal (for a while) partly because it promised a way out of the South's ancient poverty, and partly because of a traditional Southern resentment for the Northern Republicans who had always treated the South like a conquered colony.

By 1952, however, all that was changed. Both cotton and the plantation aristocracy had shrunk to relatively minor importance. New crops, new farm machinery, a reshuffle of population, and—above all—new factories had transformed the South into a burgeoning industrial society, bustling with station wagons and junior executives.

It was this new business community, led by such young men as Governor Allen Shivers of Texas, which led the Southern defection from the Democrats. To them, a vote for the Business Man's Party was at once a gesture



of independence, a symbol that the South was at last rejoining the Union, and a bid for an unhampered chance at the Big Money. They financed their revolt lavishly; in Texas, for example, the Shivers crowd spent more for confetti than the Stevenson people could raise there for their entire campaign.

The old-style Southern Conservatives, of the Byrd-Byrnes stamp, merely trailed along, with nervous misgivings, and some of them remained at least nominally true to the old faith. For they are not at all sure that they will like the New South. They suspect that it will destroy their cozy way of life—their tight one-party control, their Rule by Gentlemen—just as industrial revolutions have always destroyed the earlier feudal societies. And they realize, dimly, that even a Republican administration in Washington will not hold back the unwelcome stream of change.

So in Dixie, too, the New Deal has been destroyed by its own success. The spreading American middle class is swallowing up both the planter and his sharecroppers, much as it has absorbed Giuseppe's children in Detroit and Cleveland. Everywhere, the main building stones of the old Roosevelt Coalition have dissolved—and, barring a major depression, probably forever.

#### IV

STEVENSON'S job, therefore, is to put together a different sort of coalition, to arm it with a new program, and to rebuild its machinery virtually from the precinct level. He doesn't even start from scratch; indeed, if he merely had no money and no organization, he wouldn't be too badly off. What he does have is a half-million-dollar deficit and a mess of party wreckage which he will find it hard either to clean up or to control.

The New York organization, to cite only one dreary example, is still dominated downstate by the Tammany dregs, and upstate by a handful of tired old pros sometimes known as the Chewed Cigars. In addition it is deeply split between the Farley conservatives and the liberal faction led by Harriman, Lehman, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. Neither faction has much enthusiasm for Stevenson, and nowhere in the state does he have anyone with a perceptible following to speak for him.

Much the same thing holds true in other states. Because Stevenson did not seek the nomination, he had not built up a nationwide personal organization before the convention; he still has none today. Even in Illinois he never had a firm grasp on the Democratic machine.

Worse yet, Stevenson has no base of operations, no public office to give him a platform, a staff, and a record of continuing performance. The posts of power remaining in Democratic hands, both in Congress and the states, are mostly held by Southerners, who are reluctant to grant him even titular leadership. At least two of the stronger men in the party—Senators Dick Russell and Estes Kefauver—already have an eye on the 1956 presidential nomination, and presumably are not eager to help build up Stevenson as a potential rival.

So much for his liabilities. They are at least partially offset by these assets:

(1) The almost prayerful loyalty of most of the party rank-and-file, plus many independents. Probably no defeated candidate of this century has held such widespread public respect.

(2) Financial independence, which means he can devote his full energies to politics if he wishes.

(3) Proven ability as a vote-getter, in both state and national arenas. Even FDR was not always able to garner as many votes as Stevenson's 27 million—and it is doubtful whether any other Democratic candidate could have got even 20 million in 1952.

(4) His eloquence. This is much more than a Bryanesque trick of rhetoric. As in Wilson's case, it is the natural manifestation of an extraordinary mind and character. It is a mark of stature, setting him apart from all the other Democratic politicians.

(5) Control of the Democratic National Committee. Steve Mitchell, the chairman; Clayton Fritchey, his chief deputy; and Philip Stern, the head of research, are Stevenson's hand-picked men. (There is some speculation that Mitchell soon may drop out; if so, another Stevensonian would probably take his place.)

(6) The ability to raise money. Nobody else can extract small contributions from so many party members—an important asset, since the customary sources of campaign funds have mostly dried up.



GIVEN these liabilities and assets, how will Stevenson go about his task of party leadership? Probably he has not yet decided on any detailed plan of action, and I don't know of anyone who ventures to guess what he may have in mind. Circumstances, however, suggest one or two obvious lines of strategy.

First of all, his own experience as governor taught Stevenson all about the tedious, complicated methods by which a political program gets built. He knows that he cannot retire into a cloistered study and emerge a few months later with a New Doctrine. That process might turn out a lovely blueprint for Utopia, but it would be useless in the practical business of winning elections. Any usable program must sprout gradually out of the issues which will develop from the actions of the new Republican Administration. It will be shaped by the heat and pressure of conflicting interest groups; every responsible Democratic leader must have a hand in it; and it will be recorded, not in some tidy manifesto, but in the day-by-day operations of those leaders in Congress.

This means that Stevenson will need to develop the closest possible working relationships with the Democrats in Congress, so that the emerging policy may represent the whole party, not merely his personal ideas. It will be a ticklish business. There is nothing in the world quite so sensitive, ambitious, publicity-hungry, and jealous of his prerogatives as a Representative, unless it is a Senator; and if Stevenson ever wounds this quivering Congressional ego, his views will get scant attention on the Hill.

Consequently, he may want to lie pretty low for a few months. He may confer from time to time with the Congressional leaders, plus the top minds of the National Committee, in a sort of informal Policy Council. But he is not the kind of man who would ever dream of trying to impose his views. Perhaps he even feels that any pronouncements on policy can best come from Congress, rather than from him. (This may have been in his mind when he rejected the many post-election requests that he make weekly television appearances. It may also have had something to do with his decision to spend the first months of the new Administration in travel abroad, where he can avoid the constant newspaper

demands for comment on Washington happenings.) Later, when his Congressional relationships are on a comfortable footing—and when the Republicans present an opening—he may speak up with considerable effect.

For similar reasons, Stevenson perhaps finds it convenient to be vague about his personal plans. If he should announce that he wants the 1956 Presidential nomination, he might force Kefauver, Russell, and other hopefuls into open hostility. If, on the other hand, he should take himself out of the race, he would be throwing away much of his influence. Some of his advisers think it might be wise for him to try to regain the governorship of Illinois in 1956, and put off another attempt at the White House until 1960—when memories of last November's defeat will have faded, and Ike's glamor may be a little tarnished. Maybe so; Stevenson isn't talking.

Aside from tact, there are two main instruments which Stevenson might use in reshaping both the party's policy and its organization. They are (a) money; (b) his personal influence in local elections.

If the Democratic National Committee can pay off its deficit and raise a plump kitty before the 1954 Congressional campaign, Stevenson might then wield considerable power. The Committee would merely have to hint that local organizations would do well to nominate decent, forward-looking candidates. Where they do, they might count on Committee funds and a visit from Stevenson to help out in the district campaign. But where the machines put up their old Chewed Cigars, they will get no Washington money and no Stevensonian oratory. If handled with sufficient delicacy, these tactics might accomplish quite a lot.

THE touchy relationship with Congress may ease a little when one large group of Southerners discovers that Stevenson's views are much closer to their own than they had ever imagined.

In many respects he is a genuine conservative. This fact never emerged very clearly during the campaign, because it was impossible for Stevenson to disentangle himself from the Truman Administration and its record; because a few members of Americans for Democratic Action—the so-called New Dealers in Exile—joined his staff; and because



the opposition press naturally tried to paint him as a dangerous radical. The truth is that when he talks about economy, he really means it. He believes in States Rights just as profoundly as Thomas Jefferson. His instinctive attitude toward organized labor probably is closer to that of the Democratic Congressmen than to Walter Reuther's.

The two new ideas which he tried to inject into the campaign got little notice—perhaps because they sounded so strange on the lips of a Democratic candidate. One of them was a demand for a sharp reversal of the drift toward centralized power in Washington. The other was a plan for reconciliation between government and the business community.

He spoke in deadly earnest when he told a startled crowd in Reading, Pennsylvania, that he had been a corporation lawyer much of his life and “never had to wrestle with my conscience.” He repudiated the ancient political trick of picturing business men as malefactors of great wealth, “with water in their stock and monopoly in their eye”—and he added that “we must sweep out of the corridors of government . . . those lingering suspicions which are a holdover from an earlier and very different time.”

(A curious footnote was provided by *Baron's*, the financial weekly, which had been making a study of Stevenson's investment and income tax statements. In frank astonishment, it described them as “unprecedented in American politics” and concluded that he was “an astute investor who . . . knew much more about Wall Street than he chooses to say.”)

His outlook is still a long way off from that of the extreme Southern Conservatives, such as Senators Byrd and Maybank. It is very near, however, to the thinking of that fast-growing group of Moderates—Senators Johnson, Monroney, Kefauver, Sparkman, Fulbright, and Gore, for example, and Representatives Hale Boggs and Brooks Hays—who speak for the new South. With them, and with the middle-of-the-road Northern Democrats, Stevenson may find much common ground on which to build a new Democratic program.

It would be surprising, however, if he makes any attempt to appease the Southern extremists. Indeed, it would help the Democratic party, in the long run, if the Repub-

licans should formally welcome these Jeff Davis characters into their own camp. Such an alliance would give the GOP a tempting foothold in the South—but it would be a slippery one. For these feudal reactionaries represent a dying order; the future here will lie with that party which attracts the rising, modern-minded middle class.

Much the same thing may prove true in the North and East, since even the trade unionists now generally think of themselves, not as Forgotten Men, but as solidly-established middle-class citizens. Both the logic of politics, therefore, and Stevenson's personal inclinations seem likely to produce a new Democratic doctrine considerably to the right of the old Truman-Roosevelt position.

At the same time, the pressure of responsibility (and the shadow of coming elections) may push the Republicans considerably to the left of their traditional entrenchments. The narrow margin of Republican victory in the Congressional races, and the defeat of arch-conservatives of the Kem-Ecton-Cain variety, has had a profound effect on many GOP leaders. They no longer talk about destroying “the last vestiges of the New Deal,” as Senator Bricker did just last July. They are far more likely to accept all the main body of the New Deal reforms, with a little minor tinkering—thus settling at last the great domestic issues of the last twenty years.

## V

**I**F THESE guesses prove correct—if the centripetal forces of American politics shove both parties toward the center, in accordance with our historic tradition—then we can reasonably look forward to a period of relative harmony. No doubt the fanatic fringe of both parties—the McCarthys and Jenners of the right and the professional Jeremiahs of the left—will continue to scream themselves hoarse. But the responsible men of each side appear closer to genuine national unity than at any time in our generation.

There will be plenty of room left, of course, for party differences. One fight seems likely to break out fairly soon over the question of giving away public assets. Ike already is committed to hand over the oil-rich tidelands to Louisiana, Texas, and California. That precedent may well encourage the Western sheep



and cattle growers—one of the greediest of all special interests—to make another grab for the public forest and grazing lands they have long coveted. And some of the big utility men already are lusting openly for control of the great public power systems developed by the New Deal.

Agricultural policy may provide another battleground, particularly if farm prices keep falling. The long overdue revamping of our tax and immigration laws—if the Republicans dare tackle them—will offer still others. A serious economic slump before 1956 would, of course, give the Democrats the juiciest issue of all.

In the beginning, however, the big squabbles probably will arise in the field of foreign policy—and they will cut squarely across party lines. The new Administration has talked a lot about “trade, not aid” to support our European allies; but if Ike really tries to increase our imports, he is certain to run into heavy weather with the high-tariff Republicans. If he wins at all, it will be with the help of Democratic Congressional votes.

On many similar measures—economic and military—which will be needed to hold the Free World together, Eisenhower will find the GOP isolationists turning against him. As a consequence, he cannot depend solely on the ancient partnership of Republicans and conservative Democrats; he must bargain for the support of liberal Democrats as well.

STEVENSON already has hinted at the strategy which might work best in these circumstances. It is the exact opposite of the strategy followed by most Republicans during their term in opposition. In place of nagging obstruction, he suggests that the Democrats adopt an attitude of sweet reasonableness. For any measure truly in the national interest, let Ike count on their co-operation. But in return, naturally, they would expect him to resist the more outrageous demands from the blind, the backward, and the fanatic elements within his own party.

Such tactics are nicely calculated to pry open the half-concealed fissures in the Republican leadership. These splits are bound to widen in any case. Already the Taft and Dewey factions are circling each other stiff-legged, like a couple of bristling pups. The

New England conscience of Senators Aiken, Saltonstall, Flanders, and Smith is revolted by the hate-mongering of the McCarthyites. Dirksen and the rest of the Chicago *Tribune* chorus distrust everybody east of the Alleghanies. The millionaires of Ike's gold-plated cabinet show little understanding of, or use for, the professional politicians on the Hill. And the veteran corporals of the Old Guard—Bricker, Taber, and Martin—nurse a profound suspicion of all their colleagues with an I.Q. above 85.

Even more distressing for the General will be the disillusion which is sure to infect his rank-and-file voters. It will be heart-breaking, in the months just ahead, to watch the anguish of those Ike-likers who counted on a simple and quick solution in Korea . . . who expected all the world's troubles to evaporate as soon as that dreadful Acheson was ousted from the State Department . . . who were sure their hero could find a cheap method to hold the Kremlin at bay . . . who *knew* that high taxes were just an evil invention of New Deal socialists to destroy the Better Classes. . . .

Well, the Democrats can afford to listen to this moaning with Christian forbearance. They won't need to call Dulles a traitor, or accuse the General of plotting to destroy the American way of life. They might of course mention from time to time the campaign promises which inevitably get broken in the stern process of governing. They can also note the mistakes which Ike's Administration (like any other, short of Gabriel's) is certain to make. In this cheerful duty they may have the help, before long, of at least a few newspapers. Because it is the nature of newspapers to be agin the government, the one-party press isn't likely to remain that way forever.

ABOVE all, the Democrats will need to keep on talking sense. The old reliable mixture of platitude and demagoguery won't turn the trick again for quite a while—not after the Stevenson campaign. But if the Democrats can combine fair criticism with a set of constructive alternatives—if they will continue to treat the voters as responsible and passably intelligent citizens—then they can be sure of picking up quite a lot of disappointed stragglers from the Eisenhower crusade.

Quite possibly they may round up enough



to recapture the House and a handful of governorships in the mid-term elections. (The Senate is a tougher proposition. Because of the geographic distribution of the thirty-two seats at stake in 1954, the Republicans are likely to make still further gains in the upper chamber.)

Such a strategy would, of course, mean a sharp break away from the Democratic habit of the past two decades. It would mean more emphasis on the national interest, and less attention to the demands of special classes and pressure groups. It would force the party spokesmen to look at the electorate with fresh eyes. They could no longer view it merely as a loose confederation of farmers, war veterans, Catholics, union members, Southerners, second-generation immigrants, Negroes, and business men, but would have to regard

it as a single community of Americans.

This, I take it, was the gist of the Stevenson idea. He knew that the politics of the special groups is far from dead. Yet he had the courage to speak to the American people as mature and reasonably patriotic citizens, capable on occasion of rising above their selfish interests. He appealed, as few politicians ever have, to the solid moral sense which is the hidden foundation of our political life.

If Stevenson can persuade his fellow Democrats to join him in building on this foundation, the party can be confident about its future. In the process he may also restore politics to the honored place it has always held during the best days of our history—making it again, in E. B. White's words, "the noblest as well as the most dangerous of arts."

## *Northeaster*

ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

A DOORSLAM volley shatters ten-o'clock.  
 The rustpocked curtains, alerted, flap their sails,  
 And soon the children, careening and complaining,  
 Come cycling from the beach, a scattering peewit flock,  
 Shut out of their ocean for the day. It's raining;  
 Raining in whipstings, and the soaked wind rails  
 In the sad screens that cry with cross-stitch tears.  
 Today no house is home, each wears  
 The aspect of a palace of derangements:  
 A place of tenacious and unsuitable embraces  
 Between postage stamps and stamps and windows  
     and their cases;  
 And equally unsuitable estrangements  
 Between all bottles and their labels and all pieces  
 Of anything glue-mended.  
     The dog lies steaming,  
 Malodorous on the hearth, and snaps in his dreaming.  
 The stair-rail's bloomed with fog and wet as a trout,  
 The fireplace blows a cloth of woolen smoke:  
     the lights are out.  
 Rugs yield up old puddledamp; walls deep their stains . . .  
 Those things which rise are tempers, voices,  
     chronic pains.  
 Those things which fall are hopes, tolerance,  
     good intentions.  
 Love cowers in a corner, diminished and at bay,  
 While irritation grown to hate's dimensions  
 Stalks through the house, the ruler of this day.



# *The Great Mokusatsu Mistake*

## Was This the Deadliest Error of Our Time?

*William J. Coughlin*

**F**OR many months after the Japanese collapse in 1945, people wondered whether it was the atomic bomb or Russia's entry into the war that had brought to an end the fighting in the Pacific. But it gradually became clear that the importance of these two events in persuading Japan to surrender had been overrated; that Japan had been a defeated nation long before August 1945.

"The Japanese had, in fact, already sued for peace before the Atomic Age was announced to the world with the destruction of Hiroshima, and before the Russian entry into the war," Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz told Congress; and other American military leaders confirmed this report.

Why, then, did not Japan accept the Potsdam Declaration, which called upon Japan to surrender, when it was issued in late July of 1945, instead of waiting until the second week in August, after Hiroshima and Nagasaki had been blasted into radioactive rubble and the Russians had begun their drive into Manchuria? That question has never been satisfactorily answered.

The true story of Japan's rejection of the Potsdam Declaration *may* be the story of an incredible mistake—a mistake which so altered the course of history in the Far East that we shall never be able to estimate its full effect on our nation—a mistake which, ironically, was made by a Japanese and involved just one Japanese word.

I say that it "may be" because part of the actual truth lies buried in human motivations

which will probably always puzzle historians. But another part of it is clearly demonstrable. Let me tell the story; then you can judge for yourself what really happened.

**R**OLL back the calendar to July 1945, when Germany had surrendered, Japan had been left to fight alone, and the American forces had moved in their relentless stepping-stone advance all the way to Okinawa. Out of the Potsdam Conference, held in defeated Germany, there came on July 26 the Potsdam Declaration, signed by the United States, Britain, and China: a demand that Japan surrender or be crushed.

The Allied world waited for Japan's answer. Two days later it came through Radio Tokyo and the Domei News Agency, the semi-official press association controlled by the Japanese government. The word flashed from Tokyo was that Premier Kantaro Suzuki and his cabinet had decided to "ignore" the Potsdam Declaration.

The rest is familiar history. Within three weeks the Japanese turned about and accepted the Potsdam terms. But in those three weeks two events took place which were to have a profound effect on the history of the world. Atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—giving birth to the atomic age—and Russia declared war on Japan and sent her troops sweeping south and east into Manchuria and Sakhalin—thus vastly strengthening her position in the Far East.

Correspondents entering conquered Japan

*William J. Coughlin, a former United Press foreign correspondent covering the Pacific, first ran across the great mokusatsu mistake while he was doing research for his book, Conquered Press, and he has been painstakingly tracking down the evidence ever since.*



a short time later had one question which they put to all important officials: Did the dropping of the bomb or the Russian entry into the war cause the surrender? The truth, they learned, was that neither event materially changed the outcome, that Japan in fact had been on the verge of collapse, that her leaders had been negotiating desperately for many weeks with the then neutral Russians in an effort to arrange a surrender—with terms if possible, unconditionally if not. But the question why, in view of these facts, Japan had rejected the Potsdam ultimatum in late July remained wide open.

The almost unbelievable fact seems to be this: the Japanese cabinet decided to accept the Allied ultimatum, but by mistake the Prime Minister made an announcement that was taken to mean just the opposite!

The man who first told me the fantastic story behind Japan's rejection of the Potsdam Declaration was Kazuo Kawai, who was then editor of the *Nippon Times*, the influential Tokyo newspaper which was the organ of the Japanese Foreign Office. During July and August 1945, Kawai had supplemented the coverage of his staff by personally spending several hours each day in the Foreign Office. From his diary and from his vivid memory of those dark, crowded days before the surrender, he drew a curious tale.

The Japanese cabinet—Kawai said—had already decided in favor of the Potsdam Declaration when Premier Suzuki was questioned about the ultimatum at a Tokyo press conference. The Premier told the Japanese newsmen that his cabinet was holding to an attitude of *mokusatsu*, a word that is difficult to translate directly into English. He meant that the cabinet was withholding comment on the ultimatum, that a decision was not yet to be announced. But the Domei News Agency, in translating Suzuki's statement into English for shortwave broadcast to the West, put the wrong meaning on *mokusatsu* and mistranslated it as "ignore." The Allied Powers—waiting for Japan's answer to Potsdam—were informed that the Suzuki cabinet was "ignoring" the surrender ultimatum. On the basis of this apparent rejection, the final effort to crush Japan was launched and the surrender came nearly three weeks later, *after* the atomic bombs had been dropped and Russia had entered the war.

If true, the implications of Kawai's story were staggering. For if Japan had surrendered in July, the atomic bombs would never have been unleashed and, more important, the surrender would have cut off Russia's declaration of war, leaving the Soviets a much less effective power in the postwar world of the Far East than they are today.

Could this small mistake of just one word have blocked a Japanese surrender in July? And once made, could it not have been corrected?

Weeks of research into captured Japanese documents and into the diaries and memoirs of Japanese officials have confirmed Kawai's story, though there is some room for argument as to why the mistake was not corrected. Here for the first time is a step-by-step report on that mistake, the strange account of the word that may have changed the world.

## II

**B**Y THE spring of 1945 there was no question in the minds of Japan's leaders that their nation had been badly beaten. But the military high command refused to lay down the sword and pledged itself to a fight to the death in the name of the Emperor. Opposed to the army stood a small group of diplomats whose chief concern was to prevent in Japan the last-ditch resistance which had brought annihilation to Germany and her disappearance as a political unit.

The plight of the nation was so desperate that the actual figures were kept secret even from some of the cabinet ministers. Japan's industrial complex had crumbled under the aerial assault. Steel production was down 79 per cent, aircraft production down 64 per cent. By September a lack of aluminum would halt the building of planes entirely.

Allied air attacks were destroying railroads, highways, and bridges faster than they could be replaced. Hundreds of thousands of bodies were buried in the smoking ruins of cities and towns. Millions were homeless. In Tokyo alone, almost half of the homes had been leveled. People were fleeing the cities. A combination of American surface, air, and under-sea attack had cut off shipments from the occupied regions on which Japan depended for her life. Food was running out.

American planes destroyed the last of



Japan's fleet in a battle off Kyushu on the very day in April when Suzuki took office. The aged Premier was an admiral without a navy.

"We must stop the war at the earliest opportunity," he said when he learned the true condition of his nation's war potential. The *gushin*, the senior statesmen, had advised the Emperor in February of 1945 that surrender was necessary *no matter what the cost*.

A small group of diplomats worked quietly behind the scenes to bring this about. The "peace party" included Prince Takamatsu, younger brother of the Emperor, one-time Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu, Prince Konoye, and Marquis Koichi Kido, who as lord keeper of the privy seal was the Emperor's closest adviser.

With the utmost caution, they sought to convert others to the cause of peace. It should be noted that the fact that these men were working for a surrender did not mean they all recanted or repented the doctrines which led to Pearl Harbor; rather, as shrewd diplomats, they realized that the tide of battle had turned and that Japan now stood to lose more by fighting to the finish than she did by surrendering. The army meanwhile was pinning its hopes on a single brief and bloody encounter with the Allied invasion forces, and the peace advocates were forced to move with extreme care lest the military discover their design.

For the army wielded extraordinary power within the Japanese government. The Supreme Command was subordinate only to the Emperor, which meant in fact that it took orders from no one, and by refusing to approve the appointment of a war minister, the army could block the formation of any cabinet.

The situation in the Suzuki cabinet when it took power in April 1945 is worthy of rather thorough examination, for it was at that time that the maneuverings of the peace party became more open.

The four key posts in the cabinet were those of the prime minister, the foreign minister, and the ministers of navy and war. Foreign Minister Togo and Navy Minister Yonai definitely were supporters of the peace movement. The War Minister, General Anami, was determined that the war should continue, while Prime Minister Suzuki wavered

between peace and war. The members of the peace party concentrated their efforts on the Prime Minister, hoping thus to outnumber Anami by a decisive three to one.

Suzuki also was the key to the Supreme War Council. This was made up of the four men mentioned above plus the chiefs of staff of the army and navy. These were General Umezu and Admiral Toyoda, ambitious career officers devoted to the vigorous prosecution of the war.

Prior to May 1945 the vice chiefs of staff and the directors of the military affairs bureaus of the army and navy as well as the young officers of the secretariat also attended the Council meetings, but from that month on the deliberations of the Council became secret. This was a major victory for those working for peace since it cut the Supreme War Council off from much of the most fanatic military influence. If Suzuki could be converted to peace, it would divide the Council three for peace (Suzuki, Togo, and Yonai) and three against (Anami, Umezu, and Toyoda) thereby neutralizing it—a great stride toward bringing about a surrender.

The peace adherents achieved these two objectives, control of the cabinet and neutralization of the Supreme War Council, when Emperor Hirohito joined the peace faction in persuading Suzuki that further resistance was hopeless. This, together with the nation's industrial collapse, swung the wavering old admiral to the side of peace.

The militarists however begged for more time, arguing that they were about to win a decisive battle which would bring more favorable terms in the negotiations. The war minister promised the cabinet that the Americans would be driven off Okinawa. When that island fell, the army insisted it would win the coming battle on the invasion beaches of Japan itself.

But the peace party was impatient with the unwarranted claims of the ultranationalists. And so secret conversations with the Soviet Union, seeking Russian good offices in arranging a peace, were opened in June.

ON JUNE 3 former Prime Minister Hirota, one-time ambassador to Moscow, called on the Russian ambassador Jacob Malik at the hot spring resort of Hakone, where they talked in the utmost



secrecy to prevent reprisals by the Japanese secret police. Malik was cool toward the proposals, and when Hirota later attempted to renew the conversation the Soviet ambassador pleaded illness and refused to see him.

At this point Kido, the Emperor's closest adviser and one of the leaders of the peace party, decided the time was ripe to press at once for a surrender. He drew up a memorandum setting forth in strong terms the necessity for ending the war immediately. It urged that an envoy be sent to Moscow with a personal message from the Emperor asking for peace. Kido discussed his plan with the Emperor on June 9.

"I fully reported to His Majesty on my tentative peace plan and obtained Imperial sanction to consult the prime minister, and the three ministers—war, navy, and foreign affairs—upon it," Kido recalls. "His majesty, who was as deeply concerned as anybody else over the adverse developments of the war situation, was satisfied with my memorial, especially since His Majesty grieved that many medium and small towns were reduced to ashes by bombing attacks one after another in quick succession, with a large number of innocent people being rendered homeless. His Majesty commanded me to set my hand to the tentative peace plan immediately."

Kido, after discussing his scheme with Prince Konoye, took it up with Prime Minister Suzuki, Foreign Minister Togo, Navy Minister Yonai, and War Minister Anami. Even fiery Anami now admitted the necessity of bringing the war to a close.

Toshikazu Kase, the American affairs expert in the Foreign Office who later was to be among those sent to sign the surrender document aboard the *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay, also was consulted on the memorandum. He warned that the government should prepare the home front for the worst—unconditional surrender.

On June 18 the Supreme War Council met in secret and agreed that steps should be taken "to ascertain the Soviet attitude by the beginning of July with a view to terminating the war if possible by September." The war minister and the chiefs of staff, after much argument, agreed to this decision.

Why were the peace offers made to Moscow? Because the Japanese—still hoping to obtain better terms than unconditional surrender

(although resigned to that if necessary)—did not consider direct negotiations with the United States and Great Britain feasible at this stage. Any direct proposal except unconditional surrender, they felt, would meet with a rebuff which would cost the peace party so much face it would lose everything it had gained at this precarious point.

Russia, as the most powerful and most interested of the neutral powers, was felt to be the channel offering the greatest chance of success. The Japanese, of course, had no way of knowing that Joseph Stalin had promised at Yalta in February to enter the Far Eastern war after the defeat of Germany.

Hirota conferred twice more with Malik, who remained cold to the proposals.

"If Russia agrees to mediate, what will Japan do for Russia?" demanded the Soviet ambassador. The Russians continued to stall.

On July 7 the Emperor urged Premier Suzuki to more haste in the peace negotiations and said: "We may miss a precious opportunity while we are trying to ascertain the attitude of the Soviet Union." He suggested that a peace envoy be dispatched at once to Moscow.

The Supreme War Council agreed and on July 12 the Emperor entrusted Prince Konoye with the peace mission. Konoye's instructions were to end the war at any cost. He was to fly in secret to a remote Manchurian airfield and there board a Russian plane for Moscow. But Premier Stalin and Foreign Commissar Molotov begged off, saying they were busy preparing for the trip to Potsdam.

Premier Stalin mentioned casually to President Truman at Potsdam that the Japanese had broached the subject of negotiations. But the Soviet dictator said the Russians had brushed them off as obviously insincere. According to Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, the President expressed his approval of the Soviet dictator's action.

"Japan had lost the war before the atom bomb—before Russia's entry," says Hisatsune Sakomizu, who was cabinet chief secretary under Suzuki. "Why did Russia refuse to mediate? Why did Russia smother all our efforts for many months to make peace? Was it a dark plan to keep the war going until they were ready to get into it at the last minute—with the results we can all now see only too well?"



## III

THE Potsdam Declaration was issued on July 26, 1945. It was signed by the United States, Great Britain, and (to the surprise of the Japanese) China. The reaction among Japanese leaders was one of exultation. The terms were far more lenient than had been expected. The Japanese were quick to note that instead of demanding unconditional surrender from the *government*, the last item of the proclamation called upon the government to proclaim the unconditional surrender of the *armed forces*.

The document also promised that Japan would not be destroyed as a nation, that the Japanese would be free to choose their own form of government, that sovereignty over the home islands would be returned to them after occupation, that they would be allowed access to raw materials for industry, and that Japanese forces would be allowed to return home.

Most important of all, the phrasing of the proclamation hinted strongly that the Emperor would be left on the throne, the one point which had been of most concern to the cabinet in all its discussions of surrender. The Japanese were expected to read between the lines, which they very quickly did.

Upon receiving the text of the proclamation, the Emperor told Foreign Minister Togo without hesitation that he deemed it acceptable. The full cabinet then met to discuss the Allied ultimatum. This dramatic session was the climax toward which the members of the peace party had been working for so long.

"It was as if the possibility of peace suddenly emerged into sight," Kase, the American expert in the Foreign Office, remembers.

I have searched through a number of Japanese accounts of this important cabinet meeting. All agree that the cabinet did not intend to reject the Potsdam Declaration. The decision on that hot July 27 was for peace.

The majority of the cabinet agreed that negotiations with the Allies should be opened on the basis of the attractive Potsdam terms while, as expected, War Minister Anami and the chiefs of staff argued violently against acceptance.

"We must issue a point-by-point rebuttal of the Potsdam document," they shouted. But other members of the cabinet overruled them.

DESPITE the fact that the cabinet members were considering acceptance of the Potsdam terms, they could not at first decide whether the news of the Allied proclamation should be released to the Japanese public. Foreign Minister Togo, anxious to prepare the people for the surrender, argued for four hours for its prompt release to the press. At six in the evening he won his point over strong army objections and late that night the declaration was released to the newspapers. Even more significantly, the cabinet ordered the papers not to criticize the Allied ultimatum editorially. The proclamation was censored mildly to remove some of the strong wording, thus making it appear even more lenient to the Japanese public than it was.

Although the way thus was prepared for an announcement of acceptance of the Potsdam terms, there were several complications. What about the surrender negotiations then under way with the Russians, the plan to send Prince Konoye to Moscow? The Japanese were becoming aware that the Russians were stalling deliberately, but the latest proposal had been sent to Moscow only two days before. Should the Potsdam Declaration be accepted at once or should an answer from the Russians be awaited?

"We should accept this now," argued Togo.

But there was another factor which the cabinet also was forced to consider. As yet the Japanese had received news of the statement of Allied policy at Potsdam only through their radio listening posts. It was not addressed to their government and the ultimatum had not yet reached them through official channels. Could the cabinet act on the basis of such unofficial information?

"After mature deliberation the hastily convened cabinet decided to keep silence for a while about the Potsdam proclamation pending further developments," says Kase.

The delay in announcing acceptance of the Allied terms was not expected to be long, but Prime Minister Suzuki was to meet the very next day with the press. The Japanese newsmen undoubtedly would question him about the proclamation. What should he say?

Hiroshi Shimomura, president of the powerful Board of Information—counterpart of Germany's propaganda ministry—and a mem-



ber of the cabinet, recalls in his account of this fateful session that it was decided that the prime minister, if asked, should treat the subject lightly.

"This was to be done in order not to upset the surrender negotiations then under way through Russia," says Shimomura.

Premier Suzuki was to say merely that the cabinet had reached no decision on the Allied demands and that the discussion was continuing. Although the policy was to be one of silence, the very fact that the cabinet did not reject the ultimatum at once would make it clear to the Japanese people what was in the wind.

"The government had no intention of rejecting the Allied demands," says Kawai, who as editor of the *Nippon Times* was watching closely every move made by the cabinet at this crucial stage. "The cabinet planned to open negotiations on the basis of the Potsdam terms and would have accepted them."

That then was the situation when Premier Suzuki met the following day with the press. The cabinet was ready to accept the Potsdam terms but was withholding an immediate announcement to that effect for two reasons: to discover whether Russia planned to answer Japan's latest plea for mediation, and to await arrival of the Allied ultimatum through official channels. Indeed the fact that Stalin and Molotov had been at Potsdam made it seem to the Japanese that the United States and Great Britain might intend Russia as the channel for negotiations.

#### IV

WHEN Premier Suzuki confronted the press on July 28, he said that the cabinet was holding to a policy of *mokusatsu*. The word *mokusatsu* not only has no exact counterpart in English but it is ambiguous even in Japanese. Suzuki, as we know, meant that the cabinet had decided to make no comment on the Potsdam proclamation, with the implication that something significant was impending. But the Japanese were tricked by their own language. For in addition to meaning "to withhold comment," *mokusatsu* may also be translated as "to ignore."

The word has two characters in Japanese. *Moku* means "silence" and *satsu* means "kill,"

thus implying in an absolutely literal sense "to kill with silence." This can mean—to a Japanese—either to ignore or to refrain from comment.

(The word Suzuki should have used was *mokushi*. The character *shi* means "to observe" and in Japanese the phrase "to observe silence" can be taken only one way. Then there could have been no possibility whatsoever of a mistranslation of the word.)

Unfortunately the translators at the Domei News Agency could not know what Suzuki had in mind. As they hastily translated the prime minister's statement into English, they chose the wrong meaning. From the towers of Radio Tokyo the news crackled to the Allied world that the Suzuki cabinet had decided to "ignore" the Potsdam ultimatum.

The cabinet was furious at Suzuki's choice of words and the subsequent error by Domei. The reaction of Kase, who had fought long and hard for peace, was one of dismay.

"This was a piece of foolhardiness," he says. "When I heard of this I strongly remonstrated with the cabinet chief secretary, but it was too late. . . . Tokyo radio flashed it—to America! The punishment came swiftly. An atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6 by the Allies, who were led by Suzuki's outrageous statement into the belief that our government had refused to accept the Potsdam proclamation."

But for this tragic mistake, Kase laments, Japan might have been spared the atomic attack and the Russian declaration of war.

"I was listening to the radio and I heard that Suzuki had used the word *mokusatsu* at a press conference," recalls Nobuya Uchida, a former wartime cabinet minister, in his memoirs. "I was surprised to hear this news. Why were we sending Prince Konoe to Russia? The result was utilized by the Allies; the atomic bomb was dropped and Soviet Russia entered the war against Japan."

The army was delighted with the blunder and started to work at once to capitalize on it. Foreign Minister Togo discovered with alarm that Anami, the war minister, was urging the press to interpret *mokusatsu* as "rejection by ignoring" and that Anami had even talked the head of the Board of Information, Shimomura, into preparing a radio broadcast interpreting the word in that sense. The Foreign Minister quickly blocked Anami's



crafty plans and brought him back into line.

"That Togo was able to have these unauthorized activities immediately stopped indicates clearly enough what the government's real attitude was," Kawai notes.

Kase says Suzuki's statement about the proclamation "should have meant simply that we refrained from commenting on it. To state expressly that we would ignore the proclamation was entirely contrary to the purpose of the decision. Such was the penalty of having an inexperienced man at the head of the government."

The fault for the error lies indeed as much with Suzuki for choosing a word with such an ambiguous meaning as with the Domei translators who put the phrase into English with such disastrous results. The elderly prime minister himself later lamented his unfortunate choice of such a word.

**B**UT to those within Japan who read correctly all the signs of the government's intention to accept the Potsdam ultimatum there was no question of Suzuki's meaning.

The stock exchanges, long quiet, suddenly became active after Suzuki's statement. The securities of two of the largest shipping concerns, Nippon Yusen Kaisha and Osaka Syosen Kaisha, climbed sharply that very same day. Significantly the gains on the stock exchanges were greatest in the quotations of peacetime industries such as textiles, tobacco, paper, and beer. Peace was believed to be at hand.

But let us turn to the world outside Japan—which could not see the internal signs which made it so clear that Suzuki was trying to say surrender was near.

What the Allies had in answer to their ultimatum was a blunt statement that Japan was "ignoring" the Potsdam Declaration, for that was what Japan's own propaganda agencies, Radio Tokyo and the Domei News Agency, had rushed to broadcast to the world in English without stopping to reflect on the implications of the word *mokusatsu*.

What then took place in the United States is a matter of record. The immediate significance given to the broadcast—indeed to the very word—is clear from the six-column banner headline on page one of the *New York Times* of July 28, 1945: "FLEET STRIKES AS TOKYO 'IGNORES' TERMS."

The Associated Press dispatch in the *Times* began:

"The semi-official Japanese Domei News Agency stated today the Allied ultimatum to surrender or meet destruction would be ignored. . . ."

The *Times* followed this with another front-page story two days later which began:

"Premier Kantaro Suzuki has put the official Japanese stamp of rejection on the surrender ultimatum issued to Japan by the United States, Great Britain, and China, declaring that 'so far as the Imperial Government of Japan is concerned it will take no notice of this proclamation. . . .'"

In official quarters the reaction to Suzuki's statement was just as severe and of even greater import, for President Truman had received word at Potsdam that the New Mexico test of the atomic bomb on July 16 had been highly successful. One of the reasons motivating the Potsdam ultimatum was to offer the Japanese a last chance to escape the rain of atomic death.

The late Henry L. Stimson, U. S. Secretary of War from 1940 to 1945, made it very clear in his report on the final decision to use the atom bomb (*Harper's*, February 1947) that the *mokusatsu* blunder led directly to the atomic attack on Hiroshima. "On July 28," wrote Secretary Stimson, "the Premier of Japan, Suzuki, rejected the Potsdam ultimatum by announcing that it was 'unworthy of public notice.' In the face of this rejection we could only proceed to demonstrate that the ultimatum had meant exactly what it said. . . . For such a purpose the atomic bomb was an eminently suitable weapon."

President Truman's announcement to the world on August 6, 1945, of the dropping of the atomic bomb confirms this, for he also cited the Suzuki "rejection" of the Potsdam terms.

"It was to spare the Japanese people from utter destruction that the ultimatum of July 26 was issued at Potsdam. Their leaders promptly rejected that ultimatum," the President said.

There can be no question that the tragic *mokusatsu* blunder, taken by the Allies as rejection of the Potsdam terms, brought atomic destruction showering down on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But worse was yet to come.



Russia, while stalling the surrender attempts of the Japanese, was rushing troops eastward from the European theater to the Manchurian frontiers. The atomic attacks sent the Russians pouring headlong into the conflict a week ahead of their timetable.

Japanese intelligence had reported the ominous buildup of Red forces along the Manchurian frontier, and the Japanese ambassador in Moscow had been trying repeatedly to obtain an audience at the Kremlin following the return of Stalin and Molotov from Potsdam. His requests had been met with a frigid silence.

But on August 8 Ambassador Sato received a telephone call summoning him to the palace, where he was ushered into Molotov's study. The foreign commissar—in obvious high spirits—brushed aside the courteous inquiries of the Japanese ambassador concerning the trip to Germany and began reading aloud the Russian declaration of war on Japan.

The Soviet Union based its declaration on Suzuki's supposed rejection of the Potsdam ultimatum. "The demand of the three powers, the United States, Great Britain, and China, on July 26 for the unconditional surrender of the Japanese armed forces was rejected by Japan, and thus the proposal of the Japanese government to the Soviet Union on mediation in the war in the Far East loses all basis," said the official Russian text.

The Japanese were shocked that the Russians, who were so well aware of Japan's desperate desire to surrender, should plunge into the war citing Suzuki's statement. Stalin, as we now know, had his own good reasons for rushing into the Far Eastern conflict. In order to lay claim to the territorial plums he had been promised at Yalta, he had to enter the war before the Japanese empire crumbled of its own dead weight. The *mokusatsu* blunder not only gave Stalin the time he needed to prepare the attack but provided the perfect excuse.

"We had asked for an olive branch and received a dagger thrust," laments Kase.

The Soviet troops crashed through the rotting Kwantung army into Manchuria and also struck southward on the island of Sakhalin. They broke over the Hingan range and boiled swiftly down the far side to capture Harbin, key city of central Manchuria. Strong mobile forces raced across the Gobi

desert to Southern Manchuria. Their objective was to isolate Manchuria and then Korea. The Red advance swirled onward even after the Japanese surrender. For days the Japanese begged General MacArthur to stop the Russians. Then on August 24—ten full days after Japan surrendered—the Soviet armies rolled to a halt. When the dust of battle settled, Russia had mightily strengthened her position in the Far East.

## V

WHY did the Japanese government allow the *mokusatsu* error to stand uncorrected? Why was there no challenge of a mistake of such disastrous consequence? Here we enter the realm of conjecture. What I offer now is factual as to events, but inevitably to some degree hypothetical as to motives.

My hypothesis rests upon the gravity of terrible hazards faced by those who were working for peace. The politically prominent members of the peace party had shifted the site of their secret conclaves constantly, always dreading detection by the police.

Often they had gathered in the Diet building where they could escape the army's vigilance. Sometimes they had met even during air raids because the secret police were less likely to be in evidence then.

The army at this time was arresting scores of "peacemongers." High office was no protection against seizure by the military fanatics who lashed out at all who opposed them. Those jailed included the president of one of Japan's largest motion picture companies, a former attorney general, and the man who is now prime minister of Japan, Shigeru Yoshida. Hirota's talks with Malik were held in secret outside Tokyo to escape this very vigilance.

It had taken months, even years, of undercover work for the peace faction to bring itself to the peak of power which it held at the time of the important cabinet meeting on July 27. The situation teetered in a precarious balance with the brash young officers of the army and navy barely under control. The decision that the Allied terms were favorable was to have been the end of a long and extremely dangerous road for the men in Japan's government who sought to end the war.



Then the aged premier and the Domei News Agency, by unwittingly appearing to fling a challenge to the Allied world, restored the balance of power to the militarists. The Allied attitude stiffened and the strategic situation of Japan's peacemakers swiftly deteriorated. They dared not cry out in protest. The loss of face they suffered as a result of the Suzuki statement was difficult to withstand but it was not just to save face that they remained silent—it was to save their lives.

Only after the dropping of the atomic bombs and the Russian entry into the war could they again wrest control of the government from the military, and then only with extreme difficulty. The events which took place during the final surrender in August would seem to bear witness to this interpretation.

**T**HE end came on August 14 at a dramatic conference crowded into a sweltering underground bomb shelter. The Emperor decided over the objections of War Minister Anami and the chiefs of staff that unconditional acceptance of the Allied terms would be broadcast as soon as possible. Such Imperial intervention was unprecedented. Hirohito was in tears as he made his statement, while the members of the Supreme War Council and the entire cabinet were sobbing loudly.

But even the express orders of Hirohito were not enough to hold the military fanatics in line. A phonograph record of the Imperial Surrender Rescript which the Emperor wished to broadcast to the nation the next day was made at the palace about midnight.

Young officers of the army broke into open insurrection against the surrender and many members of the peace party narrowly escaped with their lives in this last-minute uprising. Suzuki, Yonai, and Togo were denounced as traitors. A bomb was thrown into the foreign minister's residence.

The first objective of the rebels was seizure of the phonograph record made by the Emperor. By this, they hoped to prevent announcement of the Imperial decision.

When the commander of the Imperial Guard Division, General Mori, refused to cooperate with the leaders of the rebellion he was shot to death instantly and his aide was cut down with a sword. Fanatic young officers

—among them Major Koga, nephew of General Tojo—forged an order for the Imperial Guard Division to disarm the palace police, barricade the palace gates, and cut off communication with the outside.

Cabinet Minister Shimomura and three executives of the Japan Broadcasting Corporation were seized as they left the palace after testing the Emperor's recording. Together with fourteen other high officials they were held at bayonet point in a small room and questioned for hours as to the whereabouts of the recording.

Marquis Kido and the minister of the Imperial household, Ishiwata, who were in the palace at the time, both narrowly escaped death. After destroying confidential documents, they fled to the underground vault where the Emperor's recording was hidden in a safe. They escaped by hiding there all night while the rebels ransacked the palace seeking the phonograph record. An all-night air raid which made a blackout necessary and forced the insurgents to search by flashlight explains their failure to find the vault.

Rioting troops seized Radio Tokyo and other broadcasting stations, hoping to block the surrender announcement with an appeal to the nation to fight to the death. But the bombing raid then in progress forced the radio stations to stay off the air.

Meanwhile other detachments continued the hunt for the peacemakers. One band raided Kido's home while he was hiding in the palace. Premier Suzuki, warned beforehand, escaped by only a few minutes the machine-gun fire which shattered his official residence. The prime minister's private home was set afire.

The general public was panic-stricken. Thousands of families fled from the city. A group of fanatics protested the surrender by committing mass suicide in front of the palace.

In one of the worst nightmares of all history, bombs continued to fall into this fantastic scene of ringing shots and leaping flames as the giant bombers roared low through the sky, reminding the rebels in this night of terror of the inexorable fate awaiting them.

If this was the chaos which surrender brought even after the path had been eased by the atomic bombs and the Russian declaration of war, how then could the peacemakers have challenged the Suzuki statement which



blasted apart their carefully planned *coup d'état* on July 27? It is my belief that there was no easy way out after the fatal *mokusatsu* error.

THE State Department and the Pentagon may tell you, as they have told me, that their files show no record of the *mokusatsu* incident. But if you will go to the Library of Congress, you can find there in the Japanese section the documents to confirm the fantastic story.

I saw Kawai again a few weeks ago as I returned from Washington after checking this report there for *Harper's*. He recently resigned his post as editor of the *Nippon Times* and is now teaching Far Eastern affairs at Ohio State University. There, in the American Midwest, we again discussed the strange tale of the *mokusatsu* incident.

"The failure of the Americans to discern the real attitude of the Japanese government toward the Potsdam Declaration, though regrettable, is easy enough to understand and

excuse," he said. "But the failure of the Russians to inform their Western allies of Japan's readiness for surrender is something else again. Obviously Russia was determined that Japan should be given no opportunity to surrender until after Russia had declared war on Japan, which was done by citing Suzuki's supposed rejection of the Potsdam ultimatum. To the Japanese government, which had never intended to reject the Potsdam Declaration and which had counted on the Russians to make known to the Allies Japan's readiness to surrender, this was the crowning irony."

Kawai is not the only Japanese who remembers with bitterness the verbal mistake which had such evil results. "Those two characters *mokusatsu* brought greater disaster to Japan than did the atomic bombs," writes former wartime cabinet minister Nobuya Uchida in his memoirs.

Is it not, one wonders, possible that by strengthening the Russian position in the Far East, it brought upon us, too, and upon the world, a chain of troubles?

## *Saying Good-by to a Child*

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

I LOOK into the mirror and I see our two faces replying  
 To what question, to what inward crying?  
 You have borrowed the line of brow, the eyes' deep socketing.  
 Erase the years as the wind the leaves on the bough,  
 And this young face might be its weary replica  
 In shape, in intricate design,  
 But the secret is yours, is mine. We are Two.  
 The body forgets the living weight that was you.  
 Then we were One; you the guest, I the shelter,  
 The darkness, the flowering sun;  
 You the shelter, I the guest,  
 At peace on the hidden, the unknown breast.  
 Smile at me here in this room we have made,  
 The four walls holding echoes of you,  
 The infant, the child, the one divided by two,  
 The self in the seed of that limitless sea.  
 Beyond sight, beyond light are your thoughts  
 As you lean to me. You wave as you go,  
 The slow planet tilting, the stars spilling along your feet,  
 The lone meteor falling, still hot from your sky,  
 Making a new world here where you stood  
 As you said good-by.



# *Artists in Uniform*

A Story by Mary McCarthy

*Drawing by W. T. Mars*

The Colonel went out sailing,  
He spoke with Turk and Jew . . .

"POUR it on, Colonel," cried the young man in the Dacron suit excitedly, making his first sortie into the club-car conversation. His face was white as Roquefort and of a glistening, cheese-like texture; he had a shock of tow-colored hair, badly cut and greasy, and a snub nose with large gray pores. Under his darting eyes were two black craters. He appeared to be under some intense nervous strain and had sat the night before in the club car drinking bourbon with beer chasers and leafing magazines which he frowningly tossed aside, like cards into a discard heap. This morning he had come in late, with a hangdog, hangover look, and had been sitting tensely forward on a settee, smoking cigarettes and following the conversation with little twitches of the nose and quivers of the body, as a dog follows a human conversation, veering its mistrustful eyeballs from one speaker to another and raising its head eagerly at its master's voice. The Colonel's voice, rich and light and plausible, had in fact abruptly risen and swollen, as he pronounced his last sentence. "I can tell you one thing," he said harshly. "They weren't named Ryan or Murphy!"

A sort of sigh, as of consummation, ran through the club car. "Pour it on, Colonel, give it to them, Colonel, that's right, Colonel," urged the young man in a transport of admiration. The Colonel fingered his collar and modestly smiled. He was a thin, hawklike, black-haired handsome man with a bright blue bloodshot eye and a well-pressed, well-

tailored uniform that did not show the effects of the heat—the train, westbound for St. Louis, was passing through Indiana, and, as usual in a heat-wave, the air-conditioning had not met the test. He wore the Air Force insignia, and there was something in his light-boned, spruce figure and keen, knifelike profile that suggested a classic image of the aviator, ready to cut, piercing, into space. In base fact, however, the Colonel was in procurement, as we heard him tell the mining engineer who had just bought him a drink. From several silken hints that parachuted into the talk, it was patent to us that the Colonel was a man who knew how to enjoy this earth and its pleasures: he led, he gave us to think, a bachelor's life of abstemious dissipation and well-rounded sensuality. He had accepted the engineer's drink with a mere nod of the glass in acknowledgment, like a genial Mars quaffing a libation; there was clearly no prospect of his buying a second in return, not if the train were to travel from here to the Mojave Desert. In the same way, an understanding had arisen that I, the only woman in the club car, had become the Colonel's perquisite; it was taken for granted, without an invitation's being issued, that I was to lunch with him in St. Louis, where we each had a wait between trains—my plans for seeing the city in a taxicab were dished.

From the beginning, as we eyed each other over my volume of Dickens ("*The Christmas Carol?*") suggested the Colonel, opening relations), I had guessed that the Colonel was of Irish stock, and this, I felt, gave me an advantage, for he did not suspect the same of me; strangely so, for I am supposed to have the



map of Ireland written on my features. In fact, he had just wagered, with a jaunty, side-long grin at the mining engineer, that my people "came from Boston from way back," and that I—narrowed glance, running, like steel measuring-tape, up and down my form—was a professional sculptress. I might have laughed this off, as a crudely bad guess like his *Christmas Carol*, if I had not seen the engineer nodding gravely, like an idol, and the peculiar young man bobbing his head up and down in mute applause and agreement. I was wearing a bright apple-green raw silk blouse and a dark-green rather full raw silk skirt, plus a pair of pink glass earrings; my hair was done up in a bun. It came to me, for the first time, with a sort of dawning horror, that I had begun, in the course of years, without ever guessing it, to look irrevocably Bohemian. Refracted from the three men's eyes was a strange vision of myself as an artist, through and through, stained with my occupation like the dyer's hand. All I lacked, apparently, was a pair of sandals. My sick heart sank to my Ferragamo shoes; I had always particularly preened myself on being an artist in disguise. And it was not only a question of personal vanity—it seemed to me that the writer or intellectual had a certain missionary usefulness in just such accidental gatherings as this, if he spoke not as an intellectual but as a normal member of the public. Now, thanks to the Colonel, I slowly became aware that my contributions to the club-car conversation were being watched and assessed as coming from *a certain quarter*. My costume, it seemed, carefully assembled as it had been at an expensive shop, was to these observers simply a uniform that blazoned a caste and allegiance just as plainly as the Colonel's khaki and eagles. "*Gardez*," I said to myself. But, as the conversation grew tenser and I endeavored to keep cool, I began to writhe within myself, and every time I looked down, my contrasting greens seemed to be growing more and more lurid and taking on an almost menacing light, like leaves just before a storm that lift their bright undersides as the air becomes darker. We had been speaking, of course, of Russia, and I had mentioned a study that had been made at Harvard of political attitudes among Iron Curtain refugees. Suddenly, the Colonel had smiled. "They're pretty Red at Harvard, I'm given to

understand," he observed in a comfortable tone, while the young man twitched and quivered urgently. The eyes of all the men settled on me and waited. I flushed as I saw myself reflected. The woodland greens of my dress were turning to their complementary red, like a color-experiment in psychology or a traffic light changing. Down at the other end of the club car, a man looked up from his paper. I pulled myself together. "Set your mind at rest, Colonel," I remarked dryly. "I know Harvard very well and they're conservative to the point of dullness. The only thing crimson is the football team." This disparagement had its effect. "So . . .?" queried the Colonel. "I thought there was some professor. . . ." I shook my head. "Absolutely not. There used to be a few fellow-travelers, but they're very quiet these days, when they haven't absolutely recanted. The general atmosphere is more anti-Communist than the Vatican." The Colonel and the mining engineer exchanged a thoughtful stare and seemed to agree that the Delphic oracle that had just pronounced knew whereof it spoke. "Glad to hear it," said the Colonel. The engineer frowned and shook his fat wattles; he was a stately, gray-haired, plump man with small hands and feet and the pampered, finical tidiness of a small-town widow. "There's so much hearsay these days," he exclaimed vexedly. "You don't know *what* to believe."

I REOPENED my book with an air of having closed the subject and read a paragraph three times over. I exulted to think that I had made a modest contribution to sanity in our times, and I imagined my words pyramiding like a chain letter—the Colonel telling a fellow-officer on the veranda of a club in Texas, the engineer halting a works-superintendent in a Colorado mine shaft: "I met a woman on the train who claims . . . Yes, absolutely. . . ." Of course, I did not know Harvard as thoroughly as I pretended, but I forgave myself by thinking it was the convention of such club-car symposia in our positivistic country to speak from the horse's mouth.

Meanwhile, across the aisle, the engineer and the Colonel continued their talk in slightly lowered voices. From time to time, the Colonel's polished index-fingernail scratched his burnished black head and his knowing blue eye forayed occasionally toward me. I saw



that still I was a doubtful quantity to them, a movement in the bushes, a noise, a flicker, that was figuring in their crenelated thought as "she." The subject of Reds in our colleges had not, alas, been finished; they were speaking now of another university and a woman faculty-member who had been issuing Communist statements. This story somehow, I thought angrily, had managed to appear in the newspapers without my knowledge, while these men were conversant with it; I recognized a big chink in the armor of my authority. Looking up from my book, I began to question them sharply, as though they were reporting some unheard-of natural phenomenon. "When?" I demanded. "Where did you see it? What was her name?" This request for the professor's name was a headlong attempt on my part to buttress my position, the implication being that the identities of all university professors were known to me and that if I were but given the name I could promptly clarify the matter. To admit that there was a single Communist in our academic system whose activities were hidden from me imperiled, I instinctively felt, all the small good I had done here. Moreover, in the back of my mind, I had a supreme confidence that these men were wrong: the story, I supposed, was some tattered piece of misinformation they had picked up from a gossip column. Pride, as usual, preceded my fall. To the Colonel, the demand for the name was not specific but generic: what *kind* of name was the question he presumed me to be asking. "Oh," he said slowly with a luxurious yawn, "Finkelstein or Fishbein or Feinsein." He lolled back in his seat with a side glance at the engineer, who deeply nodded. There was a voluptuary pause, as the implication sank in. I bit my lip, regarding this as a mere diversionary tactic. "Please!" I said impatiently. "Can't you remember exactly?" The Colonel shook his head and then his spare cheekbones suddenly reddened and he looked directly at me. "I can tell you one thing," he exclaimed irefully. "They weren't named Ryan or Murphy."

The Colonel went no further; it was quite unnecessary. In an instant, the young man was at his side, yapping excitedly and actually picking at the military sleeve. The poor thing was transformed, like some creature in a fairy tale whom a magic word releases

from silence. "That's right, Colonel," he happily repeated. "I know them. I was at Harvard in the business school, studying accountancy. I left. I couldn't take it." He threw a poisonous glance at me, and the Colonel, who had been regarding him somewhat doubtfully, now put on an alert expression and inclined an ear for his confidences. The man at the other end of the car folded his newspaper solemnly and took a seat by the young man's side. "They're all Reds, Colonel," said the young man. "They teach it in the classroom. I came back here to Missouri. It made me sick to listen to the stuff they handed out. If you didn't hand it back, they flunked you. Don't let anybody tell you different." "You are wrong," I said coldly and closed my book and rose. The young man was still talking eagerly, and the three men were leaning forward to catch his every gasping word, like three astute detectives over a dying informer, when I reached the door and cast a last look over my shoulder at them. For an instant, the Colonel's eye met mine, and I felt his scrutiny processing my green back as I tugged open the door and met a blast of hot air, blowing my full skirt wide. Behind me, in my fancy, I saw four sets of shrugging brows.

**I**n my own car, I sat down, opposite two fat nuns, and tried to assemble my thoughts. I ought to have spoken, I felt, and yet what could I have said? It occurred to me that the four men had perhaps not realized why I had left the club car with such abruptness: was it possible that they thought I was a Communist, who feared to be unmasked? I spurned this possibility, and yet it made me uneasy. For some reason, it troubled my *amour-propre* to think of my anti-Communist self living on, so to speak, green in their collective memory as a Communist or fellow-traveler. In fact, though I did not give a fig for the men, I hated the idea, while a few years ago I should have counted it a great joke. This, it seemed to me, was a measure of the change in the social climate. I had always scoffed at the notion of liberals "living in fear" of political demagoguery in America, but now I had to admit that if I was not fearful, I was at least uncomfortable in the supposition that anybody, anybody whatever, could think of me, precious me, as a Com-



munist. A remoter possibility was, of course, that back there my departure was being ascribed to Jewishness, and this too annoyed me. I am in fact a quarter Jewish, and though I did not "hate" the idea of being taken for a Jew, I did not precisely like it, particularly under these circumstances. I wished it to be clear that I had left the club car for intellectual and principled reasons; I wanted those men to know that it was not I, but my principles, that had been offended. To let them conjecture that I had left because I was Jewish would imply that only a Jew could be affronted by an anti-Semitic outburst: a terrible idea. Aside from anything else, it voided the whole concept of transcendence, which was very close to my heart, the concept that man is more than his circumstances, more even than himself.

However you looked at the episode, I said to myself nervously, I had not acquitted myself well. I ought to have done or said something concrete and unmistakable. From this, I slid glassily to the thought that those men ought to be punished, the Colonel, in particular, who occupied a responsible position. In a minute, I was framing a businesslike letter to the Chief of Staff, deploring the Colonel's conduct as unbecoming to an officer and identifying him by rank and post, since unfortunately I did not know his name. Earlier in the conversation, he had passed some comments on "Harry" that bordered positively on treason, I said to myself triumphantly. A vivid image of the proceedings against him presented itself to my imagination: the long military tribunal with a row of stern soldierly faces glaring down at the Colonel. I myself occupied only an inconspicuous corner of this tableau, for, to tell the truth, I did not relish the role of the witness. Perhaps it would be wiser to let the matter drop . . . ? We were nearing St. Louis now: the Colonel had come back into my car, and the young accountant had followed him, still talking feverishly. I pretended not to see them and turned to the two nuns, as if for sanctuary from this world and its hatreds and revenges. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched the Colonel, who now looked wry and restless; he shrank against the window as the young man made a place for himself amid the Colonel's smart luggage and continued to express his views

in a pale breathless voice. I smiled to think that the Colonel was paying the piper. For the Colonel, anti-Semitism was simply an aspect of urbanity, like a knowledge of hotels or women. This frantic psychopath of an accountant was serving him as a nemesis, just as the German people had been served by their psychopath, Hitler. Colonel, I adjured him, you have chosen, between him and me; measure the depth of your error and make the best of it! No intervention on my part was now necessary; justice had been meted out. Nevertheless, my heart was still throbbing violently, as if I were on the verge of some dangerous action. What was I to do, I kept asking myself, as I chatted with the nuns, if the Colonel were to hold me to that lunch? And I slowly and apprehensively revolved this question, just as though it were a matter of the most serious import. It seemed to me that if I did not lunch with him—and I had no intention of doing so—I had the dreadful obligation of telling him why.

He was waiting for me as I descended the car steps. "Aren't you coming to lunch with me?" he called out and moved up to take my elbow. I began to tremble with audacity. "No," I said firmly, picking up my suitcase and draping an olive-green linen duster over my arm. "I can't lunch with you." He quirked a wiry black eyebrow. "Why not?" he said. "I understood it was all arranged." He reached for my suitcase. "No," I said, holding on to the suitcase. "I can't." I took a deep breath. "I have to tell you. I think you should be *ashamed* of yourself, Colonel, for what you said in the club car." The Colonel stared; I mechanically waved for a red-cap, who took my bag and coat and went off. The Colonel and I stood facing each other on the emptying platform. "What do you mean?" he inquired in a low, almost clandestine tone. "Those anti-Semitic remarks," I muttered, resolutely. "You ought to be *ashamed*." The Colonel gave a quick, relieved laugh. "Oh, come now," he protested. "I'm sorry," I said. "I can't have lunch with anybody who feels that way about the Jews." The Colonel put down his attaché-case and scratched the back of his lean neck. "Oh, come now," he repeated, with a look of amusement. "You're not Jewish, are you?" "No," I said quickly. "Well, then . . ." said the Colonel, spreading his hands in a gesture



of bafflement. I saw that he was truly surprised and slightly hurt by my criticism, and this made me feel wretchedly embarrassed and even apologetic, on my side, as though I had called attention to some physical defect in him, of which he himself was unconscious. "But I might have been," I stammered. "You had no way of knowing. You oughtn't to talk like that." I recognized, too late, that I was strangely reducing the whole matter to a question of etiquette: "Don't start anti-Semitic talk before making sure there are no Jews present." "Oh, hell," said the Colonel, easily. "I can tell a Jew." "No, you can't," I retorted, thinking of my Jewish grandmother, for by Nazi criteria I was Jewish. "Of course I can," he insisted. "So can you." We had begun to walk down the platform side by side, disputing with a restrained passion that isolated us like a pair of lovers. All at once, the Colonel halted, as though struck with a thought. "What *are* you, anyway?" he said meditatively, regarding my dark hair, green blouse, and pink earrings. Inside myself, I began to laugh. "Oh," I said gaily, playing out the trump I had been saving, "I'm Irish, like you, Colonel." "How did you know?" he said amazedly. I laughed aloud. "I can tell an Irishman," I taunted. The Colonel frowned. "What's your family name?" he said brusquely. "McCarthy." He lifted an eyebrow, in defeat, and then quickly took note of my wedding ring. "That your maiden name?" I nodded. Under this peremptory questioning, I had the peculiar sensation that I get when I am lying; I began to feel that "McCarthy" was a *nom de plume*, a coinage of my artistic personality. But the Colonel appeared to be satisfied. "Hell," he said, "come on to lunch, then. With a fine name like that, you and I should be friends." I still shook my head, though by this time we were pacing outside the station restaurant; my baggage had been checked in a locker; sweat was running down my face and I felt exhausted and hungry. I knew that I was weakening and I wanted only an excuse to yield and go inside with him. The Colonel seemed to sense this. "Hell," he conceded. "You've got me wrong. I've nothing against the Jews. Back there in the club car, I was just stating a simple fact: you won't find an Irishman sounding off for the Commies. You can't deny that, can you?"

His voice rose persuasively; he took my arm. In the heat, I wilted and we went into the air-conditioned cocktail lounge. The Colonel ordered two old-fashioned. The room was dark as a cave and produced, in the midst of the hot midday, a hallucinated feeling, as though time had ceased, with the weather, and we were in eternity together. As the Colonel prepared to relax, I made a tremendous effort to guide the conversation along rational, purposive lines; my only justification for being here would be to convert the Colonel. "There *have* been Irishmen associated with the Communist party," I said suddenly, when the drinks came. "I can think of two." "Oh, hell," said the Colonel, "every race and nation has its traitors. What I mean is, you won't find them in numbers. You've got to admit that the Communists in this country are 90 per cent Jewish." "But the Jews in this country aren't 90 per cent Communist," I retorted.

As he stirred his drink, restively, I began to try to show him the reasons why the Communist movement in America had attracted such a large number, relatively, of Jews: how the Communists had been anti-Nazi when nobody else seemed to care what happened to the Jews in Germany; how the Communists still capitalized on a Jewish fear of fascism; how many Jews had become, after Buchenwald, traumatized by this fear. . . .

But the Colonel was scarcely listening. An impatient frown rested on his jaunty features. "I don't get it," he said slowly. "Why should you be for them, with a name like yours?" "I'm *not* for the Communists," I cried. "I'm just trying to explain to you—" "For the Jews," the Colonel interrupted, irritable now himself. "I've heard of such people but I never met one before." "I'm not 'for' them," I protested. "You don't understand. I'm not for *any* race or nation. I'm against those who are against them." This word, *them*, with a sort of slurring circle drawn round it, was beginning to sound ugly to me. Automatically, in arguing with him, I seemed to have slipped into the Colonel's style of thought. It occurred to me that defense of the Jews could be a subtle and safe form of anti-Semitism, an exercise of patronage: as a rational Gentile, one could feel superior both to the Jews and the anti-Semites. There could



be no doubt that the Jewish question evoked a curious stealthy lust or concupiscence. I could feel it now vibrating between us over the dark table. If I had been a good person, I should unquestionably have got up and left.

"I don't get it," repeated the Colonel. "How were you brought up? Were your people this way too?" It was manifest that an odd reversal had taken place; each of us regarded the other as "abnormal" and was attempting to understand the etiology of a disease. "Many of my people think just as you do," I said, smiling coldly. "It seems to be a sickness to which the Irish are prone. Perhaps it's due to the potato diet," I said sweetly, having divined that the Colonel came

from a social stratum somewhat lower than my own.

But the Colonel's hide was tough. "You've got me wrong," he reiterated, with an almost plaintive laugh. "I don't dislike the Jews. I've got a lot of Jewish friends. Among themselves, they think just as I do, mark my words. I tell you what it is," he added ruminatively, with a thoughtful prod of his muddler, "I draw a distinction between a kike and a Jew." I groaned. "Colonel, I've never heard an anti-Semite who didn't draw that distinction. You know what Otto Kahn said? 'A kike is a Jewish gentleman who has just left the room.'" The Colonel did not laugh. "I don't hold it against some of them," he persisted, in a tone of pensive justice. "It's not their fault if they were born that way. That's what I tell them, and they respect me for my honesty. I've had a lot of discussions; in procurement, you have to do business with them, and the Jews are the first to admit that you'll find more chisellers among their race than among the rest of mankind." "It's not a race," I interjected wearily, but the Colonel pressed on. "If I deal with a Jewish manufacturer, I can't bank on his word. I've seen it again and again, every damned time. When I deal with a Gentile, I can trust him to make delivery as promised. That's the difference between the two races. They're just a different breed. They don't have standards of honesty, even among each other." I sighed, feeling unequal to arguing the Colonel's personal experience.

"Look," I said, "you may be dealing with an industry where the Jewish manufacturers are the most recent comers and feel they have to cut corners to compete with the established firms. I've heard that said about Jewish cattle-dealers, who are supposed to be extra sharp. But what I think, really, is that you notice it when a Jewish firm fails to meet an agreement and don't notice it when it's a Yankee." "Hah," said the Colonel. "They'll tell you what I'm telling you themselves, if you get to know them and go into their homes. You won't believe it, but some of my best friends are Jews," he said, simply and thoughtfully, with an air of originality. "They may be *your* best friends, Colonel," I retorted, "but you are not theirs. I defy you to tell me that you talk to them as you're talking now." "Sure," said the Colonel, easily.





"More or less." "They must be very queer Jews you know," I observed tartly, and I began to wonder whether there indeed existed a peculiar class of Jews whose function in life was to be "friends" with such people as the Colonel. It was difficult to think that all the anti-Semites who made the Colonel's assertion were the victims of a cruel self-deception.

A dispirited silence followed. I was not one of those liberals who believed that the Jews, alone among peoples, possessed no characteristics whatever of a distinguishing nature—this would mean they had no history and no culture, a charge which should be leveled against them only by an anti-Semite. Certainly, types of Jews could be noted and patterns of Jewish thought and feeling: Jewish humor, Jewish rationality, and so on, not that every Jew reflected every attribute of Jewish life or history. But somehow, with the Colonel, I dared not concede that there was such a thing as a Jew: I saw the sad meaning of the assertion that a Jew was a person whom other people thought was Jewish.

Hopeless, however, to convey this to the Colonel. The desolate truth was that the Colonel was extremely stupid, and it came to me, as we sat there, glumly ordering lunch, that for extremely stupid people anti-Semitism was a form of intellectuality, the sole form of intellectuality of which they were capable. It represented, in a rudimentary way, the ability to make categories, to generalize. Hence a thing I had noted before but never understood: the fact that anti-Semitic statements were generally delivered in an atmosphere of profundity. Furrowed brows attended these speculative distinctions between a kike and a Jew, these little empirical laws that you can't know one without knowing them all. To arrive, indeed, at the idea of a Jew was, for these grouping minds, an exercise in Platonic thought, a discovery of essence, and to be able to add the great corollary, "Some of my best friends are Jews," was to find the philosopher's cleft between essence and existence. From this, it would seem, followed the querulous obstinacy with which the anti-Semite clung to his concept; to be deprived of this intellectual tool by missionaries of tolerance would be, for persons like the Colonel, the equivalent of West-

ern man's losing the syllogism: a lapse into animal darkness. In the club car, we had just witnessed an example: the Colonel with his anti-Semitic observation had come to the mute young man like the paraclete, bearing the gift of tongues.

HERE in the bar, it grew plainer and plainer that the Colonel did not regard himself as an anti-Semite but merely as a heavy thinker. The idea that I considered him anti-Semitic sincerely outraged his feelings. "Prejudice" was the last trait he could have imputed to himself. He looked on me, almost respectfully, as a "Jew lover," a kind of being he had heard of but never actually encountered, like a centaur or a Siamese twin, and the interest of relating this prodigy to the natural state of mankind overrode any personal distaste. There I sat, the exception which was "proving" or testing the rule, and he kept pressing me for details of my history that might explain my deviation in terms of the norm. On my side, of course, I had become fiercely resolved that he would learn nothing from me that would make it possible for him to dismiss my anti-anti-Semitism as the product of special circumstances: I was stubbornly sitting on the fact of my Jewish grandmother like a hen on a golden egg. I was bent on making *him* see himself as a monster, a deviation, a heretic from Church and State. Unfortunately, the Colonel, owing perhaps to his military training, had not the glimmering of an idea of what democracy meant; to him, it was simply a slogan that was sometimes useful in war. The notion of an ordained inequality was to him "scientific."

"Honestly," he was saying in lowered tones, as our drinks were taken away and the waitress set down my sandwich and his corned-beef hash, "don't you, brought up the way you were, feel about them the way I do? Just between ourselves, isn't there a sort of inborn feeling of horror that the very word, Jew, suggests?" I shook my head, roundly. The idea of an *innate* anti-Semitism was in keeping with the rest of the Colonel's thought, yet it shocked me more than anything he had yet said. "No," I sharply replied. "It doesn't evoke any feeling one way or the other." "Honest Injun?" said the Colonel. "Think back; when you were a kid, didn't the word,



Jew, make you feel sick?" There was a dreadful sincerity about this that made me answer in an almost kindly tone. "No, truthfully, I assure you. When we were children, we learned to call the old-clothes man a sheeny, but that was just a dirty word to us, like 'Hun' that we used to call after workmen we thought were Germans."

"I don't get it," pondered the Colonel, eating a pickle. "There must be something wrong with you. Everybody is born with that feeling. It's natural; it's part of nature." "On the contrary," I said. "It's something very unnatural that you must have been taught as a child." "It's not something you're taught," he protested. "You must have been," I said. "You simply don't remember it. In any case, you're a man now; you must rid yourself of that feeling. It's psychopathic, like that horrible young man on the train." "You thought he was crazy?" mused the Colonel, in an idle, dreamy tone. I shrugged my shoulders. "Of course. Think of his color. He was probably just out of a mental institution. People don't get that tattletale gray except in prison or mental hospitals." The Colonel suddenly grinned. "You might be right," he said. "He was quite a case." He chuckled.

I leaned forward. "You know, Colonel," I said quickly, "anti-Semitism is contrary to the Church's teaching. God will make you do penance for hating the Jews. Ask your priest; he'll tell you I'm right. You'll have a long spell in Purgatory, if you don't rid yourself of this sin. It's a deliberate violation of Christ's commandment, 'Love thy neighbor.' The Church holds that the Jews have a sacred place in God's design. Mary was a Jew and Christ was a Jew. The Jews are under God's special protection. The Church teaches that the millennium can't come until the conversion of the Jews; therefore, the Jews must be preserved that the Divine Will may be accomplished. Woe to them that harm them, for they controvert God's Will!" In the course of speaking, I had swept myself away with the solemnity of the doctrine. The Great Reconciliation between God and His chosen people, as envisioned by the Evangelist, had for me at that moment a piercing, majestic beauty, like some awesome Tintoretto. I saw a noble spectacle of blue sky, thronged with gray clouds, and a vast white desert, across

which God and Israel advanced to meet each other, while below in hell the demons of disunion shrieked and gnashed their teeth.

"HELL," said the Colonel, jovially. "I don't believe in all that. I lost my faith when I was a kid. I saw that all this God stuff was a lot of bushwa." I gazed at him in stupefaction. His confidence had completely returned. The blue eyes glittered debonairly; the eagles glittered; the narrow polished head cocked and listened to itself like a trilling bird. I was up against an air man with a bird's-eye view, a man who believed in nothing but the law of kind: the epitome of godless materialism. "You still don't hold with that bunk?" the Colonel inquired in an undertone, with an expression of stealthy curiosity. "No," I confessed, sad to admit to a meeting of minds. "You know what got me?" exclaimed the Colonel. "That birth-control stuff. Didn't it kill you?" I made a neutral sound. "I was beginning to play around," said the Colonel, with a significant beam of the eye, "and I just couldn't take that guff. When I saw through the birth-control talk, I saw through the whole thing. They claimed it was against nature, but I claim, if that's so, an operation's against nature. I told my old man that when he was having his kidney stones out. You ought to have heard him yell!" A rich, reminiscent satisfaction dwelt in the Colonel's face.

This period of his life, in which he had thrown off the claims of the spiritual and adopted a practical approach, was evidently one of those "turning points" to which a man looks back with pride. He lingered over the story of his break with church and parents with a curious sort of heat, as though the flames of old sexual conquests stirred within his body at the memory of those old quarrels. The looks he rested on me, as a sharer of that experience, grew more and more lickerish and assaying. "What got you down?" he finally inquired, settling back in his chair and pushing his coffee cup aside. "Oh," I said wearily, "it's a long story. You can read it when it's published." "You're an author?" cried the Colonel, who was really very slow-witted. I nodded, and the Colonel regarded me afresh. "What do you write? Love stories?" He gave a half-wink. "No," I said. "Various things. Articles. Books. Highbrowish stories."



A suspicion darkened in the Colonel's sharp face. "That McCarthy," he said. "Is that your pen name?" "Yes," I said, "but it's my real name too. It's the name I write under *and* my maiden name." The Colonel digested this thought. "Oh," he concluded.

A new idea seemed to visit him. Quite cruelly, I watched it take possession. He was thinking of the power of the press and the indiscretions of other military figures, who had been rewarded with demotion. The consciousness of the uniform he wore appeared to seep uneasily into his body. He straightened his shoulders and called thoughtfully for the check. We paid in silence, the Colonel making no effort to forestall my dive into my pocketbook. I should not have let him pay in any case, but it startled me that he did not try to do so, if only for reasons of vanity. The whole business of paying, apparently, was painful to him; I watched his facial muscles contract as he pocketed the change and slipped two dimes for the waitress onto the table, not daring quite to hide them under the coffee cup—he had short-changed me on the bill and the tip, and we both knew it. We walked out into the steaming station and I took my baggage out of the checking locker. The Colonel carried my suitcase and we strolled along without speaking. Again, I felt horribly embarrassed for him. He was meditative, and I supposed that he too was mortified by his meanness about the tip.

"Don't get me wrong," he said suddenly, setting the suitcase down and turning squarely to face me, as though he had taken a big decision. "I may have said a few things back there about the Jews getting what they deserved in Germany." I looked at him in surprise; actually, he had not said that to me. Perhaps he had let it drop in the club car. "But that doesn't mean I approve of Hitler." "I should hope not," I said. "What I mean is," said the Colonel, "that they probably gave the Germans a lot of provocation, but that doesn't excuse what Hitler did." "No," I said, somewhat ironically, but

the Colonel was unaware of anything satiric in the air. His face was grave and determined; he was sorting out his philosophy for the record. "I mean, I don't approve of his methods," he finally stated. "No," I agreed. "You mean, you don't approve of the gas chamber." The Colonel shook his head very severely. "Absolutely not! That was terrible." He shuddered and drew out a handkerchief and slowly wiped his brow. "For God's sake," he said, "don't get me wrong. I think they're human beings." "Yes," I assented, and we walked along to my track. The Colonel's spirits lifted, as though, having stated his credo, he had both got himself in line with public policy and achieved an autonomous thought. "I mean," he resumed, "you may not care for them, but that's not the same as killing them, in cold blood, like that." "No, Colonel," I said.

He swung my bag onto the car's platform and I climbed up behind it. He stood below, smiling, with upturned face. "I'll look for your article," he cried, as the train whistle blew. I nodded, and the Colonel waved, and I could not stop myself from waving back at him and even giving him the corner of a smile. After all, I said to myself, looking down at him, the Colonel was "a human being." There followed one of those inane intervals in which one prays for the train to leave. We both glanced at our watches. "See you some time," he called. "What's your married name?" "Broadwater," I called back. The whistle blew again. "Brodwater?" shouted the Colonel, with a dazed look of unbelief and growing enlightenment; he was not the first person to hear it as a Jewish name, on the model of Goldwater. "B-r-o-a-d," I began, automatically, but then I stopped. I disdained to spell it out for him; the victory was his. "One of the chosen, eh?" his brief grimace commiserated. For the last time, and in the final fullness of understanding, the hawk eye patrolled the green dress, the duster, and the earrings; the narrow flue of his nostril contracted as he curtly turned away. The train commenced to move.



# *The Easy Chair*

## Twenty-Hour Vigil

*Bernard DeVoto*

THE idea was to see how a prolonged exposure to television would affect my impressions of the medium. They were pretty casual, except for news and political broadcasts, the World Series, an occasional football game which I seldom understand, Ed Murrow and Dave Garroway, and such features as friends occasionally direct me to, sometimes to my regret. I have learned to avoid comedians whom I admired on the stage and to fish around for factual programs which assume a moderately high IQ. Of what I was familiar with, the highest achievement, the most moving program, was "Victory at Sea."

Boston is a two-channel town, a phrase which I am told is equivalent to "whistle stop"; while on duty I shifted from one channel to the other with nothing to guide me except, sometimes, discomfort. I spent one evening at it, from eight o'clock to sign-off. The next day I became the ideal audience and watched the screen from 7 A.M. to twenty-two minutes after midnight, except for an hour when G-men were getting shot at for our children. Consultants tell me that the day I chanced to pick, Thursday, was my tough luck. On any other day, they insist, I would have encountered stuff of better quality. That may well be true.

We can forget about the dramas I saw. In normal circumstances I might have seen two of them through to the end but I would have switched all the others off. Occasionally the narrative method becomes interesting and this is like the movies, which year by year steadily improve their techniques but keep the content forever the same. The content of television drama is negligible and may be sum-

marized as, Life has a heart of gold, especially in the slums. There were no situations that common sense would not have resolved in thirty seconds. There were no characters who resembled people or acted from recognizable motives, and practically no genuine emotions. It came to a bleak rejoicing if for a moment a character was feeling anything at all, or if there was a bit of skillful acting or a flash of experience that seemed true. I have read somewhere that these dramas are written on the assumption that the audience is tired out, but behind many of them must be a suspicion that it is asleep.

The two that stuck out above the others claimed to be based on actual happenings—one dealt with a metropolitan police force, the other with the Treasury's Alcohol Division—and therefore needed only a little logic of structure and less of emotion. I suppose they are to be classified as crime programs and others that I saw certainly are. I had been told that they were packed full of unmotivated violence, and they certainly were—flogging, beating, slashing, torture, murder. Little of it was exciting and none of it horrified or appalled me. I doubt if this universal mayhem is the ominous gratification some editorials say it is, and I doubt if it is going to damage our culture as other editorials predict. I see numerous possibilities of cultural corruption in television but this isn't one of them. It may be sadistic in form but it isn't in effect. Just as you are about to shudder because the gangster is grinding out lighted cigarettes on the victim's naked chest, everything stops and the announcer reads a plug for motor oil. Nothing can kill horror or perverse bliss so fast as an ad.



THIS seems to me one of the basic handicaps under which television drama must operate; another is the limitation of time, and both kill the illusion. A movie runs about ninety minutes and a stage play at least two hours, but the norm for television is half an hour. One reason for the absence of personality, characterization, motivation, and emotion may be that the structure and development necessary to achieve them cannot be managed in the time at hand. And in any kind of drama, the beholder must succumb to the illusion. He has got to believe, if only for a moment, that he is seeing a real event happening to real people who feel genuine emotion because of it. Grant the dramatist the greatest talent possible—and still, just as the beholder is beginning to suffer with and on behalf of the heroine, an alien (and hoked up) voice breaks in with the information that this is Station WBZ-TV, or that Mrs. Filbert makes the best oleomargarine you ever tasted and of her own impulsive generosity adds forty thousand extra units of vitamins to it. Gasoline is necessary to modern life and high-test may indeed work better than standard, but the illusion of young love will dissolve in either of them, and grief for a dying child terminates when we hear how a liver pill cures constipation by stimulating bile.

Most of what I saw in some twenty hours was intended to be entertainment, and most of this was, for me at least, a dismal failure. Scattered through the rest of the time was interesting, valuable, and even fascinating stuff and several very moving moments. I would never have seen most of it if I had not imposed the vigil on myself, for most of it came at hours when normally I am at work, when nearly everyone is at work. (This point might be raised when the networks tell us how devoted they are to the service of the public.) There was, for instance, a half-hour by the Massachusetts Extension Service, which dealt mostly with beef cattle, the cuts of beef, and a review of retail food prices. Its straightforward approach was admirable and I wanted to see more of it, though I am not one to wonder how much broccoli costs this morning. Most of the news broadcasts and some of the commentaries on them were excellent. The movie shots that accompanied some of them were surprising and good, the still photographs pretty awful, the animated cartoon (if "car-

toon" is the word) ingenious and pleasing. Some weather forecasts made amusing use of these animations too, and this is probably the place to remark that the musical commercial which uses animations is sometimes enjoyable and always incomparably easier to take than an announcer reading a plug. Especially when the announcer interrupts his role as the hero of a tragedy in order to tell us about cigarettes.

THERE was also "Ask Washington," with some members of NBC's news staff answering questions, pointed and sometimes risky questions, and answering them well. The whole panel promptly trampled on a question (conceivably planted) that made a crack about the millions Winston Churchill was going to rob us of, and they discussed hydrogen bombs and President Truman's message to Congress. Then there was Charles E. Wilson talking about the Crusade for Freedom and showing a movie of it, illuminating and valuable but at 10:30 A.M. how many people were watching? Newsreel shots appeared on a number of programs that had nothing else to do with news and whenever they touched on the war in Korea they overshadowed everything else. Finally there is the program, of whatever kind, that presents someone who has the easy mastery of his trade for which we have no adjective but "professional." Anyone in or out of the industry who can do his stuff well seems to be good television material—for instance, a sculptor who appeared as a guest on a household program the rest of which was repulsively homey and phony. And among the pros I was particularly grateful, considering how many sodden and saccharine singers wandered through half a dozen variety shows, to Kate Smith and Dinah Shore.

But there are some questions to be asked about Miss Smith's show. She has a good and well trained voice and she uses it expertly. She is not, thank God, beautiful (though I'm also glad that a girl on her program is) and she has individuality and personal warmth. It is good to watch her work and if she can sell millions of dollars' worth of her sponsors' products, that's all right with me—up to a limit which has got to be defined. At one point she wandered off into interpretation of the news and began to plug a cause which I happen to favor—but just how qualified is she? What gives her authority? Suppose Miss Smith does not



know what she is talking about, or suppose she chooses to talk on the bias—what is to protect the large audience she influences or what is to protect us against the audience? And though the most moving thing I saw in twenty hours of television showed up on her program, its being there was dreadfully wrong.

We were, for some reason I missed, suddenly seeing news shots from Korea. It developed that they were not made by a news-reel company or by the military authorities but by, or at least for, Miss Smith's show. Somebody was interviewing some wounded Marines at a field hospital. It was a profoundly moving experience; somehow it concentrated and sharply focused the tragic necessities of this war. In a parenthetical remark one of them noted that he would have a choice of trades when he got home, for before enlisting he had spent his evenings learning to be an undertaker. Another one, told by the interviewer to end with some words to his family, addressed them in Armenian. The hold these poignant actualities took on your heart was almost intolerable. Then the shot ended and Miss Smith began to describe, with her personal and expert warmth, the merits of canned orange juice.

So two things. Why is the Marine Corps permitted to commercialize the bravery and suffering of Marines by putting them at the disposal of an advertising agency? And why are the makers of the goods which Miss Smith advertises permitted to profit from that bravery and suffering? This is not only wrong, it is tawdry and degrading, it is an unspeakable affront to everyone, and all the worse because it is so blithe. I alluded above to cultural corruption. Here it is.

OTHER programs get there by different avenues. I saw one, for instance, which undertakes to discover good, good neighbors who do good, good deeds, and to reward them. This lingo is the native tongue of many advertising people, who believe that we are encapsulated in glucose and who pump syrup at us all day long; and only a huckster could have thought up the program. The good, good deeds turn out to have been courageous, even heroic acts. Having brought the neighbors to the studio, the program transforms itself into a combination of quiz show and giveaway show. The spin of a

wheel entitles the person who benefited from the courageous deed to reward his benefactor, provided he can answer some questions. "Pearl Harbor Day is December 7; what was the year of the attack on Pearl Harbor?" This was one of three questions asked a man who had been caught by the cave-in of a pit he was working in. By answering correctly he won \$400 for the two companions who had rescued him after some hours of constant danger to their own lives. The program thereupon gave him a watch and showered on his rescuers the miscellaneous largess at the disposal of anyone who will name a product when he gives it away. Presumably the sponsor, so long as the rating remained satisfactory, did not care that courage and self-sacrifice had been vulgarized, that his ad-writers had besmirched human decency. But the sponsor—and the network—might take account of the revulsion which the spectacle arouses, the feeling that we have all been corrupted, the rescuers, the rescued, and those who have watched a private sanctity publicized to sell goods.

The man was an unskilled laborer; he spoke broken English and he had a massive, far from handsome face. Face and voice made him inherently more interesting than the smooth, practised showmen who were using him. Television has rescued the human face from the nonentity Hollywood has bred it up to, and the industry is conforming to this fact. Though some announcers and narrators look like chorus men and some move as if corseted with whalebone, most of them are far from handsome; irregular features and even homeliness are at a premium and facial expressiveness at a higher one. A related fact, that naturalness shows up phoniness, has not made as much headway as one hopes it will. The laborer's halting English made ridiculous the stage-Irish and stage-Yiddish accents I had just heard in a drama of the golden slums. Mr. Wilson speaking effectively but in an entirely untrained way while his interviewer talked like "The March of Time," the sculptor intent only on the meaning of what he was saying while the woman who ran the household hour spattered him with verbal goo—such people make a point that has been intelligently acted on, here and there. Much of Dave Garroway's effectiveness comes from his avoidance of the elocutionary style and his indifference to slips of speech. Some an-



nouncers have clearly been cultivating hesitations, repetitions, and mismatched grammar; there is the threat that they may go on and rehearse spontaneity as if they were running for Vice-President.

But this trend has by no means gone far enough as yet. In a medium where actuality and naturalness are obviously the most effective instruments, there is a vast deal of manufactured falsity. Part of this is a holdover from radio's basic drive toward phoniness, especially vocal phoniness; part of it is the huckster mind, which like a diseased pancreas converts everything to sugar. Apart from some wan sniggers by comedians, the only awareness of sex I encountered during my vigil was in a commercial. While the screen showed a pair of hands, the announcer made love to Ivory Soap Flakes—so soft, so wonderful, how delicate they are, the secret of mildness is in them. He could say "delicacy" with a lewdness and lubricity that would have got him jailed if he had spoken the word from a Boston stage. Amorousness about soap is combined with stereotypes about nearly everything, and most of them afloat on a sea of molasses. Thugs have hard voices, private eyes have menacing voices, old ladies have old, old ladies' voices, and everyone has a golden voice. The woman who operates a cooking school makes salad and stew and biscuits but her manner is all cream puff and her voice marshmallow. The one who is angling for the pre-school child says "ooh" and "yes" and "fun" with grace notes and cadenzas encrusted with sugar (and a simper); her guest, the director of a zoo, is probably offhand about his job when offstage but she talks baby talk to him so horribly that he catches the infection and talks baby talk to a monkey he has brought with him. The pre-school child is a resistant organism and probably tough enough to take this unharmed, but the rest of us aren't. For us it is corruption by caramel.

Or maybe we will be saved by the same principle that makes a healthy stomach reject poisonous food. The natural guest does show up the synthetics of his interlocutor. The emotion manifested in and evoked by such

documentaries as the news shots of Korea, and by other bits of reality, mocks the falsity of the dramas. Even the blight of programs devoted to amateurs may show an instinctive awareness of this fact, for they sometimes give us vitality before it can be wrapped in a jelly roll. And if the actuality it can show is television's best instrument, realism has such off-spring as parody, which makes the animated-cartoon commercial pleasant, and satire, which must sometimes be the impulse that turns the camera on the audience. These phenomena will not be permitted to work their leavening on television unless they impress the advertising agencies. Well, the way may be opened for such impression by another phenomenon, the revulsion, the feeling of shock and outrage, when a soup or a soap invades private decencies in search of sales, or when Kate Smith turns from wounded Marines to peddle orange juice. That can cost money.

I was surprised by the lack of variety in twenty hours. I had expected a greater diversity, a wider experimentation. This too must be the Madison Avenue mentality and again it is standing in its own way. The entire ethic and practice of modern advertising developed from a misconception, failure to understand that when the intelligence-testers classified the normal mind in the age group of twelve years, they did not mean that adults are children.

The public is brighter than advertising has ever believed. It is less dependent on sweets, and it is less timid. It is a damned sight less timid than the agencies or the networks. They fired George Kaufman because five hundred people wrote letters protesting Mr. Kaufman's protest of the commercial vulgarization of a Christmas carol. Many millions of the public certainly approved his protest, and some of those millions certainly heard it and omitted to write in—but five hundred letters did the job. That's timidity for you—the timidity of the same business that during my twenty-hour ordeal kept repeating, in a voice half choked by sugar, "Our kind of freedom knows no bounds."



# Russia and the West

*Arnold J. Toynbee*

**I**N THE encounter between the world and the West that has been going on by now for four or five hundred years, the world, not the West, is the party that, up to now, has had the significant experience. It has not been the West that has been hit by the world; it is the world that has been hit—and hit hard—by the West.

A Westerner who wants to grapple with this subject must try, for a few minutes, to slip out of his native Western skin and look at the encounter between the world and the West through the eyes of the great non-Western majority of mankind. Different though the non-Western peoples of the world may be from one another in race, language, civilization, and religion, if any Western inquirer asks them their opinion of the West, he will hear them all giving him the same answer: Russians, Moslems, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, and all the rest. The West, they will tell him, has been the arch-aggressor of modern times, and each will have their own experience of Western aggression to bring up against him. The Russians will remind him that their country has been invaded by Western armies overland in 1941, 1915, 1812, 1709, and 1610; the peoples of Africa and Asia will remind him that Western missionaries, traders, and soldiers from across the sea have been pushing into their countries from the coasts since the fifteenth century. The Asians will also remind him that, within the same period, the Westerners have occupied the lion's share of the world's last vacant lands in the Americas, Australia, New Zealand, and South and East Africa. The Africans will remind him that they were enslaved and deported across the Atlantic in order to serve the European

colonizers of the Americas as living tools to minister to their Western masters' greed for wealth. The descendants of the aboriginal population of North America will remind him that their ancestors were swept aside to make room for the west European intruders and for their African slaves.

This indictment will surprise, shock, grieve, and perhaps even outrage most Westerners today. Dutch Westerners are conscious of having evacuated Indonesia, and British Westerners of having evacuated India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon, since 1945. British Westerners have no aggressive war on their consciences since the South African War of 1899–1902, and American Westerners none since the Spanish-American War of 1898. We forget all too easily that the Germans, who attacked their neighbors, including Russia, in the first world war and again in the second world war, are Westerners too, and that the Russians, Asians, and Africans do not draw fine distinctions between different hordes of “Franks”—which is the world's common name for Westerners in the mass. “When the world passes judgment it can be sure of having the last word,” according to a well-known Latin proverb. And certainly the world's judgment on the West does seem to be justified over a period of about four and a half centuries ending in 1945. In the world's experience of the West during all that time, the West has been the aggressor on the whole; and, if the tables are being turned on the West by Russia and China today, this is a new chapter of the story which did not begin until after the end of the second world war. The West's alarm and anger at recent acts of Russian and Chinese aggression at the West's expense are evidence



that, for us Westerners, it is today still a strange experience to be suffering at the hands of the world what the world has been suffering at Western hands for a number of centuries past.

## II

**W**HAT, then, has been the world's experience of the West? Let us look at Russia's experience, for Russia is part of the world's great non-Western majority. Though the Russians have been Christians and are, many of them, Christians still, they have never been Western Christians. Russia was converted not from Rome, as England was, but from Constantinople; and, in spite of their common Christian origins, Eastern and Western Christendom have always been foreign to one another, and have often been mutually antipathic and hostile, as Russia and the West unhappily still are today, when each of them is in what one might call a "post-Christian" phase of its history.

This on the whole unhappy story of Russia's relations with the West did, though, have a happier first chapter; for, in spite of the difference between the Russian and the Western way of life, Russia and the West got on fairly well with one another in the early Middle Ages. The peoples traded, and the royal families intermarried. An English King Harold's daughter, for instance, married a Russian prince. The estrangement began in the thirteenth century, after the subjugation of Russia by the Tatars. The Tatars' domination over Russia was temporary, because the Tatars were nomads from the Steppes who could not ever make themselves at home in Russia's fields and forests. Russia's lasting losses as a result of this temporary Tatar conquest were, not to her Tatar conquerors, but to her Western neighbors; for these took advantage of Russia's prostration in order to lop off, and annex to Western Christendom, the western fringes of the Russian world in White Russia and in the Western half of the Ukraine. It was not till 1945 that Russia recaptured the last piece of these huge Russian territories that were taken from her by Western powers in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

These Western conquests at Russia's expense in the late Middle Ages had an effect on Russia's life at home, as well as on her rela-

tions with her Western assailants. The pressure on Russia from the West did not merely estrange Russia from the West; it was one of the hard facts of Russian life that moved the Russians to submit to the yoke of a new native Russian power at Moscow which, at the price of autocracy, imposed on Russia the political unity that she now had to have if she was to survive. It was no accident that this new-fangled autocratic centralizing government of Russia should have arisen at Moscow; for Moscow stood in the fairway of the easiest line for the invasion of what was left of Russia by a Western aggressor. The Poles in 1610, the French in 1812, the Germans in 1941, all marched this way. Since an early date in the fourteenth century, autocracy and centralization have been the dominant notes of all successive Russian regimes. This Muscovite Russian political tradition has perhaps always been as disagreeable for the Russians themselves as it has certainly been distasteful and alarming to their neighbors; but unfortunately the Russians have learned to put up with it, partly perhaps out of sheer habit, but also, no doubt, because they have felt it to be a lesser evil than the alternative fate of being conquered by aggressive neighbors.

This submissive Russian attitude toward an autocratic regime that has become traditional in Russia is, of course, one of the main difficulties, as we Westerners see it, in the relations between Russia and the West today. The great majority of people in the West feel that tyranny is an intolerable social evil. At a fearful cost we have put down tyranny when it has raised its head among our Western selves in the forms of Fascism and National Socialism. We feel the same detestation and distrust of it in its Russian form, whether this calls itself Tsarism or calls itself Communism. We do not want to see this Russian brand of tyranny spread; and we are particularly concerned about this danger to Western ideals of liberty now that we Franks find ourselves thrown upon the defensive for the first time in our history since the second Turkish siege of Vienna in 1682-83. Our present anxiety about what seems to us to be a postwar threat to the West from Russia is a well-justified anxiety in our belief. At the same time, we must take care not to allow the reversal in the relation between Russia and the West since 1945 to mislead us into forgetting the past in



our natural preoccupation with the present. When we look at the encounter between Russia and the West in the historian's instead of the journalist's perspective, we shall see that, over a period of several centuries ending in 1945, the Russians have had the same reason for looking askance at the West that we Westerners feel that we have for looking askance at Russia today.

**D**URING the past few centuries, this threat to Russia from the West, which has been a constant threat from the thirteenth century till 1945, has been made more serious for Russia by the outbreak, in the West, of a technological revolution which has become chronic and which does not yet show any signs of abating.

When the West adopted firearms, Russia followed suit, and in the sixteenth century she used these new weapons from the West to conquer the Tatars in the Volga valley and more primitive peoples in the Urals and in Siberia. But in 1610 the superiority of the Western armaments of the day enabled the Poles to occupy Moscow and to hold it for two years, while at about the same time the Swedes were also able to deprive Russia of her outlet on the Baltic Sea at the head of the Gulf of Finland. The Russian retort to these seventeenth-century Western acts of aggression was to adopt the technology of the West wholesale, together with as much of the Western way of life as was inseparable from Western technology.

It was characteristic of the autocratic centralizing Muscovite regime that this technological and accompanying social revolution in Russia at the turn of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries should have been imposed upon Russia from above downward, by the fiat of one man of genius, Peter the Great. Peter is a key figure for an understanding of the world's relations with the West not only in Russia but everywhere; for Peter is the archetype of the autocratic Westernizing reformer who, during the past two and a half centuries, has saved the world from falling entirely under Western domination by forcing the world to train itself to resist Western aggression with Western weapons. Sultans Selim III and Mohammed II and President Mustafa Kemal Atatürk in Turkey, Mehemet Ali Pasha in Egypt, and "the Elder Statesmen,"

who made the Westernizing revolution in Japan in the eighteen-sixties, were, all of them, following in Peter the Great's footsteps consciously or unconsciously.

Peter launched Russia on a technological race with the West which Russia is still running. Russia has never yet been able to afford to rest, because the West has continually been making fresh spurts. For example, Peter and his eighteenth-century successors brought Russia close enough abreast of the Western world of the day to make Russia just able to defeat her Swedish Western invaders in 1709 and her French Western invaders in 1812; but, in the nineteenth-century Western industrial revolution, the West once more left Russia behind, so that in the first world war Russia was defeated by her German Western invaders as she had been defeated, two hundred years earlier, by the Poles and the Swedes. The present Communist autocratic government was able to supplant the Tsardom in Russia in consequence of Russia's defeat by an industrial Western technology in 1914-17; and the Communist regime then set out, from 1928 to 1941, to do for Russia, all over again, what the Tsar Peter had done for her about 230 years earlier.

For the second time in the modern chapter of her history Russia was now put, by an autocratic ruler, through a forced march to catch up with a Western technology that had once more shot ahead of hers; and Stalin's tyrannical course of technological Westernization was eventually justified, like Peter's, through an ordeal by battle. The Communist technological revolution in Russia defeated the German invaders in the second world war, as Peter's technological revolution had defeated the Swedish invaders in 1709 and the French invaders in 1812. And then, a few months after the completion of the liberation of Russian soil from German-Western occupation in 1945, Russia's American-Western allies dropped in Japan an atom bomb that announced the outbreak of a third Western technological revolution. So today, for the third time, Russia is having to make a forced march in an effort to catch up with a Western technology that, for the third time, has left her behind by shooting ahead. The result of this third event in the perpetual competition between Russia and the West still lies hidden in the future; but it is already clear that this re-



newal of the technological race is another of the very serious difficulties now besetting the relations between these two ex-Christian societies.

### III

**T**ECHNOLOGY is, of course, only a long Greek name for a bag of tools; and we have to ask ourselves: What are the tools that count in this competition in the use of tools as means to power? A power-loom or a locomotive is obviously a tool for this purpose, as well as a gun, an airplane, or a bomb. But all tools are not of the material kind; there are spiritual tools as well, and these are the most potent that Man has made. A creed, for instance, can be a tool; and, in the new round in the competition between Russia and the West that began in 1917, the Russians this time threw into their scale of the balances a creed that weighed as heavily against their Western competitors' material tools as, in the Roman story of the ransoming of Rome from the Gauls, the sword thrown in by Brennus weighed against the Roman gold.

Communism, then, is a weapon; and, like bombs, airplanes, and guns, this is a weapon of Western origin. If it had not been invented by a couple of nineteenth-century Westerners, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, who were brought up in the Rhineland and spent the best part of their working lives in London and in Manchester respectively, Communism could never have become Russia's official ideology. There was nothing in the Russian tradition that could have led the Russians to invent Communism for themselves; and it is certain that they would never have dreamed of it if it had not been lying, ready-made, there in the West, for a revolutionary Russian regime to apply in Russia in 1917.

In borrowing from the West a Western ideology, besides a Western industrial revolution, to serve as an anti-Western weapon, the Bolsheviki in 1917 were making a great new departure in Russian history; for this was the first time that Russia had ever borrowed a creed from the West. But it was a creed particularly well suited to serve Russia as a Western weapon for waging an anti-Western spiritual warfare. In the West, where Communism had arisen, this new creed was a heresy. It was a Western criticism of the

West's failure to live up to her own Christian principles in the economic and social life of this professedly Christian society; and a creed of Western origin which was at the same time an indictment of Western practice was, of course, just the spiritual weapon that an adversary of the West would like to pick up and turn against its makers.

With this Western spiritual weapon in her hands, Russia could carry her war with the West into the enemy's country on the spiritual plane. Since Communism had originated as a product of uneasy Western consciences it could appeal to other uneasy Western consciences when it was radiated back into the Western world by a Russian propaganda. And so now, for the first time in the modern Western world's history since the close of the seventeenth century, when the flow of Western converts to Islam almost ceased, the West has again found itself threatened with spiritual disintegration from inside, as well as with an assault from outside. In thus threatening to undermine Western civilization's foundations on the West's own home ground, Communism has already proved itself a more effective anti-Western weapon in Russian hands than any material weapon could ever be.

Communism has also served Russia as a weapon for bringing into the Russian camp the Chinese quarter of the human race, as well as other sections of that majority of mankind that is neither Russian nor Western. We know that the outcome of the struggle to win the allegiance of these neutrals may be decisive for the outcome of the Russo-Western conflict as a whole, because this non-Western and non-Russian majority of mankind may prove to hold the casting vote in a competition between Russia and the West for world power. Now Communism can make a two-fold appeal to a depressed Asian, African, and Latin American peasantry when it is the voice of Russia that is commending Communism to them.

The Russian spokesman can say to the Asian peasantry first: "If you follow the Russian example, Communism will give you the strength to stand up against the West, as a Communist Russia can already stand up against the West today." The second appeal of Communism to the Asian peasantry is Communism's claim that it can, and that private .



enterprise neither can nor would if it could, get rid of the extreme inequality between a rich minority and a poverty-stricken majority in Asian countries. Discontented Asians, however, are not the only public for whom Communism has an appeal. Communism also has an appeal for all men, since it can claim to offer mankind the unity which is our only alternative to self-destruction in an atomic age.

It looks as if, in the encounter between Russia and the West, the spiritual initiative, though not the technological lead, has now passed, at any rate for the moment, from the Western to the Russian side. We Westerners cannot afford to resign ourselves to this, because this Western heresy—Communism—which the Russians have taken up, seems to the great majority of people in the West to be a perverse, misguided, and disastrous doctrine and way of life. A theologian might put it that our great modern Western heresiarch Karl Marx has made what is a heretic's characteristic intellectual mistake and moral abbera-

tion. In putting his finger on one point in orthodox practice in which there has been a crying need for reform, he has lost sight of all other considerations and therefore has produced a remedy that is worse than the disease.

The Russians' recent success in capturing the initiative from us Westerners by taking up this Western heresy called Communism and radiating it out into the world in a cloud of anti-Western poison gas does not, of course, mean that Communism is destined to prevail. Marx's vision seems, in non-Marxian eyes, far too narrow and too badly warped to be likely to prove permanently satisfying to human hearts and minds. All the same, Communism's success, so far as it has gone, looks like a portent of things to come. What it tells us is that the present encounter between the world and the West is now moving off the technological plane onto the spiritual plane.

Some light on this next chapter of this story, which for us still lies in the future, may be found in the history of the world's earlier encounter with Greece and Rome.

*[In a second article, next month, Mr. Toynbee will tell the story of this earlier encounter with Greece and Rome.—The Editors.]*

## *Any Subcommittee Listening?*

THE defeat of Japan would not mean her elimination from the problem of the Far East . . . a virile people . . . are not made tractable by defeat and national humiliation; they tend, rather, to reassert themselves with a passionate impulse of self-esteem, by methods which may well give them . . . a "nuisance value"—scarcely if at all less potent than the force which they exerted in their prime of imperial power. But even the elimination of Japan, if it were possible, would be no blessing to the Far East or to the world. It would merely create a new set of stresses, and substitute for Japan the U. S. S. R. as the successor to Imperial Russia—as a contestant (and at least an equally unscrupulous and dangerous one) for the mastery of the East. Nobody except perhaps Russia would gain from our victory in such a war. . . . If we were to "save" China from Japan . . . [it] is no reproach to the Chinese to acknowledge that we should have established no claim on their gratitude; nations and races collectively do not seem in general to be susceptible to that sentiment. . . . They would thank us for nothing, and give us no credit for unselfish intentions, but set themselves to formulating resistance to us in the exercise of responsibilities we would have assumed.

—John V. A. MacMurray, in a memorandum to the State Department in 1935; quoted in George F. Kennan's *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950*, University of Chicago Press, 1951.



# Revolution in Clothes

*Fessenden S. Blanchard*

A NEW YORK friend of mine recently visited his son in Baltimore and was invited to take a ride in the young man's new Ford. "How in the world can you afford this on \$90 a week?" my friend asked.

"Oh, I can manage to pay the installments okay," said his son, "because I economize on other things. Clothes, for instance. I need only one or two suits and I have them already. Most of the time I wear sport coats and slacks, which cost a good deal less, and I can swap them around and get all sorts of combinations. And I wear Dacron shirts and wash them myself."

The head of a large clothing company which manufactures and sells men's suits produced similar evidence the other day about his son. "I'm not exactly poor," said the executive, "and my boy has plenty of spending money. But can you believe it, he owns only one suit? He and his friends aren't going in for suits any more. He's helping the sportswear people, not me. And incidentally he isn't doing the tailor much good. You don't have to press sportswear as often as suits, or at least he doesn't think so."

At a recent meeting of the directors of a business in a small New England city, three of the four men present wore sport coats and slacks. The executive vice-president of a large textile manufacturing corporation in the South was wearing a light-colored sport coat and dark brown flannel slacks when he received me in his office not long ago. A California real-estate man, behind his desk in his

modernistic office, expounded the virtues of his city to me; he had on a coat and trousers which harmonized but did not match, a bright-colored sport shirt, and Argyle socks the gay diamond pattern of which was partly concealed by the sagging folds which evidenced the lack of garters or an efficient elastic band.

While some companies won't permit their male employees to wear sport clothes to work, it seems very probable that eventually these prohibitions will go the way of the old-time ones against bobbed hair for women in the office.

At cocktail parties and buffet suppers, at business and at home, outdoors and indoors, men belonging to what are still known as the "white-collar classes" are going in for informality, comfort, and lighter and brighter and more varied apparel.

Meanwhile the so-called "working classes" are likewise getting into livelier or more comfortable apparel—or both. Shirts of gray or black covert cloth, or of blue chambray, are being replaced by those of khaki or gray twill—many of them made of the soft and glossy combed fabrics which the younger generation found so comfortable during World War II. Or still further in the direction of comfort, men are wearing short-sleeved knitted "T shirts." As working conditions become cleaner, for example when a locomotive engineer gets a diesel engine to run instead of his former coal burner—sport or regular shirts and slacks may replace work shirts and overalls, coveralls, or dungarees. In their homes or on the golf

*All of us have noticed the "new look" in both men's and women's clothes in the last few years, but after forty years in the textile industry Fessenden Blanchard has more than a passing knowledge of such a phenomenon. Here he discusses some causes and effects.*



course, it is getting more and more difficult to tell a factory worker from a business man. Both may be wearing sport shirts or T-shirts, sport coats or no coats at all, with slacks of gabardine, flannel, or twill.

**W**OMEN, too, are getting more informal. It isn't very practical to rush back and forth between the kitchen or garden and a visitor at the front door unless what you are wearing is suitable for both occasions. Changing to an afternoon dress for a visit to the corner drug store after "changing" a baby isn't very appealing to the modern hard-working mother. "Separates" are more comfortable and adaptable than a dress or suit. If the young child knocks over the cereal bowl into his mother's lap, only half of a costume may need laundering—perhaps not even half if the skirt is made of one of the new "miracle" fibers. Also separates often cost less and provide a greater variety of effects for a given outlay. For instance, three skirts and three blouses, waists, or sweaters are capable of nine different combinations, whereas three dresses are still only three dresses.

In short, a revolution in our clothing is under way. Man has declared his independence of drabness and is expressing his freedom in a riot of color. More and more he is demanding comfort, insisting on informality, and accordingly wearing sport shirts without neckties, short socks without garters, sport coats (when he wears a coat) with slacks, instead of the tighter-fitting, more conservative, and less comfortable suits. At home, in the garden, or on the tennis court, he is often seen in shorts and sometimes not much else. Meanwhile, his better half has felt some of the same urge toward informality and comfort, though she may dress up for a cocktail party while he is dressing down.

In this revolution, as in some other types of revolt, the younger people are in the lead; the older generation follows, sometimes reluctantly, often with eagerness to look young again.

Four fairly distinct and significant trends seem to be combining to bring about this revolution—with striking effects upon the textile industry:

(1) *The trend toward informality and greater comfort in apparel.*

(2) *The trend toward color and gaiety, par-*

ticularly in men's apparel (and also in household textiles).

(3) *The trend toward lighter weight fabrics.*

(4) *The trend toward the wider use of man-made fibers, not only of the older synthetics such as rayon and acetate, but also of the newer synthetics such as nylon, Dacron, Orlon, Acrilan, Dynel, Vicara, and others.*

## II

**I**N 1946, the production of "dress" shirts—meaning the usual kind of business shirts with which ties are worn—was 9,013 thousand dozen. In 1951 it had gone down to 7,504. But during that same period, sport-shirt production increased from 4,847 thousand dozen in 1946 to 9,141 in 1951. And during 1952 the ascendancy of sport shirts continued to grow.

The effect in the textile markets of the increasing vogue of women's separates was equally striking. From 1947 to 1951, the cuttings of women's, misses', and junior dresses increased to a limited extent—from 202,400 (in thousands of units) to 238,766. But during the same period, women's skirt volume increased very sharply—from 23,736 to 64,188 thousand units. And women's blouse, waist, and shirt production jumped from 87,096 to 150,828.

Men's "slack" socks, the short ones, are taking the place of "half hose," to use the trade expression for the longer socks which ordinarily have been accompanied by garters (and still are in some cases). Now the longer ones are considered by young blades the mark of an old-fashioned man. And garters are not the only articles being left off; it is no longer an indication of poverty or bad taste to go without a hat—whether you are a man or woman. Ties, hats, sleeves, coats, vests—when are the men going to stop in their urge for informality and comfort? Although the casual wear trend was well under way before World War II, since the war it has taken on renewed vigor.

All of this is making trouble for many branches of the textile industry. Men's suit manufacturers, for example, find that manufacturers of sport coats, slacks, even of work clothes and shirts are taking away some of their business. Some of the very informal jackets are now made by shirt manufacturers.



Garter, tie, and hat manufacturers are not very happy.

What accounts for this urge toward informality, which has long gone beyond the stage of a temporary style trend? It has given every indication of being much more than that, of having its roots deep in the changed conditions of modern living.

One reason, of course, is economic, as I have already suggested. For example, a man will usually spend less for a sport coat and a pair of slacks than he would for a suit which he would consider satisfactory. One of my sons-in-law tells me that he can get a satisfactory sport coat for \$35 and a pair of slacks for \$10—or \$45 in all—whereas he would normally spend \$60 or \$65 for a suit.

In the same way, while a woman can pay as fancy prices for separates as she can for a dress, she is apt to find a combination of skirt and blouse or sweater that satisfies her at less money than she would have to spend for a suit or dress for a similar purpose. Sport clothes are also cheaper in their upkeep, as we have already indicated.

But the reasons for the trend toward casual wear are much more than economic. They are based on changed patterns of living. Except at special events like an opening of the opera, formality no longer rules our social life; stiffness in collars has gone the way of stiffness in manners. When a housewife has to do her own cooking and care for her own children, while her husband is doing the house chores, she has to dress the part and can't go around looking as if she were about to entertain her aunt and uncle from Boston. If she had to change her clothes every time she jumped into her car to get some extra milk for the baby or a new pair of nylons, she'd never be able to catch up.

The trend to suburban life and the tremendous growth in recreational activities—aided by shorter working hours, Saturday closings, more holidays—have played a great part in the changes in what we wear. So also has travel. Television entertaining in homes lends itself to informality. And the breaking down of class barriers and the rise in the standard of living of workers in our factories and on our farms has taken some of the stiffness and formality from the "carriage trade" and helped all to meet more nearly on equal terms in their clothes as well as in their incomes.

### III

THE second of the trends which combine to make up the revolution in our apparel is toward gaiety, especially in men's wear.

When my wife and I were in the Hawaiian Islands about three years ago, we had our first introduction to "Aloha" shirts with their bright-colored floral patterns or their peculiarly Hawaiian motifs. The man of our family even bought one and fared forth along the main street at Waikiki, cautiously at first and then rather boldly when he found that he had neither stopped traffic nor collected a crowd. It was not difficult to predict that these shirts would soon cross the Pacific to outshout in brilliance the gaudy ties that were then popular, and that men's shorts and bathing trunks would soon be affected by the wave of color. Aloha parties—in which short-sleeved shirts of that name were the principal articles of clothing above the waist—were then a common form of entertainment in semi-tropical Hawaii. In the summer following our trip our predictions began to come true. And now the male of the species is in full flower at last. Did you see some of the Elks at a meeting in New York late in 1952?

The fathers of our country used to express a taste for splendor and color with their lace collars and cuffs, their powdered wigs, their striking shades of velvet. Then came man's surrender to a growing drabness and women's apparel held the center of the stage. Now the tide has turned again; males are giving the other sex some competition. In fact, on a golf course where women's slacks are in style, it is sometimes difficult, at a distance, to tell which is what. Even among the conservative wearers of men's suits, colors are getting lighter and more lively, bright-colored "slubs" and splashes or stripes of one kind or another are livening things up; no longer do we find the uniformity which used to prevail.

Speaking of uniformity, I have been told by several men returning from Korea that they have had their fill of uniforms, and that the informality and contrasting colors of the sportswear age suit very well their returning mood.

In the home, bathrooms and kitchens took on color some time ago and towels and bathmats, shower curtains, and dish towels have



followed. White towels are no longer very important in the towel business except for institutions such as hospitals and hotels, despite the fact that they are usually more absorbent than colored towels. Colored bedspreads and blankets have long since given their impetus to the color trend, while more recently colored sheets have acquired added popularity.

The trend toward color has a variety of causes. Among them are the growth of informality, to which we have referred, the breaking away from the conservative tradition, and the opportunity for self-expression, inhibited no longer by the rigid patterns of dress which regulated so severely what past generations could wear. The introduction of color has been aided also by the development of sport clothes which make various combinations possible and attractive.

#### IV

**M**EANWHILE textile fabrics are getting lighter in weight. This third trend in the revolution in our clothing is very evident in men's overcoats; for example, heavy knitted and woven fleece coats have been replaced to a great extent by light tweed overcoats or by topcoats, some of them "zipper-lined" with wool flannel to give added warmth and flexibility.

Men's winter or "year-round" suit fabrics used to weigh 14 or 15 ounces per yard. Now the commonest weights are from 11 to 12 ounces. At the same time the average yearly weight is still further reduced by the much longer period during which summer suits are worn. The men's suit business has become a two-season affair, the winter period starting later and ending earlier than it used to. Summer suits have also become lighter in weight and now commonly weigh as little as 8 or 9 ounces per yard. The trend toward lighter weights has been aided considerably by the development of some of the newer synthetic fibers which add strength in blends, enabling lighter fabrics to be made without sacrifice of wearing qualities.

From 1946 to 1951, the cuttings of men's regular-weight suits (in thousands of units) dropped from 20,014 to 15,116. Meanwhile, during the same period, summer-weight suit cuttings went up from 3,121 to 4,320 thousand

units. In both classifications, the number containing 50 per cent or more wool went down considerably.

Men's shirting fabrics are visibly becoming lighter and more transparent. Slacks are usually lighter than the trousers they are replacing. Except for Argyles, which are popular for reasons of style and color, men's socks are growing lighter in weight, aided by the new synthetic fibers, especially nylon. So are men's pajamas and underwear. Women's coats, suits, dresses, shorts, hosiery, and underwear are all getting lighter. So also, need we say, are bathing suits.

Light-weight blankets are increasing in popularity and there is a developing recognition that because of the air pockets created, two light-weight blankets of good quality usually give more warmth than the equivalent weight in one blanket. They are also more adaptable in their use. Electric blankets, or even electric bedspreads or sheets, in which the warmth is supplied largely through the wires, are taking the place of several times their number of heavy blankets and are steadily growing in popularity. The combed percale sheets which have gained greatly in consumer acceptance are lighter in weight than the top quality muslin sheets which they are partly replacing. Light synthetic or cotton bedspreads are supplanting the heavier quilts which many of us remember so well.

What has caused this trend to lighter-weight fabrics? One probable answer is that our climate is getting somewhat warmer, as Dr. C. E. P. Brooks explained in the January issue of *Harper's*. It is conceivable, too, though far from certain, that some sort of physiological change has made the present generation less affected by cold, and therefore more comfortable in lighter garments, than earlier generations. At any rate, better heating facilities and insulation in houses and places of work, the widespread use of closed and heated automobiles, the growing development and use of heated busses for transportation between home and work, all make heavy garments less necessary and more uncomfortable. Added to this has been a development—stimulated by fiber and fabric research during World War II, and encouraged by combat or flying experience with different types of clothes—involving the greater use of apparel in which the layer principle has been used to give warmth



through using two or more light fabrics instead of a single much heavier fabric.

During that war while serving with the Office of Production Management (and later with the War Production Board which replaced it) I was responsible for working out plans for the conservation of textile materials. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, when it looked as if the Australian wool supply might be cut off, it became more necessary than ever to develop garments which were not so dependent on the warmth-giving qualities of wool. Many of us then learned for the first time the full significance of air pockets in contributing to warmth. These air pockets may be obtained in fabrics made of a resilient fiber like wool, or by the "napping" or soft finishing of sufficiently resilient fabrics of other fibers in such a way that the air pockets are not flattened out of existence. The United States Bureau of Standards has used "compressional resilience" as a measure for the warmth of such fabrics (unless a fabric has considerable resilience after compression it will lose its air pockets and thus much of its warmth). Or the air pockets may be obtained by laying one fabric on top of another. Examples of this would be a fleece-lined trench coat or storm coat with a tightly woven outer fabric as a protection against wind, or it might be a sweater with a closely woven jacket outside, or a light top coat with a removable flannel lining.

## V

THE last of the four factors in the revolution in our clothing has been the rapid trend toward the use of man-made fibers. In 1917, when I was in Japan making a study of the possibilities for American investment in Oriental cotton mills, I was presented by a Japanese mill man with a dozen handkerchiefs of a material unlike anything I had ever seen before, though it reminded me of silk. I was told that the material came from wood fiber and was called artificial silk. This was my first introduction to what later became known as rayon. In that year the United States rayon and acetate production was 6½ million pounds, about 16 times what it had been in 1911, when the total poundage was 400,000. By 1951, the production had reached the impressive figure of 1,294 million

pounds, about a quarter as large as the cotton consumption for that year and more than twice as large as the wool consumption. In 1951, the United States accounted for about a third of the world's production of rayon and acetate.

Dresses, women's underwear, hosiery, and other types of apparel too numerous to mention felt the tremendous impact of these new fibers, first produced only in the form of continuous filament yarn ready (or, more strictly, almost ready) for weaving. In its early stages the fabrics primarily affected by the growth of rayon were those of silk or cotton. In the year 1928, however, so-called "staple" fiber, known to the public as spun rayon, first began to appear in the production records—fiber cut into lengths suitable for spinning as well as weaving on machinery designed for cotton, woolen, or worsted, and suitable also for blending with other fibers, natural as well as man-made. Fabrics could then be produced to look less like those of silk or rayon as first known, and more like those of cotton or even wool. As the volume of spun rayon rapidly developed (United States production had reached 336 million pounds in 1951 and world production 1,838 million) new fields were open to conquest, at least in part, such as sport shirts, men's and women's sport coats and jackets, slacks, and suits in the lower-priced classifications.

In the industrial field, high tenacity rayon, despite the desperate efforts of the cotton growers and shippers, had won its way to the extent of a 324 million pound shipment for automobile tires and related purposes in 1951. It has now virtually captured the tire business.

By October 1939, with the appearance on the market of nylon hosiery, a new type of synthetic fiber became an important factor in the "battle of the fibers." The earlier rayon fabrics had been handicapped for certain purposes by their weakness when wet, their unsatisfactory launderability, their lack of resilience, their poor wearing qualities—though they had good qualities also, such as the ability to take dyes well and bring out colors brightly. Also with the rising price of cotton they were priced favorably. The new fibers, such as nylon and others which followed after the war, were strong, whether dry or wet, and being relatively non-absorbent, were quick-drying. The high abrasion resistance of nylon



and its strength gave it long wearing qualities. Fabrics of Dacron—the name under which du Pont is now marketing the English polyester fiber known in England as Terylene—are noted for combining a high degree of resilience with the ability to hold a crease or pleats and to have also good strength. Orlon (of du Pont) and Acrilan (marketed by Chemstrand, an affiliate of the American Viscose Corporation and the Monsanto Chemical Company) are two new acrylic fibers which are becoming increasingly well known through aggressive advertising and publicity campaigns. Usually in their “spun” form, sometimes blended with wool and other fibers, in suits, coats, shirts, socks, and other apparel, these new fibers have achieved a glamor which together with their practical qualities has made the demand far exceed the present supply. The urge to produce new synthetic fibers is spreading rapidly among chemical companies, and a number of still newer fibers are now in process of development. Meanwhile, rayon itself has become stronger and other improvements are in process of development which offer considerable promise for the future.

While the new fibers all have their weaknesses and no one has yet developed an all-purpose fiber, the thought that it is now possible for man to develop fibers and fabrics to fulfill a given function is so stimulating to the imagination that public expectations have reached a new high. What if it is possible to burn a hole in a Dacron suit with a spark from a cigarette? Won't the suit come in from the rain or forty days' wear without pressing (as did a Dacron summer suit of mine) looking just as well as most suits will after a day's wear on a sunny day? What if a shirt made of some of these fibers does feel cold in cool weather and sometimes produces static electricity, or may feel wet and clammy from unabsorbed perspiration in hot weather? It still can be washed and dried in a few hours and seldom needs ironing. The convenience to the harassed housewife who can wash her nylon slip or blouse and find it ready for use in the morning, or to the traveler who can get along for weeks with only one or two shirts, has given these new fibers an appeal which has outweighed some of the difficulties.

Like the men who produced the fabric for “The Man in the White Suit,” many of the

manufacturers who are now using the new fibers in their own products are worrying about their long-lasting qualities—especially in the fields where style changes do not come to the rescue and stimulate replacement before the materials have worn out. A producer of filter fabrics told me that new synthetic fibers had reduced his annual unit volume, and underwear manufacturers have expressed similar concern at the possible ultimate effect of the use of nylon in their garments. Perhaps such worries may be justified in certain cases. Yet a result of savings to the consumer as a consequence of longer wear may be a diversion of the savings into other textile channels.

Despite the rapid growth of public demand created by the development of the new synthetic fibers—other than rayon and acetate—the volume produced is still very small. In 1951, for example, the total poundage of these new fibers produced in the United States was only 210 million, compared to a rayon and acetate production of over 1,250 million. Yet except for an “old-guard” who envisage the ultimate failure of the new and a return to the era when “all wool and a yard wide” was the sole accepted standard of excellence, few unprejudiced observers of the textile scene doubt the continued growth and improvement of man-made fibers. “If you can't beat 'em, join 'em” has now become the slogan of many former doubters who now boast, not of their fabrics of all virgin wool, but of their blends of wool with Dacron, Orlon, Acrilan, Dynel, Vicara, or nylon.

To do justice to the potentialities of these exciting new fibers, and fairly to appraise their advantages and disadvantages, would take a very long book which would be out of date as soon as it was printed. But it takes no great amount of foresight to foretell that they will play an increasing part in our lives.

For the revolution in our clothing continues. The prospect today is that those of us who like to be informal and gay and who lean to comfort and color will find ourselves increasingly in style. Those who prefer lightweight fabrics will have plenty from which to choose. And those who are most intelligent in sizing up the possibilities as well as the limitations of man-made fibers and their blends, and of natural fibers as well, may find themselves more agreeably and conveniently clothed than ever before.



# *England's Country Houses:*

## *A Heritage and a Problem*

*C. V. Wedgwood*

*Drawings by Osbert Lancaster*

**W**E WERE standing on the roof of a battlemented turret, a neo-Gothic addition to the great house whose rambling quadrangles, part Tudor, part Georgian, were geometrically spread out below us. "It costs nearly a thousand pounds a year to keep the roof alone in repair," said the owner; looking down at the expanse of slates and leading, the complicated twistings and corners of gutters and parapets, the excrescences of dormer windows and skylights, I could believe his statement. This was the kind of roof in which every thunderstorm and every snowfall would find out the weak points and send a penetrating trickle of water to rot the great beams, discolor the plaster, and disintegrate the ceilings. Every month would call for new patching and restoring, an unrelenting contest with the weather and the processes of decay.

The owner, a bluff, hearty man in his early sixties, not given to self-pity, made no further allusion to the problems of keeping his property in repair. That was some years ago; he has since abandoned the struggle and sold the house, which has been turned into a school. It still stands graciously among its northern hills, the semblance and the shell of an English country house. It is something that the shell at least has been preserved, but the heart has gone out of it. The faded Aubusson carpets, the Adam chimney piece, and the Chippendale cabinets have disappeared from the great eighteenth-century

drawing room with its five long windows between brocade curtains, giving onto the smooth green lawn. Alien feet tread the naked floor, and the lofty proportions of the room are insulted by row upon row of small, inky desks. Gone from the old library are the Regency bookshelves with their gilt adornments and the calf-bound volumes once collected and cherished by a famous judge. The contents of the house have long since been dispersed by the auctioneer. They were the average contents of a not very famous, not very important English country house—a doubtful Van Dyck, two good Romneys, some indifferent Dutch masters, some fine furniture mostly in poor condition, a four-poster bed in which Bonnie Prince Charlie once slept, some Georgian silver, some valuable books, some good carpets and china, an old suit of armor worn perhaps at the Battle of Naseby, and a great deal of Victorian junk. Nothing outstanding perhaps, nothing very grand, and, once dispersed, of no further interest. Yet, taken all together and in the house itself, when the house was still a home, it added up to something. The good pictures and the bad pictures, the good furniture and the bad, the old part of the building and the not-so-old—they represented a living tradition, a way of life that had been created, had developed from generation to generation; a civilization that had risen, flourished, declined, and is now painfully dying.

*Cicely Veronica Wedgwood is a member of Britain's famous china family and well acquainted with the subject which she discusses above. She is author of a number of books dealing with various aspects of English history and civilization.*



The English country house is a great part of English history but it is a part which has become an anachronism. In a startlingly short period—for it is not fifty years since many of these houses were lively, prosperous, and flourishing—the English country-house life has ceased to be possible.

THE English country house developed from the fortified manor house of medieval times. Toward the close of the middle ages standards of comfort improved and the need for defense ceased to be the only important consideration. Some of the medieval houses have survived. The fourteenth-century Ightham Mote still stands in Kent, a wonderful mingling of gray stone with mellowed brick and fine half-timbering. There is Rufford Old Hall, a timber frame house of the late fifteenth century in Lancashire, Great Chalfield manor in Wiltshire, a late Gothic stone building, or that charming small house called Woodlands a mile or two from Mere, also in Wiltshire, a relic of the thirteenth century with some later additions, a domestic-pastoral poem in gray stone.

From the sixteenth century onward handsome, comfortable mansions came into being in every county of England, built of local materials, using the local craftsmanship. Warm red brick like Wolsey's great palace at Hampton Court or the Italianate Sutton Place in Surrey with its decoration of terra cotta cherubs; golden Cotswold stone like Stanway Hall in Gloucestershire; or the decorative effects of half-timber work like the elaborate Little Moreton Hall at Congleton in Cheshire; sometimes decorated outside with plaster work like the richly embossed Paycockes at Coggeshall in Essex; almost always enriched within by carved woodwork, staircases, and screens.

The first great period of building was checked for a time when, in the middle years of the seventeenth century, Civil War broke out in England between King Charles and his Parliament. Already the need for defense had been so much forgotten that very few of the houses were easily defensible and almost all needed a disproportionately large garrison if they were to be held either for King or Parliament. Short of troops, the King sometimes



*"It cost nearly a thousand pounds to keep the roof alone in repair."*



called on his loyal followers to destroy their houses rather than let them be used for enemy garrisons, and a few devoted loyalists obeyed him. The beautiful Gloucestershire village of Chipping Camden today lacks its crowning glory. It has no great house; the splendid mansion built by Lord Camden in 1610 and said to be one of the loveliest of the time was utterly demolished in 1644 to prevent its falling into the hands of the King's enemies. The huge mansion of Basing House, near Basingstoke in Hampshire was destroyed by the Parliamentarians after a long siege; today only the vast encirclement of its grass-grown walls remains as a mournful record of its disappearance. Some houses were luckier; peaceful Compton Winyates, snug in its Warwickshire hollow with its formal gardens tucked tidily round about it, looks as though it had altogether forgotten the shattering all-night assault once made on its orchard and outhouse walls, and the crack and flash of pistol and musket.

After the Civil Wars, in the peaceful late seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, some of the greatest and noblest, as well as many of the pleasantest and neatest of the English country houses were built or rebuilt—such palaces as Blenheim, home of the Churchills, built for Marlborough by Vanbrugh; or Wentworth Woodhouse, near Sheffield, reputed the largest house in England; or the simple and dignified Aynho Park, in Northamptonshire, which lies on the road from London to Stratford; or that smaller gem of the later seventeenth century, the suavely baroque Coleshill in Berkshire, which, by a malignant stroke of fate, was almost totally destroyed by fire on the night of September 22, 1952—a tragedy for every lover of architecture.

As well as new building there was continuous rebuilding and reshaping of the older houses. Syon House, near London, an old house once a nunnery, was altered by Robert Adam, whose transformation of the typical Elizabethan long gallery into a graceful eighteenth-century library is a major marvel of discreet interior decoration. Lacock Abbey near Chippenham in Wiltshire, an old monastery changed into a dwelling house in Tudor times, was elaborated and improved in the earliest days of the neo-Gothic revival. Longford Castle, outside Salisbury, was built in

Elizabeth's time by a Swedish noblewoman, married and homesick in England, on the plan of a three-cornered Swedish castle. This, too, in the eighteenth century was wonderfully remodeled with the tranquil spaciousness of a later epoch, nothing else in England is quite like this delightful hybrid.

The building, the rebuilding and reshaping, of the little houses no less than the great ones, has left a visible chronicle for later ages to read. The history of taste and of social life over three centuries is written in English domestic architecture, in brick and stone and wood and plaster.

With the alterations in architecture went also alterations in gardens and parks. Trees were planted; avenues and vistas planned; artificial lakes, temples, and summer houses were created. Rare trees and shrubs were introduced. Occasionally, as at Barlaston Hall in Staffordshire, the original stone curb of the flower beds is—or was recently—still to be seen; the flower beds had been designed to repeat and harmonize with the façade of the house and their shapes were permanently laid down by a framework of stone.

IT WOULD be a great mistake to imagine that this almost continuous activity in domestic architecture represented the increasing prosperity of a stable class. The country-house dwellers had their ups and downs, living through religious, political, and social revolution and economic change. The destruction of the monasteries at the Reformation gave the first impetus to country-house building when a new class, their wealth extracted from trade or from the plunder of the great religious houses, established themselves as landowners. The Civil Wars of the seventeenth century ruined some families but enriched others. Trade expansion in the eighteenth century caused a new tide of wealthy merchants—the Nabobs as they were called—to buy out decaying families and to take over and rebuild their houses. The Industrial Revolution added to this steady flow of merchants into the ranks and the houses of the landed gentry a new flood of self-made manufacturers. To become a landowner with a fine house—it was the desired end of every success story. The process went on, through the nineteenth and into the twentieth century. Old families were not always bought





*"They are taken over for . . . institutions of different kinds."*

out. Marriage might do as well: the wealthy merchant's only daughter would save the bankrupt acres of an aristocratic family by marrying the heir. Or the daughter of an ancient family could bestow her impoverished heritage on a bridegroom who had made a fortune in manufacture or trade.

The country house and the life within it survived and developed, whatever the fortunes of individual families. It is true that a few families still survive, whose tradition of tenure runs back four, five, six, seven, even eight centuries. The Lucys have been connected with the property of Charlcombe since the twelfth century, although the house itself is Elizabethan and much rebuilt since. The Comptons have a connection almost as ancient with the property of Compton Wynyates. But these are the exceptions. The civilization of the English country house owed its vitality to its infinite capacity for adaptation. The tradition did not fossilize. Each new generation gave it new life, and whatever the taste or the

politics of the moment the country house remained an important focus of both.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign Sir Philip Sidney composed his *Arcadia* for his sister the Countess of Pembroke at Wilton near Salisbury—the house, much altered, is still there. At Great Tew Lord Falkland and his philosopher friends argued on the green lawns about religion and toleration; at Longleat, the splendid Renaissance mansion near Bath, Bishop Ken wrote his famous hymn, "Awake My Soul." Already in Tudor and Stuart times the country house was important as a meeting place where parties of distinguished guests could comfortably discuss policy or plan those behind-the-scenes maneuvers which may be more important. At Broughton Castle, north of Oxford, Lord Say and Sele (whose family still owns the house) discussed with the leaders of the Puritan party the revolt which limited the

growing power of Charles I. But the eighteenth century saw the country house come into its own as a principal factor in social and political life, and such houses as the Duke of Devonshire's Chatsworth near Chesterfield, the Duke of Bedford's Woburn in Bedfordshire, were centers of entertainment and intrigue. The influence of Holland House (which being in Kensington, then a village near London, combined the virtues of a town and country house) in the opening years of the nineteenth century was famous. The tradition went on into the twentieth century when the alleged political significance of Lord Astor's Cliveden was almost legendary.

Great houses were economic as well as social centers. From the sixteenth to the beginning of the twentieth century they often gave employment to a whole neighborhood and were, according to the character of the owner, a center of local autocracy tempered by benevolence, or of local benevolence tempered by autocracy. The accounts kept by the



stewards of such houses reveal the immense complexity and the hierarchy of their workings. Anything up to a hundred servants and attendants of different degrees might be employed at the household of a great lord, the secretaries and chaplains being frequently poor relations of his own. The great house, often on the flimsiest excuse, could usually find some kind of a job for an impoverished kinsman, and the job might lead to better things. It was at Sir William Temple's Moor Park that the young Jonathan Swift was employed, thus getting his foot on the first rung of the ladder of eighteenth-century preferment—and incidentally meeting the child Esther Johnson, also a dependent living in the house, who became his Stella.

The smaller country houses reproduced the same pattern on a lesser scale; they too were centers of employment and often of charity for the neighboring village, and in them too there was usually room for several impoverished relations or dependents—households such as Fielding has described in *Tom Jones* or Sterne in *Tristram Shandy*.

The fusion of new wealth with old tradition, renewed in generation after generation, kept the English country house comfortably afloat in spite of all the tempests of economic change. The process went on until the beginning of the twentieth century and indeed the sunset of the English country house, the era before the first world war, was almost its most glorious epoch. The railway made country houses more accessible and facilitated weekend parties. Labor was cheap, repairs and improvements were easily made, and wealth, of which there was still a great deal, flowed steadily toward the country houses. This was the epoch in which Sir Julius Wernher restored the beautiful classical Luton Hoo and filled it with priceless art treasures brought from all over the world. This was the period portrayed with such wealth and accuracy of detail in V. Sackville West's novel *The Edwardians*, with its descriptions of the great Jacobean house, Knole, filled with fashionable guests and maintained by a well-disciplined army of servants.

**S**UCH things are scarcely, if at all, possible today. Wealth no longer gravitates toward the country houses. A few can still survive on the reserves of wealth of some

great families but no new blood is infused and the living tradition, even where it can still be maintained, is fast becoming a dead tradition. The old life of the English country house, and with it the houses that created and contained it, has perished not because of decay from within but because it no longer draws strength from the society which surrounds it or has any recognized place in that society.

The reasons for this change are clear. Taxation in Great Britain aims at the maximum leveling of incomes; a spending income of £6,000 a year, for instance, represents a gross income of £100,000 a year. The number of people in England who can command such figures is under a hundred. But the upkeep of a fair-sized country house, it has been estimated, works out at about £6,000 a year—and this is not a figure which covers a luxury standard of living; it covers bare upkeep. The cost of service has nearly quadrupled since the war and the cost of repairs has gone up even more steeply. Furthermore the interruption

*It is, of course, impossible to give the reader a complete list of English country houses in this article. If you would like a list which describes briefly about one hundred and fifty of the most interesting houses and tells you when they are open and how to reach them, you may have it for the asking. Just address your request to TRAVEL, Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.*

in all but essential building during and immediately after the war has left the majority of country houses with heavy arrears of repairs to make up. Dry rot has taken a hold on the beams; damp and decay, coming in through roof cracks or broken windows, have been allowed to progress unchecked; and deterioration of the fabric is rapid and continuous. Owners are thus faced with more and more extensive repairs at a time when the costs continue to rise. The government some years ago recognized the special nature of their problem and appointed a committee to report on the situation; the Gowers Committee (as it was called from its chairman Sir Ernest Gowers) reported in 1950. A principal



recommendation was that the owners of country houses of historic or artistic value should be entitled to substantial tax relief. Two years have gone by but so far nothing has been done.

Meanwhile the bulk of country-house owners fight off an inevitable end by selling the more valuable contents of their houses piecemeal, and every year more of the larger country houses are offered, not always successfully, for sale. They are taken over for schools, hotels, institutions of different kinds. Sometimes the adaptation to a new use is well and gracefully done. The fine neo-Gothic Ashridge in Berkshire with its remarkable gardens makes an admirable home for the Bonar Law Memorial College for training in citizenship. Keele Hall in Staffordshire lends an air of distinction to the very recently founded University of North Staffordshire. But Wentworth Woodhouse, near Sheffield, which boasted some of the most beautiful and elaborate Georgian interior decoration in England is now a teachers' training college and although the palatial structure itself has been preserved, the elegance, beauty, and proportion of the rooms has naturally suffered from adaptation to uses quite different from those for which they were designed. Almost inevitably adaptation to school or office or college use means the breaking up of finely designed rooms and the inevitable deterioration of delicate plaster work even if, in fact, the decorations are not removed and sold separately.

Yet the houses which are preserved in this way are the lucky ones. Many are not suitable for any alternative use—too remote for hotels or guest houses, too inconvenient to be turned into schools or offices. So it happens that an increasing number of houses are ultimately sold to be demolished for the price of the materials. As early as 1921 this was the fate of the beautiful Combe Abbey in Berkshire, once the seat of Lord Craven, and a house incomparably rich in splendid carving and fine pictures. The death roll of the less distinguished, the smaller, and the more remote country houses mounts slowly but surely every year. The fine Georgian mansion of Blatherwycke Hall in Northamptonshire was pulled down in 1948, having deteriorated so much during the war, when it was taken over by the army, that it was too expensive to re-

pair. Of three hundred houses listed in 1939 as being of historic importance, about a dozen have since been demolished; but the casualties among houses of lesser importance, which none the less have charm, tradition, and beauty must be far higher. In spite of the existence in Great Britain of a Ministry of Works and a Ministry of Town and Country Planning—both concerned with the architectural amenities of the land—and in spite of the efforts of larger and small groups of enthusiasts and bodies like the National Trust or the Georgian Group, the destruction goes steadily on. Nor is it always possible to rely even on government help. Many houses taken over in the war for military or other wartime uses deteriorated very considerably; this was excusable at a time of crisis, but houses which have been taken over in peacetime have not always fared well. A case which received a good deal of attention in the press in the summer of 1952 was that of Fitzharris House near Abingdon. This house, which contains interesting sixteenth-century features, was taken over by the Ministry of Supply on the understanding that it would be preserved. It was allowed to deteriorate until the Ministry claimed that it would cost £20,000 to repair, and, since this was too high an expenditure of public money, it proposed to pull it down. Public outcry has gained the house a reprieve and its fate is at present being reconsidered.

By far the most important of the bodies concerned with the preservation of our historic houses is the National Trust, which is concerned with the preservation of "places of historical interest or natural beauty." Country houses are of course not its only concern but its most recent annual report shows that the plight of the country house is at present its principal anxiety.

When an owner gives his property to the National Trust he is allowed to remain in occupation as their tenant on the understanding that he admits the public to his house on certain days. This sounds like the simple solution of the country-house problem, but unfortunately it is not so simple. The National Trust, although it has over thirty thousand subscribers and can count also on the generous help of the Pilgrim Trust, has not enough revenue to be able to accept any house *which is not so endowed as to be vir-*





*"... a civilization that had risen, flourished, declined, and is now painfully dying."*

*tually self-supporting.* This means that it is precisely in the most desperate cases that the Trust can do nothing. One section of the report sums up the tragic situation:

With every month that passes, the plight of hundreds of houses becomes more desperate. Buildings on which our greatest architects, sculptors, and painters have lavished their genius, and which stand high among our country's achievements, are to-day literally falling down; their irreplaceable contents, brought together by successive generations, are being dispersed, their gardens are overgrown; and the surrounding parklands of which they form the central and essential feature are becoming derelict. The owners of these houses continually offer them as gifts to the Trust, but, because they cannot at the same time offer an endowment to maintain them, the Trust is compelled to refuse. This is a tragic position, for refusal is often tantamount to a sentence of death. Decay or demolition follows.

IN RECENT years an increasing number of owners have adopted one obvious means of self-help—that of throwing open their houses to the public for an entrance fee. Before the war a number of houses had already been opened to the public and others could be seen on certain days in the year. It was then usually understood that the entrance fees were in aid of charity. At the present time some few owners are still wealthy enough to arrange for the money to be divided between the upkeep of the house and charitable purposes. But in general it is frankly admitted that the gate money is needed for the house and for nothing else.

It is not unusual—and in smaller houses it is almost the rule—for the owner and his family to receive the money and take visitors round. In some houses visitors are shown through in small conducted parties; at others (which I prefer) they are allowed to wander through the rooms at will. Indeed in one small country house I remember being unable



to find anyone in charge. It was said to be open, and so it was, for the door stood wide and I walked in. I rang a small handbell on a table. No one came. I waited, looking at the carved finials of a fine Jacobean staircase, and some pleasing engravings on the walls. I rang again. Still no one came. In the end I crept discreetly round by myself, left my half crown on the table and departed down the overgrown garden in the unbroken summer silence. But this slightly eerie experience has never been repeated. In general the response to the visiting tourist is friendly and efficient.

Entrance fees vary from a shilling to half a crown. Sometimes an extra charge is made for the garden or park. Sometimes teas are provided in the lofty old-fashioned kitchen, or the empty stables, coach house, or barn, cleverly converted into a restaurant.

Is this then a possible solution to the problem of the future of English country houses? Can they all be turned into self-supporting museums? Unfortunately the answer is no. Only a small number can be saved, or at least preserved for some years longer, by this means. For look at the figures. It is estimated that the maintenance bill of the average fair-sized country house is, as we have noted, £6,000 a year. Forty-eight thousand visitors at half a crown would bring in this sum; but that makes no allowance for the cost of printing a catalogue or guide-book, arranging the house suitably to take a stream of sight-seers and, in the larger houses, paying for extra help in taking visitors around, issuing tickets, and all the other expenses involved in even a modest scheme of this kind.

Only a comparatively small number of houses are both famous enough and accessible enough to draw a truly sustaining stream of visitors. The gigantic Blenheim, with its Marlborough and Churchill connections and its famous pictures, drew 126,000 visitors in 1951, if an estimate published in the press is to be trusted; this figure would appear to be steeply and continuously rising from year to year. The majestic Chatsworth, seat of the Duke of Devonshire and the romantic Had-don Hall, not far off, were visited by approximately 200,000 and 60,000 visitors each in 1952. These two beautiful houses are magnets for a great part of the industrial North and northern Midlands. Hatfield House, the seat

of the Cecils, which is less than an hour's drive from London, draws in the summer week-end crowds of 3,000 and more, as well as the stream of daily visitors. The number of its visitors has risen from 33,000 in 1949 to something over 65,000 in 1952. This very perfect Jacobean house, the seat of a family with a unique tradition of public service since the days of the first Elizabeth, retains in spite of the crowds a profound and impressive historic atmosphere.

In general, however, 20,000 visitors seems a fair average figure even for the better known houses, while the smaller ones, or those which, although famous, are hard to reach seem to attract anything from three to ten thousand sight-seers. The figures, at the present time, are still rising because the idea that an expedition to a country house is a good way of spending a holiday afternoon is becoming widespread. Coronation year moreover is likely to break all previous records. But afterward there will undoubtedly be a regression. Certain houses which, on their opening, attracted the curious from the whole surrounding neighborhood will inevitably, after a year or two, lose this charm of novelty for the local population, and be driven to depend on the tourist traffic chiefly, with a corresponding decline in numbers.

Penshurst Place in Kent, Beaulieu Abbey in Hampshire, Syon House in the suburbs of London, and the numerous fine houses within easy reach of London, like Clandon, Albury, Sutton Place, Parham, Losely Park, Audley End, may find the expedient successful. But the majority of country houses are not in very accessible places, are not situated on roads carrying a stream of holiday and tourist traffic, and their chances of drawing visitors are correspondingly smaller.

Economically this last effort can therefore meet with only very limited success. It has, in the meantime, inestimable advantages for anyone interested in the English country house. In 1951 a list, published by the distinguished British periodical, *Country Life*, gave the names of 161 houses open to the public. Others have been added since then. Such a list includes National Trust houses and some houses which belong to the nation or are otherwise protected, like Sulgrave Manor, the ancient home of the Washingtons in Northamptonshire. But it no doubt ex-



cludes smaller houses which have inadequately notified their opening, or sent the information too late; many other houses are now freely opened on application.

The exterior beauty and interior charm of country houses varies greatly. Some may have within them nothing more than the average accumulation of a moderately cultured and prosperous family over two or three centuries. Others will have collections made by earlier owners—like the North Italian paintings at Compton Winyates, and the fine Dutch collection at Polesden Lacy, the white and summery Regency house near Dorking famous as the home of a great Edwardian hostess, Mrs. Ronald Greville, whose grave is in the garden. The incomparable collections of pictures, ivories, and other treasures at Luton Hoo are an inexhaustible delight. At Audley End, a Jacobean house drastically and rather pompously reshaped in the eighteenth century, one comes suddenly upon an unexpected collection of stuffed birds made by a distinguished naturalist!

Others again are remarkable for presenting an interior which has been little changed since it was first created. Almost first among

these I would put the enchanting Chastleton House near Moreton in the Marsh in Oxfordshire; not only are the plaster work and paneling most beautiful, but the old design of a late Renaissance house, with a parlor for the ladies beyond the great dining hall, and a spacious gallery on an upper floor where exercise could be taken on wet days, has remained unchanged.

It is pleasanter to recall the houses which are still to be seen than to reflect on their uncertain future. The problem can only be effectively tackled at government level. The princely benevolence even of the Pilgrim Trust cannot meet the case, still less can the devoted but piecemeal efforts of individual enthusiasts and owners. The National Trust in its last report has admitted that it stands helpless before an ever enlarging and ever more hopeless task.

Meanwhile for the ordinary member of the public and the visitor from abroad about two hundred ancient and beautiful homes stand open ready for his appreciation. He had better go and see them while he can. Who knows which of them will be standing when next he passes that way?

## *Of Time and the Russians*

A QUIET, unassuming American gentleman was dining with a friend at the Grand Hotel, London, recently, when a loud-mouthed attaché of the Russian Embassy sitting opposite opened out in a tirade of abuse against the English and then the American people. The calm American gentleman leisurely arose and smote the Russian over the head with a glass decanter and followed it up with all the dishes in the immediate vicinity. The Russian cur and his friends beat a hasty retreat and complained to the Ambassador, who advised his countrymen not to monkey with the placid kind of Americans.

—From *The Solid Muldoon*, Ouray, Colorado, August 14, 1885



# Taft-Hartley

## and the Test of Time

*Benjamin Rathbun*

THE signs are multiplying that the silly season on the Taft-Hartley law has closed. The roaring controversy that has raged for more than five years appears to have turned at last toward reality. In a much less harsh atmosphere than that of 1947 when the law was passed, the new Congress is revising the law. Labor has muted its demand for outright repeal and the great majority of the unions have accepted the more moderate amendment process. Although the course of revision will be far from smooth, the bitter hostility that characterized the events of 1947 seems to have evaporated.

The long debate has been a bewildering one. The unions' cry that Taft-Hartley would enslave the workers and the Taft-Hartley advocates' retort that the laboring man in actuality was being liberated from bondage at the hands of the "labor bosses" sounded incredible. The "stuck whistle" hoots and the fierce partisanship were amazing for a while and tedious after that. The sum total of public enlightenment was trifling and for a while there was a dread prospect that the show might go on indefinitely. But since 1951 the chances for a less discordant consideration of the law have been rising. The contestants have begun to seem calmer and the voice of the reasonable man has begun to be heard.

The story began in 1946 with the election of the Eightieth Congress, the first wholly Republican-controlled Congress since

1930. In the background were the United Mine Workers' strikes during World War II; the postwar strike wave in steel, coal, automobiles, and other industries; cumulative public exasperation at the unfair use of boycotts of neutral employers and at irresponsible jurisdictional disputes; and a long campaign against the Wagner Act, a 1935 law requiring employers not to impede unions but providing no counter-checks on labor. The public was primed to support a legislative drive against the unions and Congress was plainly willing.

The unions reacted defiantly. Labor's attitude toward the Eightieth Congress is typified by Dorothy Parker's taunt, "inseparable my nose and thumb." Recommendations of labor's friends, like Senator Morse of Oregon, that labor must co-operate in writing a new law or reap the unhappy consequences were brushed aside. Instead of co-operating, the AFL and CIO endorsed the most minor of amendments and quickly turned their backs on Congress. The AFL hired the big Manhattan advertising firm of Albert Frank-Guenther Law to roll back the legislative tide by the force of full-page ads, a medium hitherto reviled by the unions. The ads featured adroit slogans (Don't Be a NAM Fool!); quotations from Mr. Dooley (the classic definition of the open shop: "No strikes . . . no scales, hardly any wages, an' damn few mimbers") and the phrase "Slave Labor Bill" that shortly was to

*The Taft-Hartley law is no longer the bone of contention that it used to be, but its revision is one of the major tasks of the new administration. Here a Washington journalist takes a long view of its turbulent history and present status.*



become labor's standard curse on the law. But Congress was not impressed. In June 1947 Congress passed Taft-Hartley over President Truman's veto. The new law contained the Wagner Act ban on illegal employer activities and added a series of restrictions on unions. It also set up an eighty-day injunction procedure for use in so-called national emergency strikes.

After Taft-Hartley became law, the labor leaders took over from the ad writers. Four days after Congress overrode the President's veto, Philip Murray, the CIO president, predicted that the law would "reduce the great mass of American workers to depression living standards. . . ." The next day a formal CIO resolution accused the law's backers of attempting "to commit the perfect crime." Congress was trying, according to the CIO, "to destroy labor unions, to degrade living standards, to extinguish and cripple the exercise of basic rights, and forever to prevent the great mass of the people . . . from shaking off the yoke of want and repression."

The AFL held a meeting of representatives of its affiliated unions several days later and drafted its own indictment. As a direct result of Taft-Hartley, the AFL foresaw "the end of sound labor-management relations and the substitution therefor of distrust, suspicion, and class hatred." The law was described as "a slave measure, un-American, vicious, and destructive to labor's constitutional rights."

The censure wasn't limited to black predictions of the future. A brief two weeks after the law's sanctions against unions took effect, the CIO's executive board quickly surveyed the industrial scene and discovered that the "vicious" law already had caused "incalculable harm." A year later the chorus was undiminished. Then AFL called the law "cancerous to the core" and insisted that "it must be repealed entirely." To speed repeal the AFL jumped into full-time political action for the first time in its sixty-four-year history. The CIO also stepped up its program of political action.

**P**RESIDENT Truman's astonishing victory in 1948 appeared to have answered labor's calls for deliverance. Repeal seemed assured. As canny a politico as House GOP leader Joe Martin conceded that the Democrats had the votes to repeal the act.

Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin underwrote this view by assuring the unions that the law would be out of the way by the first of February 1949. The next day he said the first of March (a year later he predicted repeal in 1950 and if not in 1950 in 1951; after that he became silent on the subject).

Labor readily believed the signs. Its post-election jag lasted for six months. But when it was over, Taft-Hartley was still in effect and there was no immediate prospect for change. In the six-month interim since the election the unions had rejected twenty-eight proposed changes sponsored by Senator Taft. The event was made doubly confusing because not only the unions but Taft played down the significance of the amendments. The unions scorned them as appeasement without substance. Taft, who naturally wished to appear no more critical than he had to be about the law bearing his own name, claimed that the changes were "mostly of minor importance."

Despite the smoke screen of de-emphasis the amendments *were* important. Without exception they were designed to meet labor's gripes about the law. Modifications were to be made in the use of the injunction, the ban on secondary boycotts, the restraints on union spending in election campaigns, the national emergency strike provisions, and the restrictions on the unions' rights to discipline their own members. A so-called "union busting" provision destined later for considerable notoriety was to be eliminated entirely. But labor wasn't buying. Labor was backing an Administration bill that repealed Taft-Hartley and reinstituted the Wagner Act with a few changes. When it became plain that labor's game had failed, a Herblock cartoon in the *Washington Post* pictured a grinning cat with Senator Taft's features sitting inside the open door of a canary cage. Nearby were a few tattered feathers representing the remains of the repeal bill. The cartoon bore no caption; none was necessary.

Recalling this entire incident the other day, a leading AFL attorney wondered "how we could have fallen for this all-or-nothing business." He said he could explain it only by the sudden (and completely unjustified) surge of confidence in its political powers felt by labor as the result of the 1948 elections. He said the union leaders convinced themselves that Congress would go along with repeal rather



than risk reprisal at the polls. He added that the unions believed (also quite mistakenly) that Taft-Hartley would make a mighty campaign issue if the repeal drive somehow flopped. If the unions' bill didn't pass, he recalled, the unions promised to make Taft-Hartley repeal "the paramount issue" in the 1950 Congressional elections.

When 1949 and 1950 passed without a line in the law being changed, labor was true to its word. It made opposition to Taft-Hartley repeal the mark of an enemy and prepared to avenge itself at the polls. Senator Taft, running for re-election to the Senate in Ohio, was the most prominent quarry and there were a number of others. The results were shattering to labor's briefly-held belief in its political strength. The returns made it clear that the turn on Taft-Hartley in the next Congress was to be called, not by the unions or the Administration, but by Taft himself. In the afterglow of his smashing victory over labor-supported Joe Ferguson, Taft declared that Taft-Hartley was now "pretty permanently" fixed on the statute books. He also indicated that his enthusiasm for amending the law had cooled. His attitude appeared to be influential. No substantial amendments for revising the law received serious attention in Congress in 1951 and 1952.

**B**y 1951 the political realities were beginning to come home to the unions. Their leaders also began to realize that the emphasis on repeal was misplaced. It was folly to assume that Congress would repeal Taft-Hartley; re-enact the Wagner Act; and straightaway proceed about its other business. Additional amendments were inevitable. The crucial question wasn't repeal or no repeal; it was how many amendments and what kind.

As a result the AFL and CIO began to back slowly away from their insistence on repeal. By December 1952 things had progressed to the point where George Meany, the new AFL president, announced that the AFL was abandoning its demands for repeal. A convention resolution in December also opened the way for ultimate CIO support of the amendment process.

In the pro-Taft-Hartley camp the desire for compromise didn't become conspicuous until General Eisenhower began campaigning in September 1952. Earlier in the year most of

the pronouncements by Taft-Hartley proponents dealt with stiffening amendments to the law. In May, Senator Taft was talking about cutting down the power of the big industry-wide unions. At the GOP convention in July, labor leaders appearing to testify before the platform committee were quickly brushed off. The labor-law plank adopted by the convention praised the Eightieth Congress and Taft-Hartley and languidly indicated that there was no urgency about amendments. *Business Week* reported that at no time during the convention, either in the platform or in the speeches, "was there a gesture or overture to the union chiefs."

The Republican National Committee also helped to inflame labor's sores on Taft-Hartley. It published a cartoon book on Taft-Hartley picturing union leaders as paunchy irresponsibles with an attitude toward the public not unlike that of the Anastasia brothers. A typical sequence showed an inquiring worker at a union meeting being told off by a union officer ("Sit down, wise guy, it's none of your business how we spend your dues"). George M. Harrison, an AFL vice-president, angrily snorted that "the GOP [apparently] considers all labor leaders vicious and unscrupulous and all union members gullible and stupid."

General Eisenhower took the lead in softening the party's approach to labor. At the AFL convention in September he indulged in the severest criticism of Taft-Hartley ever uttered by a high-ranking Republican. He candidly told the AFL delegates that the law "might be used to break unions." He called for eradication of the provision on strikers' rights that he said might result in "union busting." He also pledged himself to a "realistic" policy of amending the law and said he would oppose proposals for weakening unions.

Shortly thereafter Taft revealed that he was still supporting many of his 1949 amendments. He also appeared to have changed his mind about trying to curb industry-wide bargaining. In December Eisenhower made his dramatic move toward a GOP rapprochement with labor by appointing Martin P. Durkin, an AFL official, an anti-Taft-Hartley Democrat, and a supporter of Governor Stevenson, to his cabinet. As a move to overcome labor's congenital distrust of the GOP the appointment seemed a master stroke. In the New



Deal-Fair Deal era, labor was never tempted to desert the Democrats—despite numerous frustrations—because the attitude of the Republicans toward labor was so everlastingly chilly. By his bold snatch of a cabinet member from labor's ranks Eisenhower took the first important step in years to break down this antipathy. The unions were pleased and their delight was trebled by Taft's ill-tempered blast at the appointment.

Union officials began to talk in the most hopeful tones about the incoming regime and the Taft-Hartley question. George Meany flatly predicted no "crackdown on labor. . . ." CIO leaders conferred with the President-elect and reported that the White House door would be open to the unions. James B. Carey, CIO secretary-treasurer, reported that the General had discussed Taft-Hartley "very intelligently" with the CIO chiefs. There were big hurdles ahead but Eisenhower was making progress in his wooing of the union leaders.

## II

TO ATTRIBUTE the frenzied quality of the Taft-Hartley controversy entirely to the labor leaders and to the law's enthusiastic backers is to miss the mark. The debate also was shaped, not only by the rules of politics, which made Taft-Hartley a football of party strife, but also by the length and intricacy of the statute itself.

Professor Charles O. Gregory, probably the country's most lucid writer on labor law, was plainly appalled, when he commenced a chapter on Taft-Hartley, by the complex and legalistic character of the measure. He compared it to "an intricate corporate mortgage, with its various clauses and phrases written in legal lingo and inserted throughout the document in the hope of plugging all possible holes." Gregory has the company of Adlai Stevenson, who likened the law to "a tangled snarl of legal barbed wire." The law's most familiar unofficial subtitle is "the lawyer's full employment act of 1947."

Even the National Labor Relations Board, reconstituted by Congress as an expert agency to expound and administer Taft-Hartley's major sections, has had its troubles in construing the law. The following example of NLRB trying to keep its bearings in a Taft-

Hartley maze comes from one of the board's first important decisions involving the law's ban on union secondary boycotts:

Our dissenting colleagues apparently do not believe that Section 8(b)(1)(A) would be substantially duplicated if Section 8(c) were read into Section 8(b)(4)(A) because temporary injunctive relief under Section 10(1) was not available against Section 8(b)(1)(A) conduct as it is against Section 8(b)(4)(A) conduct, and because no civil suit by an injured party could be brought under Section 303 of Title III for damage sustained as a consequence of acts described as unlawful which also constitute unfair labor practices under Section 8(b)(4)(A). Apart from the fact that Section 8(b)(1)(A) conduct is also subject to temporary injunctive restraint under Section 10(j), it seems unreasonable to assume that Congress would enact a substantive provision, such as Section 8(b)(4)(A), in order to reach certain conduct for the purpose of temporary injunctive relief under Section 10(1). With respect to civil suits for damages under Section 303, that right is available not by virtue of Section 8(b)(4)(A), but because such conduct is specifically made unlawful for the purpose of civil suit by Section 303.

After reading this passage to a convulsed Senate committee, union attorney Gerhard P. Van Arkel sarcastically challenged: "Explain that to a man working in a plant."

This very problem of explaining the law to the workers was recognized by *Business Week* in an oft-quoted editorial. After noting the wild and generalized charges raised against the law by union leaders, the magazine pointed out that their extravagant language should not be interpreted as a confession that there were no valid arguments against the law. The editorial insisted that the unions' "real case was important." The case wasn't made, the editorial explained, because it "was too involved for dramatic propaganda."

The workers and the general public weren't the only ones puzzled and inadequately posted about Taft-Hartley. A *New York Times* reporter who followed the Congressional debate on the law in 1947 says that there "weren't more than one or two members in the House of Representatives who really understood what was in that Act. There have been very strong feelings about that law but there was



really very little information." An inspection of the frequent Congressional exchanges on the law since 1947 indicates that this lack of information is still a serious handicap.

### III

**A** PART from political and legalistic complications what does the Taft-Hartley record show? The most incontrovertible item is that no workers have entered slavery; no unions have been busted; and no "coolie" living standards created as a result of Taft-Hartley in action. Wages have never been higher; more workers are union members than ever before; and union security contracts requiring workers to be union members are becoming the standard thing in industry. Furthermore in the building industry, the most fertile spawning ground for controversies between unions over the right to control the assignments to disputed jobs (jurisdictional disputes), Taft-Hartley forced the unions into setting up effective machinery for solving these disputes.

As for management-union relations in the plant, Taft-Hartley seems to have had only a slight impact. In a series of surveys three out of every four employers reported no discernible effect of the law on bargaining relationships. One labor expert reported never having heard Taft-Hartley mentioned in scores of conversations with management officials and local union officers about their current problems.

Another revealing index of Taft-Hartley's effect is the activity chart of the National Labor Relations Board. Under Taft-Hartley an employer who wants to invoke the law against a union must go to the Board for action. The law doesn't permit an employer to go directly to court seeking an injunction, for example, against a union. Though the employer (or a union) must initiate a case, only the Board is empowered to bring Taft-Hartley's teeth into play. But in the past five and a half years more than 80 per cent of the Board's time has been spent handling cases submitted, not by employers, but by unions. This means holding elections to determine the wishes of employees about unions, running down allegations that employers have behaved illegally toward unions, and prosecuting these charges. In other words, the NLRB

has been spending the greater part of its time under the Taft-Hartley Act administering the labor-endorsed provisions carried over from the Wagner Act.

But the unions claim—and the record supports their position—that the job of signing up unorganized workers became more difficult after Taft-Hartley took effect. The record also shows, however, that the onset of Taft-Hartley and the simultaneous slowdown in the unions' rate of growth were largely coincidental.

The overriding factor behind the unions' sluggish advance in the postwar period was the fact that the principal hunting grounds still open to the unions were the white-collar field and Southern industry. Craft workers and mass-production workers (except in the South) were mostly already unionized.

A look at the problems and high costs of organizing these remaining blocs of the unorganized explains why progress was bound to be slow regardless of Taft-Hartley. White-collar workers and Southern mill hands aren't as ready converts for the unions as craft workers and Northern factory employees. Furthermore the incentive for these workers to join a union has diminished. Today, for instance, the unorganized white-collar workers in an otherwise organized plant get the benefits of unionization without the pangs of dues-paying or the threat of being called upon to strike. Increases won by the union members are followed quickly by increases for the office workers. By a similar practice of timely wage boosts, Southern mill owners helped rebuff the unions' "Operation Dixie."

Labor's repeated assertion that Taft-Hartley by itself has obstructed further union conquests doesn't square with the record. Directly and indirectly the law has been a factor in impeding the efforts of the union organizers but it hasn't been a major factor, even in the South.

### IV

**Y**ET it would be misleading to draw a picture of a powerful union movement living under a law that only incidentally impairs its day-to-day relationships, and that provides government protection for unions in most of the cases that arise. For those who hold up the mirror to the statute



a number of imperfections also will be found in the foreground:

(1) The law has interfered so slightly with labor-management relations only because it has been widely flouted. This development—unhealthy for the future of any law—is principally caused by the ban on the closed shop. Although Taft-Hartley permits a limited form of union shop (requiring workers to join the union or lose their jobs thirty days after being hired), it forbids the closed shop (requiring that only union members or workers given union work-permits be hired). Thousands of written and unwritten union-management agreements, particularly in the building trades, the printing industry, and the maritime industry (but also in other segments of the economy) are clearly illegal under Taft-Hartley. Employers and unions who functioned in pre-Taft-Hartley days under closed-shop contracts have elected to live in sin under Taft-Hartley rather than jeopardize established relationships.

(2) High employment and prosperity have stayed the hand of employers who might otherwise be tempted to use Taft-Hartley for weakening or breaking unions. *Business Week* has offered its judgment that Taft-Hartley “conceivably could wreck the labor movement” if there were a “few million unemployed” looking for jobs. (Since 1947 this minimum requirement for effective anti-union use of the law couldn’t be met.)

But, given a period of economic distress, there is wide agreement that the law could be a devastating anti-union weapon. A strike could be provoked, strikebreakers hired, a new union quietly organized by the strikebreakers, and an election requested from NLRB. In the election held during the strike, the Taft-Hartley provision singled out by President Eisenhower and others as a “union-busting” provision could be invoked. It forbids the striker whose job has been taken by a strikebreaker to vote in the election. With its members forbidden to vote, the striking union stands to lose the election and to be replaced at the struck company by the strikebreakers’ new union. In that event the striking union can be enjoined both from striking and picketing.

It’s a further fact that today there aren’t as many employers who want to beat down unions as there were a dozen years ago, or

even a half dozen years ago. Unhappily the labor leaders, powerfully conditioned by the stormy past, don’t readily accept this situation. As Adlai Stevenson wistfully asked the CIO last December: “How soon will the modern idea that big labor is here to stay . . . pervade the ranks of labor leadership?”

(3) If bad times come, the hobbling effect of several provisions other than the section denying election rights to strikers will become more evident. The damage suits that could wipe out a union treasury as the result of one ill-advised act might be brought into action. The fact that the law expressly insists that the NLRB seek injunctions against unions in numerous cases although there is no parallel mandate in cases against employers might be highlighted more vividly. Added attention might be directed toward the new form of selective “states’ rights” that attempts—in a sly way—to stiffen Taft-Hartley’s rules on union-security contracts. This provision was piled on top of the Taft-Hartley ban on the closed shop and its endorsement of the union shop. It instructs those states with more severe bans on union security than Taft-Hartley—in other words the states that banned both the closed shop and the union shop—to ignore the more lenient provisions of the federal law. Texas, with a law forbidding all forms of union security, is thus, by implication, patted on the head and encouraged to treat the unions more drastically than the Eightieth Congress quite dared to do directly. But New York, whose law permits all forms of union security, is ordered to abide by the stricter federal statute.

(4) Dr. George W. Taylor, one of our senior statesmen in labor relations, also points out that Taft-Hartley puts the country a short step down the road toward government dictation of what goes into the employer-union contract. Taylor notes that the law regulates contract provisions on union security, the method of paying union dues, and pensions and other employee welfare plans.\* History shows, he says, that the tendency is to advance down this path instead of retreating. For example, if employers succeed in getting the government to regulate union security, the unions subsequently might persuade the government to compel the payment of a guaranteed annual wage.

(5) Although a great part of Taft-Hartley



must be treated tentatively either because of insufficient experience or because of the lack of final judicial interpretations, an authoritative verdict of "no darn good" already has been returned on the law's plan for dealing with strikes that endanger the national safety. Every informed observer concedes the extraordinary difficulty of legislating on emergency disputes but the emphatic conclusion is that a far more effective shield against these strikes is possible.

The fundamental feature of the Taft-Hartley method is the use of an eighty-day injunction against emergency strikes. During the eighty-day period the contending parties are to "cool off" and negotiate a settlement of their differences. But Cyrus S. Ching, the government's chief mediator from 1947 to 1952 and the official closest to the operation of the emergency section during that period, has concluded that the "cooling off" idea hasn't worked out in practice. In most cases the "cooling off" period has become a "warming up" period, Ching observes. The "cooling off" system "tends to delay rather than facilitate settlement of a dispute," according to Ching. William H. Davis, the War Labor Board chairman in World War II, calls the eighty-day procedure "the worst possible thing for cooling off people."

Davis also has noted the belief of many people that Taft-Hartley somehow offers the country real protection against emergency strikes. He wryly said he was reminded of "a story of the newsboy in New York who said to his customer one morning: 'Mister, you should have been down here last night, we had a wonderful time. There was a fire in the building over here and there was a fellow on the ledge of the fifteenth-story window and smoke was pouring out and flames were licking over him, and the gang was down in the street and we yelled to him; 'Jump, we have a blanket; we will catch you.' And I had to laugh, the guy jumped and we didn't have no blanket.'"

## V

**I**N 1935, when the Wagner Act was passed, labor was comparatively feeble, particularly in the mass-production industries where it was engaged in a bitter struggle with

management. The failure of the government to step in on labor's side might have opened the way for a full-blown industrial civil war. However, the government did intervene and its influence was decisive. By 1947 labor was an authentic power and the Wagner Act was in need of a face-lifting.

In accomplishing this chore the Eightieth Congress for the most part struck at the problems requiring legislative attention. Consideration of national emergency strikes, secondary boycotts, strikes against NLRB rulings, and jurisdictional disputes definitely was necessary. But in some instances where a scalpel was required, Congress impatiently used a bludgeon (for example, its sweeping bans on the closed shop and on union secondary boycotts went too far). In some cases the draftsmanship was bad. Particularly in the House, a strong anti-union animus informed the debate and was encouraged by the unions' we-won't-play attitude.

But Taft-Hartley also was supported by respected moderates like Senator Irving Ives of New York, Senator George Aiken of Vermont, Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, and Representatives Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, Albert Gore of Tennessee, Wright Patman of Texas, Clifford Case of New Jersey, and Brooks Hays of Arkansas. This group thought a new law necessary and concluded that Taft-Hartley was the best compromise obtainable.

Even now a precise verdict on Taft-Hartley isn't possible. Professor N. P. Feinsinger summarized the difficulty most aptly by noting that Taft-Hartley was the product not only of "anger, confusion, and compromise, but also of considerable idealism." The law remains a mixture of the beneficial and the harmful.

Today, in a less bitter atmosphere than that of 1947, the new Administration has an opportunity to overhaul Taft-Hartley while the mischief in the law is still largely quiescent. The task now under way involves the drafting of effective amendments, preferably in collaboration with labor and management, and persuading the two dominant figures of the Eightieth Congress, Senator Taft and Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, that the amendments are worth backing. Except in the field of foreign policy the new regime has few more demanding assignments.



# Indigenous Girls

A Story by  
Donald R. Depew

*Drawings by Grisha*

ARMY life in a headquarters has its advantages, and mine were Miss Pok and Miss Kim. I thought of them at first as "the little girls," and later as "my girls." They weren't quite five feet tall. Both girls said they were eighteen; the Army does not hire indigenous laborers under that age.

They spoke a few words of English, and I knew only a little market Korean, but with that, some pidgin-Japanese, and a great deal of pantomime on my part we understood each other.

The first day Miss Kim came in she looked too frightened to speak. A Korean interpreter from the labor office led her into the room. He bowed. "Sar-jent," he said with a wide grin, "I present to you Typist Kim. This intelligent girl goes to school altogether four weeks for the typewriter. All graduates of school, number one. You try." He gave a light, gracious laugh for me, then hissed at the girl and turned her by the shoulders so that she faced an empty typewriter.

She stood staring at the floor, where the snow was melting from her canvas shoes. The Army typist and the two file clerks were enjoying the diversion.

"Four weeks?" I asked, thinking the interpreter had mistaken his word. "She couldn't learn typing in four weeks."



"Yess, yess," he smiled with delight, "she learn all letters on typewriter very good. Number one school," he assured me sincerely.

The Captain walked out of the inner office with his overcoat on. "That's right, Sergeant. When these Korean girls decide they want a job with the Army, they go to school for a few weeks, learn the keyboard, and think they're ready to work. You'll have to make typists out of the ones we get, if they stay on the job long enough. Try her on a copying job, and if she can do that we'll keep her." He bent toward the motionless girl. "What's your name?" he asked as to a child. "You name hava-yes?"

"Kim," I said, while the interpreter smiled, "Yess, yess, Typist Kim."

"Give her a try," the Captain said, leaving. "If she can copy, keep her."

The girl still faced the typewriter, showing black braids and the high corner of a red cheek. Her wet shoes were in a little puddle of melted snow.

"Take off your jacket, Kim," I said. "Will you type something for me?" There was no response. I picked up a letter from my desk. "Kim, you can copy this?" The interpreter said something to her with many harsh gutturals.



She flashed a glance up from brown eyes, and in an almost inaudible high voice she corrected me: "Miss Kim." Then, terrified, she snatched the letter and ran light-footed to the typewriter. I never knew, after that, just how much English she understood.

Miss Pok came in that afternoon with the same interpreter and his same recommendation. The eyes of the two girls locked in gratitude, each for the presence of the other, and instantly they were friends and allies in the face of the United States Army. Miss Pok was more frightened and more candid than Miss Kim. She glanced at the typist and the clerks, and then fastened her unblinking gaze on me. "I go to school," she said slowly. "I now . . . number ten type . . . but soon . . .

I learn." She held her breath and stood awkwardly, conscious of being watched.

Miss Pok tried copying a letter, and in less than a minute she stopped and sat tensely with her hands in her lap, crying noiselessly. I sent my three men out for a coffee break and left her alone. Soon she came to my desk with her copy of the letter and said softly, "All now. I am sorree."

IT TOOK a week, with all of us trying, to get the girls over their fright, and another week to get them to laugh. Even the Captain helped now and then; he had three girls at home. When the office wasn't busy we made clumsy attempts to learn Korean words, with the help of a dictionary. We taught them words in German and Spanish; we discovered that a *Dummkopf* in German is a *pahbo* in Korean. One of the clerks taught them tick tack toe, and they beat him easily. We made something close to pets of them; we told them that they were number one girls, and they shyly assured us that they were number ten girls. There were times, at last, when I had to say, "Too much *tok-san* yakkity yak," and then a thick, abashed silence drowned the office until one of us opened a bag of popcorn or peeled an orange and passed the sections around.

The girls became personalities to us. Miss Pok was the leader. She was quicker to grasp a new problem, more eager to learn English and Western ways; Miss Kim was the more meticulous worker, and the more charming in her pretty reticence. Miss Pok asked many questions about Americans, and had a quick understanding of our explanations in Army slang, tortured Korean, and ridiculous sketches. Miss Kim startled us occasionally with a quick, brilliant imitation of the mannerisms of some American, then





ran from the room in a modest panic at what she had done. But both girls took their jobs with grave earnestness. They would spend a day recopying one page, letter by letter, rather than give it to me with an error. When they finished each job we exchanged multilingual thank-you's, not-at-all's, apologies, disclaimers of merit, and polite self-recriminations.

Once, on Miss Kim's second unsuccessful attempt at a letter, I tried to relieve her disappointment by saying, "Very good letter. Number one job, but one mees-take," and I showed it to her.

"Oh," she whispered.

"Close, but no cigar."

"Cee-gar?" she questioned sadly.

"Ah, you don't know cigar. Miss Pok, you understand cee-gar?"

"*Anway me-on-homneedah*, I am sorree," she said. "Dictionary?"

"No dictionary." They remembered words better when we worked them out. "You understand cigarette?" Both girls said, "Ah," and smiled. They had probably handled cartons of them; cigarettes as currency were second only to military scrip. "Okay. Cigar *tok-san* cigarette, very big cigarette, all brown."

"Ahhh," came a dual relieved sigh of comprehension.

I drew a picture and showed it to them. "Yess, I understand," Miss Kim fluted, and sketched in a glowing tip and a column of smoke.

"Okay. You number one. Now, you understand no cigar? Cigar *upsaw*?"

"I understand very good," said Miss Pok, while Miss Kim said, "Yess," with a look that wondered how anyone could fail to understand "no cigar."

"Okay. Now, in America we have carnival. You don't know carnival. Is big place with many tents. You know tent?" I made a shape with my hands, and they understood; they had seen hundreds of them. "Many people go to big place; in tents they play games."

"Carnival," they whispered to each other, trilling the "r", ecstatic that the strange Americans should have such a common thing as a carnival.

"Good, *chowah*. Now: One game, you pay ten cents, you get three balls." I cupped my hands together. "Throw three balls," with

the motion, "at hole in wall. Man put head in hole. Okay?"

They were aghast. "Head hurt!"

"Head not so hurt," I reassured them. "Very long distance, not so heavy ball. Also, man take head away."

They giggled with relief. They were all on the side of the man with his head in the hole.

"Okay. Now if you hit head, then you get cigar. You understand?" They did. "You no hit head, no cigar."

They gave soft screams of delight. "No cee-gar!"

"But," I shook my finger slowly, "if you almost hit head—if you hit very close to head, you understand?—" They did. "Then they say, 'Close, but no cigar.'"

They got it; they shot gleeful bursts of Korean chatter at each other and giggled in delight. But Miss Kim sobered with tragic suddenness. She picked up the letter.

"I close, but no cee-gar. I am sorree. I number ten girl. I *pahbo*."

"Ah, no! You no understand yet. You listen; if you get cee-gar, you number one girl. Okay?"

"Yess," she whispered woefully.

"You close but no cee-gar, then you number two girl. You not close, no cee-gar, you number three. But maybe you throw ball in back, maybe you hit somebody else, you hit old lady stand behind, then you number ten girl."

It was a new concept, but they had stayed right with me. "Hit old lady, then I number one hundred girl," Miss Pok decided soberly, and then the giggles rippled out. But Miss Kim's laughter was controlled, and she backed away with the letter. "I now *tosh-chigun*," she said quietly. "No more mees-take."

After that, when they had done something particularly well, I held out a pack of cigarettes to them and said, "You number one. Cee-gar!" and they ran from the room in unbearable laughter, which was their highest expression of joy.

A GIFT of an apple or an orange, accompanied by the formula "Presento you," and "Ohh, denk you!" made a daily bright spot. We all knew that the Army paid its indigenous laborers just enough for food to continue working, and we made our small illegal gifts from the mess hall as regularly as we could. The Captain had explained to me





once, "These Koreans can get along forever on a diet that would kill an American in a month." With his pride in the delicacy of Americans, he did not approve of friendship with indigenous laborers. But he liked our girls, and he chose never to become aware of our gifts to them. Miss Pok, hesitantly, offered him a section of her first orange, but "Oh, no thanks," he said quickly, "I get them in the mess hall. Army plenty oranges hava-yes. I eat Army orange, you eat Korean orange."

Once in the spring I received a package of food from home. It had been mailed six weeks earlier, and contained such winter treats as powdered coffee, bouillon cubes, tea bags, and cocoa powder.

Toward the end of the day I made two small heaps of these rarities on my desk and called the girls. "Presento you," I said, pushing one pile toward Miss Pok, "and presento you," moving the other to Miss Kim.

Each girl gasped, stepped back, and put a hand over her mouth. A sibilant burst of Korean broke from both at the same time, then as one they were sorrowfully silent.

"You no like?" I asked. "*Sirri-aw?*"

"Is too much," said Miss Pok, while Miss Kim breathed a troubled moan. "Why you do?"

"I cannot use. Is for cold times. Must have hot water, but I hava-no hot water. Water towah upsaw. You must take to family."

In the end I convinced them, and they put the food into the little square kerchief-wrapped bundles that they carried on the street. "*Ote-keh?*" asked Miss Pok, "What shall I do?"

"My mother denk you," Miss Kim said. "My father denk you. My brother denk you. My sister denk you. You number one."

"Everybody welcome," I assured them. "I number ten."

THE next morning I came in after the girls had arrived and asked Miss Pok what she had in her kerchief. It looked like a square box, and was sitting on the floor in the corner. Miss Pok raised her eyebrows and smiled in pleasure. "That for later," she said. Miss Kim clapped her hands in that awkward, maidenly manner, pushing them together with her elbows extended horizontally. The girls jabbered swiftly to each other and giggled. We had a surprise coming.

It was a busy morning. The pressure didn't let up until nearly eleven, when the Captain left the office to talk with the Adjutant. Miss Kim appeared beside my desk, all broken out in a smile. She clapped her hands and said, "Sargee, pleas-a you," which meant I had to go to her table to see something.

Miss Pok had three boxes of big red strawberries lined up in front of her typewriter, and she stood there with a smile just rising on her face, waiting for my surprise.

One of the clerks, beside a filing cabinet, watched with no expression.

Miss Kim opened her kerchief and pulled out a folded paper, which she opened beside the boxes. She had brought the sugar. The



two breathless producers waited for their effect.

The clerk and I stared at each other for a second, trying to delay what was going to happen. We put on big grins and used the ritual phrase, "Oh boy, strawberries!"

The girls, reassured, chorused, "Oh bo-ee," which was one of their favorite words, and waited for us to try them.

The pause stretched out, and I had to begin, "Miss Pok and Miss Kim: These number one strawberries. You very number one girls. But now you listen. . . ."

The Captain and the Adjutant stood in the door with clear faces, as though they might want to join in the fun. They became serious when they saw the three boxes. "Are those indigenous strawberries?" the Captain asked, and no one answered, because in the silence he knew that they were.

Miss Pok piped up determinedly, pointing to the inner office, "One box in there, two box here. Everybody eat." She knew she was carrying the whole burden of enthusiasm.

The Sergeant Major and my typist chose that moment to walk in, and they joined the group standing around the berries. "Are they native grown?" the Sergeant Major asked, and the Captain said that they were. The newcomers shook their heads.

"Why everybody not eat?" Miss Pok asked. She sat down on a chair in the corner. Miss Kim stood beside her.

"They sure do look good," said the Sergeant Major, "but I wouldn't touch them. You know what higher headquarters says."

So I picked out a strawberry and held it in the sunlight and said loudly, "They look wonderful. I haven't had a strawberry since I left San Francisco."

The Adjutant's tone was low and quick. "Eighth Army has a medical circular out about that, you know. Indigenous restaurants and indigenous food."

"That's right," the Captain agreed uneasily. "Really?" I said.

"You know how they grow things over here."

I said, "I don't see much to choose between bovine fertilizer and human. You're eating the plants, not the soil."

The Adjutant became cold at my tone. "The cows in the States are injected, and they're healthy. Cows back home are cleaner than these people."

Miss Pok was sitting in the corner looking at the floor, and her big warm cloud was lying around her feet like frost. I held up the strawberry and said, "Very good, Miss Pok, *very* good," and when she glanced up I ate it.

The Captain made a good try. "I'm going to take mine back to the mess hall and have them sliced up and eat them with sugar and cream. You understand slice?" He made a slicing motion with his hand. Miss Pok and Miss Kim looked at him briefly. The Adjutant walked out stiffly, and the Sergeant Major followed him. The Captain went into his office.

The clerk and I stood there eating strawberries, dipping them in the sugar and enjoying them as visibly as possible, but Miss Pok wouldn't look up.

Miss Kim joined in after a while and ate with us, piling sugar high on her berries. The clerk said that he was full. The shy Miss Kim urged Miss Pok to have some; but the eager Miss Pok, having spent her pay for three boxes of strawberries to make a picnic, wouldn't eat them. Miss Kim, a little reluctantly, profited by the chance to shine alone.

Miss Pok stood up and tried to put the third box of strawberries in my pocket, saying, "Only you eat."

"Captain's strawberries," I told her. "He eat at mess hall."

"Captain no want. Only you eat," and she walked out of the room.

That afternoon Miss Pok didn't come to work. "She say head hurt," Miss Kim explained in her high, frightened voice. "She go to house, sleep."



# Little Men and Flying Saucers

*Loren C. Eiseley*

**T**ODAY as never before, the sky is menacing. Things seen indifferently last century by the wandering lamplighter now trouble a generation that has grown up to the wail of air-raid sirens and the ominous expectation that the roof may fall at any moment. Even in daytime, reflected light on a floating dandelion seed, or a spider riding a wisp of gossamer in the sun's eye can bring excited questions from the novice unused to estimating the distance or nature of aerial objects.

Since we now talk, write, and dream endlessly of space rockets, it is no surprise that this thinking yields the obverse of the coin: that the rocket or its equivalent may have come first to us from somewhere "outside." As a youth, I may as well confess, I waited expectantly for it to happen. So deep is the conviction that there must be life out there beyond the dark, one thinks that if they are more advanced than ourselves they may come across space at any moment, perhaps in our generation. Later, contemplating the infinity of time, one wonders if perchance their messages came long ago, hurtling into the swamp muck of the steaming coal forests, the bright projectile clambered over by hissing reptiles, and the delicate instruments running mindlessly down with no report.

Sometimes when young, and fossil hunting in the western badlands, I had thought it might yet be found, corroding and long dead, in the Tertiary sod that was once green under the rumbling feet of titanotheres. Surely, in the infinite wastes of time, in the lapse of suns and wane of systems, the passage, if it were possible, would have been achieved. But the bright projectile has not been found and now, in sobering middle age, I have long since ceased to look. Moreover, the present theory of the expanding universe has made time, as

we know it, no longer infinite. If the entire universe was created in a single explosive instant a few billion years ago, there has not been a sufficient period for all things to occur even behind the star shoals of the outer galaxies. In the light of this fact it is now just conceivable that there may be nowhere in space a mind superior to our own.

If such a mind could exist, there are many reasons why it could not reside in the person of a little man. There is, however, a terrible human fascination about the miniature, and one little man in the hands of the spinner of folk tales can multiply with incredible rapidity. Our unexplainable passion for the small is not quenched at the borders of space, nor, as we shall see, in the spinning rings of the atom. The flying saucer and the much publicized little men from space equate neatly with our own projected dreams.

## II

**W**HEN I first heard of the little man there was no talk of flying saucers, nor did his owner ascribe to him anything more than an earthly origin. It has been almost a quarter of a century since I encountered him in a bone hunter's camp in the West. A rancher had brought him to us in a box. "I figured you'd maybe know about him," he said. "He'll cost you money, though. There's money in that little man."

"Man?" we said.

"Man," he countered. "What you'd call a pygmy or a dwarf, but smaller than any show dwarf I ever did see. A mummy, too, a little dead mummy. I figure it was some kind of bein' like us, but little. They put him in the place I found him. Maybe it was a thousand years ago. You'll likely know."

Our heads met over the box. The last



paper was withdrawn. The creature emerged on the man's palm. I've seen a lot of odd things in the years since, and fakes by the score, but that little fellow gave me the creeps. He might have been two feet high in a standing posture—not more. He was mummified in a crouching position, arms folded. The face with closed eyes seemed vaguely evil. I could have sworn I was dreaming.

I touched it. There was a peculiar, fleshy consistency about it, still. It was not a dry mummy. It was more like what you would expect a natural cave mummy to be like. It had no tail. I know because I looked. And to this day the little man sits on there, in my brain, and as plain as yesterday I can see the faint, half-smirk of his mouth and the tiny black hands at his sides.

"You can have it for two hundred bucks," said the man. We glanced at each other, sighed, and shook our heads. "We aren't in the market," we said. "We're collecting, not buying, and we're staying with our bones."

"Okay," said the man, and gave us a straight look, closing his box. "I'm going to the carnival down below tonight. There's money in him. There's money in that little man."

I think it may have been just as well for us that we made no purchase. I have never liked the little man, nor the description of the carnival to which he and his owner were going. It may be, I used to think, that I will yet encounter him before I die, in some little colored tent on a country midway. Once, in the years since, I have heard a description that sounded like him in another guise. It involved a fantastic tale of some Paleozoic beings who hunted among the tree ferns when the world was ruled by croaking amphibians. The story did not impress me; I knew him by then for what he was: an anomalous mummified still-birth with an undeveloped brain.

I never expected to see him emerge again in books upon flying saucers, or to see the "little men" multiply and become so common that columnists would take note of them. Nor, though I should have known better, did I expect to live to hear my little man ascribed an extra-planetary origin. There is a story back of him, it is true, but it is a history of this earth, and of all unlikely things it involves that great man of science, Charles Darwin, though by a curious, lengthy, and involved route.

### III

MEN have been men for so long that they tend to take the fact for granted. All their experience tells them that their children will precisely resemble themselves; that kittens will become cats and cats will have kittens, and that even caterpillars, though the pattern seems a little odd, will become butterflies, and butterflies will produce caterpillars. It is so habitual an event that we do not stop to ask why this happens, nor to consider that this amazing precision in results implies a strange ordering of life in a world we often think is chanceful and meaningless.

A few wise men since the time of the Greeks have found it a source of wonder, but they have been a minority. Most people have shrugged and spoken indifferently of the gods, or contented themselves, as the Christian world for so long did, with the idea of special creation of each species. Nevertheless the wise ones kept on wondering.

They found, as they began their first groping attempts to classify and arrange the living world, that in spite of the assumed individual creation of every living species by the supernatural intervention of divine power, a basic similarity of structure existed among many forms of life. This was a remarkable thing to find among supposedly individual creations. Offhand one would say that a much greater degree of spontaneous novelty would have been possible. In fact, man once innocently believed himself part of such a creation. The fabulous animals of the ancient bestiaries, the mermaids, griffins, and centaurs, not to mention the men whose ears were so large that their owners slept in them, would have been the natural, spontaneous products of such uncontrolled, creative whimsy.

But there was the pattern: the ape and the man with their bone-by-bone correspondence. The very fact that one can add a plural to the word *reptile* and so suggest anything from a Brontosaurus to a garter snake shows that a pattern exists. Birds all have feathers, wings, and claws; they are a common class in spite of their diversities. They have been pulled into many shapes, but there is still an eternal "birdliness" about them. They are built on a common plan just as I share mammalian characters with a small mouse who inhabits



my desk drawer. This is hard to account for in a disordered world, so that recently, when I came upon this mouse, trapped and terrified in the wastebasket, his similarity to myself rendered me helpless, and out of sheer embarrassment I connived in his escape.

Now so long as these remarkable patterns could be observed only in the living world around us they occasioned no great alarm. Even after Cuvier, in 1812, made a magnificent attempt to reduce the forms of animal life to four basic blueprints or "archetypes" of divergent character, no one was particularly disturbed—least of all from the religious point of view. In the words of one great naturalist, Louis Agassiz, "This plan of creation . . . has not grown out of the necessary action of physical laws, but was the free conception of the Almighty Intellect, matured in his thought before it was manifested in tangible external forms."

It was not long, however, before *pattern*, the divine blueprint, first recognized in the existing world, was extended by the geologist across the deeps of time. The animal world of the past was in the process of discovery. It proved to be a world of strange and unknown beasts, and it was a world without man. Curiously enough, it was soon learned that extinct animals could be fitted into the broad classifications of the existing world. They were mammals or amphibia or reptiles, as the case might be. Though no living eye had beheld them, they seemed to mark the continuation of the divine abstraction, the eternal patterns, across the enormous time gulfs of the past.

The second fact, that man had not been discovered, was a cause for dismay. In the man-centered universe of the time, one can appreciate the anguish of the Reverend Mr. Kirby discovering the Age of Reptiles: "Who can think that a being of unbounded power, wisdom, and goodness, should create a world merely for the habitation of a race of monsters, without a single, rational being in it to serve and glorify him?" This is the wounded outcry of the human ego as it fails to discover its dominance among the beasts of the past. Even more tragically, it learns that the world supposedly made for its enjoyment has existed for untold eons entirely indifferent to its coming. The chill vapors of time and space are beginning to filter under the closed door of the human intellect.

IT WAS in these difficult straits, in the black night of his direst foreboding, that the doctrine of geologic prophecy was evolved by man. For fifty years it would hold time at bay and in one last great effort, its proponents, by clever analogies, would attempt to extend the human drama across the infinite worlds of space; it echoes among us still in the shape of the little men of the flying saucers. No braver mythos was ever devised under the cold eye of science.

In an old book from my shelves, Hugh Miller's *The Testimony of the Rocks*, I find this passage: "*Higher still in one of the deposits of the Trias we are startled by what seems to be the impression of a human hand of an uncouth massive shape, but with the thumb apparently set in opposition, as in man, to the other fingers.*"

There is only one way to understand this literature. The biologists of the first half of the nineteenth century had recognized that the unity of animal organization descends into past ages and is observable in forms no living eye has beheld. It was, they believed, an immaterial, a supernatural line of connection. They refused to see in this unity of plan an actual physical relationship. Instead they read the past as a successive series of creations and extinctions upon a divinely modifiable but consistent plan. "Geology," said one writer, "unrolls a prophetic scroll, in which the earlier animated creation points on to the later."

It is in the light of this philosophy that the hand, "massive" and of "uncouth shape," must be interpreted. It foreshadows, out of that slimy concourse of sprawling amphibians and gaping lizards, the eventual emergence of man. Splayed, monstrous, and mud-smeared, it haunts the future. That it is the footprint of some wandering salamandrine beast of the coal swamps may be granted, but it is also a vertebrate. Its very body forecasts the times to come.

It would be erroneous, however, to conceive of salamanders as being the major preoccupation of our geological prophets. They scanned the anatomy of fishes, birds, and reptiles, seeking in their skeletons anticipations of the more perfect structure of man. If they found footprints of fossil bipeds it was a "sign" foretelling man. All things led in his direction. Prior to his entrance the stage was



merely under preparation. In this way the blow to the human ego had been softened. The past was only the prologue to the Great Play. Man was at the heart of things after all.

It was a strange half century, as one looks back upon it—that fifty years before the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. It was dominated by a generation that saw the world as a complex symbolic system pointing in the direction of man, who was foreknown and prefigured from the beginning. Man, who comes last, is the end of this strange cycle. With him, in the eyes of many of these thinkers, the process ceases and no further changes in the world of life are to be expected. Since the transcendental "evolutionists" were man-centered, questions involving divergent evolution and adaptation did not come easily to their minds. Working with an immaterial and abstract Platonic concept, it was inevitable that they should seek to extend their doctrine across the wilds of space. Because the pattern was capable of modification, the possibility of the existence of small men, large men, or men of different colors upon other planets did not trouble them, but men they ought to be. There was little comprehension of the fact that man had acquired his particular bodily structure and upright posture through a peculiar set of evolutionary circumstances, not easily to be duplicated.

#### IV

THE theory of the plurality of worlds is a very ancient one; that is, the notion that the lights seen elsewhere in space may be bodies like that which we inhabit. After the rise of the Copernican astronomy and the growing realization that our earth is part of a planetary system revolving around a central sun, it was often contended by philosophers that the other stars seen in space must be similar suns with similar planetary satellites.

Quarrels arose between those who believed God's power infinitely and creatively extended among the stars, and those who regarded it as heresy and dangerous to Christian belief to imply that the infinite mind might be concerned with more than the beings of this planet. It was a struggle heightened by an enormous extension of man's vision into the worlds of the infinitely far and the infinitely small, the telescope and the microscope hav-

ing momentarily stunned the human imagination. Some clung frantically to the little tight-fenced world of the Middle Ages, refusing to acknowledge what these instruments revealed. Others, with greater willingness to accept the new, tried, nevertheless, to equate what they saw with old beliefs and to elaborate an "astrotheology."

In the fifties of the last century there was a great outburst of interest in the possibility of life on other worlds. The recently discovered life history of our own planet and improvements in astronomical apparatus had all excited great interest on the part of a public wavering in its loyalty between old religious dogmas and the new revelations of science. Speculation, in many instances, was roaming far in advance of actual observation.

"The inhabitants of Jupiter," wrote William Whewell in 1854, "must . . . it would seem, be cartilaginous and glutinous masses. If life be there it does not seem in any way likely, that the living things can be anything higher in the scale of being, than such boneless, watery pulpy creatures. . . ."

This remark is not intended as merely innocent theorizing. In this work, the *Plurality of Worlds*, Whewell indicates his definite opposition to the idea that the other planets, or the more remote worlds in other galaxies, are inhabited. At best he is willing to grant the existence of a few gelatinous creatures such as he mentions in the above passage, but that man is to be found elsewhere, he denies. He argues that there are superior and inferior regions of space. Man, preceded by endless eons of lower creatures in time, is yet a superior being. He calls attention to the fact that "the intelligent part of creation is thrust into the compass of a few years, in the course of myriads of ages; why not then into the compass of a few miles, in the expanse of systems?" On this earth a "supernatural interposition" has introduced man; the planet is unique.

Whewell's essay generated a storm of discussion. His was not the popular side of the controversy. Sir David Brewster countered with a volume significantly titled *More Worlds Than One*, in which he bluntly asserts: "The function of one satellite must be the function of all the rest. The function of our Moon, to give light to the Earth, must be the function of the other twenty-two moons



of the system; and the function of the Earth, *to support inhabitants*, must be the function of all other planets." He dwells on the "grand combination" of "*infinity of life, with infinity of matter*."

Brewster, moreover, calls attention to the invisible domain revealed by the microscope and argues from this that God has all along been attentive to forms of life of which we had no knowledge. So intriguing became the relativity of size that one author even produced a work whose subtitle bore the query *Are Ultimate Atoms Inhabited Worlds?* Stories like Fitz-James O'Brien's "The Diamond Lens," or Ray Cummings' "The Girl in the Golden Atom," stem from such thought.

ANOTHER writer, William Williams, in *The Universe No Desert, the Earth No Monopoly*, strikes more directly at the heart of the argument. He invokes geological prophecy and extends it directly across space: "The archetypal idea of man, revealed in the lower vertebrated animals, proves God's foreknowledge of man's existence; and it equally applies to vertebrates on Jupiter or Neptune as to those on the Earth; and still farther, to the Universe, as these animals were within its precincts."

Williams was not the first nor the last man to utter these sentiments but he did so with a fierce singleness of purpose. The life plans were immanent, prophetic, and immaterial. They could thus be projected across space. Why, he argues with the same horror that the Reverend Mr. Kirby had exhibited toward the Age of Reptiles, should God "banish his own image to one diminutive enclosure and surround . . . the residue of His immense Person with unintelligent, half-formed, crude monsters?" If man is regarded as a good production here he must be found in endless duplication throughout the worlds. The pattern in the rocks of this earth is the pattern of the whole.

The shattering of this scheme of geological prophesy was the work of many men, but it was Charles Darwin who brought the event to pass, and who engineered what was to be one of the most dreadful blows that the human ego has ever sustained: the demonstration of man's physical relationship to the world of the lower animals. It is quite apparent, however, that there is an aspect of Darwin's dis-

coveries which has never penetrated to the mind of the general public. It is the fact that once undirected variation and natural selection are introduced as the mechanisms controlling the development of plants and animals, the evolution of every world in space becomes a series of unique, historical events. The precise accidental duplication of a complex form of life is extremely unlikely to occur in even the same environment, let alone in the different background and atmosphere of a far-off world.

In the modern literature on space travel I have read about cabbage men and bird men; I have investigated the loves of the lizard men and the tree men, but in each case I have labored under no illusion. I have been reading about a man, *Homo sapiens*, that common earthling, clapped into an ill-fitting coat of feathers and retaining all his basic human attributes including an eye for the pretty girl who has just emerged from the space ship. His lechery and miscegenating proclivities have an oddly human ring, and if this is all we are going to find on other planets, I, for one, am going to be content to stay at home. There is quite enough of that sort of thing down here, without encouraging it throughout the starry systems.

## V

THE truth is that man is a solitary and peculiar development. I do not mean this in any irreverent or contemptuous sense. I want merely to point out that when Charles Darwin and his colleagues established the community of descent of the living world, and observed the fact of divergent evolutionary adaptation, they destroyed forever the concept of geological prophecy. They did not eliminate the possibility of life on other worlds, but the biological principles which they established have totally removed the likelihood that our descendants, in the next few decades, will be entertaining little men from Mars. I would be much more willing to consider the possibility of sitting down to lunch with a purple polyp, but even that has unfortunate connotations with the life of this planet.

Geologic prophecy was based on two things: first a belief, as we have seen, in the man-centered nature of the universe, and second



the assumption that since the animals of the past had no physical connection with those of the present, some kind of abstract, immaterial plan in the mind of the Creator linked the forms of the past with those of the present day. The early nineteenth-century thinkers perceived a genuine relationship, but their attachment to the idea of special creation prevented them from recognizing that the relationship arose out of simple biological "descent with modification."

Man could not be proved preordained or predestined from the beginning simply because he showed certain affinities to Paleozoic vertebrates. Instead, he was merely one of many descendants of the early vertebrate line. A moose or a mongoose would have had equally good reason to contend that as a modern vertebrate he had been "prefigured from the beginning," and that the universe had been organized with him in mind.

The situation is something like that of walking through a hall of trick mirrors and being pulled out of shape. The mirror of time does that to all things living, and the distortions stay. Nevertheless, there is a pattern of sorts so that if you have come by the mirror that makes men, and somewhere behind you there is a mirror that makes black cats, you can still see the pattern. You and the cat are related; the shreds of the original shape are in your bones and the shreds of primordial thought patterns move in the eyes of both of you and are understood by both. But somewhere there must be an original pattern; somewhere cat and man and weasel must leap into a single shape. That shape lies inconceivably remote from us now, far back along the time stream. It is historical. In that sense, and in that sense only, the archetype did indeed exist.

Darwin saw clearly that the succession of life on this planet was not a formal pattern imposed from without, or moving exclusively in one direction. Whatever else life might be it was adjustable and not fixed. It worked its way through difficult environments. It modified and then, if necessary, it modified again, along roads which would never be retraced. Every creature alive is the product of a unique history. The statistical probability of its precise reduplication on another planet is so small as to be meaningless. Life, even cellular

life, may exist out yonder in the dark. But high or low in nature, it will not wear the shape of man. That shape is the evolutionary product of a strange, long wandering through the attics of the forest roof, and so great are the chances of failure, that no pseudo-human thing is likely ever to come that way again.

THE picture of the little man of long ago rises before me as I write. As I have hinted, he was simply a foetal monster, long since scientifically diagnosed and dismissed. The small skull that lent the illusion of maturity to the mummified infant contained a brain which had failed to develop. The describers of two-foot men forget that a normal human brain cannot function with a capacity, at the very minimum, of less than about 900 cubic centimeters of capacity. A man with a hundred-cubic-centimeter brain will not be a builder of flying saucers; he will be less intelligent than an ape. In any case he does not exist.

In a universe whose size is beyond human imagining, where our world floats like a dust mote in the void of night, men have grown inconceivably lonely. We scan the time scale and the mechanisms of life itself for portents and signs of the invisible. As the only thinking mammals on the planet—perhaps the only thinking animals in the entire sidereal universe—the burden of consciousness has grown heavy upon us. We watch the stars but the signs are uncertain. We uncover the bones of the past and seek for our origins. There is a path there, but it appears to wander. The vagaries of the road may have a meaning however; it is thus we torture ourselves.

Lights come and go in the night sky. Men, troubled at last by the things they build, may toss in their sleep and dream bad dreams, or lie awake while the meteors whisper greenly overhead. But nowhere in all space or on a thousand worlds will there be men to share our loneliness. There may be wisdom; there may be power; somewhere across space great instruments, handled by strange, manipulative organs, may stare vainly at our floating cloud wrack, their owners yearning as we yearn. Nevertheless, in the nature of life and in the principles of evolution we have had our answer. Of men elsewhere, and beyond, there will be none forever.



# *Portraits from Memory*

## IV: Sidney and Beatrice Webb

### *Bertrand Russell*

I KNEW Sidney and Beatrice Webb intimately for a number of years, at times even sharing a house with them. They were the most completely married couple that I have ever known. They were, however, very averse to any romantic view of love or marriage. Marriage was a social institution designed to fit instinct into a legal framework. The first ten years of their marriage, Mrs. Webb would remark at intervals, "As Sidney always says, marriage is the wastepaper basket of the emotions." In later years there was a slight change. They would generally have a couple to stay with them for the weekend, and on Sunday afternoon they would go for a brisk walk, Sidney with the lady and Beatrice with the gentleman. At a certain point, Sidney would remark, "I know just what Beatrice is saying at this moment. She is saying, 'As Sidney always says, marriage is the wastepaper basket of the emotions.'" Whether Sidney ever really did say this is not known.

I knew Sidney before his marriage. But he was then much less than half of what the two of them afterward became. Their collaboration was quite dovetailed. I used to think, though this was perhaps an undue simplification, that she had the ideas and he did the work. He was perhaps the most industrious man that I have ever known. When they were writing a book on local government they would send circulars to all local-government officials throughout the country asking questions and pointing out that officials could legally purchase their forthcoming book out of the rates. When I let my house to them, the postman, who was an ardent Socialist, did not know whether to be more honored by serving

them or annoyed at having to deliver a thousand answers a day to their circulars. Webb was originally a second-division clerk in the civil service, but by immense industry succeeded in rising into the first division. He was somewhat earnest, and did not like jokes on sacred subjects, such as political theory. On one occasion I remarked to him that democracy has at least one merit, namely, that a Member of Parliament cannot be stupider than his constituents, for the more stupid he is, the more stupid they were to elect him. Webb was seriously annoyed and said bitingly, "That is the sort of argument I don't like."

Mrs. Webb had a wider range of interests than her husband. She took considerable interest in individual human beings, not only when they could be useful. She was deeply religious without belonging to any recognized brand of orthodoxy, though as a Socialist she preferred the Church of England because it was a state institution. She was one of nine sisters, the daughters of a man named Potter who acquired most of his fortune by building huts for the armies in the Crimea. He was a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and Mrs. Webb was the most notable product of that philosopher's theories of education. I am sorry to say that my mother, who was her neighbor in the country, described her as a "social butterfly," but one may hope that she would have modified this judgment if she had known Mrs. Webb in later life. When she became interested in Socialism she decided to sample the Fabians, especially the three most distinguished, who were Webb, Shaw, and Graham Wallas. There was something like the Judgment of Paris with the sexes reversed,



and it was Sidney who emerged as the counterpart of Aphrodite.

WEBB had been entirely dependent upon his earnings, whereas Beatrice had inherited a competence from her father. Beatrice had the mentality of the governing class, which Sidney had not. Seeing that they had enough to live on without earning, they decided to devote their lives to research and to the higher branches of propaganda. In both they were amazingly successful. Their books are a tribute to their industry, and the London School of Economics is a tribute to Sidney's skill. I do not think that Sidney's abilities would have been nearly as fruitful as they were if they had not been backed by Beatrice's self-confidence. I asked her once whether she had ever had any feeling of shyness. "Oh no," she said, "if I ever felt inclined to be timid as I was going into a room full of people, I would say to myself, 'You're the cleverest member of one of the cleverest families in the cleverest class of the cleverest nation in the world. Why should you be frightened?'"

I both liked and admired Mrs. Webb, although I disagreed with her about many very important matters. I admired, first and foremost, her ability, which was very great. I admired next her integrity: she lived for public objects and was never deflected by personal ambition, although she was not devoid of it. I liked her because she was a warm and kind friend to those for whom she had a personal affection, but I disagreed with her about religion, about imperialism, and about the worship of the state. This last was of the essence of Fabianism. It had led both the Webbs and also Shaw into what I thought an undue tolerance of Mussolini and Hitler, and ultimately into a rather absurd adulation of the Soviet government.

But nobody is all of a piece, not even the Webbs. I once remarked to Shaw that Webb seemed to me somewhat deficient in kindly feeling. "No," Shaw replied, "you are quite mistaken. Webb and I were once in a tram-car in Holland eating biscuits out of a bag. A handcuffed criminal was brought into the tram by policemen. All the other passengers shrank away in horror, but Webb went up to the prisoner and offered him biscuits." I remember this story whenever I find myself

becoming unduly critical of either Webb or Shaw.

There were people whom the Webbs hated. They hated Wells, both because he offended Mrs. Webb's rigid Victorian morality and because he tried to dethrone Webb from his reign over the Fabian Society. They hated Ramsay MacDonald from very early days. The least hostile thing that I ever heard either of them say about him was at the time of the formation of the first Labor Government, when Mrs. Webb said he was a very good substitute for a leader.

Their political history was rather curious. At first they co-operated with the Conservatives because Mrs. Webb was pleased with Arthur Balfour for being willing to give more public money to church schools. When the Conservatives fell in 1906, the Webbs made some slight and ineffectual efforts to collaborate with the Liberals. But at last it occurred to them that as Socialists they might feel more at home in the Labor party, of which in their later years they were loyal members.

FOR a number of years Mrs. Webb was addicted to fasting, from motives partly hygienic and partly religious. She would have no breakfast and a very meager dinner. Her only solid meal was lunch. She almost always had a number of distinguished people to lunch, but she would get so hungry that the moment it was announced she marched in ahead of all her guests and started to eat. She nevertheless believed that starvation made her more spiritual, and once told me that it gave her exquisite visions. "Yes," I replied, "if you eat too little, you see visions; and if you drink too much, you see snakes." I am afraid she thought this remark inexcusably flippant. Webb did not share the religious side of her nature, but was in no degree hostile to it, in spite of the fact that it was sometimes inconvenient for him. When they and I were staying at a hotel in Normandy, she used to stay upstairs in the morning, since she could not bear the painful spectacle of us breakfasting. Sidney, however, would come down for rolls and coffee. The first morning Mrs. Webb sent a message by the maid, "We do not have butter for Sidney's breakfast." Her use of "we" was one of the delights of their friends.

Both of them were fundamentally undemo-



cratic, and regarded it as the function of a statesman to bamboozle or terrorize the populace. I realized the origins of Mrs. Webb's conceptions of government when she repeated to me her father's description of shareholders' meetings. It is the recognized function of directors to keep shareholders in their place, and she had a similar view about the relation of the government to the electorate.

Her father's stories of his career had not given her any undue respect for the great. After he had built huts for the winter quarters of the French armies in the Crimea, he went to Paris to get paid. He had spent almost all his capital in putting up the huts, and payment became important to him. But, although everybody in Paris admitted the debt, the check did not come. At last he met Lord Brassey who had come on a similar errand. When Mr. Potter explained his difficulties, Lord Brassey laughed at him and said, "My dear fellow, you don't know the ropes. You must give £500 to the Minister and £500 among his underlings." Mr. Potter did so, and the check came next day.

Sidney had no hesitation in using wiles which some would think unscrupulous. He told me, for example, that when he wished to carry some point through a committee where the majority thought otherwise, he would draw up a resolution in which the conten-

tious point occurred twice. He would have a long debate about its first occurrence and at last give way gracefully. Nine times out of ten, so he concluded, no one would notice that the same point occurred later in the same resolution.

The Webbs did a great work in giving intellectual backbone to British Socialism. They performed more or less the same function that the Benthamites at an earlier time had performed for the radicals. The Webbs and the Benthamites shared a certain dryness and a certain coldness and a belief that the wastepaper basket is the place for the emotions. But the Benthamites and the Webbs alike taught their doctrines to enthusiasts. Bentham and Robert Owen could produce a well-balanced intellectual progeny and so could the Webbs and Keir Hardie. One should not demand of anybody all the things that add value to a human being. To have some of them is as much as should be demanded. The Webbs pass this test, and indubitably the British Labor party would have been much more wild and woolly if they had never existed. Their mantle descended upon Mrs. Webb's nephew, Sir Stafford Cripps, and but for them I doubt whether the British democracy would have endured with the same patience the arduous years through which we have been passing.

## *That New-Fangled Idea, Conservation*

THERE are mountains in Attica which can now keep nothing but bees, but which were clothed, not so very long ago, with fine trees producing timber suitable for roofing the largest buildings, and roofs hewn from this timber are still in existence. There were also many lofty cultivated trees, while the country produced boundless pasture for cattle.

The annual supply of rainfall was not lost, as it is at present, through being allowed to flow over a denuded surface to the sea, but was received by the country, in all its abundance—stored in impervious potter's earth—and so was able to discharge the drainage of the heights into the hollows in the form of springs and rivers with an abundant volume and wide territorial distribution. The shrines that survive to the present day on the sites of extinct water supplies are evidence for the correctness of my present hypothesis.

—*Critias* of Plato (427-347 B.C.)



# After Hours

**J**UST over ten years ago, on a strategic New York City corner a few blocks north of Times Square, an ex-radio-salesman named Arthur Maisel opened a new restaurant called "Glorifried Ham 'n Eggs." Mr. Maisel served his eggs in the skillet they were cooked in, resting it on a wooden board—an innovation that has since been widely imitated. The restaurant itself has been imitated to the point of becoming a type, known in the trade as a "ham-'n-eggery," but Mr. Maisel has gone on to greater things. He now does a five-million-dollar business yearly and feeds 125,000 people a week. He is the proprietor of six restaurants, named after various states of the Union, and he has just opened a new one—"The Floridian"—on the very same spot where he started in 1942.

Mr. Maisel began with few preconceptions, and his reputation as an innovator has grown with the years. "I went into this business completely cold," he says. "I had no restaurant background—though I always thought of myself as a bit of a gourmet." Today he is probably less famous for contributions to cuisine than for the way his dishes look. His trademark at the moment is the Scrambled Egg Mountain, a cone of congealed protein twisted upright by deft chefs. It has been demonstrated on television and written about in *Look*, and the process of its manufacture invariably draws a crowd in front of Mr. Maisel's restaurant "The Virginian," on 50th Street, a well-beaten path for out-of-towners in New York on their passage from Times Square to Rockefeller Center and return. "Mr. Maisel," remarked the public-relations man who took me upstairs to the boss's office over The Virginian, "has always had a sharp eye for locations."

Mr. Maisel's office, like his "stores" (trade

terminology for "restaurants"), shows the heavy hand of the interior decorator at work—"I always believe in going to the expert," he says—but within it he is the very model of a modern young executive: clean desk, copy of *Business Week* in the in-box, and under the free-form lamp on a small table a demure enameled sign reading "THINK!" He is a well-barbered man of forty who will discourse amiably and openly on the philosophy of his profession, the dietary habits of Americans, and the cost calculations that underly his profits. "I have taken the progressive line of thought," he says. "I believe there is no difference between operating a restaurant and other professions, and professional men don't don't mind parting with their secrets."

**T**HE theory behind Mr. Maisel's operation—aside from "Think!"—is to cater to the white-collar class, or people who would like the satisfaction of taxicab-trade eating at bus and subway rates. This is a subject to which he feels insufficient thought has been devoted. "Too many people won't go to the trouble to find out what makes people tick. I feel the restaurant business is only in the elementary stage. Most New York restaurants have the same menu they had ten years ago. I believe in always catering to the public taste, and unless we can sell a minimum of a hundred of an item per store per day, we drop it."

Dishes arrive on Mr. Maisel's menu only after a process of experiment and research. "It wasn't until 1947 that I served my first hamburger. A seemingly very simple item like the hamburger is most difficult to make. In the first place, grinding—there's a great difference between grinding and tearing the meat. And we found that hamburger takes



five hours to set under refrigeration. If it doesn't have that five hours it'll disintegrate under the broiler. We pamper our meat, and it's all broiled—there are no grills in our operation. I don't like them, they're smudgy and greasy. And, another idiosyncrasy of mine, I don't personally like raw onions—a raw onion stays with me a whole day—but we do serve French-fried onions, just as you'd have with a more lavish meal, and the Curly-cue Idaho Potato which I invented ten years ago. We bake our own bun, which we're very proud of, and when the buttered half of that bun comes in contact with the meat, why you've really got something."

Margarine may be very well, thinks Mr. Maisel, a great invention and all, but long ago an expert on the American appetite advised him against it. "He told me that the real secret of making anything taste right to the American palate was lots of butter, and we use lots of butter. We put a quarter of a pound under the top of every one of our apple pies before we bake it." Satisfying the American taste is not always this simple, however; Mr. Maisel had two examples of products he had pioneered into his price-bracket: "You take spare ribs. I'd always believed that many people like some spare ribs and cabbage, but we found that the way they really like them is Chinese style, maybe as an after-theater snack. Or the South African lobster tail. I myself prefer it to lobster—you don't have to pull the whole thing apart—and I was thinking about it one time and got the idea: why not remove the meat from the membrane in its semi-refrigerated state and then put it back in for cooking? That way you pull it out with a fork all in one piece. I often continue to eat it elsewhere hoping they will adopt that."

Such secrets as these, or how to make a lemon-meringue pie with a top that seems to stand a foot high, Mr. Maisel is only too willing to share with his competitors or with the American housewife—"to show her how to be economical and at the same time achieve a little originality," like a beef brochette on a skewer that uses up odd ends of meat. Yet he freely concedes that he himself has another constant concern; "eye-value" is the phrase for it. "I am a great believer," he says, "in watercress. You'll find many establishments that will just use some chopped-up parsley, but we use a bouquet of watercress on each

plate. I don't mind telling you that in the winter we sometimes have to pay triple and quadruple prices for hot-house watercress, but it doesn't make any difference to the customer that there may have been a frost down South. All he cares is how it looks."

This garnishing for the eye and catering to the taste-buds can only be sustained by Mr. Maisel's high volume of trade, a principle he claims to have learned from Ohrbach's, an institution on Union Square where clothing is dispensed at a fast clip on a thin profit-margin. It helps Mr. Maisel to have a turnover every week of three hundred cases of eggs, twenty-five tons of beef and pork, or a carload of flour, but it helps even more to plow back the savings that result. "Most chains," says Mr. Maisel, "when they reach a certain height, enter what I call the commissary stage; they lose the personal touch. You set up a warehouse and then, like any business, you begin to want to make it pay. It is really a great temptation to make a profit on your buying, but I shall never make it. We buy in bulk but deliver individually to each restaurant, where each has all its own equipment for its own operation, and the profit goes back to the customer."

THE Floridian, Mr. Maisel's newest store, is less a restaurant than what is properly known in New York as a delicatessen—a sandwich shop with dill pickles and coleslaw set out on each table, where you can buy hot pastrami, Jewish salami, and chopped chicken liver. The Floridian also has Musak, blown-up colored photographs of Miami Beach, and spectacular waitresses with flowers made out of folded handkerchiefs in their hair. It caters to a Broadway clientele and one of the waitresses is a dance-band singer who works at the Floridian between jobs. The Floridian is open from eleven o'clock in the morning until five in the morning, thus picking up some of the after-theater and nightclub-celebrity trade, and even a few after-broadcast disk jockeys. It is the only delicatessen in New York with a doorman (three of them, on shift) and an item on the menu for two cents (a glass of soda water).

When Mr. Maisel set about concocting the Floridian he went through the same process of menu-building he had engaged in before. He began with research on the corned-beef



sandwich and went on to "spiced beef, or as it is more usually known, pastrami." Mr. Maisel found that there were ninety-six different kinds of pastrami at ninety-six different prices. "Everyone said the best was Rumanian pastrami, but we never could find anyone who had really eaten it. We have it now. It's very costly, a very close profit, and it's not what you might want seven days a week if you're diet-conscious, but it won't give you heartburn. I'm sure of that because I myself am very subject to heartburn."

The Floridian, with seats for sixty people, handles two thousand a day—Mr. Maisel thinks something of a record. He is now expanding capacity by fifty, and sometime during the summer he will convert another of his existing "stores" into a new one, "The New Yorkan." How does it feel to be so busily involved in restaurant building? "I will say, and you can use this in your story, that with me it's like a woman giving birth. Each time I start a new restaurant it's the last, and then six months later I'm thinking about another one." How long, aside from the fact that there are only forty-eight states, can this go on? "In my quieter moments, I've always wanted to do the Oklahoman—I've never forgotten that show—or the Kentuckian, or the Carolinian. But you can't use every one of them. After all, what would I do with Utah?"

### *Dancing School*

"ARTHUR believes in feeding the teachers vitamin pills," Mrs. Arthur Murray said. She took two very large brown bottles containing thousands of pills from a cupboard in the hall outside her office and shook them in my direction.

"And they each get an apple at eight o'clock," Mr. Murray added.

"Arthur is wonderful at picking teachers," Mrs. Murray said.

"I ought to be. I've been doing it long enough," Mr. Murray protested modestly. "You can tell quite a lot by the kind of ties a man wears." (I fingered my tie.) "People who wear dull ties usually aren't sure of their taste and they're introverts." (I looked down at my tie . . . bottle green with a black stripe.)

"Your tie is all right," Mrs. Murray reassured me. "Stripes are all right."

Mr. Murray had on a yellow and black ex-

trovert, though he gives the impression of being a rather shy and modest man. He does not, of course, rely only on ties as the criterion for picking teachers. Far from it. Every applicant takes an intelligence test and a personality test, especially devised for the Arthur Murray studios by a firm that specializes in psychological testing. The list of virtues required of a dancing teacher is formidable, but the list of things they mustn't be is more revealing. Here are a few from Mr. Murray's manual on how to select teachers: No applicants under twenty-two years of age. No introverts. No cuties who "love to dance." Nobody you wouldn't invite to your home. No despondent people. No girls who are engaged to be married. No married women. And so on.

I was under the impression, until I talked to Mr. Murray in his office at the studio at 11 East 43rd Street in New York, that there were studios bearing his name in only a few of the larger cities. "There are about two hundred and seventy-five studios with the Arthur Murray franchise," he said. "Some are in cities I'd never heard of. There are six in Los Angeles alone. They are all run by ex-employees of ours. There are fifteen district managers and we have a convention every year." The Arthur Murray studios do a gross business of more than \$28,000,000 a year.

Mr. Murray showed me around. There was a perpetually cheerful hubbub set to a background of music. It takes two hundred teachers to cope with the six thousand students enrolled at this one studio. We started at the beginning, with the reception room which was crowded with men and women waiting to be interviewed, and then stuck our heads into the "interviewing rooms" where prospective pupils are given a "dance analysis." The rooms increase in size. Rooms for individual lessons, then rooms to which, after the pupil gains some confidence, his teacher takes him so that he or she can dance with twenty or thirty other couples. The final stage is a ball room for parties. The Murrays believe in parties, and at the holiday seasons they invite all of their pupils to get together, sometimes in hotel ballrooms. Music is piped into all rooms from a central music system. By pushing a button the teacher can get a waltz or a foxtrot or a tango or a rhumba or whatever.

The Murrays between them have thought



of everything. I poked my head into one room that had the words "Medal Testing Room" lettered on the door and Mr. Murray told me that here the students are given examinations and can qualify for bronze, silver, gold medals. I was also shown a sort of brass plaque that had on it the names of "lifetime members." When they have had a thousand hours of lessons they are invited to come back twice a month for the rest of their lives. "It provides a social life for a good many people who have no other social life," Mr. Murray said as though he had said it a good many times before. "Some of them come back year after year."

**M**R. AND Mrs. Murray hand compliments back and forth to each other with the ease and enthusiasm of a couple who are, though they have been married for twenty-seven years, not only doting but perpetually astonished and pleased by each other's accomplishments. Between them they have converted the polite science of teaching social dancing into a very considerable industry and the business is a strictly mutual enterprise; they run it together. Mrs. Murray is a tiny woman with a lively smile and a friendly manner that is known to many through "The Arthur Murray Party," a Sunday night television show. Conversationally, she divides her life into two periods: "Now" and "before television." Now she works seven days a week; before television she used to have Sundays off and take occasional long vacations in Bermuda. She is a grandmother, and this makes her feel older than she is or looks.

She was glad to answer my questions about the state of dancing in America. "Do you want practical or theoretical answers to your questions?" she asked. I said I would be glad to have both.

"Well," she said after considering for a moment, "I guess the greatest recent change in dancing is that people in all parts of the country dance pretty much alike now. Dancing is much less regional. It used to be that in the South they danced quite differently than in the North. Now, I guess it is because of television, people dance pretty much alike everywhere."

I asked her about new dances. "Don't let anyone tell you that dancing teachers can ever foist a new dance on the public. Every year when the dancing teachers have a con-

vention, they announce some new step that is going to be the rage. It never catches on. It is always the young people who start new dances. When Arthur and I want to know what is new, we go and watch the young people. They invent the steps and start the fads, not the professional dancers."

What about the tango? "It's hard to say what started the revival. There were two tangos last year that were very popular, 'Kiss of Fire' and 'The Blue Tango' that were on the radio a great deal, and this may have started it. As for the rhumba, if you want to see it done best you should see it in New York and Miami and Los Angeles. Now there's the mambo which is the rhumba with added syncopation, the rhumba with some jitterbug thrown in. It's only for very sophisticated dancers. In the small cities you'll find they dance the rhumba the way they did in New York fifteen years ago."

I asked Mr. Murray how he got started. "It was during the dance craze," he said. "The dance craze was started by the Castles about 1911 and hit its peak just before the war in 1913 and 1914. Before that only the young people danced and the older people sat around the edges and watched them. I had a job at the Grand Central Palace Ballroom. They charged twenty-five cents for three dances with an instructor and fifteen cents without one. I wanted to be an architect in those days, but I taught there in the evenings."

Mr. Murray, with an assist from his wife, then told me a story about the days when he was selling dancing lessons by mail and how he managed to talk Nelson Doubleday, the publisher, out of competing with him. Mrs. Murray said she wanted to save the story for a book she means to write some day, and Mr. Murray looked at me and said, "Well, it's too late now." It's a nice story, too nice to take away from Mrs. Murray. Perhaps she will write the book some day. If she does, it should be a lively and entertaining one. She's a lively entertaining woman.

I sort of hoped that the Murrays would ask me if I wouldn't like to dance. But they didn't. A good many years ago I had a blind date with a girl who turned out to be an Arthur Murray teacher. I've almost never had a better time.

—Mr. Harper



# NEW BOOKS

## Wide Is The World

*Gilbert Highet*

**A**RICH and delightful variety of new books appeared last month. No one could possibly do justice even to the best fifty, in a single article; and, of those fifty, nearly every one deserves an essay to itself. There are, for instance, two finely made books on Negro culture: Ladislav Segy's *African Sculpture Speaks* (Wyn, \$7.50) and, a few weeks older, *African Folktales and Sculpture*, edited by P. Radin, E. Marvel, and J. J. Sweeney (Bollingen Series XXXII, Pantheon Books, \$8.50). They are enthralling, because they show us another world, far from ourselves in thought and feeling, often almost incomprehensible. The exquisite Benin and Ife bronzes—which seem to have some Mediterranean filiation—look at us from these pages with a calm and friendly gaze; the others, though powerful, are painful and terrifying: they seem so unhappy. At the other end of the spiritual world is a lovely exposition of *The Italian Painters of the Renaissance* (Phaidon/Garden City, \$7.50), by Bernard Berenson, in which both text and pictures speak with a delicate grace which is neither decadent nor artificial, but based on true harmonious spiritual strength.

Then again, only a specialist could review *The Letters of Samuel Johnson* (Oxford, 3 vols., \$35), edited by the distinguished critic R. W. Chapman. It contains the full apparatus of scholarship, but from all that Johnson's fine character and vigorous style emerge unhampered. Those who admire him will delight in the warmth and balance of his letters, and in his wise epigrams, such as this to his dear Thrale:

To be without hope or fear, if it were possible, would not be happiness; it is better that life should struggle with obstructions, than stagnate and putrefy. Never be without something to wish, and something to do.

Also, one reads books which perhaps have no call to be reviewed. I have been enjoying a satire on the "little people" of France who made fortunes during the German occupation: *Au Bon Beurre* by Jean Dutourd (Gallimard, \$2.75). It is both painful and funny (butter, butter everywhere and special eggs for the Marshal); but it is in French, and probably it represents a special taste: Balzac, with sweet cream.

### *Novels of Our Generation*

**T**HREE comedies, and one tragedy.

It is odd that doctors who write about their profession usually make it seem interesting and important; so do clergymen and artists; but teachers often show their life as dim and sour. I cannot remember a single piece of fiction built around a teacher which was both energetic and sympathetic. Mr. Chips was quaint and charming, in a J. M. Barrie way. Clanricard in Romain's *Men of Good Will* was earnest, but two-dimensional. The people in C. P. Snow's *The Masters* were mediocre or bitter or wildly eccentric. The schools in Walpole's *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* and Waugh's *Decline and Fall* were animal cages. And who can read Miss McCarthy's last novel without sharing her amused contempt for the poor phantoms who haunt the Groves of Academe? Surely teaching need not be depicted like that? Surely someone can write a novel which reflects the power of personalities such as Mommsen and Kittredge?

Mr. Theodore Morrison, himself a teacher, has published a novel which, surely against his will, produces the same effect: *The Stones of the House* (Viking, \$3.50). It is essentially a comedy, with the same plot as Mr. Marquand's *Point of No Return*. Throughout the book, the hero is poised on the decisive



step, the one before the last, which will be either his promotion or his relegation to mediocrity. Hoping for success but trying to sacrifice no cherished principle to obtain it, he expects nothing but failure. At the end, after a long series of painful and farcical crises, the Acting President becomes President. Relief. Triumph. Only, we have seen him going through so many agonizing disputes and facing so many repulsive persons that we scarcely know whether to congratulate or pity him. And we begin to wonder whether there is anything noble and inspiring about academic life, or whether it is a focus of attraction for phonies and refugees and arrested adolescents, so that a university president must be prepared to administer something more like a "rest home" than an institution of higher learning.

Mr. Morrison writes well. His book is expertly planned, and his characters are expertly described from within. There is a moving portrait of an old clergyman, who is almost a saint; and a delightfully funny interior monologue thought by a stupid and confused student during a philosophy lecture. The only people Mr. Morrison fails to treat with understanding are the tough and the energetic and the positive. His bulgy-eyed business man is a caricature like the tycoons in *Li'l Abner*, and his violent revolutionary novelist (who is intended to balance the financier) is even more unreal. Also, much of the plot is pretty special. The quarrel over the Pialph House will not stir many readers deeply or amuse them greatly, unless they feel that fraternities are powerful parts of American society. The whole book is rather like a brief visit to a college town: walking through the quiet streets at dusk listening to the shouts and giggles, glancing through the lighted windows, seeing a little seminar grouped round a table, catching a snatch of song from the Eta Beta Pi residence, stopping to watch the cars draw up at the President's House and see the thin anxious face of the administrator welcoming the trustees; and then turning away toward the depot. But it does not give us the real energy and meaning of true university life.

*Half a Dollar is Better than None*, by Nicholas DiMinno (Doubleday, \$3), is a pretty amusing satire on the advertising . . . mm . . . business. Its story is a familiar one—the Big Let-Down, in which an important advertising

competition is won by somebody impossible, like a hobo or a trained ape. (This time the winner is an inarticulate steam-shovel operator, who sits in the lofty hotel which he helped to build, saying little, until his time comes to say even less on the expensive radio hour rented by his sponsor.) But the details and the incidents and the people are funny, and so is most of the dialogue. The hero, entering an advertising firm, is made an Inkwell Cadet and given a closet full of ink-bottles and typewriter-ribbons as his operational base. He christens it Manderley.\* One of his most jagged superiors is a woman copywriter who was once an aspiring poet: Mr. DiMinno even records several of her poems, including a fine unmelodious imagist piece about the clouds and their war in the sky, ending in

the soft black  
Armistice  
Of night. . . .

Without malice, with honest good will, may I say that I hope Mr. DiMinno will go to Hollywood? I could even suggest the studio he might start with. But no. Discretion. Anyhow, art such as his must be Free.

A Freudian comedy is not a very common thing; but this is one: *Neely*, by Walter Karig (Rinehart, \$3.50). It is the story of a lonely boy, growing up within the protective embrace of a beautiful, talented, gracious, finely-bred, finely-mannered, rich, ambitious, demanding and rewarding and disgusting mother, who treats him as something between a lapel ornament, a trained marmoset, and an economy-sized male escort. His name is Stanfield. Neely . . . Neely is his bold companion, a sort of Huck Finn, only imaginary; and a toy bear; and then a real dog; and then anyone who will help poor Stanfield to escape from the perfumed octopus. The book is a comedy only because it ends before it turns into tragedy. With his nice young simple vulgar wife, Stanfield is alone; Mother is making plans to hurry him off elsewhere; he is promising to make a home and to send for his bride; she throws her arms round him; and then Mother knocks at the door, always thoughtful, always efficient.

\* Shall I ever forget Manderley, in *Rebecca*? Lots of us already have.





*The total revelation of a great creative artist*

# WILLA CATHER

A Critical Biography *by* E. K. BROWN

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*Willa Cather: A Critical Biography* . . . \$4.00

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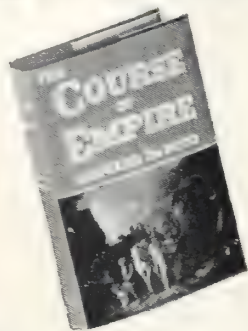
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## NEW BOOKS

### *Weep, weep, Russian people*

EVERY Russian government is either cruel or inefficient, and sometimes both. This is what the history of Russia shows: it is sad, but it is true. Long ago, before the last Russian revolution, I remember seeing in the World's Classics list a nineteenth-century book with the pathetic title *Who Can be Happy and Free in Russia?* I forgot it for years, until recently I was given a splendid new recording of Mousorgsky's *Boris Godounov* (RCA Victor); and there, in the plaintive moans of the Fool who sings alone in the forest, lit by the glow of a huge fire burning off-stage, while the peasants rush off to engage in civil war and the murder of one another, there I seemed to hear the same wretched dirge: *Plach, plach, russkii lyud*: "Weep, weep, Russian people."

The same sad truth emerges from a large, messy, memorable novel about the life of the past thirty-five years in Russia. Mikhail Soloviev's *When the Gods are Silent* (tr. H. C. Stevens; McKay, \$3.95) is an apparently autobiographical narrative in 500 large, full, powerful pages. It tells how a Russian who was just old enough to fight for the Bolsheviks in the civil wars of 1917-1919 grew up as an official and an "intellectual" under the Soviet regime, watched it change into a dictatorship strengthened by intense secret-police activity and ferocious persecutions, and then gradually realized that it had abandoned its original ideals and lived only to pursue "power for the sake of power." His realization was intellectually strengthened by his conversations with disillusioned members of the original revolutionary clique, which showed him that the dialectic pattern had been falsified, and that the fatal antithesis between the Communist Party and the people was not being resolved, but buried beneath masses of human bodies. The unhappy young man worked gallantly for his motherland—all the more gallantly because he felt that much of his official work was done against the best interests of his own people. Yet, when the Germans invaded Russia, he was in "protective exile," unemployed and excluded from the biggest cities—a sentence which must remind students of his-

tory of the typical orders issued to so many others before him: the progressive boyar "confined to his estates," the dissident courtier "relegated to a monastery." At once he joined the army, and fought bravely, until the Stalin group began to sacrifice all Russians who did not obey their own orders. Then he organized an independence movement, to resist both the Stalinists and their ex-allies the Nazis. Of course it failed. Of course it was attacked from both sides, and destroyed. Dictators do not like independence movements. Yet its brief existence helped to show that the Russian people still want freedom, and still try to resist tyrants.

*When the Gods are Silent* is badly constructed—like Russia. It is full of roads which lead off nowhere, of bumpy pathways which could have been made smooth by careful grading, of little lost settlements and vague half-alive colonies. The story is full of detours and difficulties, because its author cannot clearly distinguish between fact and fiction, between individual remembrances and recreation of the typical. But there are many fine and memorable episodes: Mark's last talk with his old friend Victor, in the rain-darkened pinewood, a scene out of Chekhov; his slow trek through the forest, reeling with typhus, and followed by the bear which will eat only freshly-killed meat; the painful messages sent out from collective labor camps, carved inside the logs felled by Stalin's slaves. Poor Russians. The Tartars, the Czarist officials, the Communist officials, the absurd and brutal Germans, all stamping on that huge people, resistant but not resilient. A sad destiny. A sad book.

### *Fragments against Ruins*

*Empress of Byzantium*, by Helen Mahler (Coward-McCann, \$4) is a very long and involuntarily very funny romance about the emperor Theodosius II (408-450 A.D.). Theodosius was an enigmatic figure, who reigned for a long time and in whose era many great things were accomplished: the collection of the laws of the Christian emperors, the foundation of the school of Constantinople (which might be called the first Christian university), the fortification of the mighty capital against



dozens of barbarian attacks. He has scarcely yet been understood or explained. Although a recluse and an aesthete, he helped to create greatness in many of those around him. Miss Mahler concentrates on his personal life and his sexual adventures. The taste and luxury of the Byzantine court are well enough conveyed; but the glowing descriptions of the emperor making love to his empress in leopard-skins and elsewhere are exquisitely comic.

### History and Biography

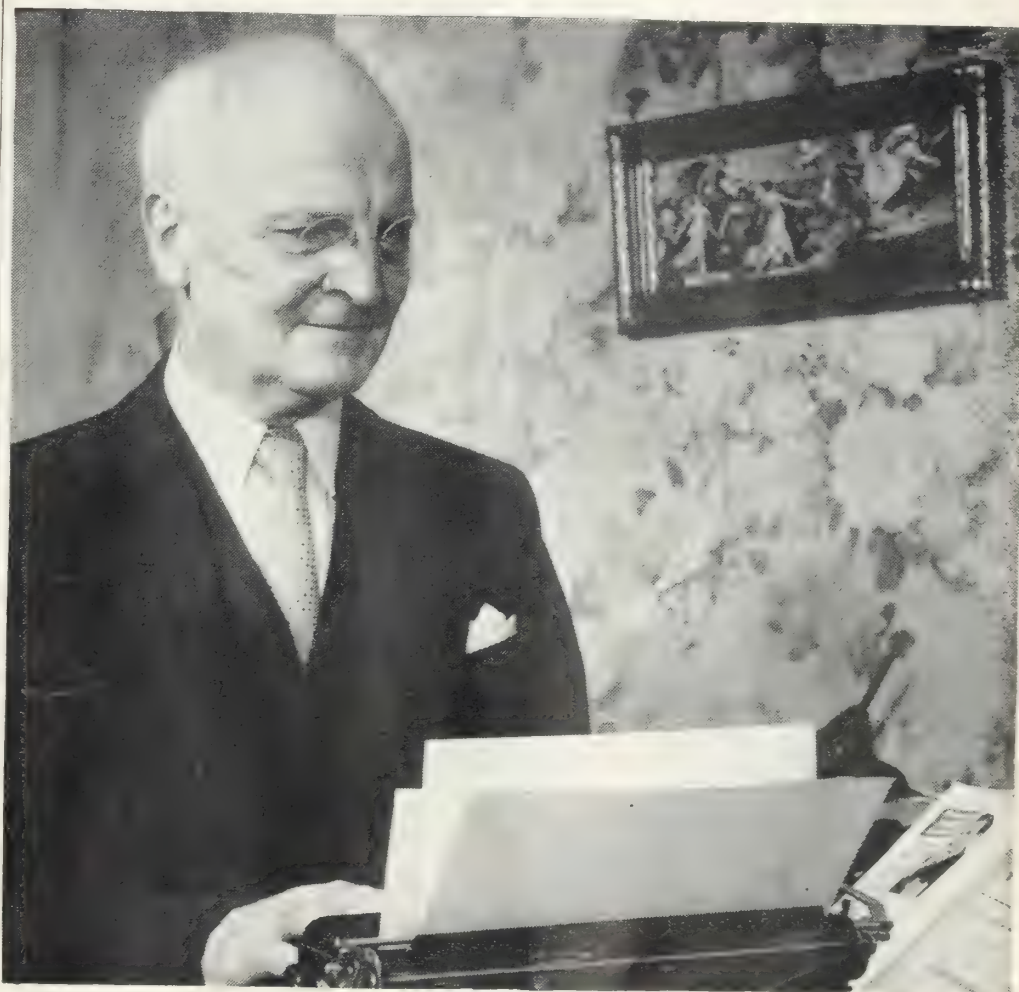
OXFORD has brought out a handsome little book with the eccentric title of *Movable Feasts*, by Arnold Palmer (\$3.75). It is a lightly-written study of an interesting theme: the changes in the nature and times of meals which have occurred in Britain during the last century and a half. We have all been puzzled, in reading the novels of two of England's most elegant novelists, Jane Austen and Henry James, to understand why anyone would break off cold pork-chops, and why a colonel would appear in his smoking-room wearing "a suit of crimson mulard covered with little white spots." Mr. Palmer will tell us, and add a hundred interesting details, explaining finally why (at least in modern Britain) dinner at eight is now obsolescent, ceremonial meal.

A much more substantial piece of social history has been completed with the publication of the third and fourth volumes of G. M. Trevelyan's *Illustrated English Social History* (Longmans, Green, \$5.50 each). The pictures, selected by Ruth Wright, are remarkable. It is delightful to look at these ancestors, so far away, yet so recognizable. Here is a rowdy cock-fight, filled with violent yelling and stinking of drink and tobacco; Hogarth drew it; you can almost hear the jolly rumpus. Here is a press-gang, marching off the draftees, under violent attack from their sweethearts and wives. Here are the vivid impressions of Derby Day in Frith's vast panorama, now a century old. The text of these four volumes makes a far vaster panorama. Mr. Trevelyan, the great nephew of Macaulay, who founded social history in our language, is his worthy successor. It is more difficult

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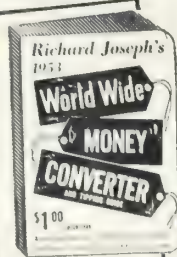
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to write this kind of history than to describe political and military events, since it demands far wider and no less exact knowledge, together with an indefinable sense for small, significant facts. It is also very difficult to write it without becoming cursedly dull, since one easily falls into statistics and social graphs, which are not human life any more than a lever-chart is a patient. But Mr. Trevelyan knows that personalities affect history quite as much as groups or social forces, and he does full justice to such men as Coke of Norfolk, the pioneer of modern agriculture, and Oglethorpe of Georgia, the prison reformer. How fine it is to read of Captain Coram struggling to set up the first Foundling Hospital and to save the thousands of children who used to die abandoned in empty rooms, even by the roadside. "For years he agitated the project; at length he obtained a charter from George II; Handel gave an organ; Hogarth painted a picture; subscriptions poured in, and in 1745 the Hospital was completed and opened. Many infant lives were saved, and many deserted children were brought up and apprenticed to trades."

One of the most distinguished historical and political thinkers of the last century was Lord Acton; yet few of us have read his works. Everyone knows his most famous epigram, although not always in its correct form:

Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

But few know more of him, and of what he thought and wrote. This is because he himself did not publish a single book, and because the ideal biography of him has yet to be written. It is also because he was a unique, unclassifiable, partly incomprehensible figure. A devout Catholic, he criticized the Roman Catholic church with the most trenchant arguments and the loftiest idealism. A convinced liberal, he distrusted some of the record of liberalism, and many of the Whig politicians both dead and alive. A very learned and wise man, he could never determine whom he should teach, and what he should try to tell them: his *History of Liberty*, once brilliantly sketched in a short talk with his pupil Bryce, died unborn. He was very noble,

very thoughtful, very lonely. Three recent books show us something of him, but by no means enough. The most considerable is his own *Essays on Church and State*, edited by D. Woodruff (Viking, \$6), which are too specialized for the ordinary reader but are very stimulating for historians, and particularly for those interested in Papal diplomacy. The essay on the villainous Sarpi alone will make many a tonsured hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porpentine. There is also a digest called *Acton's Political Philosophy* by G. E. Fasnacht (Viking, \$4), full of good material poorly arranged; and a short study by Gertrude Himmelfarb called *Lord Acton: a Study in Conscience and Politics* (University of Chicago, \$3.75), which is thoughtful though rather unsympathetic. Acton was a giant. A gigantic book will be needed to do him justice.

A new life of the nineteenth-century actor Edwin Booth has appeared: Eleanor Ruggles's *Prince of Players* (Norton, \$4.50, Book-of-the-Month-Club choice). It is better than its predecessors, of which there are five or six on the shelves, but it is still not very good. Miss Ruggles writes in short paragraphs which are as tiring as an elderly horse on a rocky trail; and she is painfully insensitive to style, so that she will freely emit phrases like these: "his season had flicked New York's interest in him," "an accumulation of three telegrams," "the etiquette that frowned on a star breaking bread with his support." And, unfortunately, she lacks the gift of reconstructing an actor's technique from the scanty records and the hurried criticisms which are almost all that she, or any biographer, can use. The result is a long, gossipy, industrious, boring book.

### Elementary

AN ENTHUSIASTIC admirer of the greatest of all detectives might think it was a good opportunity to get all the stories in two volumes, as *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*, with a preface by that eminent gasogene Christopher Morley (Doubleday, \$7.50). But, in Holmes's words, "there is nothing more deceptive than an obvious fact." These books



## NEW BOOKS

seem to have been printed on rather transparent paper from the 1936 plates; the preface is over twenty years old; and misprints (e.g. on pages 88, 105, 173, 473) still disfigure the text. All this, and more, has been observed by one of the shrewdest of the Baker Street Irregulars, Mr. Morris Rosenblum.

"My God!" cried our client, "what a blind beetle I have been!"

### The Graces, the Graces

Two exquisitely-written travel books deal with two poetic regions: southern Spain, and the city of Rome. They were both published last year, but they are surely worth buying and keeping. They are MacKinley Helm's *Spring in Spain* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5) and Eleanor Clark's *Rome and a Villa* (illustrated by Eugene Berman, Doubleday, \$4). They differ not only in the personality of their authors, but in the character of the places they describe. Few people hurry in Spain. They like to strike attitudes, to look at things for a long time. So Mr. Helm's book is spacious, large, leisurely. Miss Clark's is rather too crowded and voluble: it is about the capital of Italy. But both works are filled with graces of perception and expression. The humor and individualism and dry-sherry bitterness of pain emerge in Mr. Helm's diary, which reminds me of the Spanish pictures of Muirhead Bone and Russell Flint. Miss Clark's much more ambitious book could, I think, become one of the permanently valuable appreciations of Mediterranean countries. It is full of jewels: as when she describes the late-Roman statue of the sitting boxer as "a Hemingway character," and evokes the picture taken of him on the day when he was dug up, "sitting with quaint pathos on his stool . . . looking round at the sudden light."

Three books of meditations close this month's survey. The first is an eccentric: Algernon Cecil, a member of the famous British family of noblemen and public servants, who has written a spiritual autobiography of his wife and himself, called after their home, "destroyed by enemy action," *A House in Bryanston Square* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5, muddily printed). This has been compared

by some critics to *The Education of Henry Adams*. It is a work of the same type, but not of the same variety: Adams had a deadly Bostonian clarity; and Mr. Cecil is poetic and reticent. Still, his book is one of a small yet important group to which Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography and a few others belong—valuable documents, graceful elegies, sweet chords echoing from a dying culture.

Next is a neat collection of essays by Peter Quennell, one of the finest stylists now writing in Britain: *The Singular Preference* (Viking, \$3.75). It is neither an exploration nor a residence, but a series of short visits, like driving round one's neighbors during a week end: may I present Coventry Patmore, the erotic poet? and now let us call on H. G. Wells (if indeed he is visible) and his contemporary Mr. Kipling. This is the effect of reading Mr. Quennell's articles, published in various periodicals during the past twenty years. The stylistic expert will enjoy trying to detect the intellectual bouquet of the *Times Literary Supplement*, and that of the *New Statesman and Nation*: one a little like strong cold tea; the other a little like vodka and lemon juice, a great deal of lemon juice and not much vodka. But he will also admire the breadth of Mr. Quennell's knowledge, the delicacy of his perception, the aptness of his quotations.

Last, another eccentric, in a vein which I usually do not enjoy. Mr. Ronald Duncan, author of *The Blue Fox* (Oxford, \$3.50), lives in the ancient and thoughtful county of Devon, and farms there. For some time he has been writing a weekly essay about the life of the village to which he belongs and of his own farm and its neighbors. His book contains 200 pages of vivid and amusing descriptions of this life, full of poetry and wit and memory and oddity and the essence of all farming, which is character. I have never been in Devon, and I have never farmed; but I was able to appreciate both Devon and farming through these essays. And then I found out that their author was the man who translated Cocteau's *The Eagle Has Two Heads* and wrote the libretto for the Britten opera, *The Rape of Lucretia*. Upon my soul, it be nigh enough to make Oi take up agriculture.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

By *Katherine Gauss Jackson*

### FICTION

*I and My True Love*, by Helen MacInnes.

I read this exciting novel while sitting in a large, drafty room in the City Court Building waiting to be called for jury duty. I never had a better time. It is a novel of the almost-current Washington scene, set in Georgetown, and it is in Miss MacInnes' best international-spy manner — much the best, to my way of thinking, since *Above Suspicion*. It is also a love story, indeed two of them, one between the wife of a State Department official and a member of the Czech legation, and thereby hangs the plot. The other is the courtship of the niece of the State Department wife by a young army engineer. There are many other Washington types who make a satisfying and credible supporting cast. And though it is a "light" novel in the sense that it is very easy to read and full of constant excitement, one feels that Miss MacInnes had as always a very serious purpose in writing it. In any case she has endowed her story with warmth and perception, and reading it is an absorbing and moving experience.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50

*Love for Lydia*, by H. E. Bates.

As far back as anyone could remember the Aspens had been the one rich, landed family in the small English village of Evensford. In the late Thirties when this story begins only two elderly sisters and a ne'er-do-well brother remained. So when a niece, Lydia, came to the old house to live; when the old ladies wanted her to be "free" and asked one of the young men from a local middle-class family to teach her to skate and to take her dancing, it set in motion a new alchemy, an unorthodox and unpredictable chain of events. The growth of Lydia's self-confidence, her effect on the close friendship of three young men, and on a fourth who was not their friend, make a dramatic but credible (on some occasions a little less credible than others) story, all nicely tied up at the end. The hero

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

times seems rather a stick, the heroine sometimes a complete if fascinating vixen, but Mr. Bates can be trusted never to let a good story go and he makes the reader feel that for a time he has actually been part of the life of that small rural village and has shared the experiences of a group of vital young people.

Little, Brown, \$3.50

*and fall*, by Helen Hull.

This is a novel about one of those physically attractive, selfish, executive women now familiar as a fiction type. Anice McNeal is an editor in a publishing house who has wrecked her marriage and as this book opens about to wreck a second for no better reason, apparently, than that it doesn't any longer suit her convenience. Her husband at this moment discovers that he must have a serious operation and suddenly, most against her will, Anice finds herself answering the need of desperate illness, and compassion begins to sprout tiny leaves through that icy exterior. It is, of course, true that people absorbed in their own lives are sometimes brought back to a deeper understanding of realities by serious illness. But unfortunately at the time Anice makes her big decision one has become so thoroughly fed of her and her unsavory friends and associates that her conversion, even granting that it could be permanent, has become only a bore. . . . The background of the publishing office is well and knowledgeably portrayed and the story moves right along. But this reader feels happy to have seen the last of the self-seeking, self-conscious, self-congratulating heroine.

Coward McCann, \$3.50

*Good Man*, by Jefferson Young. This story is told with the simplicity, dignity, and drama of a Greek tragedy. A Negro tenant farmer decides to paint his house white. There is inspiration. A bad man is frightened by this sign of growth and change. He represents Evil. Another white man tries to help him. He represents Good. But the real struggle and the real dénouement are within the man himself. And in the meantime the kindly, curious Negro neighbors make an admiring, lamenting, sym-

pathizing chorus. It is a moving story, beautifully told.

Bobbs-Merrill, \$3

## NON-FICTION

*The Challenge*, by Phyllis Bottome. The second volume of Miss Bottome's autobiography deals with the years—roughly from 1907 to 1917—in which she was struggling with tuberculosis and a difficult engagement. The tuberculosis ended in cure, the engagement, after a serious break, in marriage. This is autobiography as a good novelist would write it, chronological, with characters constantly introduced and vividly described, leaving the reader with a sense of following a good narrative rather than of being involved in a personal experience. But it was an unusual time—a great deal of it spent in sanatoria and hospitals on the continent—and an interesting time of accomplishment (she had already written her first novel when stricken with the disease at eighteen). Her friends were often well known figures and one comes away from reading with the quiet, satisfied feeling a good novel leaves.

Harcourt, Brace, \$4.75

*My Dear Timothy: An Autobiographical Letter to His Grandson*, by Victor Gollancz.

How different the effect of this autobiography! Whereas Miss Bottome's (noted above) deals mostly with personalities the final effect is impersonal. Mr. Gollancz, the distinguished British publisher and leader of causes, deals primarily with ideas, large ideas—the nature of Judaism and Christianity, socialism, sex, marriage, war, and peace. And though one finishes the book intellectually stimulated and excited to a degree, the primary reaction is a feeling of having been directly exposed to a vibrant, rather overwhelming personality. Mr. Gollancz's grandson, Timothy, has a vital inheritance to live up to and is lucky to have this personally guided tour through the forces that shaped two wars and the years between.

Simon & Schuster, \$5

*Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage*, by Ruth Painter Randall. William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

### FORECAST

#### Funniest Novels

It is welcome news, so early in the year, to find two novels vying for the title of "funniest novel of 1953." At Doubleday they are claiming it for *The Struggles of Albert Wood* (April 2) by a young English writer **William Cooper**. But Viking strongly backed by the Book-of-the-Month (it is a dual selection for April), is pushing a "comic novel" about a Canadian-American-Indian family in Montana—*Stay Away Joe* by **Dan Cushman**. It is his first novel.

#### First Novels

Three other first novels are off to auspicious beginnings this spring. **Helen Fowler's** *The Intruder* which Morrow will publish on February 2 will be distributed by the Literary Guild in March. As its April selection the Guild will send out *Stephania*, a first novel by **Ilona Karmel**, a Polish girl who spent three years in a hospital in Stockholm as a result of life in a concentration camp. Houghton Mifflin will publish it on March 26. Still a third first novel is a reserve selection of the Guild for later in the Spring—*The Emperor's Lady* (Josephine) by a young man from Australia, **F. W. Kenyon** (Crowell). . . . Two other first novels, not book-club choice but widely heralded in the book world, are *Prince Bart* ("a 'lost-weelend' of sex and ambition") by **John Richard Kennedy** from Farrar, Straus & Young, March 9; and *A Fiddle, A Sword and A Lady*, a historical novel by the violinist **Albe Spalding**. From Holt, later in the Spring.

#### And For Later

There are some familiar novelists who welcome back with Spring. **Robe Henriques** has *A Stranger Here* coming from Viking, and **Rumer Godden** has another of her Indian novels *Kingfishers Catch Fire*, also from Viking. **Nevil Shute's** new novel *'Tis Folly to be Wise*, comes from Morrow April 8, and **Rosamond Lehmann** whose last novel, *The Ballad and the Source*, was published in 1945, has a new one coming on May 7, *The Echoing Grove*, from Harcourt.

partner who hardly knew Mrs. Lincoln at all, is largely responsible for the unfortunate picture of her with which most of us are familiar. But when the Lincoln Papers were opened at one minute after midnight on July 27, 1947 (Mrs. Randall was there) large amounts of new material became available. Mrs. Randall, wife of the Lincoln scholar, J. G. Randall, sifted the evidence painstakingly and found papers to show not only that the Ann Rutledge legend was largely myth but that the Lincoln marriage in spite of all its tragedies and heartbreaks was an exceptionally close and good one. Here, at last, is Mrs. Lincoln in full-length portrait, and if she emerges as a very emotional woman she was also a devoted wife and mother with all the smallness attributed to her by Herndon wiped away. A careful, scholarly study and a lively, readable one with much new material on both husband and wife.

Little, Brown, \$5.75

*The Silent World*, by Captain J. Y. Cousteau with Frédéric Dumas.

Nearly everyone at some time has wanted to fly. Probably many have wanted to swim like a fish. This is the story of the first men who without diving apparatus except a light mask on the face, a lung on the back, and fins on the feet have gone deeper into the sea than submarines, have played with octopi and swum with whales and sharks and tuna. It is a fascinating story of adventure and eerie beauty familiar in part to those who read the chapter in last month's *Harper's*. Illustrated with twenty full color photographs and eighty-three in black and white.

Harper, \$4

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# The New Recordings

## The Golden Age and the Seventeenth Century

Edward Tatnall Canby

**Italian Madrigals (Gesualdo, Monteverdi).** Randolph Singers. Westminster WL 5171

**Monteverdi: Magnificat; Excs. from Vespri della beata Vergine.** Vocal and Instr. soloists, Ephrikan. Period SPL 558

**Schütz: St. Matthew Passion.** Soloists, Berlin Chamber Choirs, Koch, Max Meili, evangelist. Bach Guild BG 519/20 (2)

The progress of musical eclecticism has only in these past few years reached a point where the difficult and fascinating music of the seventeenth century can be heard—and performed—in its own terms: radical, dynamic change, old fused with new, so much like our own period. The classic developments of the "Golden Age" just before it were relatively sure and direct, in style and in perfected technique. So also was the solid later music of Handel's era. Even the Romantic music of the mid-nineteenth century, for all its turmoil of expressed emotion, achieved complacency in technique—as, say, in Liszt's "Les Préludes." It broke down only with Mahler, Strauss, Moussorgsky, Ravel, into the same strange, unsteady combination of deep doubt and experiment with old ways, rash with the brilliance of discovery, that is the spirit of the seventeenth century as well as of our own time.

Gesualdo and Monteverdi are two examples of seventeenth-century modernity making use of outwardly older forms. These purely vocal madrigals show not only an incredibly expert and polished technique, using voices and, still more, words, to astonishing effect. Beyond this the madrigal form, treating a text to progressive examination, phrase by phrase, idea by idea, is here so bursting with symphonic color and drama that we can only speak of these as though they were big Romantic works, miraculously conveyed through a tiny choir of solo voices instead of a large orchestra and galaxy of soloists. Paradoxically, the instrumental music here, new and undeveloped in technique, is bold and striking in color but almost naïve in its wordlessness. One feels that music unattached to words was still a chartless, formless medium, not yet disciplined to its own vastly subtle potentialities.

The Randolph Singers' work is superb and it has been superbly recorded. A few playings of this music, text in hand, will teach more of the extraordinary power of this probing, vital era than a library full of books. Gesualdo was a vivid experimenter, foreshadowing Wagnerian harmonies but unsure in his style, falling back on convention between his sallies. But he is the lesser figure next to Monteverdi, a superb exponent of vocal subtlety and master of his own vocal style, who writes as no one else has ever done for sheer vocal color expression. The Magnificat and Vespri are for voices and instruments with solos and chorus—modern as an oratorio but strangely more difficult to assimilate than the madrigals. The disturbing feature, common to much music of the time, is the constant changing of tempo, the many brief musical sections (derived, as always, from word phrases), not yet structurally and rhythmically related into an over-all instrumental conception. Ephrikan's strings play beautifully; his solo voices, though too close for comfort, are also excellent; and the treatment is plastic and knowledgeable.

Schütz, the northern genius of the period, writes here a "shadow" Bach passion, cast in model form, reserved and chaste, and outwardly conserving the older traditions, without instruments. Yet beneath this one hears the very stuff of Bach, the worldly passion and excitement of the crowd, the tight drama of the great Protestant story. It is tough going for the uninitiate and very long, but good for those who know the Bach passions well. The solo performance is a trace unctuous; the large chorus is not always good in intonation. All three recordings are technically excellent.

**Farnaby: Canzonets; Music for Virginals.** Oriana Singers, Hobbs; Blanche Winogron, virginals. EMS 5

**Gibbons: Two Fantasias, Locke; Consort #6. Purcell, Pavane and Chacony.** New Music String Quartet. Bartok BRS 913

**Old Netherlands Masters (Organ).** (Dufay, Ockeghem, DesPres, Sweelinck, etc.) Flor Peeters, organ of St. Jans, Gouda. Renaissance X 39

Farnaby, an Elizabethan composer unknown to most of us but big in his time, a man of power in an age of strong music, is here given worthwhile attention. Music for the virginals (a small, one-manual high-pitched harpsichord) is preposterous on the piano, but its rushing scales and strongly irregular rhythms make real sense, and achieve dignity, in this its rightful medium. We can understand in this excellent performance how such music became popular at the time. It is virtuoso stuff, both musically and mechanically. The harpsichord must have been a mechanical wonder then, to play with such incredible fleetness as in this music. Here the Farnaby madrigals are indifferently sung, however, with little understanding and inappropriate vocal quality.

The great period of change, Monteverdi's—when England for a time moved forward with the rest, then lost step—is reflected in the less flamboyant but warm explorations of Purcell, Gibbons, and the unexpectedly gifted Locke. The New Music Quartet plays with the smooth, ultra-legato style now often associated with English music of the period. Its objectivity and accuracy allow the contrapuntal sense and the strange harmonies to come through, but somehow the rich life of the music is veiled. There is a shade of antiquarianism in the sound, notably in the dance movements of the Locke work which are hardly differentiated from the Fantasia of its opening. (Perhaps valid, at that, for though these works foreshadowed the latter suites and fantasias, they were considered old-fashioned by contemporary composers and listeners.) A top-rank recording job.

The Peeters organ record takes us through a long part of the development of purely instrumental music. Beginning with Dufay and the leaders of the fifteenth century (strange stuff but of great appeal once the medium is familiar) it moves forward to illustrate the groping for sense and form, removed from the ever-present word-sound. Toward the end of this collection we hear the definitive and triumphant seventeenth-century solutions of the problem appearing—the short concise *motive*, held in play, transformed, developed into larger structures, the



evice, the instrumental elaboration of long vocal melody, even the massive contrapuntal structure of the Baroque period. An excellent record on this score, but monotonous for less specialized listening.

**Palestrina: Supplicationes. Works by Lassus, Byrd, Victoria, Anerio.** (Harvard Glee Club, Woodworth. Male voices). Cambridge CRC 101 (10")

**Motets (Gregorian, Gibbons, Byrd, Palestrina, Victoria, Sweelinck, Landl, Weelkes.) The Welch Chorale.** Lyrichord LL 56

An interesting contrast in interpretation, two dissimilar approaches to the *capella* choral music of the "Golden Age." The Harvard Glee Club in its best recorded form to date expounds in a somewhat romantic way of singing that Dr. Archibald T. Davison made widely known—an ultra-slow tempo, a poetic, long-sustained line full of dramatic crescendi and diminuendi, a kind of fervor that, however, does not always get over the actual words and the simple musical progression. This style has rarely been done better than here. Mr. Welch's Chorale, which sings regularly at Catholic services, takes the more modern approach; the music is sung with no less expression but in a faster, more matter-of-fact style, the phrases shaped upon the natural flow of the words at normal speed, the vocal line less elaborately, more directly reflecting word rhythms. Most listeners will find this latter style more believable in terms of a living music composed for the highest of practical ends, day-to-day performance as part of the religious life of a rich, tremendously alive age. The Welch singing makes no outward distinctions between works of various nationalities but an interesting pairing of settings for a number of texts brings out remarkable differences within the general style—the plump jolliness of the Dutch Sweelinck; the Mozartian brilliance and transparency of Palestrina; the more personal, delicate music of Byrd and Gibbons. The Harvard disc is gorgeously, resonantly recorded; the Welch Chorale somewhat fuzzily, with few solo voices showing.

#### CA Reissues—quick survey.

My very first postwar column, in January 1946, concerned itself with the possibility that the great library of recordings of the nineteen-thirties, withdrawn during the war years, might never be available again. Reissues on LP records, far more convenient, and at far

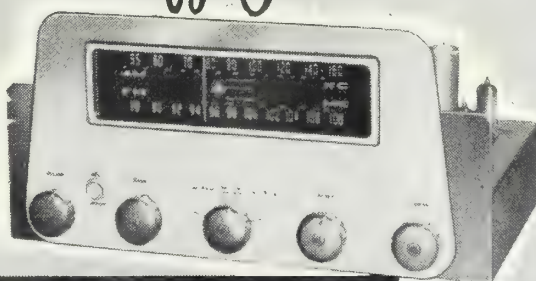
lower prices, have saved the day. Thanks to the new economy, much of the fine older material is on the way back, to wider circulation than ever before.

How do they sound on modern wide-range phonograph equipment? Bass was excellent on the old discs, though unreproduced at the time—now we can hear it all. But treble was sadly missing. Thus most old discs of music that has considerable bass now sound bottom-heavy on new machines. Best remedy: cut down the bass, for balance. Best bets: (1) solo music, close-to voices or instruments, that emphasizes mid-frequencies, their "presence" cutting through. (2) Piano solo, for much 78-rpm piano was steadier than recent tape; the piano is naturally bottom-heavy, the high range being unimportant. (3) "Pure" music (German), not depending too much on color effects; coloristic, impressionistic music (French, Spanish) is at disadvantage, comes through dull, lifeless. (4) Music that naturally lacks low bass, emphasizes mid-range, as with harpsichord, guitar, voices, violin solo, etc. With little bass, this music does not need highs to match. Big-bass orchestra needs equivalent high highs to make a total balance.

**Wagner: Parsifal, Lohengrin excerpts.** (Melchior-Flagstad). LCT

1105. **Mozart: Marriage of Figaro; Magic Flute** (Glyndebourne). LCT 6001, 6101. Excellent reissues. Orchestra passages are muffled but solo voices bring musical sound alive. **Schnabel Plays Beethoven** (B. Sonata Soc.) vols 1, 2. LCT 1109/10. Excellent piano. Some distortion in loud parts but beautiful bass, steady pitch. **Rachmaninoff, Rhapsody on a Th. of Paganini; Piano Concerto #1.** (Rachmaninoff, Philo. Orch.) LCT 1118. The late Rachmaninoff Paganini, one of his best, is excellent. Close-to, full-bodied piano, orchestra subdued. The early concerto is thin, distorted—a very surprising contrast. **Gliere: Ilia Mourometz.** (Phila. Stokowski) LCT 1106. Poor. The brilliant color of this score, its saving grace, is lost, the sound is dull, monotonous. **Bach: Two-violin concerto** (Menuhin-Enesco); **Violin Sonata in E** (Menuhin-Landowska) LCT 1120. The sonata is good (the early Menuhin may surprise you again with its sweetness) but the concerto is fuzzy and strident. A sharp tone control (cut-off) will leave it smooth but dull. (A Tribute to Lotte Lehmann. Not received for review.)

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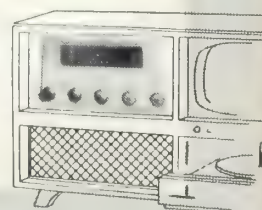
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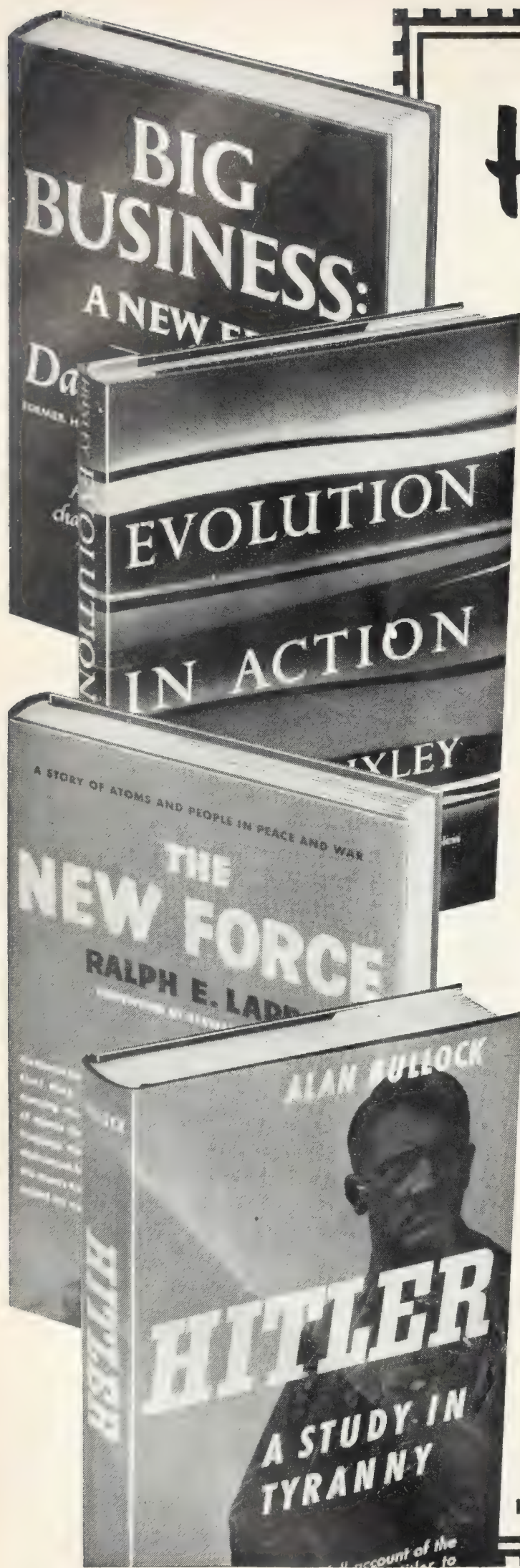
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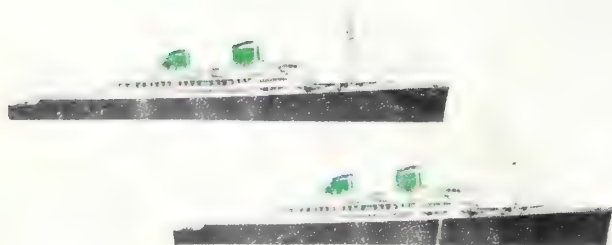
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The "New" Fiction . . . . .

*Malcolm Cowley*

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of the Middle East . . . . .

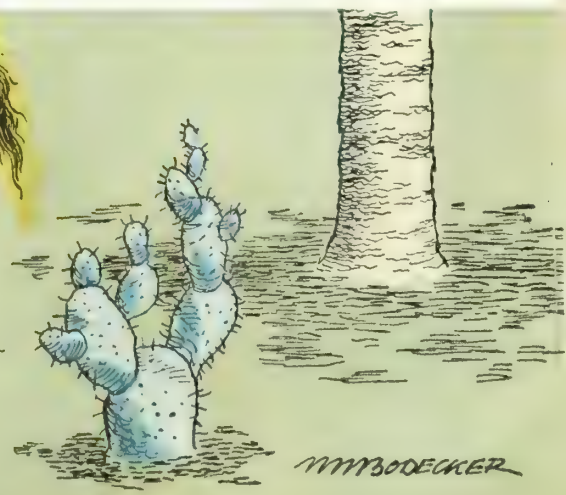
*B. H. Liddell Hart*

Have We Tied  
the Dollar Down? . . . . .

*Edwin L. Dale, Jr.*

"The Silent Generation" . . . . .

*Thornton Wilder*





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## Mothers and Daughters Doing Fine

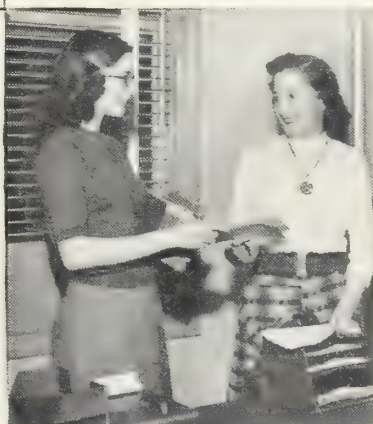
**In Her Mother's Footsteps** — "Mother did all right and I hope to do as well," says Telephone Operator Betty Miller. She's shown here with her mother, Mrs. Ruby Miller, a telephone Service Assistant.

**Many work together in telephone offices  
in communities throughout the country**

It happens over and over again. A daughter sees how much her mother likes her telephone job and decides she would like to work there, too. So in she comes to put in her application.

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**Like Mother. Like Daughter.** Betty Johnson (left) is a Service Order Typist in the same telephone building where her mother, Mrs. Dena Johnson, is Business Office Supervisor. Mrs. Johnson's aunt and cousin are telephone employees, too.



**A Telephone Family.** Mrs. Grace M. Donewald, an Instructor, visits her mother, Mrs. Grace Franks, a Special Commercial Clerk. Her father, a telephone Commercial Engineer, has recently been assigned as a Defense Activities Coordinator.

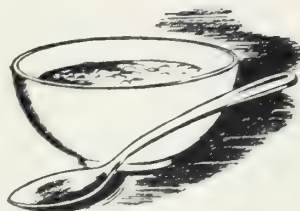
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Cover by N. M. Bodecker



# Personal & Otherwise

AS LONG as there have been elders in human society, they have been given to casting a not always tolerant eye on their youngsters and then announcing loudly what they think they have seen there. Every older generation has had the conviction, at one time or another, that the younger generation was bringing the world to the brink of destruction. And recently, as **Thornton Wilder** observes at the beginning of his article on "'The Silent Generation'" (p. 34), with the stepped-up tempo of our own time "crises in the public appraisal of the young appear with increasing frequency."

For several years now, P & O has felt that the current younger generation was getting rather more than its share of scrutiny and criticism in the news magazines, the women's magazines, and academic and scientific publications; and has also noted with surprise an astonishing change in the tone of the complaints. Far from being considered firebrands, young people of today are accused of being too quiet, too self-contained, too interested in security. (Apathetic is a word that has appeared more than once in this connection.) There seems to be a generally querulous feeling among certain representatives of the middle and older generations that contemporary youth lacks the recklessness and daring that have brought the world to its present precarious position, and that, furthermore, this is too bad and bodes ill for the future.

When we remember that the present older generations were in their day the Jazz Age and the Lost Generation, their objections are perhaps more understandable. Nevertheless P & O was happy to read more kindly inter-

pretations of the new youthful phenomenon by two leading American writers (both, it might be mentioned, erstwhile members of the Lost Generation and one the author of the standard source book on that era). **Malcolm Cowley** has been exploring the American literary scene ever since 1934 when he wrote *Exile's Return*, the definitive account of the American expatriates who went to Paris after World War I, a new edition of which came out in 1951. And in "A Tidy Room in Bedlam" (p. 27) he is chiefly concerned with a specific form of writing which the present younger generation is exploiting, while Thornton Wilder is regarding young people as a whole in their approach to life; but the two men's conclusions about underlying causes and meanings are not so vastly different after all.

Considering the attacks leveled at the time against the Lost Generation, it is well to note that both these men are outstanding examples of members of it who consistently avoided getting lost. Both were graduated from college in 1920 (Mr. Cowley from Harvard and Mr. Wilder from Yale), after both had taken time out from their education for service in World War I (Mr. Cowley drove a munitions truck in France; Mr. Wilder was in coastal defense in this country). Then Mr. Cowley became, temporarily, a Bohemian, and Mr. Wilder, also temporarily, a schoolmaster.

After Harvard Mr. Cowley starved for a year in Greenwich Village before he won the American Field Service Fellowship that paid his way to France to do graduate work; and from 1921 to 1923 he lived in or near Paris, where, he says, he "met all the Dada crowd





## He squeezes bottles in half

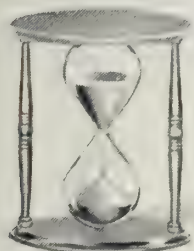
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whiskeys in ages

# SCHENLEY



(later the surrealist crowd)" and helped get out two expatriate magazines, *Secession* and *Broom*. Back in this country, he wrote poetry and translated French authors. He joined the staff of the *New Republic* in 1929, became its literary editor, and remained in that capacity until he resigned in 1944, writing many books of his own on the side and translating others. Among his best known works, aside from *Exile's Return*, are *The Dry Season*, a collection of poems, and *Books That Changed Our Minds*, of which he was editor and co-author. He has also edited three volumes in Viking's "Portable" series—on Faulkner, Hemingway, and Hawthorne—and *The Complete Whitman* and *The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald*. In 1946 he received an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters for his critical and historical work, and two years later was elected to membership in the Institute.

MR. WILDER, on the other hand, describes himself as "the only American of my generation who did not 'go to Paris.'" He went instead to the American Academy in Rome and returned in 1921 to teach at Lawrenceville School for boys where he stayed for six years, taking the year 1925-26 off to get his M.A. at Princeton. In 1925 his first novel, *The Cabala*, was published, and two years later he found himself the recipient of a Pulitzer Prize and a best-selling novelist with the appearance of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, which sold 300,000 copies in a year and was translated into five languages. In 1930 he went to the University of Chicago to give a course in creative writing, and in 1936 resigned to take off, belatedly, for Paris, to visit Gertrude Stein, whom he had met when, at his instigation, she gave a course of lectures at the university. He won his second Pulitzer Prize in 1938 for his play, "Our Town," and his third in 1942 for "The Skin of Our Teeth." During World War II he was a combat intelligence officer with the American Army in Italy. Since the war he has given the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard, written a novel about ancient Rome, *The Ides of March*, and won the Gold Medal for Fiction awarded by the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters "for the total body of the author's work."

Both authors seem to P & O remarkably well qualified for the tasks they have set themselves in their articles in this issue. In addition to his teaching experience, Mr. Wilder has always had a particular interest in young people and a knack for attracting their confidences. This past January he made a highly successful tour of Austria, Germany, and Switzerland, lecturing to groups of young people on writing. So the "silent generation" he discusses is, we assume, an international as well as national manifestation.

Mr. Cowley, who is still a contributing editor of the *New Republic*, also serves as literary adviser of the Viking Press, so that he has seen unpublished as well as published examples of the "new" novels. "A Tidy Room in Bedlam," he tells us, is the summary of a longer article: the first of a series of pieces he intends to do on the subject. What seems to him most interesting in the current literary picture, he says, is the way criticism is becoming the dominant form and novelists are being more and more closely influenced by the opinions of critics. As for the Lost Generation, he adds, "I know now, as most people do, that it was a lucky generation; certainly luckier than the present postwar writers."

### *Avenue in the Middle East*

OVER twenty-five years ago, when **Arnold J. Toynbee** first contributed to this magazine some reflections on the World and the West, he described the origin of his interest in the subject. "The present writer," he wrote, "first approached the modern problem of 'East and West' by making a firsthand study of Turkey in 1921." The word "modern" was a necessary qualification because Mr. Toynbee at that time was already a professor of Byzantine and Greek language, literature, and history; and it had been in Greece, while studying archaeology in 1912, that his curiosity about international affairs was first aroused. Perhaps a classical education has something to do with it, with at least the ability to visualize oneself historically as the Greeks and Romans might have done, looking eastward from the Mediterranean world in cupidity and alarm much as the West now looks to its non-Western neighbors. The Near East—or Middle East, as **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** prefers to call it ("The Defense



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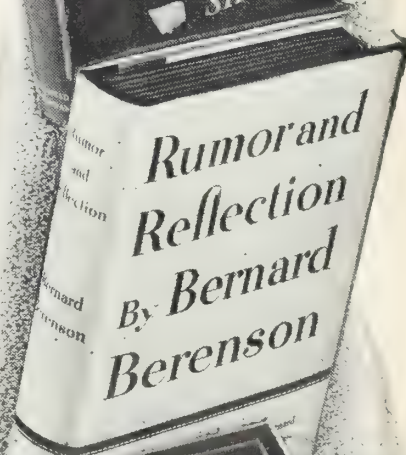
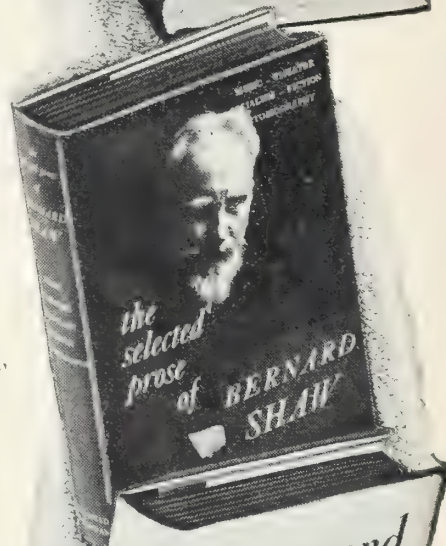
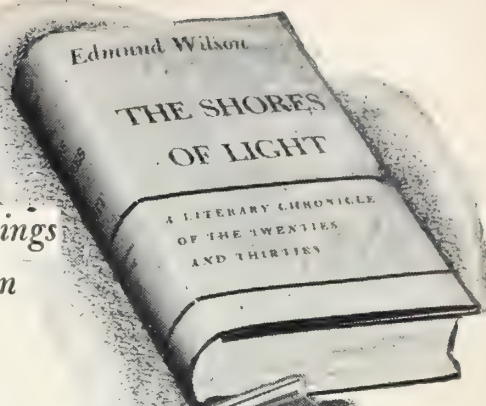
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of the Middle East," p. 63)—still evokes the image of an avenue of conquest one way or the other, whether for armies or for the softly penetrating religions to which Mr. Toynbee refers at the end of "The World and the Greeks and Romans" (p. 71).

To be sure, Captain Liddell Hart envisages a much happier, and less history-bound, fate for us than that of holding a hypothetical pass at Thermopylae against a hypothetical onrushing horde, or sending our own legions—like Alexander's—eastward from the Dardanelles until it could be said that all the Mesopotamian heartland, by us as by the Greeks, "had been reached and penetrated by the radiation of their world-conquering culture." Both Captain Liddell Hart and Mr. Toynbee speak as Englishmen even before they speak as Westerners, but it is quite apparent that neither one of them is feeling particularly world-conquering at the moment. At this end of a long experience with Western "penetration," both are able to be quite mellow about the two types of non-Western resistance and response that Toynbee personifies in Peter the Great and the Mahdi, or Liddell Hart in General Razmara and Dr. Mossadegh. They both speak from what one moderate Anglophile of P & O's acquaintance has called "the after-glow of empire," the more relaxed state of mind in which it appears that there are several sides to a question, that not all "natives" will stay in their place, and that one saves what one can.

It is from a much less distant and spacious vantage-point than Mr. Toynbee's, of course, that Captain Liddell Hart asks whether the Middle East can be saved, or is worth saving, for the West. Currently, it is our style of response to the non-Western challenge, as Toynbee might see it, to talk about alliances or protection against a much more tangible offensive than that which filled the "spiritual vacuum" of the Greek and Roman world. Far from being ready to receive a "message to all human souls," we seem anxious to send one, or at least to achieve what is currently called the psychological initiative. Whether or not we have reached a state of "spiritual vacuum" ourselves is a question,



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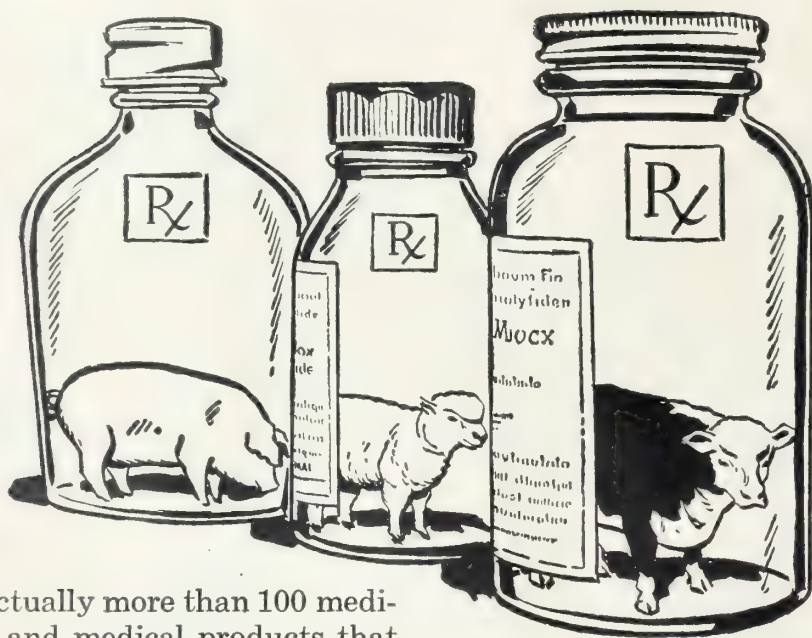
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P & O

widely debated as it is, that Mr. Toynbee wisely leaves unanswered. Parallels are risky enough, without the further risk of putting one's finger on one point in the past and saying, this is where we come in. Yet it is well to remember Mr. Toynbee's suggestion of future alternatives at the same time that one necessarily listens more attentively to Captain Liddell Hart's present imperatives, and in neither case to live by dread alone.

**E**UROPE has been listening carefully to both these Englishmen for many decades. As we remarked here last month, there is probably no historian whose name and work are better known than Mr. Toynbee's and certainly few military analysts with a longer record for pertinent criticism than Captain Liddell Hart's. It can be said of him that his enemies were particularly glad that he wrote a book, for after World War II there seemed to be few German generals who did not declare themselves his indirect disciples. Guderian: "... my first teacher in tank tactics and strategy." General von Manteuffel: "... the creator of modern tank strategy." Praise indeed, under the circumstances, if we are to go on the reasonable assumption that these unwillingly retired militarists have nothing to lose but their claims to originality. He was an early advocate of air power, an exponent of mechanized warfare from 1919 onward, and the author of many articles and books—among them, a biography of Lawrence of Arabia.

Mr. Toynbee's "The World and the Greeks and Romans" comes this month as a sequel to his "Russia and the West" which we published last month, and both form a part of his new book, *The World and the West*, just issued by the Oxford University Press and reviewed by Gilbert Highet in this issue.

The map (p. 64) was prepared by the expert firm of Sigman-Ward.

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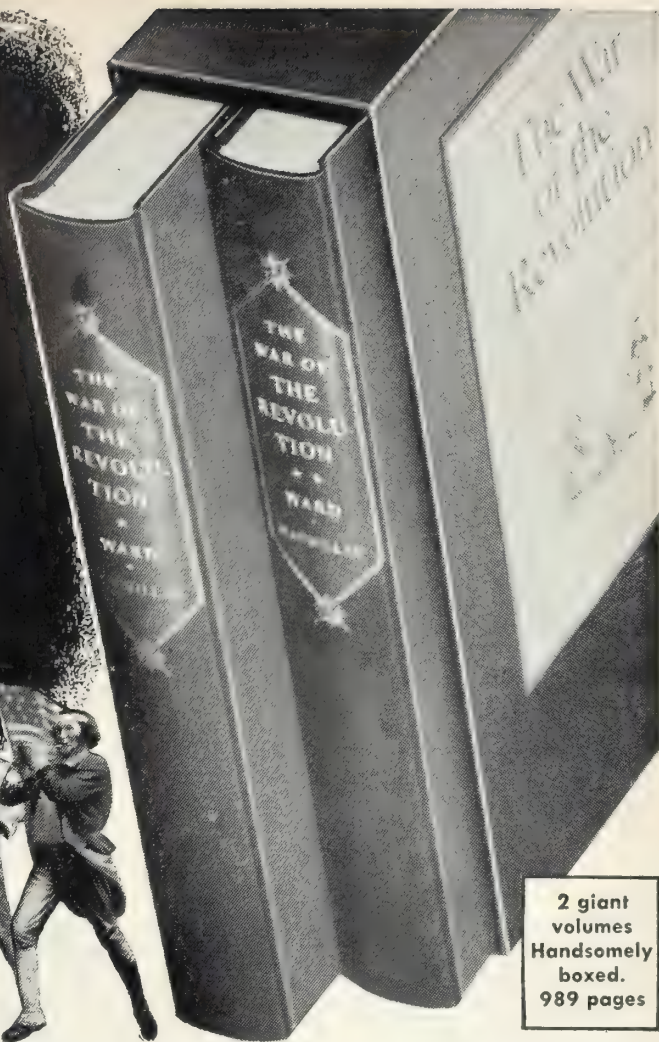
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P & O

a new wave of inflation. It even  
crossed our own minds that they  
were taking a chance, and might not  
the day if their guess was wrong.  
It has been with some relief, there-  
fore, that we have read the  
preliminary draft of a report  
"Flexible Monetary Policy" by the  
Committee on Economic Develop-  
ment's Research and Policy Com-  
mittee, an august group of financial  
and industrial executives who have  
had as their consultant the eminent  
Dr. E. A. Goldenweiser. Their re-  
port says in effect that price and  
wage controls are of temporary and  
emergency value only; that for the  
long run the important thing to do  
to combat inflation is to regulate the  
amount of money in circulation  
through alert action by the Fed-  
eral Reserve Board; and that since the  
"accord" of March 1951 the Board  
has had adequate power with which  
to do this vital job.

That is approximately the theory  
which the Republican Adminis-  
tration appears to have embraced; and  
it is also approximately the conclu-  
sion to which **Edwin L. Dale**,  
comes in his article, "Have We  
Tied the Dollar Down?" (p. 37),  
which Mr. Dale explains just what  
happened in March 1951 and why  
that date may prove to have been  
an important one in our economic  
history. (We might add parentheti-  
cally that the Dale article makes  
considerably brisker reading than  
the CED report.)

Mr. Dale came originally from  
Haverford, Pennsylvania; went to  
Yale; was a junior officer on a de-  
stroyer during the war; and now  
general economics and financial  
reporter for the New York *Herald*  
*Tribune* in Washington.

The unpromising task of illu-  
minating an article on monetary prob-  
lems was turned over to the clever  
hands of **Burmah Burris**, a young  
woman from Mississippi who now  
does art work in New York for va-  
rious magazines and advertising ag-  
encies and for Saks Fifth Avenue.  
Miss Burris studied at Mississippi  
Woman's College, taught mathe-  
matics, and then studied at the  
Institute of Chicago.

... "Breach of Promise" (p. 4),  
a new story by **Jessamyn West**, com-  
bines the light and the dark stran-



## P &amp; O

f Miss West's talent. For about a decade her stories have been known to readers who go hunting for good fiction wherever it appears, in all kinds of popular and literary magazines. Her first story in *Harper's*, "The Singing Lesson," published in January 1945, is worth a session with the bound volumes in your public library if you want the thrill of the best.

Miss West lives in California, where she came as a child from Indiana, and is, as readers of her book, *The Friendly Persuasion*, will guess, a Quaker. Her novel about farm people in Indiana, *The Witch Diggers*, won praise from the critics and from her many admirers two years ago. Harcourt Brace will bring out *Dress Delahanty* later this year.

The drawings for "Breach of Promise" are the first work by *Glen Michaels* to appear in a magazine, except for pictures by him in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Michaels attended the Yale Music School and on the side audited classes at the Yale Art School; most of his training in art has come from informal sketching, but in 1951 he published a book of cartoons caricaturing the clichés of music, called *Oh, You're a Musician!*

• • In the past two or three years *Harper's* has published very nearly a little anthology of its own on the problems of growing old. All of these offerings came unsolicited to the magazine—in evidence of the concern which Americans feel for the old people in our population and for the old age which, more than likely, confronts us all in the near or distant future. Without regarding the prospect as a calamity, most of the writers in this informal and uncollected anthology have put their minds to the problematical aspects of the increasing life span—the titles of some of these published pieces indicate: "Old-Age Prisoner" (July 1950); "The Old People" (December 1951); "Why Retire at Sixty-Five?" (April 1952); "The Coming Class War—Old vs. Young" (July 1952); "My Mother Lives With Us" (November 1952). Then Dr. Martin Gumpert's "Old Age's Gain" (January 1952) was premised on the notion that old age is generally held to be more loss than gain.



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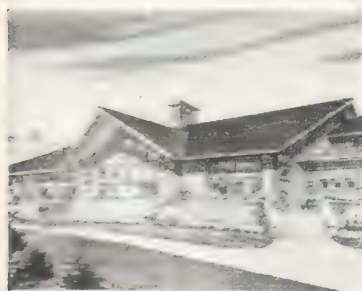
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## P & O

Along comes *Catherine Drinker Bowen's* "The Magnificence of Age" (p. 58) to dash aside the problems and state almost brusquely, "Luck being equal, whether a man at eighty finds himself reaping the harvest or the whirlwind depends on how he has spent his forties and thirties and twenties." And then she presents in their glory a constellation of elders whose lifelong glow was even greater when she saw them in very old age.

Mrs. Bowen, an accomplished musician as well as writer, was born in Haverford, Pennsylvania, and now lives in Bryn Mawr. She had her first short story published in *Harper's* in February 1931 and appeared twice in the old department, "The Lion's Mouth." In her new piece, "The Magnificence of Age," she mentions incidentally some of the factors that led her to write about the great persons she was bold enough to take on. Three of these biographies became Book-of-the-Month Club choices: *Beloved Friend*, about Tchaikovsky (with Barbara Von Mech); *Yankee from Olympus*, about Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and his family; and *John Adams and the American Revolution*. She reveals in this article the identity of the new biographical subject on which she is working now.

For your curiosity, here is a partial list of the elders she mentions and their dates:

- Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone . . . 1872-1946
- Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes . . . 1862-1948
- President Abbott Lawrence Lowell . . . 1856-1943
- Bishop William Lawrence . . . 1850-1941
- Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis . . . 1856-1941
- Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes . . . 1841-1935

By luck, this month "Books in Brief" carries Katherine Gauss Jackson's review of Justice Holmes' correspondence in old age with a brilliant youngster, Harold Laski.

• • • Of the two kinds of literary evidence (which we heard about first in our college Shakespeare course)—external and internal—it has always seemed to us that the second was the roomier kind for a biographer.



P & O

use. To sketch the personality of Shakespeare from the text of "Hamlet," for example, using internal evidence only, gives opportunity for wonderful play of the imagination; indeed some biographers have gone so far in this art as to discard Shakespeare altogether and conjure up the worthier penman to author the wonders they have found in his works. In this kind of writing, *W. G. Constable's* essay, "Three Stars for Baedeker" (p. 76), sets a new standard of rigorous adherence to the evidence of the text and of free imaginative induction therefrom. To rest all indignant letters from literal-minded advocates of external evidence, P & O wants to warn off anyone who would come at us with proof that Karl Baedeker died in 1899 (and so could have had no opinion of Hitler's monuments) or that it was Baedeker's son Fritz who saved the family printing establishment from Coblenz to Leipzig. These may be matters of public record; they do not pertain to an essay based exclusively on the loved works themselves. Mr. Constable proceeds with the scholarly precision and aesthetic appreciation; if he seems at times overserious, well, that is just one of the hazards of the full exercise of craft.

V. G. Constable is not a one-book man. He happens to be curator of paintings at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and the author of books and articles about art, including volumes on sixteenth and seventeenth century art in England and Venetian painting. English-born, took a master of arts degree at John's College, Cambridge, and studied at the Slade School in London. He was Slade professor of fine art at the University of Cambridge and held a number of impressive academic lectureships and museum posts before coming to Boston in 1933. He was also a barrister-at-law and from 1914 to 1918 a major in the British Army.

Mr. Constable sent P & O a few lines of external evidence about the writing of his essay on Karl Baedeker, which we quote:

For some forty-five years, I have loved Baedeker in almost every country in Europe and in the United States. Often he has been the only book I have had with me to read.

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Consequently, I have read him assiduously and have always been entertained by certain parts of the guides, which seem to me to reflect a very definite outlook, quite distinct from that of other writers of guidebooks. The occasion which led to the actual writing of the essay was a request to give a talk on Station WGBH in a series entitled "Old Books, Old Friends"; Baedeker fitted both categories.

The lucky constellation of Karl Baedeker and *N. M. Bodecker* (see the cover drawing this month and the illustrations for "Three Stars for Baedeker") we shall have to attribute to editorial cunning rather than the fates. 'Twas in ourselves and not our stars that the inspiration came to turn over the jolly figure of the intrepid Karl to the artist Bodecker, who has already drawn cross cows and amiable Scandinavians for this magazine. A native of Copenhagen, Mr. Bodecker studied architecture there for two years and then art for three years at the School of Applied Arts. He has published two volumes of verse and done illustrating and cartoons for some fifteen Danish newspapers and magazines. He is now in this country.

... The subject of electronic calculators, *Leonard Engel* writes us, was attractive to him since he is a full-time writer on scientific and medical subjects ("Electronic Calculators: Brainless but Bright," p. 84). But he was also interested in it because he enjoys "an opportunity, such as this story presented, to poke at one of modern man's frequent conceits—namely, that he is quite as much of an architect as nature itself. Mr. Engel feels the idea that such machines can "think" is just "the old notion in disguise that we can build things as complicated as anything in nature (people, for instance). Things in nature, of course, are a lot more complicated than we generally suppose—I almost said, than we *can* suppose."

In his article you will find that he makes a very clear distinction between the laborious, though useful, mathematical drudgery that electronic calculators perform, and the qualities of abstraction and apprehension necessary to a mind that can invent such extraordinary ma-

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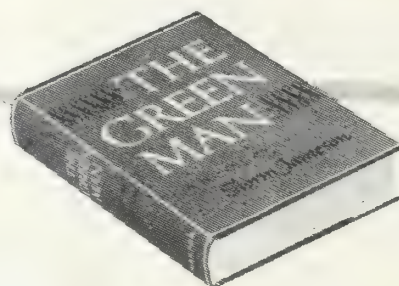
# Outstanding New Books



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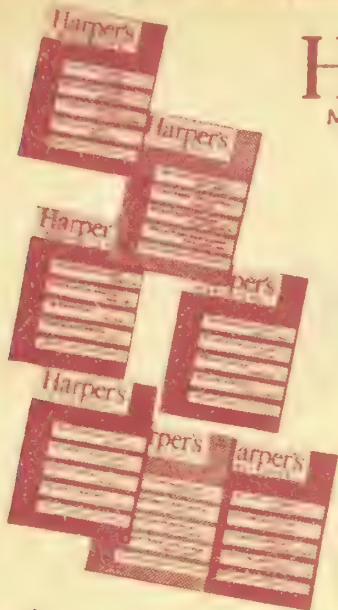
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extent that we use it to mechanical machines rather than people, profit by contemplating the lights that even the most complicated electronic thinker cannot think. ding Mr. Engel's description of limitations on mechanical calculators, P & O feels considerably vexed up by this unexpected division of mechanization. The further go with it, the more conscious become of the unique capabilities of our own more complicated, compact, and infinitely more intelligent brains.

• If South Africa remains misunderstood by the rest of the world, not the fault of her new crop of writers. From Alan Paton down to the newest of them to break over national boundaries into the literary world at large, they have made that bleeding tip-end of a continent "The Beloved Country" to many thousands of readers outside. One of the newer ones, Uys Krige (whose "Death of a Zulu" Harper's published just three years ago) sent to "The Tame Ox" (p. 91) by Jack London. This exciting picture of a young man at a "Native" college in South Africa has the happy grace and humor, rarely expressed in the

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## P & O

explosive South African literature which Americans usually encounter

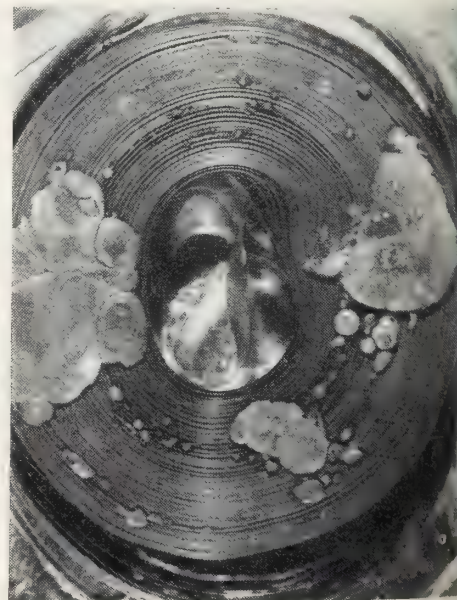
Jack Cope is a newspaperman in Cape Town, who writes poetry and fiction and has spent some years in Europe as a correspondent. He was born on a farm in Natal, not far from Zululand. Growing up as a white lad among Zulus, he escaped the obsession of race antagonism; he thinks that this is what set him on the path of a writer.

...April's poems came in from near and far. **Babette Deutsch**, whose "Weather Note" (p. 36) bore a New York City postmark, has recently received praise for her new book *Poetry in Our Time*; she is a guest professor this term at Columbia University, giving a course in modern poetry; her next book of verse will be called *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral*.

**W. S. Merwin** sent "Song of the New Fool" (p. 62) from Majorca where he had spent more than a year. He was born in New York and is a graduate of Princeton. His forthcoming book of poems, *The Dancing Bear*, will be his second.

Californian **Don Gordon** ("On the Border," p. 70) has written two books of poems, *Statement* and *Civilian Poems*.

**Robert Berkowitz** of Boston has a tiny poem this month ("A Selection," p. 90); his "Despatch" appeared in *Harper's* in January.

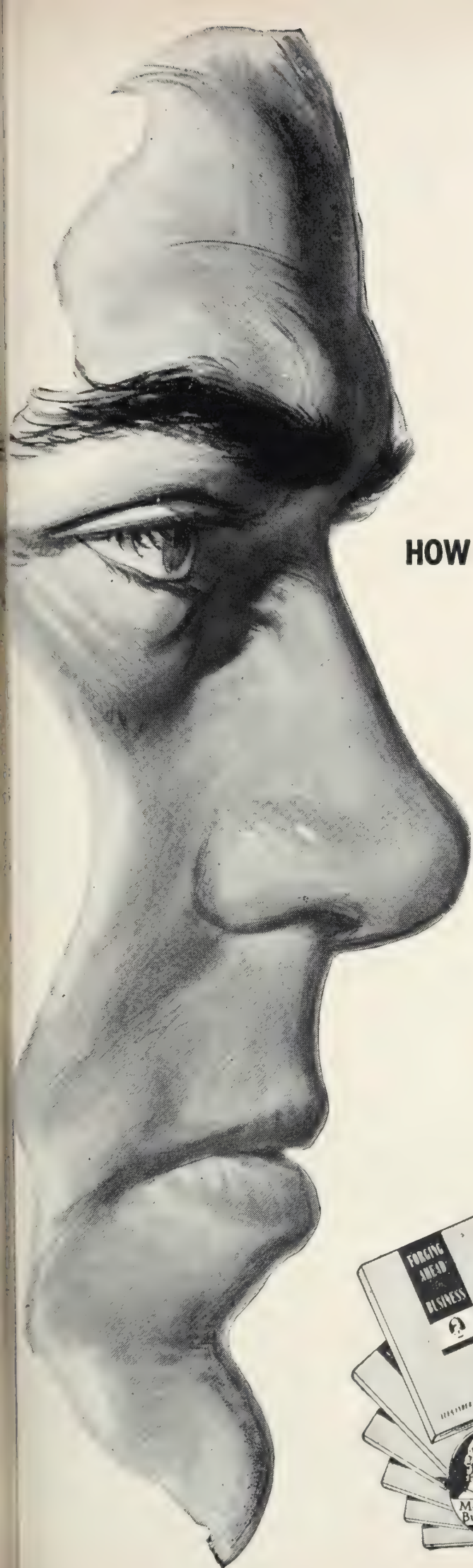


Jamison: Museum of Modern Art

## Look What Happens to Films

A decaying copy of Douglas Fairbank movie, "Bound in Morocco." (See After Hours, p. 97.)





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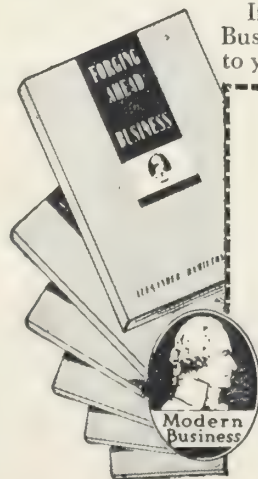
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# LETTERS

## *To Fluoridate or Not?—*

*To the Editors:*

A little knowledge, plus a lot of half information, plus a strong bias can indeed be "a dangerous thing." James Rorty's article, "Go Slow on Fluoridation" [February], proves this.

There probably never has been a public-health measure that has received such exhaustive study before being recommended for general application. . . . Surely never was there one so generally supported by public-health, medical, dental, and other scientific bodies, as well as by such lay groups as the American Legion and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. Already there are at least 586 municipalities (not 300 as Mr. Rorty states) applying fluorides to their water supplies. . . . The search for any deleterious effects in these populations has been diligently pursued, and, except for dental fluorosis ("mottled enamel"), barely perceptible or severe according to the concentration of fluorine, the search has been fruitless. . . . I wish your columns permitted an item-by-item rejoinder to Mr. Rorty's points.

C. M. HILLIARD  
Board of Health  
Wellesley, Mass.

*To the Editors:*

"Go Slow on Fluoridation" was fine, just the kind of thinking-writing I look for on all subjects of interest. But you, and Mr. Rorty, should know that here in Sheboygan at least one dentist was never among the "enthusiasts" for fluoridation of the city drinking water. It was deliberately meant that neither I, nor anyone else with a like suspicion, was heard at the important moment of decision. . . .

CARLTON BREHMER, D.D.S.  
Sheboygan, Wis.

*To the Editors:*

The public owes you and Mr.

Rorty a vote of thanks for his superb article on fluoridation. He has packed an amazing amount of sense into five lucid pages and built a restrained but devastating case against rampant witchcraft.

One point, however, needs clearer emphasis. The *amount* of daily fluoride intake is what matters; and the concentration is of only coincidental significance. The effects, both good and bad, of three glassfuls of water with one part per million of fluoride are quite like those of one glass containing three p.p.m. . . . The Public Health Service is quite aware that the recommended one p.p.m. will damage children's teeth. This level was selected with the hope that it would afford significant protection against decay and at the same time would not damage the teeth of more than about 10 per cent of children. The PHS has since learned that this was a bad guess and has raised its estimate of expected damage to 15-20 per cent. . . .

F. B. EXNER, M.D.  
Seattle, Wash.

## *Bohemian Backchat—*

*To the Editors:*

Mr. Lynes' pieces about brows, snobs, and guests were well done and a lot of fun. But this one on "The Upper Bohemians" [February] bears a total verity and a touch of love that causes it to top all the rest. . . .

J. BLANKFARD MARTENET  
Baltimore, Md.

*To the Editors:*

I have been striving to be an Upper Bohemian all my life. Thank you for telling me!

KENNETH B. ARNOLD  
Portland, Ore.

*To the Editors:*

After reading and thoroughly enjoying "The Upper Bohemians," I should like to suggest yet another

category to Mr. Lynes—namely, the Middle Bohemians. These, almost exclusively college professors under the age of forty-five, possess all the characteristics of the Upper Bohemians except money and hence mobility. I am an M.B. and love it.

FRANKLYN S. HAIMAN  
Northwestern University  
Evanston, Ill.

*To the Editors:*

In the final paragraphs of his article "The Upper Bohemians," Mr. Russell Lynes twice uses the expression "to flaunt convention." Evidently Mr. Lynes has confused the homonyms, flaunt and flout. . . . I am sure that Mr. Lynes meant to say "flout convention." . . .

KATHERINE KEELI  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
(Well, he flouted convention flaunting it, anyway. But neither nor the proofreaders meant to.—T. Editors)

## *The Red Mountain—*

*To the Editors:*

I was much impressed by Robert Payne's story, "The Red Mountain" in your February issue, but I found the end disturbingly inconclusive and I wonder if it is a part of something longer. Has Mr. Payne written more about what happened to Sainteny and the others after the story ended?

KATHERINE MARTIN  
New York, N. Y.

*To the Editors:*

It was very kind of your reader to ask about the ending of "The Red Mountain." I don't know how Sainteny may be murdered—Néné or by Wang Dieh or by the Annamite headman or by one of the Chinese workmen as he enters the caves or by the Annamite woman living in the caves. There are other possibilities, and all of them are a



## LETTERS

alling. I suspect that somewhere in the story there is an allegory on our present dilemmas in the Far East, but I am not sure. Anyway I am terribly pleased that anyone should want to know exactly what happened, because I wanted so deliberately to tell a story which could go on in the reader's mind long after he had finished reading it.

ROBERT PAYNE  
Montevallo, Ala.

to the Editors:

As one of many editors who have had the pleasure of working with Robert Payne, I hope I may be forgiven for subjecting anything he writes to close and proprietary scrutiny. There was nothing wrong with "The Red Mountain"; matter of fact, I liked it fine. . . . But what about that letter quoted in P & O? "Lost of my books are in Alabama," said, "but as far as I can judge the answer is: 2 books of poetry, 6 translations, 1 book of short stories, 4 biographies, 2 diaries, 3 political studies, 1 travel books, 14 novels, and 2 books dealing with theological studies, which brings the total to 35." It does, does it?

Robert writes real good, but maybe he ought to sign up for a refresher course in math next term.

A. L. HART, JR.  
The Macmillan Co.  
New York, N. Y.

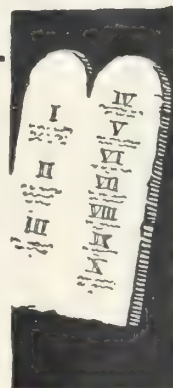
(Maybe he ought to take P & O along with him, too.—The Editors)

Peacock Gold—

to the Editors:

I was interested in reading Heston Pearson's "The Man Whistler" in the October, November, and December issues of your magazine. However, in the account of the Peacock Room, I should like to say that the leather with which the room was hung was not at all dull in color. It was stamped leather, in which the sign of pomegranates appeared. Over this, all of it was covered with German gilding, that is to say, silver leaf covered with amber shellac to make it look like gold leaf. Over this again were painted sprays of red and white flowers. Thus the Peacock Room was originally a brilliant gold, and, as such, formed a suitable background for the owner's collection of

# LET'S STICK TO MOSES!



When they were preparing to produce the motion picture "The Ten Commandments," the director and the author of the story consulted a professor who had been recommended as an authority on the Law of Moses. They expected a scholarly explanation, but when the professor had finished, there was little left of the Ten Commandments—and no story.

After the interview, when they were alone again, the disgusted director remarked: "We'll stick to Moses."

Yes, let's stick to Moses! There may be those who would abolish the Ten Commandments, but let's stick to the Commandments as God gave them to us through Moses.

And there is no better way of doing so, than by sticking to Jesus Christ, Who gave us the Commandments of love—the love of God and the love of our neighbor. All other Commandments are contained in these two.

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God . . ." The observance of Christ's first Commandment will establish in us a strong, dignified personal relationship to God. If we love the true God, we will give Him the honor that is His due . . . we will respectfully use His Holy Name . . . we will not think it too much to spend one day of the week in His company.

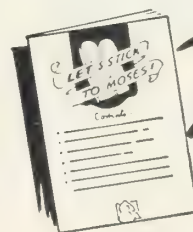
"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," said the Savior. Who should hold first place among our neighbors, if not our parents . . . or our own children?

And it should be obvious that if we love our neighbor, we will not take his life, or damage his health. Decent human love surely excludes the burlesque of love called adultery and the fierce attack which this lust makes upon the innocent and unprotected.

We would never steal from the ones we love; nor would we rob them of their good name. Certainly we would not lift a covetous hand to deprive them of the things intended to make their lives full and contented.

Let's stick to Moses, whose Commandments forbade human beings to break the bonds and destroy the relationships that preserve human dignity, develop character and guarantee human safety.

Let's stick to Christ, Who, in a more spiritual way, pointed out that if we love rightly and well, we will obey the law of God . . . protect all the relationships that guarantee our own happiness and make life safe and happy for the people who are our neighbors.



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## LETTERS

blue-and-white. We discovered this a year or more ago when the Peacock Room had to be reconditioned. At that time it was necessary to remove the shelving, and behind the shelf brackets where Whistler's paint could not reach, we found this gilding.

Incidentally, it might be useful to readers of this article to know where in Washington the Peacock Room is to be found. . . . It and "*La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine*" are on exhibition at the Freer Gallery.

A. G. WENLEY, DIRECTOR  
Freer Gallery of Art  
Washington, D. C.

## Honorable Bird—

To the Editors:

Re Bertrand Russell's "Portrait from Memory" about D. H. Lawrence [February], Bertrand Russell told the following story when we stayed at Gersington with Lady Ottoline Morrell: "The Christian religion was explained to a Japanese. 'Sir,' said the Japanese, 'I understand about the father and the son, but what about the honorable bird?'"

Bertie, as his friends called him, was an "honorable" and for me he was always the "honorable bird" and often a gay and amusing one.

Lawrence was a raw twenty-six at the time they met and his tone seems presumptuous. Russell was already well known and Lawrence was not. Lawrence thought together they could work out a scheme, a kind of reform for England. But Russell, as he tells himself, thought of what he himself could get out of Lawrence. So Lawrence was disappointed.

And Lawrence had friendship enough for Russell to try to tap some other human energies in him. It was very obvious that Russell was a "slave to reason." There was no flow of the milk of human kindness in that group . . . not even a trickle. They were too busy being witty and clever. But Russell could be kind.

Had Russell accepted some of Lawrence's concepts, as, for instance, Aldous Huxley understood them, he might have been a great philosopher as he is a great mathematician; their friendship might have been a wonderful thing.

As for calling Lawrence an exponent of Nazism, that is pure non-



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## LETTERS

nse—you might as well call St. Augustine a Nazi. Many of the young instinctively know that Lawrence's *raison d'être* was love; considering sex is the very root of our existence, it might as well be treated seriously, "with emphasis."

I am convinced that in some secret corner of himself, Russell has another image of a young Lawrence who was his friend and not the fantastic monster he makes him out.

FRIEDA L. RAVAGLI  
(MRS. D. H. LAWRENCE)  
Port Isabel, Texas

## The Migrants—

to the Editors:

The needs and problems of migratory agricultural workers have long been of keen interest and concern to the Bureau of Labor Standards. I am particularly pleased, therefore, to see the very fine article, "America's Emergent Class: The Migrants," by Mary Heaton Vorse, which appeared in the February issue.

WILLIAM L. CONNOLLY, DIRECTOR  
Bureau of Labor Standards  
U. S. Department of Labor  
Washington, D. C.

to the Editors:

Congratulations to you and to Mary Heaton Vorse for the splendid article on the "unregarded army of people" who cultivate and pick our crops. Too few people realize that labor practices in agriculture are about where they were a century ago in industry—and even fewer seem to care. The government and people of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico should be numbered among those who do know and do care. The Commonwealth requires a work agreement setting forth certain minimum labor standards as a condition for the recruitment of farm workers to the island to be used on the mainland. . . .

CLARENCE SENIOR, CHIEF  
Migration Division  
Department of Labor  
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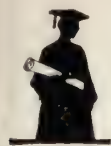
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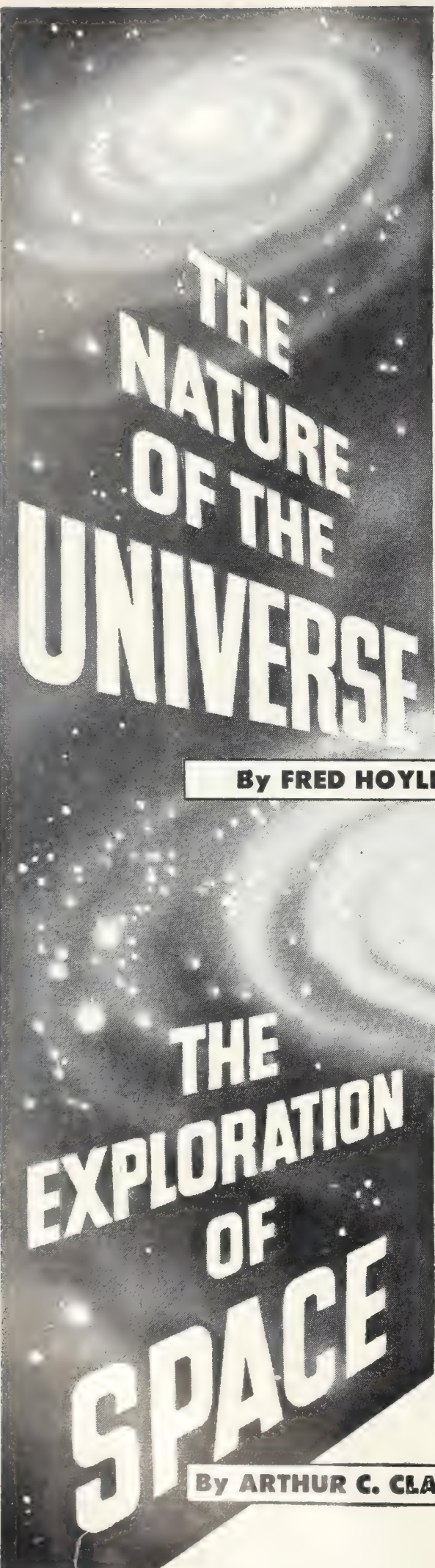
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# Harper's MAGAZINE

## *A Tidy Room in Bedlam*

### Notes on the "New" Fiction

*Malcolm Cowley*

AS A literary historian and adviser, I have been reading a great many postwar novels of a certain category. They are not the new works of already famous American writers and they are not intended for a wide audience—though some of them have found the audience as if by stumbling into it. Some of the authors are known by name to everyone who follows the book-review sections of Sunday newspapers: they are men and women like Truman Capote, Jean Stafford, Frederick Buechner, Robie Macauley, Paul Bowles. There are a few talented older novelists—for example, Eudora Welty and Caroline Gordon—who write in somewhat the same manner and I suspect that their books have served as models for several young members of the group, although their best qualities are hard to copy.

Some of the youngsters have published one or more novels without attracting much attention and others haven't succeeded in getting their books accepted. No matter: they are all "serious" new writers, they are trying to produce works of art in accordance with the best literary standards, and they would

like to be admired by the critics who write for *Kenyon*, *Sewanee*, *Hudson*, and other quarterly reviews.

I have read many scores of their novels, published or in manuscript, and have heard about scores of others. Together these books compose a separate literary genus; they are the "new" fiction that corresponds to the new criticism and the new poetry.

It isn't so broad a category as postwar fiction, since many of the famous novels by new authors since World War II belong to other and older types of writing. Strictly defined, the new fiction doesn't include *The Naked and the Dead* or *From Here to Eternity* or in fact any novels about the armed forces. It doesn't include *The Man with the Golden Arm* or *Invisible Man*, both of which won the National Book Award, or a novel that will be widely reviewed this spring, *Corpus of Joe Bailey*, by Oakley Hall. These books in their different orders of merit are all "about" something—men at war, the Chicago slums, the rebellion of an educated Negro, or the new generation on the Pacific Coast—and any novel with a social or general subject is de-

*The author of Exile's Return, the story of the American writers who fled to Paris after World War I, now turns his attention to a group of post World War II American novelists and their own peculiar flight, from which they have not as yet returned.*



scribed by the new critics as being "naturalistic," a word that carries a derogatory meaning. If the subject is of current interest, the novel is not only naturalistic but is exposed to the last term of contempt: it is "sheer journalism."

The new fiction avoids the taint of journalism by being aggressively nonsocial and nonpolitical. But it is negative in other fashions too: for example, it is nonhistorical, since it doesn't deal with the past as past or with the changing nature of the present; it makes an effort to be timeless. It is nonintellectual in the sense that the authors try not to express their own ideas, and also in the sense that the characters drift on their streams of consciousness without ever really thinking. One might conclude that such novels had little to do with present-day American life and yet they depend on it; indeed they are among its most elaborate by-products. They might be interesting to describe, not from the standpoint of a literary critic—for they have received such attention already; not to praise or ridicule the authors—though often the praise would be deserved and sometimes ridicule is hard to avoid—but objectively, in the spirit of a foreign sociologist, say a cultivated Hindu reading the novels for the first time and trying to decide whether they cast any light on our amazing society.

## II

THE new fiction can be recognized in the bookstores without reading a page of the text. Almost always it consists of thin books about the size of printed plays and hardly thicker than volumes of poetry. Fat novels are either naturalistic or else they are historical romances.

On the back of the dust wrapper there will be a posed cabinet-size photograph of the author, who usually wears an intent and otherworldly look around the eyes. Beneath the photograph—if it doesn't fill the page, like the famous picture of Truman Capote brooding on a couch—there will be critical comments, often calling attention to the depth or inwardness of the novel, its graceful irony, its meanings "on different levels," and its effective use of symbols. Naturalistic novels wear a different type of dressing gown. They give the blurb writer so much to talk about that there

is room for only a small photograph, and the advance critical comments are supposed to be written by booksellers on order blanks.

Opening the book to the front matter we usually find an epigraph or inscription. If it consists of a quotation from Rimbaud or Dante (in French or Italian), or from a seventeenth-century English author, or if there are several quotations, including one from T. S. Eliot and another from a Greek or Roman classic, preferably Longinus *On the Sublime*, then we can be certain that the book is a "new" novel and can go on to examine the text. Let us see what remarks are suggested by its various features, including time, setting, point of view, characters, themes, and style.

The *time* of the new fiction is vaguely the present, or rather it is a recent but undated yesterday. Not much time elapses from beginning to end of the action: it may be a few days or weeks, perhaps a summer, at most a year. Sometimes the action in the foreground of the novel is confined to a single day, but in that case it is rounded out with memories, so that we learn to know the principal character from birth.

The *setting* is seldom one of the centers where policy decisions are made; it is never Capitol Hill or the Pentagon or the board room of any corporation or political London or Paris or army headquarters in the field. These are backgrounds for novels with public or social subjects. Preferring to deal with private lives, the new fiction is likely to have a remote and peripheral scene, for example—as I think of some recent novels—a lonely ranch in Colorado, a village in East Texas, a small town in Georgia, various plantation houses in Louisiana and Mississippi (all rotting into the dank loam), a country house in Maine, a "happy rural seat" in Ontario that haunts a house in Cleveland (don't ask how), an abandoned summer hotel, "a small colony of summer friends," two beach resorts full of homosexuals, several freshwater colleges, a private asylum, a family mansion in Back Bay transformed into a brothel, the international colony in Rome (similarly transformed), the still more promiscuously international colony in Tangier, and a caravan crossing the Sahara under the sheltering sky. There is always an excuse for assembling the characters in one of these out-of-the-way places. Sometimes it is merely the accidents



of travel; more often it is a house party, a vacation, a deathbed, a wedding (dozens of weddings), a family reunion—at any rate the device permits the novelist to present his story without the frayed edges that are so irritating when we encounter them in life.

The *point of view* from which the story will be told is chosen with extreme care, so as to give an effect of depth and immediacy. The author with X-ray eyes who could look at a scene and know what everybody was thinking—but without penetrating deeply into anyone's mind—has practically disappeared from American fiction. With him has vanished the museum-guide type of author who kept judging his characters and explaining them to the reader. The new author hides his personality in the background, like a dramatist. He tries to submerge himself in one or more of the characters and he tells the story as it registers on the character's stream of consciousness.

This concern with point of view is not exclusively a mark of the new fiction, since it extends to almost all our postwar writing. The "new" novelists, however, have devices and refinements of their own. One device is to present the stream of consciousness of a first character, then of a second, then of a third, then back to the first again, and so to the end of the novel (which might be *The Disguises of Love*, by Robie Macauley). Each character offers a different picture of the situation, thus producing a much-desired effect of irony or ambiguity, or plain confusion. Another device is to tell the whole story through the mind of a very young or stupid character who watches the behavior of mature persons with an innocent eye. Very often the character is a pre-adolescent girl vaguely resembling Henry James's Maisie; someone like her reappears in *The Mountain Lion*, *The Strange Children*, and many other recent novels. Again the central intelligence may be a boy of about the same age, as in *Other Voices*, *Other Rooms* and *A Woman of Means*; and there is at least one novel—*The Caged Birds*, by Leroy Leatherman—in which an adult drama is rather dimly registered on the consciousness of a little boy of eight. Except for *The Caged Birds*, the books I have mentioned are effectively written, but there are others in the same genre that give the effect of a country-club masquerade where busty debutantes and hairy-legged attorneys come dressed as babies.

THE characters in the new fiction are distinguished by their lack of a functional relationship with American life. They don't sow or reap, build, mine, process, promote or sell, repair, heal, plead, administer, or legislate. In a broader sense they don't join or belong. One widely observed feature of present-day America is that the lives of most individuals are defined by their relations with an interlocking series of institutions, for example, government bureaus, churches, schools and universities, the armed services, labor unions, chambers of commerce, farm bureaus, veterans' organizations, and, for most of us, that center of our daily activities, the office. But characters in the new fiction are exceptional persons who keep away from offices—at least for the duration of the novel—and are generally as unattached as Daniel Boone.

It is true that some of them are teachers, but they don't engage in faculty politics and seldom enter a classroom. Some are housewives who never cook or clean and some are businessmen who have retired or are on vacation or play a subordinate role as fathers of the heroes and heroines. The characters likely to be treated at length are students of both sexes, young artists and writers, gentlemen on their travels, divorced or widowed mothers, gay boys, neurotic bitches, virtuous grandfathers, old women on their deathbeds, and preternaturally wise little girls. As compared with the population at large, the characters include an abnormally large proportion of very old people and children, with a smaller proportion of men and women in the active or money-earning ages. The women, down to the age of six, are more forceful or malignant and less inhibited than the men, most of whom are victims rather than heroes or villains. Some of the men are likely to be symbolic figures, for example, a scientist as prototype of evil, a doctor or a priest to represent spiritual wisdom, and a reformer as an object of scorn.

Instead of political or social subjects the new fiction has *themes* that are taken from individual lives. The distinction becomes clear if you ask one of the authors what is the subject of his next book. "It's hard to say," he will answer, then after a pause he will add brightly, "I guess it's just about people." On reading the manuscript you will find that it is



about people in some private crisis or dilemma that serves as the novelist's theme and his excuse for presenting a picture of human destinies.

So far the themes considered suitable for the new fiction have proved to be limited in number and many of them keep reappearing in one book after another. One of the most popular is the initiation of an adolescent boy or girl into the knowledge of sex or evil (as in *The Mountain Lion* and *Other Voices, Other Rooms*). Another is the mad infatuation of a middle-aged man or woman with a predatory younger person (as in *The Disguises of Love* and *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*). Still another is the heroine's flight from reality, involving her surrender to drugs, nymphomania, or catatonic dementia (as in *The Sheltering Sky*). Some of the novels deal with the interplay between a religiously inspired character and a group of unbelievers (*The Strange Children, The Season's Difference*); some offer a contrast between civilized bloodlessness and the vital forces of nature as represented by Italian peasants or desert Arabs (*Nine Days to Mukalla*); some show the hero or heroine struggling toward and finally reaching emotional maturity; others, by contradiction, exalt the innocent world of childhood and depict grown persons as dangerous hypocrites (*The Grass Harp*). One theme that appears in a great number of manuscripts submitted to publishers, though few of them reach the bookstores, is the ruin of a sensitive and truly artistic though rather delusory young man by his possessive mother.

There seems to be an impression that the style of the new fiction is experimental, pretentious, and hard to understand. The impression is justified in the case of a very few authors. Frederick Buechner, for example, likes to use glittering phrases that seem to be picked from a jeweler's tray with a pair of tweezers. William Goyen (*The House of America*) writes as if from a twilight region where extreme sensitivity is on the point of being transformed into simple hallucination. *Monks in the Desert* is typical of the "new" novelists. The typical style is simple and correct; often it is the sort of language that one of the characters, chosen as observer, would use in his daily life. The story-telling character is seldom or never a foul-mouthed person and it is safe to assume that any novel pop-

pered with obscenities belongs to the old-fictional or naturalistic school. The tone of the new writing is decorous, subdued, in the best of taste, with every sentence clear in itself. The difficulty for the reader lies in recognizing the symbols and what the author intends by them, or—in view of his aloof and ironic attitude—in finding the meaning of the story as a whole.

### III

OUR Hindu sociologist, after reading the new fiction, would try to collect information about the young men and women who are writing it. He would find that they constitute a new department in American authorship.

Their geographical background is different from that of the writers who came forward thirty years ago. Most of those older men were born in Midwestern cities—St. Paul, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh—with a few from the Southern border states. Today there are not so many young writers from the Midwest and most of them are naturalists, like most of those from the Pacific Coast. With some exceptions the "new" novelists are either Easterners or else they come from the deep South—especially from Mississippi, Louisiana, and East Texas, which now appears for the first time in our literary geography.

The racial background is changing too, and one is impressed by the number of Irish names: thirty years ago Scott Fitzgerald felt alone and aggressively self-conscious about being Irish. He had stopped going to church—as if losing one's faith were a natural step in the literary career—but many of his successors are practicing Catholics. The proportion of Jews is neither rising nor falling; they have become a stable element of American culture. There are more German names than before, with a few Italian names, and there are occasional representatives of newer racial groups—Polish, South Slavic, French Canadian. The Negroes, who have been producing many gifted writers, are born with an urgent social subject and hence play little part in the "new" fiction.

Economically the background of the novelists is not so exclusively middle-class as was that of writers thirty years ago. In a few cases we hear tales of their childhood poverty; in



other cases—notably that of the East Texans—there are hints of solid family fortunes, big houses, and fast cars. Perhaps the most striking change is in the level of formal education. In the 1920s many of the young writers hadn't been to college (Hemingway, Hart Crane) and those with Harvard degrees were careful not to mention them. Today almost all the young men are college graduates—with Truman Capote the only prominent exception—and many of them have taken postgraduate work in English or creative writing. More students have been able to afford such work since World War II, owing to the GI Bill of Rights, but it is also to be noted that many, perhaps most, of the “new” novelists are attached to the academic life and the academic way of thinking. First they study modern fiction under the best critics serving as teachers, then they apply the lessons in their own books, and meanwhile they support themselves by teaching others to write. There has never been a time when so many practicing authors were attached to the staffs of American universities.

ONE pictures the young academic novelist as working in a study lined with books from floor to ceiling. Here are the great world classics in translation (he teaches them in his freshman course in the humanities); here are the well-thumbed English metaphysical poets; here are anthologies of the new criticism (with passages underlined and notes penciled in the margin); here is shelf after shelf of the nineteenth-century novelists who are still being praised—Jane Austen, Stendhal, Flaubert, Melville and his critics (a double shelf), Dostoevski, Hardy, Conrad, with the New York edition of Henry James, which he bought when he was a college senior (and went almost hungry for two months to pay for it). Here is a Proust in French, with pages uncut, standing beside the half-read English translation, and here are all the moderns, beginning with Joyce and Pound and Eliot, the record of half a century's experiments in poetry and fiction.

As a young novelist—he reflects after finishing his two pages for the day—there is no need for him to waste his time in experiments, since they have all been performed for him and the results are standing on his shelves. If he wants experiments in points of view, he has James's prefaces to guide him; if he wants

experiments in language, he has Joyce and Gertrude Stein; if he wants the fantastic or allegorical, he has Kafka and the surrealists; if he wants to remember and re-create the past, there is always Proust. Instead of being driven to invention and speculation, he can live on inherited capital, or rather on the income from inherited capital, and find a sort of intellectual security.

He has also found economic security—though on a rather low level, he reflects as he starts to read over his notes for the lecture on “Symbolism in Henry James's Later Novels” that he will be giving at one-thirty. What a bad hour for a lecture and how can he keep the students awake? . . . The house is quiet now that the children have been bundled off to nursery school. From the kitchen he can hear the faint sound of his wife putting dishes away. Poor girl, she hasn't been able to finish her volume of short stories, after everyone said that the first of them showed such a power of malicious observation. If the novel sells he can get her a part-time maid. Perhaps he will be promoted to a full professorship—that is, if nobody on the board of regents happens to read that seduction scene in Chapter XII. It might be better to soften the scene, leave it a little blurred and symbolic. . . . The young novelist, now wholly a young professor, puts his lecture notes into his briefcase and goes downstairs to kiss his wife before setting out for the classroom.

Not even a board of regents would be likely to find political heresies in his manuscript. Most of the academic novelists are mildly liberal in domestic politics and in 1952 almost all of them voted for Stevenson, but they keep their opinions out of their fiction. “We're not going to be fooled,” I heard one of them say. “A great many of the prewar novelists were trying to save the world and see where their efforts led them—straight into the arms of Stalin and into writing books that seem foolish today. We detest Communism, but we aren't going to be fooled into becoming professional anti-Communists. We're going to attend to our proper business, which is writing about human beings in permanent human situations. Naturalism is dead, social realism is dead, and now we'd like to be moral realists. You might say that we are trying to produce pure fiction.”

It would have been easy to prophesy that



phrase, pure fiction. First there was pure poetry, as discussed in France by Paul Valéry and Abbé Breuil and in England by George Moore—poetry divorced from any purpose and resembling a game of solitaire with incredibly complicated rules. Then there was pure criticism, as advocated here by René Wellek and Austin Warren in their influential book, *Theory of Literature*. Pure criticism would be divorced from history, biography, sociology, or psychology and would confine itself to explaining the intrinsic qualities of a work of art. As for pure fiction, it would develop from the principles of the pure or “ontological” critics. Having purged itself of any historical, social, or ideological elements, it would try to answer the one question, what would a group of characters do in a given situation? The characters would be studied in depth and the situation would be set apart from ordinary life, including the human institutions of its time and place. Meanwhile some of the older men who started as pure poets or abstract painters might have told the young novelists what was likely to happen and is in fact happening today. Fiction would acquire a neoclassical purity and correctness, but would lose much of its force and its common humanity. The result would be novels like highly polished *objets d'art*, not really designed to be read but rather to be displayed like framed diplomas: Know all men by these presents that this is a cultured home.

#### IV

**Y**ET for all its appearance of being far from the main currents of modern life, our Hindu sociologist might find that the new fiction does manage to offer a number of interesting sidelights on American society. What it reveals by indirection is a state of mind that is dangerous for the present but perhaps holds a promise for the future.

I think the real background of the new fiction is a sort of horror at what is happening in the world. It isn't a specialized horror at any one development like atomic weapons, totalitarian governments, the cold war, or the restrictions on personal liberty throughout the world, but rather a general dismay at the results of five centuries of progress and widening enlightenment. Men have outrun themselves; their technical knowledge has increased

so much more rapidly than their moral judgment and self-control—if these have increased at all—that the knowledge might destroy them as a species. “If I could push a button and destroy the world—” romantic adolescents used to boast in their conversations late at night. Now the pushbutton is there, the technicians are busy wiring it, and we have learned from Hitler's story that great countries can be ruled by perverted adolescents.

That is our nightmare, but not the whole of it. Combined with the fear of catastrophe is the feeling that individuals are unable to prevent it—at least the sort of individuals whom young novelists know and feel justified in writing about. Perhaps the statesmen, the generals, the managers of great corporations have some power to direct events, but it is a limited power, since they are merely spokesmen for great bureaucratic institutions—and moreover they remain distant figures for the novelists, who are never likely to meet them. The teachers, the writers, the artists have no political influence and their feeling of helplessness is mingled in some cases with a feeling of guilt that goes back to the prewar years. During the Roosevelt era they did try to exert political influence, they acted on their ideas, and they failed—they didn't even succeed in saving the Spanish republic, let alone averting a new world war. Many of them now feel that they let themselves be used by the Communists and ended by doing more harm than good.

All these feelings—fear, isolation, impotence, guilt—can be found in the background of the new novels. They are deep feelings, responsibly held by young men and women who for the most part—we can forget the apes of fashion—are trying to do their best in a situation for which nobody was prepared. If the feelings are seldom directly expressed in novels, that is partly because of the prevailing literary convention that fiction shouldn't deal with the sort of ideas on which the feelings are based. It is also because of a justifiable caution. In these days of investigations run wild, Americans are learning to be timid about expressing their opinions, especially if these are in the least heretical. The result is that we are now reading novels by intellectuals, for intellectuals, about supposedly intellectual or at least well educated characters, in which not a single intelligent notion is expressed about society.



Yet the novels do express what is essentially the reaction to a social situation. They express first of all a retreat from international and national and even sectional problems (except in the case of some Southern writers) into personal problems for which a solution can presumably be found. They express the idea that the suicidal folly of nations and classes is merely the magnified image of individual selfishness. "Evil is in the human heart," the novels keep repeating, but they forget that institutions have their own laws of conduct and that often a virtuous man is an evil administrator. They express an admiration for simple goodness that is rather new in American fiction; time and again one notes the appearance of characters who are goodness personified. (In the war novels these are likely to be Jews, like Noah Ackerman in *The Young Lions*; in Southern novels they are often Negro cooks—although Caroline Gordon gives us a saintly millionaire—and in the Capotean type of fiction they are either children or very old persons with childlike hearts.) The novels also express a search for lasting beliefs in the midst of confusion, for fixed standards of good and evil; and finally they express the novelists' desire for order—even if the order can be

achieved only in a neat, housewifely story that is like the one cleanly swept and tastefully decorated room in Bedlam.

And the promise I mentioned? The promise is chiefly that the limitations of the new fiction are becoming evident to many of the novelists themselves. They are highly skilled and conscientious writers—a point that I haven't sufficiently emphasized—and now they are waiting for something or someone to give their work a more positive direction. While waiting they write competent books that are a little too quietly pretentious, too careful, even cautious, and that seldom display their full capabilities. Mere talent is relatively common; it is conviction and courage and vitality that are needed. The result is a fluid situation in which the influence of a single great novelist might prove to be decisive, in the fashion that Hemingway was decisive for the nineteen-twenties and Faulkner for a whole group of Southern novelists. If another such writer appears and is recognized, the lesser but talented writers surrounding him will arrange themselves into a new configuration, like iron filings around a magnet, and perhaps we shall have another great period in American fiction.

## *Three and a Half Years to Go*

POLITICS are much discussed. . . . Quiet people avoid the question of the Presidency, for there will be a new election in three years and a half, and party feeling runs very high: the great constitutional feature of this institution being that directly the acrimony of the last election is over, the acrimony of the next one begins; which is an unspeakable comfort to all strong politicians and true lovers of their country: that is to say, to ninety-nine men and boys out of every ninety-nine and a quarter.

—From *American Notes for General Circulation* by Charles Dickens (1842).



# "The Silent Generation"

*Thornton Wilder*

*Mr. Wilder's comments on the new younger generation were written for Seventy-Five, a Study of a Generation in Transition, the anniversary publication of the Yale Daily News, and with its permission are here offered to a wider audience.*

A YOUNGER generation has been calling attention to itself again. These crises in the public appraisal of the young used to occur at longer intervals; now, with the acceleration of social changes, they appear with increasing frequency. Some of us remember the Jazz Age; this was followed by the Lost Generation; now we are in a state of alarm about the Silent Generation.

I have been given an article on "The Younger Generation" which appeared in *Time* magazine on November 5, 1951, and have been asked to comment on it. There I read that these young people "do not issue manifestoes, make speeches, or carry posters . . . do not want to go into the Army. . . . Their ambitions have shrunk. . . . They want a good secure job . . . either through fear, passivity, or conviction, they are ready to conform. . . . They are looking for a faith."

All this I recognize. I propose that we read the manifestations differently.

The Jazz Age preceded and accompanied the first world war. There was a breaking of windows and great scandal. It made evident to all that the American home or the patriarchal pattern had come to an end. The young people won the latchkey. Then the young men went off to the war. That made them heroes. As heroes they acquired more liberties than they had seized as rebellious bad boys. The Lost Generation was the generation that did not know what to do with its new liber-

ties. The younger generation of today is facing the too-long delayed task of consolidating its liberty and of impressing upon it a design, a meaning, and a focus. No wonder they strike us as silent.

An even greater task rests on their shoulders. They are fashioning the Twentieth Century Man. They are called upon to illustrate what the Germans call a "life-style" for our times. This work is usually done by men and women of middle age, but in the accelerated tempo of these war-punctuated years a man or woman of forty-five is out of date. He does not respect or despise the same institutions as an intelligent person in the middle twenties, does not read the same books, admire the same art, nor agree on the same social or cultural premises. The Silent Generation (loquacious enough among its contemporaries) holds its tongue because it cannot both explore itself and explain itself.

THE first charge against these young people is apathy. They do not fling themselves into causes; they are not easily moved to enthusiasm; the expression on their faces is impassive, is "dead pan."

But I know where they learned this impassivity. They learned it at home, as adolescents, guarding themselves against their parents. Guardedness is not apathy. In all my reading I have discovered no age in which there was so great a gulf between parent and



child. A seismic disturbance has taken place in the home. Within forty years America has ceased to be a patriarchy; it is moving toward a matriarchy but has not yet recognized and confirmed it. There is nothing wrong with a matriarchy; it does not connote any emasculation of men; it is merely a shift of balance. What is woeful for all parties is the time of transition. These young people grew up in the fluctuating tides of indeterminate authority. A father was no longer held to be, *ex officio*, wise and unanswerable. The mother had not yet learned the rules of supporting and circumscribing her new authority. Father, mother, and children have had daily to improvise their roles. This led to a constant emotional racket in the air. The child either learned a silent self-containment or fell into neurosis.

The second change is that they "aim low"—they want a good secure job. The article in *Time* says that, as far as their domestic life is concerned, they look forward to a "suburban idyll."

What they want, at all cost, is not to find themselves in "false situations." Life is full of false situations, especially American life today. The most frequent and glaring of them is incompetence in high places. My generation saw a great deal of this in government, in the Army, in culture, and in education. We exercised our wit upon it, but we were ourselves (not yet free of patriarchal influence) still vaguely respectful of rank and office and status. This generation is not impressed by any vested authority whatever. And their freedom to judge authority is accompanied by their willingness to be judged. Their caution reposes upon their unwillingness to exercise any authority or responsibility for which they do not feel themselves to be solidly prepared and adequate. They hate the false and they shrink from those conspicuous roles which all but inevitably require a certain amount of it. I find this trait very promising. Plato was the first to say that high place is best in the hands of those who are reluctant to assume it.

I HAVE said that the Silent Generation is fashioning the Twentieth Century Man. It is not only suffering and bearing forward a time of transition, it is figuring forth a new mentality.

In the first place, these young people will

be the first truly international men and women. At last it has ceased to be a mere phrase that the world is one. Compared to them my generation was parochial. Their experience and their reading—their newspapers as well as their textbooks—have impressed upon them that the things which all men hold in common are more important and more productive than the things which separate them. In the Twenties and Thirties one felt oneself to be one among millions; these young people feel themselves to be one among billions. They know it not as a fact learned, but as a self-evident condition; they know it in their bones. On the one hand the individual has shrunk; on the other, the individual has been driven to probe more deeply within himself to find the basis for a legitimate assertion of the claim of self. This conviction is new and its consequences are far-reaching—in international relations, in religion, in social reform, in art, and in the personal life.

For instance, we went to war against and among "foreigners" and "enemies." That attitude was narrow; henceforward all wars are civil wars. This generation goes forward not to punish and destroy, but to liberate oppressed and misguided brothers. The Army authorities go into anxious huddles over the unabashed candor with which young men can be heard exploring ways of avoiding military service. The Army—like the church, like the university—is an echoing gallery of out-dated attitudes and sentiments. It still thinks soldiers can be coerced and it still thinks that the primary qualifications of a soldier are courage and obedience. In a machine warfare, the soldier is a kind of engineer; his primary virtue is technical skill and his function is co-operation, not obedience.

Most of us were Protestants; the beliefs held by others were the objects of our all but condescending anthropological curiosity. Today these young people are interested in the nature of belief itself. Some of us in the previous generations hurled ourselves into social reform and social revolution; we did it with a personal passion that left little room for deliberation and long-time planning. To correct one abuse we were ready to upset many a benefit. It was of such crusaders that the Sidney Webbs were finally driven to say, "We hate moral indignation." The emerging International Man will move less feverishly in



his enlarged thought-world. This generation is silent because these changes call not for argument but for rumination. The mistakes of the previous generations are writ large over the public prints.

These young people are setting new patterns for the relation of the individual to the society about him. The condition of being unimpressed by authorities and elders has thrown them back more resolutely on themselves. They are similarly unimpressed by time-honored conventions. For instance, young married couples today make few concessions to the more superficial aspects of social life. In my generation young brides suffered if their street address was not "right" and if their table silver was not distinguished. Young men were very conscious of influential connections, commissions in the Army, membership in good clubs. Members of this generation exhibit a singular insistence on wishing to be appraised for themselves alone. How often I have known them to conceal sedulously the fact that they come of privileged family. This insistence on being accepted as an individual produces an unprecedented candor. A college girl said to me: "You know I've always been an awful liar. I'm trying to get over it." A veteran, in the presence of his stricken parents, informed a mixed company that he had been a "psycho" for six months after the war. Such expressions reveal the consolida-

tions of a liberty—the liberty of belonging to oneself and not to a social fiction.

THESE paragraphs have been part description, part explanation, part testimony of faith. Faith is in constant correspondence with doubt. It may be that these young people have been injured by the forces which have been sweeping across the world in their formative years. It may be that what I have called their self-containment is rather a cautious withdrawal from the demands of life. It may be that they lack passion and the constructive imagination. My faith returns, however, with each new encounter. I have just crossed the ocean with a boatload of choice young "Fulbrights" (all hail to the Senator!). The traits I have been describing reappear constantly. They have two orientations well in hand, to themselves and to the larger ranges of experience. It is toward those middle relationships that they are indifferent—current opinion and social usage and the imperatives of traditional religion, patriotism, and morality. Their parents wring their hands over them; their professors find them lukewarm or cool; the Army grows anxious; we older friends are often exasperated. These impatiences are provoked by the fact that they wish to live correctly by their lights and not by ours. In proportion as we are free we must accord them that.

## *Weather Note*

BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE middle of April and the sky is falling,  
Easter gone, yet now the sky is falling,  
Falling in huge flakes, calling  
Chicken Little to look, who never gave warning,  
Getting no answer for silence is walling  
House and street. But how bright the streets  
With the gay light of the sky fallen and falling!  
What shall we do with an April, her feathers marble-cold,  
And a sky that flies through the streets like a crazy dancer?



# Have We Tied the Dollar Down?

*Edwin L. Dale, Jr.*



*Drawings by Burmah Burris*

ON SUNDAY morning, March 4, 1951, people all over the country picked up their newspapers and found, probably on page one, a story to the effect that the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board had "reached full accord with respect to debt management and monetary policies."

Because of the forbidding nature of the subject, it is a safe bet that of all the "play" stories that day, this one was least digested and quickest forgotten. And yet the story told of the beginning of a quiet revolution in the way our money is managed—a revolution which probably has a great deal more to do with the prices people are paying now and will pay in the future than all the controls and "Regulation W's" which have been filling the headlines.

Despite the current swollen size of the grocery bill, the effects of this quiet revolution have been almost entirely beneficial, and promise to be even more beneficial in the future. This is the virtually unanimous conclusion of people who follow the obscure subject of money, and even of many people who were dead set against the change when it occurred.

The revolution is beneficial in that it has almost certainly prevented the rise in prices resulting from mobilization from being worse, and even more beneficial in that, if the current situation can be maintained, the threat of future inflation is far less serious.

And yet this admittedly gratifying event—

a unique episode in the already colorful history of money in America—was not achieved without a struggle, and without quite honest fears on the part of many of the principals concerned that it would lead to far more harm than good. Now, almost two years later, it is safe to say that those fears have been laid to rest.

In simplest terms, the revolution amounted to restoration of control over our supply of money by the Federal Reserve System, which is charged by Congress with exercising that control, among other things, to keep the price level stable. Since the famous accord of March 3, 1951, the "Fed," as it is known to bankers, has done just that, for the first time since before World War II. The effects, as will be seen, are clearly evident, though rather difficult to pin down with statistics.

THE importance, and meaning, of the revolution are intricately involved in the question of just what it is that has diluted our dollars over the past decade. This is a sort of chicken-and-egg question to which the answer often seems to depend on what "expert" the layman happens to be listening to at the moment. One day he hears that prices have risen because costs, chiefly labor costs, have risen; the next he hears that it is because somehow the "printing press" has been used to create billions of dollars of new money without any corresponding increase in the supply of goods (this line of argument,



with some reason, is always linked with government deficits); on still another day he is told that prices rise because there is a sudden demand for relatively scarce goods.

The fact is that all are right, in their own way. But in any inflationary situation the printing press factor is involved—as an original cause (sometimes unavoidable), as a contributing cause, or purely as an effect. It was the chief original cause of our war and postwar inflation, which accounts for the great bulk of the dilution of the dollar since prewar days. During the war the supply of cash and demand deposits expanded from \$49 billion at Pearl Harbor to \$100 billion, while the supply of goods was stable or contracting. This money got into the hands of people who wanted to spend it, and the result was that when price controls were removed in 1946 and 1947, prices promptly shot upward by almost 30 per cent in two years. Wages rose, true, but mostly after the fact.

It so happens that “resort to the printing press” during the war was virtually unavoidable because, in effect, we couldn’t tax heavily enough to pay for the war out of taxation. That’s another way of saying that inflation associated with the war was unavoidable. But there are other occasions when something can be done about the printing press factor in inflation. These are occasions when govern-

ment deficits are small or nonexistent but when a preventable increase in the supply of money is feeding the flames of an inflation whose original impetus may be of another sort—such as the “psychological” spurt in demand which followed the Korean outbreak.

On these occasions of sudden demand, and occasions of sustained high demand accompanying a mobilization effort, people and business resort to the banks for the extra money needed to pay the higher and higher prices. Banks, in fact, create new money when they lend it, which is the way our money supply is expanded. But bank lending, and thus the creation of new money, can be controlled.

When controls are clamped on bank lending in these non-war inflationary situations, soon people, and particularly business, find they can’t get the money to pay the higher prices, and the inflation balloon is pricked. In effect demand, which was excessive, is curtailed.

THE extraordinary thing about our post-war economy before the “accord” of March 1951, however, was that even in a situation clearly recognizable as one that could be improved by a tug on the money reins, such a tug was rendered dangerous, to the point of seeming impossibility, by a totally unrelated factor. Indeed the system had become so twisted out of shape that in those situations our authorities were actually helping to *expand* the money supply, not contracting it or holding it stable.

The monkey wrench which had been thrown into our money management—something quite unforeseen by the generally far-seeing gentlemen, led by Carter Glass, who worked out our central banking system—was the huge growth in the government debt since before World War II. How the very existence of this debt (not new deficits) seemingly rendered the authorities helpless will be explained in a moment. But meanwhile it is worth noting that this whole chapter in the history of our money centered on something largely impersonal and nonpolitical, which is what makes it unique. That is the chief reason why the revolution of the past two years can be expected to continue, though in any case the new Administration is firmly committed to making it continue. Fortunately they inherit a situation in which the monkey





wrench has been delicately removed from the machinery.

In the past the loudest noises over American money have come from people who *wanted* inflation—people like the Greenback party of the eighteen-seventies and the backers of Andrew Jackson in his fight with the United States Bank originally established by Alexander Hamilton. These were the debtors, who wanted to pay their debts in cheap dollars, or the farmers who demanded high prices for their products.

In the most recent chapter, however, *nobody* wanted inflation. At the time, and since, it has been argued that Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder was really an inflationist at heart—that he covered up an intellectual descent from Jackson and the early William Jennings Bryan by arguing against the Federal Reserve on other grounds. This, most neutral observers contend, does him an injustice. Mr. Snyder's arguments were genuine. He felt, quite simply, that it wasn't safe to take the kind of action which would remove the inflationary bias from our money management. To Mr. Snyder, in the difficult weeks before the "accord," the clear—and unhappy—choice seemed to be between these two alternatives:

(1) Have the Federal Reserve continue to manage our money as it had been doing, in such a way as to pour more fuel on an inflation that was already raging.

(2) End the policy, with a serious danger of trouble in managing the national debt—trouble that quite literally raised the possibility that the government would have difficulty finding the money to pay its bills.

## II

**T**HE story of this Scylla and Charybdis is really the story of how the Federal Reserve manages our money, *i.e.* how it is empowered to control bank lending. The way to control creation of new money, under our system, is to control the reserves which banks are required to hold against their deposits with their district Federal Reserve Banks.

Roughly speaking, a bank with \$1,000,000 in its reserve account "at the Fed" can expand its deposits by making loans only until the deposits equal \$5,000,000. Then it is "loaned up" and the money creation must stop.

The principal weapon by which the Federal Reserve creates and extinguishes bank reserves, and the key to money management in the past decade, works like this:

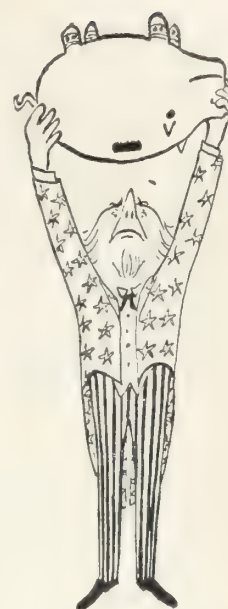
If the Fed decides that the growing economy needs more money, hence more bank reserves, it takes a check, written on itself, to a dealer in government securities and buys some from him. He deposits the check in his bank. The check (a "printing press check" if you will) is presented by the private bank for payment at the district Federal Reserve Bank, which simply adds the amount of the check to the private bank's reserve account.

The exact opposite takes place—reserves are extinguished—when the Federal Reserve sells securities in the market.

The system works very well as long as the Federal Reserve uses this power to create and extinguish reserves with an eye out for the needs of the economy generally and prices in particular. But with the sudden growth of the government debt from \$50 billion at Pearl Harbor to \$270 billion after the war, the Fed's position as a buyer and seller of government securities was radically changed.

Most of this huge debt was, and is, in "marketable" securities—that is, bills and certificates and notes and bonds which can be bought and sold, as distinct from savings bonds which must be held or cashed in by the original buyers. Large amounts of the \$150 billion in marketable securities mature periodically (more than one billion now matures each *week*) and the Treasury issues new securities to take the place of the old; naturally it cannot pay off the old securities if it isn't running a surplus of taxes over spending, which it seldom is.

All this means that there must be preserved at all times a vigorous market for government securities. It must be an orderly market, for if prices of these securities were allowed to fall too sharply, buyers would lose confidence and the Treasury simply wouldn't be able to re-finance the maturing debt. And that would







mean that the government wouldn't have the cash to pay its bills.

Needless to say, the eye of a Secretary of the Treasury looking for something or someone to keep an orderly market for government securities lights on the Federal Reserve. The Fed is a buyer with unlimited funds which

could be persuaded to absorb any extra heavy selling of Governments.

In effect, the Fed could be asked to "peg" the market by offering to buy whenever prices sank to a certain point. This would create confidence, and perhaps the Fed wouldn't actually have to do much buying at all.

**A**FTER the war the Federal Reserve Board, confronted with this quite unprecedented situation, was willing to go along with the Treasury, and a sort of uneasy truce existed until shortly after the Korean war began. What made the truce uneasy was, of course, the fact that the Fed no longer could govern its buying and selling of government securities according to the needs of the economy for money; it had to buy and sell according to the needs of the Treasury.

To make the problem worse, it so happened that just when the Fed would normally want to clamp down on bank reserves—either by selling Governments or at least not buying them—it was forced to buy all the more. These were the times of inflation, or incipient inflation, when the demand for loans in the economy was high. All the lenders, including banks, would promptly sell off some of the Governments they held to get more money to lend. The Fed, reluctantly, had to buy to prevent a collapse in prices, and in so doing gave the inflation another push.

Korea made the situation almost intolerable. A "psychological inflation"—everybody rushing to buy goods quickly—began almost at once. The Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve, with one exception, was convinced that a policy of clamping down on bank reserves and the money supply would take the steam out of this inflation. But because of the policy of "pegging" the govern-

ment security market the Fed was forced to add to bank reserves by almost \$3 billion while it watched wholesale prices jumping 16 per cent. The money supply—demand deposits and currency—soared upward by more than \$7 billion.

Mr. Snyder, of course, had his troubles too. He could look just over the horizon (about six months) and see the beginning of more deficits, let alone rolling over the existing debt. If ever there was a time when an "orderly" market for Governments seemed desirable to him, this was it.

The Federal Reserve Board was convinced that Mr. Snyder's fears were exaggerated. Its members knew there would be some fall in government security prices if the peg were removed, but they didn't think the bottom would drop out. They believed an orderly market for the securities could be maintained, after the initial fall, if the Treasury would offer higher interest rates on its new securities and stimulate buyers that way.

### III

**T**HE battle carried all the way to the White House, where Mr. Truman issued a confusing statement indicating he favored Mr. Snyder. And then suddenly it was all over and the Fed had won. It won, in effect, by asserting the authority which it legally had all along; but the victory involved a determination that the evils of doing nothing were worse than the risks of a change.

The Treasury, of course, had to co-operate by setting the right kind of interest rates on its replacement securities and then on the new securities it would issue when deficit financing began again. Faced with an end to the "peg" Mr. Snyder really had little choice, and he agreed to pay higher interest—something no Secretary of the Treasury likes to do. Announcement of the "accord" was made on Saturday, March 3, 1951.

And then everybody held his breath.

On Monday the fifth, government bond prices broke sharply, as expected. The decline continued day after day until bonds formerly priced at above 100 sank to as low as 95. The Fed did some buying to cushion the fall, playing the situation intently "by ear" from day to day.

Gradually, as prices began to stabilize at



the new lower levels, it became clear that the market would survive the change. A *real* demand for government securities existed, at least at the new lower levels (meaning higher effective interest rates for the new buyers). The Treasury proved able to "roll over" its securities without much difficulty, even though the market was now allowed to fluctuate from day to day without Federal Reserve intervention.

An involuntary policy of "easy money" which was making inflation worse had been ended and "tight money" had been ushered in, little noticed by the public generally. What happened?

In the first place, because bank loans became harder to get, the price of money—interest rates—rose substantially. That was one place where the ordinary business man felt the effects of the new policy almost immediately.

But more important, the steep rise in prices following Korea almost immediately came to a halt. It is clear now that a number of other factors contributed to this situation, but there doesn't seem much doubt that the new money policy was an important one.

Finally, most important of all, the comparative stability in the price level has been maintained ever since, in the face of sizable Treasury deficits beginning last spring and summer. The Treasury has found a market for its new securities and the defense effort has been "carried" without a huge expansion in the money supply and a resulting "pulling up" of prices. Over the nearly two years retail prices, largely "pushed" up by costs, have risen less than .1 per cent a month, compared with 1 per cent from Korea to the accord.

Since the revolution the Federal Reserve has done what it was originally intended to do—bought and sold government securities according to its assessment of the needs of the economy for money. Because the main threat has been inflation, the policy has been to keep money "tight" to resist that threat. Money has been tight almost continually since the accord, as many a businessman who found difficulty obtaining a loan will testify.

If the question is asked why all the difficulty was necessary in the first place—why there isn't some way of "insulating" the government debt from money management—the best answer is that an intelligent, detailed study of this matter by a congressional committee in

1951 and 1952 led to the conclusion that proposed remedies would probably be worse than the disease.

The committee, headed by Representative Wright Patman of Texas, made it open season on ideas. Even the Fed itself, which a few years before had tentatively proposed some changes to Congress, concluded that the present system shouldn't be altered "without a great deal of further study."

As for the future, there never has been any doubt about the thinking of the new Administration on this subject. Most of the men on the new Treasury "team" were on record even before the accord as advocating freedom and flexibility for the Federal Reserve, and, if further proof were needed, President Eisenhower laid emphasis on "stability" of the economy—meaning prices—in his brief discussion of money policy in the State of the Union message.

So firm, in fact, is the dedication of the new group to use the money weapon, that already the Treasury has started a program of lengthening out the maturities of the debt, with the aim of reducing the frequency of the refundings which had Mr. Snyder so worried.

All this doesn't mean that anybody thinks control over the expansion of money is, by itself, a sure formula to prevent any future rise in prices. If wage increases outrun productivity, if another wave of "scare buying" of really great proportions should occur, and, above all, if there should be another war, prices could start rising again.

But what has been proved is that, during a period of partial mobilization—a situation likely to be with us for a long time—excessive expansion of the money supply can be prevented without intolerable side effects. What ex-chairman Marriner Eccles once termed "an engine of inflation" has been stowed firmly in the roundhouse.





# *The Easy Chair*

## The Case of the Censorious Congressmen

*Bernard DeVoto*

LAST May the House of Representatives became aware that there was one field at which it had not directed its investigatory power. So it appointed a Select Committee, with Congressman Gathings of Arkansas as chairman, to "conduct a study and investigation of current pornographic literature." The Committee has now published its report; it makes interesting reading.

Interesting but difficult, and some day Congress should investigate congressional prose. This report is so ineptly written that in some places I cannot make out what the Committee is trying to say. Thus it declares that the First Amendment "was adopted only after a long and acrimonious debate." And "even as far back as 1789 the idea of granting unrestricted liberty of speech and publication was a moot question of no mean proportions. The founding fathers evidently realized that what was meant to be liberty could readily be transmuted by unscrupulous persons into license."

This drifts unattached in midair—how is it to be construed? Is the Committee saying that the fathers decided this "moot question" wrongly? Did they err when they wrote freedom of the press into the Constitution? I judge that this is what the Committee means. For the burden of what it goes on to say is that we had better put some restrictions on freedom of publication that the fathers refused to.

Does the Committee, then, favor censorship? It says repeatedly that it does not. Thus, p. 12, "a practical solution consistent with adequate safeguards against possible violation of the constitutional rights of free speech is the aim of the Committee and never has it entertained any thought of federal censorship of the press." Just as often, however, it entertains exactly such thoughts in the plain view

of everyone. Page 17, "It follows logically that any effort by Congress . . . should be directed toward the publishers [of objectionable literature] either from the angle of statutory provisions or through self-imposed control if such is possible." Any effort of Congress from the angle of statutory provisions would be federal effort. Any statutory provisions directed at publishers would be censorship.

Or take this, which immediately precedes the denial I have quoted from p. 12. The Committee quotes Mr. Douglas M. Black as saying that the Publishers' Council believes there are enough federal and local laws on the books now to take care of obscene literature if they are properly enforced. Then the Committee says, "This seems to say in effect that if there is a law existing against the commission of a particular crime it is all right to commit the crime, if you can get away with it." I suppose that righteousness exempts the Committee from dealing intelligently with what Mr. Black has said, and even from characterizing it honestly; I suppose the gentlemen do not believe that it is all right to violate the Hatch Act while running for Congress if you can get away with the violation. But I read this as saying that we have not got enough laws to do the job and therefore need additional ones.

THE Committee studied comic books, "cheesecake or girlie magazines," and "pocket-size paper-bound books." It heard testimony about the first two evils but devoted most of its attention to the third. Let me say right here that what the report says about pocket books spotlights an embarrassing dilemma: either the Committee is intolerably ignorant or else it is deliberately making in-



tolerable misrepresentations. "This type of writing," the report says, "has now reached a stage where it has become a serious menace to the social structure of the nation." It may be news to you that the blonde in her underwear who adorns the cover of *Silas Marner* at the newsstand has undermined American society, but you have worse to learn. The Committee prints an unsigned letter from the combat zone in Korea which says that "most of the reading the Army provides us is filth and adultery." It appears to accept the statement, which must interest the Army, that this filth has "all but destroyed our first line of defense" and the further one, which should interest another House Committee, that it has "left us open to dangers far worse than communism."

The Committee says that publishers, meaning chiefly the reprint houses, "are resourceful public enemies, parasites on the free-press privilege." It regards such inflammatory language as justified by the speed with which the parasites have worked their will on us. Mrs. St. George, who lives in Tuxedo and represents the Twenty-ninth Congressional District of New York, "can remember very well that ten years ago so-called smutty literature was unknown in this country." One reason for this swift success is "a general lack of awareness of the problem in its modern form [presumably twenty-five cent books], its scope, magnitude, and techniques." There is a tendency to make light of the problem and to look on those who are disturbed by it as "professional reformists or bluenoses." But we are given leave to hope: various watchers on the walls have recognized the danger and the Committee acknowledges (p. 35) that the most heartening sign so far is the existence of the Committee itself.

But public apathy is not most to blame, we gather from the report; the courts are. The Committee says that they have developed "a new legal philosophy." It "serves as the basis for excuse to print and circulate the filthiest, most obscene literature without concurrent literary value to support it ever known in history." Be damned to such philosophy, and the Committee sets out to undermine the decisions that over the past thirty years have modernized the laws relating to obscenity. Decadence began with Judge Woolsey's decision in the *Ulysses* case, which on appeal was affirmed by Judge Hand. This double charter

of obscenity "is as elastic as rubber in its interpretative susceptibility and supplies the purveyors of obscenity with an excuse regardless of what is the degree of obscenity involved, and requires every book to be judged separately, an almost impossible task."

LOOK at that wretched sentence again; its murkiness conceals the end to which all obscenity crusades come. To judge books separately is an almost impossible task. Then what? Then this: we must legally define a class of books, to-wit those that are pornographic, which shall be denied publication and circulation. How, without judging it, can we know that a book is pornographic? Apparently it will be enough if a cop, a district attorney, a "professional reformist," a Congressman, or (in one of the Committee's recommendations) a postmaster—if anyone says that it is. Whether or not the Committee knows it, that is how its thesis invariably works out—except under the court decisions it is trying to overthrow. Whether or not the Committee fully means to say it, that is what it says. But, mind you, no censorship.

The Committee moves on to Judge Curtis Bok's opinion in *Commonwealth v. Gordon et al.* In the Easy Chair for July 1949 I called it a great document in democracy and a great document in human freedom. The Committee disagrees. "To express it negatively, certainly such a decision contributed nothing whatsoever toward the reduction of the steadily increasing publication of and to [of?] the sales of pocket-sized books." It affects "all the elements of our social structure" and sanctions "by negative action the flow of salacious, scatological [no evidence of scatology cited in the report], and suggestive literature, reaching the degree of mass media." So the Committee must inquire into the background of the case—meaning Judge Bok's background.

Announcing that it would not dream of questioning his honesty or integrity, the Committee proceeds to slur them intolerably. His family has a large interest in the Curtis Publishing Company, which "owns 42½ per cent of the stock of Bantam Books, Inc." And Bantam Books, Inc., publishes the Committee's abomination, pocket-size paper-bound books. No reflection on Judge Bok—and yet: "It is, however, reasonably possible that having been associated so closely with the publishing busi-



ness that he became inherently imbued [*sic*] with a liberal conception of the tradition founded upon the constitutional provision guaranteeing the freedom of the press."

Surely such half-illiterate writing is a greater danger to thought and morals than all the salacious literature ever printed in the United States. But what did it set out to say? This, I think: that we must narrow the First Amendment by repudiating a "liberal concept" and a dangerous "tradition" of freedom of the press. The Amendment says, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." The Committee appears to hold that this prohibition in itself does not cover pocket-size paper-bound books, that it has been extended to cover them only by an unjustified concept or a vicious tradition. It implies that Congress *can* make laws prohibiting their manufacture and sale and that it ought to. But, again, no censorship.

THE Committee is preoccupied with that alarming phrase, "pocket-size paper-bound books." Would the same content be acceptable in royal octavo bound in cloth? Not necessarily, I judge, but it *would* be acceptable at three dollars. This does not mean that obscenity is a class prerogative. The offense is not that obscenity is offered for sale at a quarter, but that at that price it is offered for sale to so many people. The immature, meaning our children, can afford it.

The Committee faces away from the fact that almost all the two-bit books are reprints of more expensive ones that have had a pretty wide distribution in cloth. It conspicuously fails to remind us of another fact: that if twenty-five-cent books can be outlawed under the First Amendment, then so can books at any price. And, to make everything clear, the dissenting minority report reveals that the Committee read few, if indeed any, of the books which the majority describe as the filthiest, most obscene literature ever known in history. The hired help and some unpaid volunteers made extracts from various paperbacks, passages which contained "language of the streets" or episodes dealing "with sex and sexual relations." These extracts from a few books are what convinced the Committee that the reprint houses have brought our society to the verge of ruin.

The report ends with three recommenda-

tions. One would extend the federal statutes which now forbid common carriers to transport obscenity so that the same prohibition would cover transportation by private truck. The second would liberate the Post Office Department from two existing regulations which prevent it from dealing summarily with obscenity sent by mail. (These safeguards are to be removed because obscene material—the twenty-five-cent book—inflicts "swift and irreparable injury in such a comparatively short time.") Finally, the Committee recommends that publishers purify their output before the public demands *additional federal action*.

In their short but sharp minority report, Congressmen Celler of New York and Walter of Pennsylvania repudiate the methods, findings, and recommendations of their colleagues. They point out that the majority's objections are not confined to the obscenity they set out to investigate but extend to ideas, and that "this comes dangerously close to book burning." The objection to one book is that a passage in it advocates polygamy; to another, that its author does not seem to like law-enforcement officers or "the upper classes." The men who made those objections do not understand, the dissenters remark, that "these are, after all, matters of free speech and free expression."

"It is not the province of any congressional committee," Messrs. Celler and Walter say, "to determine what is good, bad, or indifferent literature." The majority on the Committee have set up their own personal taste as the criterion of what shall be published. Worse still, on the basis of some extracts from a few books, they have "made a sweeping indictment of current literature"—and they have neither official concern with current literature nor jurisdiction over it. The dissenters then move on to defend the reprint publishers, reviewing many facts which are known to everyone who buys books but which the Committee majority never took into account. They end by saying that if obscenity is a problem, there are state laws governing its distribution everywhere except in New Mexico, and Congress is not called upon to act.

The dissenters cover most of the points that must be made about this curious excursion by the House of Representatives. They do not, however, point out how obscurantist and untrue the Committee's report is. It is not true



that today's magazines and paper-backs are the filthiest literature ever known in history. It is not true that cheap reprints are seriously menacing our social structure. It is not true that they are doing irreparable damage. Such statements are mendacious, ignorant, preposterous, and more dangerous in themselves than the sum total of obscenity printed since Gutenberg. Moreover, in all except a minute percentage of the paper-backs there is no more indecency, even casual verbal indecency, than in so many city directories. What does Congress mean by conducting so frivolous an inquiry, sanctioning so flagrant an attempt to frighten the public, and putting its seal on such a bulk of aggressive and irresponsible misrepresentation?

Such ignorance and prejudice as the Committee shows are routine in obscenity crusades, but also there is something new—and evil. The results it reaches are those of any police court smut-snooper; they come down to a wearily familiar demand, "This literature must be suppressed for we don't like it." The report alludes to lurid but entirely hypothetical dangers; not once does it produce or even mention any actual damage to anyone. It tells us that selected passages from some books have shocked it and that is all. A sense of shock is, of course, all that any crusade against obscene literature ever had. But this is not John S. Sumner. It is not a group of professional reformers expressing to a state legislature some professional horror which, they hope, will inspire the regular customers to throw another nickel on the drum. This is a Committee of the Congress of the United States, and it feels that the freedom guaranteed by the First Amendment ought to be abridged and believes that Congress has power to act. That is the dangerous novelty.

**A**RE trashy novels, some of which may conceivably offend your taste and mine, a public problem? The occasional irresponsibility or exhibitionism of some Congressmen does not arouse us to crusade for the suppression of Congress. Because a child or an adolescent may buy for a quarter a book which we would just as soon he did not read until he is older and have therefore kept out of his hand at three dollars, we cannot let

Congress make it unavailable to adults. We cannot, in fact, permit Congress in any way to censor our own reading or that of our children. What we may care to read is no concern of Congress. Congress has no power and no authority to control it. We are quite free to read anything we may choose to read and Congress can do nothing whatever about it. That's the way things stand now and we intend to keep them that way.

This particular investigation will produce no action, but it is a bad sign and it comes at a bad time. With amazing blitheness a House Committee has made another attack on the Bill of Rights that is the basic safeguard of our freedoms. It is no less dangerous an attack for being oblique. The gentlemen have been shocked by some passages in some books. (Though because gentlemen in Congress have stronger moral fiber than the rest of us, they were unharmed by what they feel sure must debauch us.) They propose that such books be heavily penalized. The plain bearing of what they say is that they must go on and forbid the publication of any paper-bound book they may happen not to like. And we have already slipped so far, impelled mostly by other committees of Congress, that no roar of anger mingled with laughter has rolled across the United States to silence them. The next step is clearly to forbid the publication of any books whatsoever that any Congressman may happen to dislike. In June 1949 Congressman John S. Wood called on some seventy colleges to submit to the Un-American Activities Committee all textbooks and supplementary reading used in all their courses in sociology, geography, economics, government, philosophy, history, political science, and American literature. His obvious intent was to determine what books Congress should permit colleges to use. His colleagues promptly called him off, but that was four years ago. This time Messrs. Velde and Jenner may try to make good on congressional proscription of reading matter.

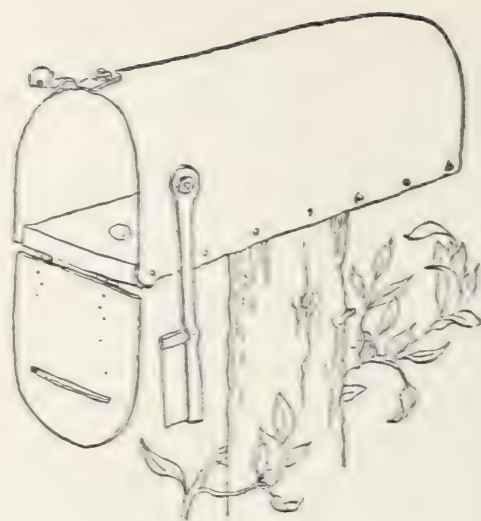
The new Congress has been asked for an appropriation to continue the investigation begun by the Gathings Committee. Mr. Celler and Mr. Walter could perform no more valuable service than to appear before the Rules Committee and oppose continuation.



# *Breach of Promise*

A Story by Jessamyn West

*Drawings by Glen Michaels*



EVERY afternoon between two and four, depending upon the amount of business or conversation he had encountered on his route, the mail carrier came by in his ramshackle, mud-spattered car. He didn't drive up the lane to the house, a lane a quarter of a mile long and crossing at one point a brook, which after heavy rains was something more than a brook, but put the mail in the wobbly tin box, set the flag, honked three times, and drove on.

Ordinarily I waited for these three honks before I walked down to the box. But now and then, because I was at that time so eagerly hoping for a certain letter, I would convince myself, in spite of the fact that I had been listening intently, that the mail carrier had passed without my hearing him. Invariably, after I had walked to the box on these occasions to find I had been mistaken, the mail carrier would be unusually late. Then, because my work had already been interrupted and because my eagerness for the letter I awaited always made me hopeful that the mail carrier would be along in another minute or two, I didn't return to the house. Instead, I paced up and down the lane, stopping usually at the brook to examine the veining in some curious pebble or to watch an island of foam, seemingly as imperishable as the pebble, float by.

At the time, I would be scarcely aware, however, of the objects I scanned. All of my consciousness would be focused in a fury of attention on the wished for letter: imagining its size, shape, color to the eye, weight to the hand, the heavy down strokes of the writing, even the post mark, Yorba Linda, California.

The letter, not the one which I wanted but the one of which I am writing, came on a day when I was in this manner examining pebbles at the brookside. The mail carrier saw me and honked three times but, nervous and irritated after what had seemed my long wait, I continued obstinately to bend over my pebble. He honked again, I picked up the pebble I had been admiring and with it in my hand walked down to the mail box.

"You got another letter here addressed to that other name," he told me.

He held this letter close to his chest, as if it were a winning card in a crucial game. The mail carrier had never been reconciled to the fact that I received letters addressed in two ways: to my "own" name, and to what he called "that other name," the name I used in my writing. The letter I had hoped for would not be addressed "to that other name," so I didn't care how long he held this square white envelope to his chest.

"It's addressed care of the Seulkes," he said (the Seulkes were the people with whom I was boarding, the house at the end of the lane), "so I reckon it's for you."

He ended on a rising note and looked at me, through spectacles as blurred and spattered as some old windowpane. "It's from Persis Hughes," he said. "You know her?"

"No," I told him, though I knew that a Mr. Hughes owned a large farm, down the road a mile or so and that he had a grown daughter.

"Funny thing," he said. "Persis writing you when she don't know you."

There was no use telling him that writers get letters from people they don't know, so



I agreed with him. "Yes," I said, "it's a funny thing."

"You'd think she'd just walk up the pike if she had anything to say to you and save her three cents."

"Yes," I said again.

He finally handed me the letter from Persis Hughes, but he hadn't finished with talking yet.

"I notice it takes four days for a letter from California to reach you," he said.

"If they don't air-mail it," I agreed.

"You get homesick, back here by yourself?" he asked.

"I'm pretty busy working," I told him and he didn't notice that I hadn't answered his question.

"Working?" he asked, and I could see that he thought I had found myself a job of some kind in town.

"Writing," I said, and from the way he repeated, "Oh, writing," it was plain writing wasn't his idea of work. But he drove on without any more questions, leaving me standing by the mail box, Persis Hughes' letter in one hand, my prettily veined pebble in the other. On a sudden impulse I opened the box, placed the smooth little stone in its tin emptiness and tightly closed the lid. I did this without thinking, but I suppose that bitterly, subconsciously, I was thinking, I asked for bread and you gave me a stone, and that I felt some relief in thus being able to objectify my emotions, to symbolize my self-pity.

I DIDN'T open my letter from Persis Hughes until I reached my room. Though if the letter I wanted had come I would have read it six times over before I reached the house. My room at the Seulkes' was a perfect place for reading unwanted mail. It was sad, sad. Strange, unpleasant colors, peculiar furniture, odd smells, and a most distressing, a really horrifying picture.

This picture was of the Seulkes' only son Albert, aged twelve, taken three days before he died of lockjaw. After Albert's death Mrs. Seulke had had his picture enlarged, covered with convex glass, and framed. And now Albert, looking, it seemed, already swollen, feverish, and in pain watched me the whole time I was in the room.

A marble-topped "center table," a wicker rocker with crocheted back and arm tidies, a

wooden chair, one of the dinette set which the Seulkes used in their kitchen, these, together with a large brass bed, made up the furnishings of my room.

I lived on that bed like a castaway on a desert island, like a lone survivor on a raft. It was my desk, chair, filing cabinet, table, sofa, home, world. Neither of the chairs was fit to sit on and the marble-topped table was too encumbered with decorative feet, claws, and legs to permit any one with feet and legs of his own to get near it. It was on this bed, under Albert's picture, that I read Persis Hughes' letter.

Dear Miss or Madam [the letter began]:  
I have heard that you are married but since I do not know for sure about this and do not want to call you Madam if you are really Miss, I address you thus.

I know you are a writer. I have read several of your stories in magazines. Some of them were interesting to me, and I suppose all must have been interesting to somebody because I do not think editors pay money for stories unless they are pretty sure about this.

This is not a "fan" letter though, to say I like your stories, for frankly some of them I do not because they do not seem to me to be about real life, but about some idea you have which you think is "real life." Or maybe you know it isn't, but write about it because you think it is better than real life. Or maybe more interesting.

What I want to ask you is this, wouldn't you like to *do some good* by your writing? That is not just *write about* goodness. You usually do write about good people, etc., but I don't think this does any real good in the world and it may do harm. People may read about all these good characters of yours and say to themselves, "Well, if the world is such a good place a little badness from me won't do any particular harm."

And wouldn't you like to find out more about real life, too? Not just your own ideas about life which you think will make a good story, but *real* life, the way a woman suffers it?

I know a writer writes for money. So what I have to ask you is, not only wouldn't you like to do some good with your writing and find out more about how things really are than you seem to know, (judging by your stories) but also make some money?

I could have invited you for a social



call, to have supper with me, then have asked you these things. But I think that would have been sailing under false colors, which I do not care to do. Now that you know that my purpose is mainly not social would you care to have supper with me on Tuesday of next week at six o'clock? I will be honored by your presence. Please reply.

Sincerely,  
Persis Hughes.

When I finished Persis Hughes' letter it was dark. I had read it a line or two at a time, not caring about it, thinking only of my own letter, the one which had not arrived. I remembered all those letters in stories and novels which never arrive or rather which are, ironically, delayed or lost until their arrival means nothing. I had almost convinced myself that my own letter had been held up in a like way, that all I needed to do was to send a telegram saying, "Your letter delayed, wire contents," to have by bedtime an answering wire and the words I had awaited the past weeks.



Almost, but not quite. By the time Persis Hughes' letter was read I had given up this silly dream. Would I like to know life, "the way a woman suffers it"? This made me smile. Persis Hughes was not much over twenty, if what I had heard was true. Still, I knew I would go to see her. For the mail carrier had been right. I was lonely here, heartsick.

Mr. Seulke drove me down the pike toward the Hughes' on Tuesday evening. I didn't tell him where I was going. Persis Hughes' father was a widower and I did not care to be twitted about him, as I would have been had Mr. Seulke known my destination, for nothing so interested him as what he called "he-ing and she-ing."

Mr. Seulke was very imaginative about such things. The first time I had hired him to drive me I asked him to take me to a small stream for the afternoon and pick me up later. With a sudden downward look Mr. Seulke had asked me, "Who you meeting, sis?"

At first I didn't understand his meaning and answered quite literally that I was going only to walk along the stream because it was beautiful and to note the kinds of trees and bushes which grew by it.

"That's your story, sis," he had said. "You stick to it."

I asked Mr. Seulke to let me out a short distance from the Hughes' farm. "You needn't come after me," I told him. "I have a way home." Persis Hughes, when I accepted her invitation, had told me she and her father would drive me back to the Seulkes'.

I can't write what Mr. Seulke said then, though to him it was no more than a half-humorous gallantry and nothing that any woman in that neighborhood would have taken amiss.

THE Hughes' house was a nice place to be walking toward in the dusk. Chrysanthemums, bronze and gold, though grayish in the dark, were staked up along the path which led to the front door, and light, soft and yellow from kerosene lamps, shone out through the windows. Persis Hughes herself answered my knock and asked me in. She seemed neither nervous nor emotional, the two things I had feared. A gusty fall wind was blowing and she shut the door quickly behind me.

"Father's old-fashioned," she said. "He



likes supper early, and he eats it early, so there'll be only the two of us to eat now."

She put away my coat and purse and led me into the dining-room. It was a real dining-room, a room planned only for eating and there was nothing in it which did not have to do with eating or one's comfort while eating or afterward: a big, fumed-oak sideboard, six fumed-oak chairs, a china closet through whose curving glass sides cut glass sparkled. Under each of the two windows was a Boston fern in a wicker fern stand and between these was a narrow couch upholstered in red rep on which one might rest or nap after eating. The table itself was round, covered with a white cloth whose corners touched the floor and lighted by a hanging kerosene lamp. In one corner of the room the isinglass eye of a small wood stove glowed rosily and its fire made an occasional dry tick, tick.

Persis Hughes seated me opposite her at the table. Between us was a very fine meal: an old hen, baked with dressing, glazed parsnips, baked squash, gravy, a casserole of tomatoes, slaw, a sponge cake covered with boiled custard, and besides these a number of jams and relishes.

"Did you cook all this?" I asked Persis.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Who else? There'd be only my father to cook if I didn't."

"Do you like cooking?" I asked.

"Not particularly," she said, "but it has to be done and I like good things to eat. So I cook as quickly and well as I can."

She carved the hen deftly, filling my plate with dark meat, white meat, dressing, gravy. I watched her as she did this. Afterward, but not then, I tried to see Persis Hughes through a man's eyes, which is a mistake, a thing a woman can never do. A woman, summoning all the latent masculinity she possesses, focusing it like a spyglass to peer through, remembering every item of female appearance ever lovingly described by man, will still see awry, unlike a man.

No, this particular spyglass is useless, and at that time it did not occur to me to look through it at Persis Hughes, anyway. I thought only, as I watched her carve, that she was very pretty. Persis Hughes was plumper, perhaps, than she should have been. She was hazel-eyed and had wavy sorrel-colored hair which she piled high on her head in a loose knot.

It was I, who for a time, in spite of what she had said in her letter, tried to keep the evening "social." "How long have you lived here?" "All of my life." "Where did you go to school?" "Local high school and the Cincinnati Conservatory." "Oh, you play?" "Yes." "What instrument?" "Piano, that is I did." "Why did you give it up?" "I can't write music and I don't want to go through life going do-do-do to another man's tune." I suppose I showed my surprise at this.

"Would you want to spend the rest of your life reading aloud what other people wrote?" she asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "Perhaps if I were good at it. One likes to really succeed at something."

She refilled our plates and as she did so she asked, "Did you ever see yourself unexpectedly in a mirror and not know yourself?"

I had of course, and I said, "Yes. It's an awful experience, isn't it?"

"Did anyone," she asked, "ever see herself in a mirror, not recognize herself, but think, what a beautiful, stylish woman that is coming down the street?"

This was something I had never thought of. "I suppose not. We're only surprised at our ugliness not at our good looks."

"Then," said Persis, "we all actually look far worse than we have any idea we do."

"I'm afraid so."

"Writing is a kind of mirror isn't it?" she asked.

"A mirror?" I repeated, seeing how this was at once true and not true.

"I mean," she said, "a man might see himself truly for the first time in his life in a story, mightn't he? See how he really was, wicked and ugly perhaps, instead of handsome and good."

"He might, but he'd probably not recognize himself. Just as we'd never recognize ourselves in the mirror on the street except that the awful woman approaching us is wearing our hat, walking in our shoes, carrying our purse."

"That's just it," said Persis eagerly. "He'd recognize himself in the same way. He'd read the story and think to himself, why that's what I said, that's what I wore that day, that's where we went and what we ate. He'd have to recognize himself by these things. Then, seeing himself as someone else saw him he'd





see how bad, how foolish he'd been. And he would be filled with remorse."

I began to understand Persis Hughes' letter—a little. "If he *did* recognize himself," I asked, "and he *was* filled with remorse, what would he do then?"

"Change," she said promptly. "Mend his ways. Do what he promised."

She left the table to get more custard for our cake and poured us both coffee. She took no more than two bites of her own dessert, then carried her coffee over to the sofa and sat there bolt upright, sipping it. "Please go ahead and eat," she said. "I'm not hungry."

I did eat. The cake and custard were very good.

"I thought perhaps you would write this story," she said.

"What story?" I asked.

"Dallas'," she said. "Dallas' and mine."

"Who is Dallas?" I asked.

"A man," she said. "The man who promised to marry me."

"I don't know him. I don't know your story."

"You could meet him," she said. "He doesn't live far from here. And I'd tell you everything about us. I've thought over everything so much these past weeks I could talk to you all night and not a word would be

untrue. I see and hear it all of the time. But you wouldn't know how that is, probably."

**N**OT know that long, never dissolving panorama of memory? That sound track which runs on and on repeating the very words which are most painful to hear? That film which replays, even against the closed eyes, particularly against the closed eyes, the very scenes one longs to forget?

"What good would it do if I were to write this story? How would it help you or anyone else?"

"Dallas would read it. He reads a great deal. And if he didn't happen to have the magazine it was in, I'd see he got it. Then it would be like the mirror. He would say to himself, 'If that is how I really am, God help me, I will change.'"

"Why do you want him to change?" I asked.

"I want him to do what he promised. I want him to marry me." She saw that my coffee cup was empty and refilled it from the pot she had left to keep warm on the stove.

There were so many objections to her scheme that I didn't know which to point out first. "Even if I wrote it," I said, "this story, you couldn't be sure a magazine would print it."

She wouldn't believe this. "It would be so real, so true," she said, "they would have to. They could see it was nothing anyone had imagined. That it was what a real person had suffered."

"Do you like to read about suffering?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said, "I do. I don't feel so alone then."

"Editors don't think that," I told her. "They think people want to read about happiness."

"Editors!" she said scornfully. "What do they know about people? Happiness, happiness, happiness! It breaks my heart to read about happiness."

"It breaks my heart to write about it sometimes, too," I said.

"Then why do it? I didn't intend to say this, but all those happy stories of yours! They sound silly to me. Besides," she said changing her tack very swiftly, "this might have a happy ending."

"Even so," I told her, "written in the best way I know, no one might want to print it."



She had a new idea. "It might be even better to have it printed in the *Republican*. That way Dallas would be sure to see it."

The *Republican* was Lane County's weekly paper. "I didn't know the *Republican* ever printed stories," I said.

"It doesn't. But it would if I paid them. Oh, I have the money to do it all right," she said, as if I had questioned her. "My mother left me," she stopped, as if her native hill-country suspicion and shrewdness had just reminded her that she was talking, after all, to a stranger with whom reticence about money matters was advisable, "a considerable sum," she finished. "I will also pay *you*," she said, "in that case, whatever a magazine would. And this way you'd have a sure thing. Not have to take a chance on an editor's liking it."

She put her coffee cup down on the floor with a gesture of finality, as if everything had been settled.

I said there had to be more in a piece of writing than promise of pay, otherwise writers wouldn't be writing at all but doing something that paid regularly the first of every month.

"You could do good, too," she reminded me, "by writing this story. Doesn't that interest you?"

"How?" I asked.

"You will help a man keep his word. And you will help save him from being ruined. For if he doesn't marry me, I will sue him for breach of promise. And if I do I will take from him everything he has. I can do it," she assured me. "I have his letters."

She picked up her cup again trying to find a few more drops in it. I refilled both our cups. Coffee keeps me awake, but I didn't expect to sleep anyway that night.

"I know exactly what the story should be called," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"'Breach of Promise'."

"That isn't a very interesting title," I said, "not very pleasant or inviting."

"What do I care about that? Interesting! Pleasant! That title will catch Dallas Hindshaw's eye, because he knows very well what I will do if he doesn't marry me. 'Breach of Promise'," she repeated. "Yes, that's it."

I said nothing. What is there to say to the naïveté which outlines and names a piece of writing for you as specifically as if the work

involved were of the same order as that needed for spading a garden plot or scrubbing a piece of linoleum? Perhaps Persis Hughes saw some of this in my mind. Anyway she said rather sadly, "Doesn't our story interest you?"

I couldn't help smiling. "I don't know your story," I told her, "the story of Persis Hughes and Dallas Hindshaw."

"What do you want me to tell you about Dallas and me?" she asked.

"Whatever you like." I put my empty coffee cup on the table, pushed the table nearer the wall, turned down the wick in the lamp, pulled up a second chair for a footrest, and prepared to listen. "Tell me whatever you like."

PERSIS lay back against the red sofa's bulging, built-in hump. The wind had died down, but not enough to stop the rustling of some vine against the wall of the house or to end the slight movement of the overhead lamp.

"I remember it all so well . . . the train we met on . . . his first words, everything. The only trouble is that our story is so strange, so unusual, it's hard to tell you. It isn't as if it were everyone's story."

But that was exactly what it was, everyone's story . . . my story. "Dallas was already on the Seymour train when I got on." . . . Does it make any difference whether the train runs between Cincinnati and Seymour or San Francisco and Salinas, if *he* is on it? . . . "It was snowing—that made it seem so much more close, private, shut away from everyone else." . . . What difference does the weather make? In rain, in a wind storm, in a time of quiet, not a leaf stirring, if *he* is there everyone else is shut away. . . . "Dallas had such a nice way of eating. I've never enjoyed seeing other people eat, but Dallas' hands went flying around the table, helping me, helping himself, and when he chewed there was no sign of it except a kind of shadow on his cheek. It was a pleasure to watch Dallas eat." . . . Whatever *he* does is a pleasure to watch: things unbearable in anyone else, how pretty they are in him; flip, flip, two aspirin on the back of the tongue, a gulp of water washing them down, and the smooth Adam's apple momentarily jutting out under the skin, the only grace in that, is *his* grace. . . . Ted's grace. "Dallas loved my faults, freckles, stubby eye-



lashes, anger, he didn't exclude them." *He* loves the whole person, always, unites what is severed and makes what was fractional complete. . . . "Dallas says there is no one else, so why doesn't he marry me? When he wanted to so much? All I need do is wake him up, show him himself in the mirror. Wake him up from this crazy dream he's in."

This crazy dream . . . this crazy dream . . . I put more wood in the stove. They were burning apple wood. The wind came up again and the lamp's arc widened. Back in the house a clock kept striking, quarters, halves, and wholes. After the hour struck there was always a little quaver, a kind of audible tremor as if the effort of that transition had almost overwhelmed the clock's mechanism.

Persis Hughes took down her hair, wound it up again in a tighter knot, took it down and braided it. Her father came to the door, with so big a yawn I could scarcely make out his face.

"Good night, girls," he said. "I'll lay down with my clothes on for a little snooze, call me when you want me." I stopped listening to Persis Hughes and thought my own thoughts and listened again and couldn't tell where my thoughts left off and her words began, so moved back and forth between the two and mixed them up thoroughly.

"That is Dallas' and my story," she concluded, unbraided her hair, sat up, leaned forward so that her face parted her long wavy

hair the way a rock parts a waterfall. "Now you know it well enough to write it."

"Too well," I told her, "to write it."

"How can you know it too well?" she asked. I couldn't say I had lived it.

"It's like the multiplication table. I know it by heart. I wouldn't write that."

"Do it for me," she urged.

"I can't. You can only write about what you don't know, and find out about it in the writing."

"You won't do it then?"

"I can't."

"You won't!"

"Very well, I won't. Besides, it wouldn't help you any."

"All right, then, I will sue him. You like to write about good people but you won't be troubled to do good. I will sue Dallas Hindshaw, and everything he has I will take away from him."

If she could not understand writing, I could not understand suing. We were at a standstill. "Do you love Dallas Hindshaw?"

"Were you asleep?" she asked.

"Then why do you want to ruin him, make public everything that is private and sacred?"

"I am honor bound to do so," she said. "It is a terrible thing to do but I am honor bound to try everything to bring him back."

"Bring him back!" I said. "You will make him hate you."

"If he won't marry me, I hope he will hate me enough to want to kill me. I hope every morning he will wake up thinking how he could kill me, put his hands around my throat and strangle me, or open up my dress and plunge a knife in my heart."

"You are crazy," I said. But I knew she wasn't crazy. She was speaking the truth.

"All right, I am crazy. If Dallas Hindshaw doesn't love me he must hate me. He must do something about me."

"You will be suing him for money. It will look to him and everyone else that you care for his money. That you can be paid with money for not having his love."

"Dallas' money is part of him. He worked for it, he invented this machine, peddled it about from house to house. If I have his money I have part of him. But I do not want a part of him. I want Dallas. Write our story."

"No," I said.





"Will you go to see him then? You might change your mind."

"I won't change my mind. And how could I go see him? What excuse have I for calling on a man I've never seen?"

"Women go to see him all the time to buy this machine. It shreds up vegetables, makes them come out finer than shavings. You could go to his house to buy one."

She was suddenly exhausted and sleepy. She fell down onto the sofa as if she were boneless, her head resting on the deepest swelling of the hump so that her hair flowed backward over it, touching the floor.

"Shall I tell him you sent me?" I asked angrily. Had I moved away from the painful emotions of my own life to be caught up in a pain that wasn't even my own? Was I to become that absurd creature, a woman without a husband who knows how husbands should be handled? The childless woman, full of advice to mothers?

"Whatever you want," she said, closed her eyes, and slept. It was three. I put another stick in the fire, blew out the lamp, and settled onto my two hard chairs. In California it was one, the October air warm; those who slept were quiet in their beds and those who were wakeful had company to solace their wakefulness. Had *he* company?

Toward morning Persis Hughes turned on her side and I saw that she was no longer sleeping. I asked her the question which had been in my mind.

"What happened?"

"What happened?" she repeated drowsily.

"Between you and Dallas? Why does he no longer love you?"

Then she was wide awake and furious. "I tell you he does love me."

"But he won't marry you? What happened?"

"Nothing happened," she said, "nothing, nothing, nothing. Don't ask me that again."

I didn't, but I knew better. Something has always happened when we deny it so strenuously. Something we cannot bear to face.

**A**T DAYBREAK I walked home to the Seulkes', undressed, slept till noon under Albert's accusing picture, awakened, ate a package of dried figs, spent the afternoon writing a long letter, put the California address on it, and at dusk destroyed it. Then



I washed, dressed, and went downstairs to supper.

When supper was over I said, "Will you drive me over to Dallas Hindshaw's, Mr. Seulke?"

"You planning to spend the night out again, sis?"

"No," I said, "tonight I plan to spend in my own comfortable bed."

Usually I tried to keep Mr. Seulke's conversation in channels of seemliness. But as we drove along that evening I thought, you're sixty years old, Mr. Seulke, and these are matters you've had on your mind since the age of ten, or younger. If you've learned anything, Mr. Seulke, if you've got any knowledge in fifty years of thinking, speak up. If experience is a lamp, turn up the wick, Mr. Seulke, light the way for stumbling feet. Shine your light on Persis and Dallas and Ted and me. Shine it on hate and love and deceit. Shine it on hope deferred, Mr. Seulke, that maketh the heart to sicken. Shine it on a wife away from home, Mr. Seulke, lost and waiting and full of pride.

But Mr. Seulke, the minute he saw non-resistance in me, was interested in nothing but the weather, spoke of nothing but the weather. It was a mild evening, the sky curded with clouds. Occasional long drops of rain like warm fingers (there was no glass on the right-hand side of Mr. Seulke's Tudor) touched our faces.

Mr. Seulke wiped the drops from his brown face. "But it won't rain," he said. "My mother could foretell the weather and I've heired enough of her gift to prophesy wet from dry." Sniffing the air and prophesying, mild



as the evening itself, Mr. Seulke drove the Tudor skillfully along the narrow graveled roads toward Dallas Hindshaw's. He pointed out Hindshaw's house from a distance. As we came nearer I saw it was small, a cabin really, with an open porch extending across its front.

"Hindshaw," said Mr. Seulke, "is an interesting fellow and of an inventive turn of mind. He's made considerable, I understand, with this vegetable reamer of his. A pity he's humpbacked."

Rousing from the lull of the weather talk, I said, "Humpbacked? That must be another Hindshaw. The Hindshaw I know isn't hunchbacked."

"Know?" asked Mr. Seulke. "My understanding was you'd never seen him."

"I haven't," I said, thinking of the six hours talk in which he had seemed to be present, "but I've heard him spoken of considerably."

"Persis Hughes?"

"Yes," I said.

"Hindshaw jilted her," said Mr. Seulke, "and you can take for sour grapes anything she has to say about him."

But this fox had said the grapes he couldn't get were sweet, not sour; that had been the whole burden of Persis' story!

"See for yourself," said Mr. Seulke, pointing, "he's humpbacked," and I saw on the porch steps a figure, even in the growing darkness, plainly misformed.

"I'll wait for you, sis," said Mr. Seulke, and there was nothing for it but to walk up that long, shell-lined path toward the man who sat motionless, watching me approach.

"Mr. Hindshaw?" I asked.

THE man on the porch step was smoking a pipe. One hand was buried in the long black and white hair of a small dog which lay beside him, the other was lifted above his head clasping the post he leaned against. He was gazing out across the country side which his cabin, situated on a little rise, overlooked. He shifted his eyes from the landscape to me but didn't get up.

"I've come to ask," I said diffidently, "if I could buy one of your vegetable reamers."

Mr. Hindshaw then got to his feet. Except for his deformity he would have been a very tall man. As it was, he was taller than I, dark, withdrawn, much thickened and broken about the neck and shoulders.



"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't sell them here any more—only in stores."

That seemed to end the visit. Mr. Hindshaw stood, obviously willing for me to leave; the dog got up, ready to walk to the gate with me; a lean, big-faced gray cat at the other end of the porch folded her feet beneath her in anticipation of the return of solitude. Still I stood there thinking, why won't you marry her? She'd rescue you from all of this, she'd have lights in the house at this hour, a white cloth on the table, the table set, and two bowls on the back porch, one for the cat, one for the dog. She'd be willing to play a note or two for you on the piano, after you'd eaten, and lie, without talking, her hair hanging over the edge of the sofa while you smoked your pipe. She's ten years younger than you; if she's naïve, you could teach her whatever it is you think she'd be better for knowing. It isn't everyone in the world who'll love you, Mr. Hindshaw, and Persis loves you, desperately. So much, to judge by her talk, she doesn't even know your back isn't straight. You loved her once, promised to marry her, and she hasn't changed. What's come over you, Mr. Hindshaw, why have you changed?

With all the craft and skill of a person whose own plans miscarry, I stood there making plans for Mr. Hindshaw, even thinking that he might say, "It was all a mistake," and that I might carry this word to Persis. But Mr. Hindshaw said nothing. His live pipe dying unsmoked in his hand, Mr. Hindshaw waited for me to leave.

"Persis Hughes told me about the reamer."

Mr. Hindshaw turned, knocked out his pipe on the post behind him. "That was kind of her," he said, and once more waited.

"She's very beautiful," I said.



"Yes, she is," agreed Dallas Hindshaw.

"She will sue you," I said, "for breach of promise if you don't marry her." I felt bewitched saying these things, as if I had not the power to choose what I would say, as if I were Persis Hughes herself.

"So Persis tells me," said Mr. Hindshaw.

I hoped he would sick his dog on me, throw his pipe at my head, get rid of me. I could not mention his back, say, Persis loves you, hunchback and all, where will you find another like that? I did say, "Persis loves you just as you are."

Then I ran down the steps and down the path toward Mr. Seulke's car but I heard Dallas Hindshaw say, "I'm afraid you're mistaken."

Mr. Seulke said, "You left in kind of a hurry, sis."

"Yes," I said, "I did."

"Get your reamer?"

"He doesn't sell them at his house any more."

"I could have told you that," said Mr. Seulke, "but I figured you wanted an excuse to talk to the fellow." He turned into the home driveway. "Well," he asked, "what do you make of our jilter?"

I DIDN'T know what to make of the jilter or of Persis, or of Albert with his unanswered question, or of the empty mailbox, or of Mr. Seulke, purely a weather man nowadays. I lived on my hard bed, did the writing and note-taking I had come to do and was glad, as winter drew on and the trial of Hughes *versus* Hindshaw for Breach of Promise was announced, that I was called away. The books I had asked for were available at the State Library; they didn't circulate, I would have to come up to the capital to use them. I'll go tomorrow, I thought, and not come back until the trial is over. The thought of the trial had been a horror to me, like the wreck along the highway, which the eye, knowing it will be sickened, still seeks out. I'll go tomorrow, not come back until the trial is over. And not have my mail forwarded, I thought. Since reason had not worked, I would try magic. If I made the gestures of not caring about my letter, went off without leaving a forwarding address, no longer listened impatiently for the mailman, perhaps it would come.

I lived in a hotel room near the State Library, a room very high and lodged between two jutting wings of the hotel like a match box in a crevice of the Apennines. It was a great pleasure to be free of hoping for the letter I had no right to hope for, free of the temptation to attend the trial, and able to work on the old books. I went to the library early and stayed late, writing down much that I needed to know and much that was useless but which I could not resist. My notebooks were filled with long lists, I was happy, almost drugged, as a child becomes repeating a series of words until finally they are without meaning, nothing but a loop of sound binding him to mystery.

The wonderful names in the old newspapers; the names a writer can never achieve, names which only a loving mother can imagine: Alert Miller, Talkington Trueblood, Cashie Wade, Leadona Leahigh, Else Grin, Omer Bland.

The names of fish: Bass, salmon, pike, buffalo, red horse.

Of apples: Imperial Winesap, Baldwin, Romanite, Russet, Northern Spy, all these ripening in October.

The useless facts: A good deer skin fetched 50 cents, raccoon 37½ cents, muskrat 25 cents.

Then, coming in after lunch one day, another list, in a folded newspaper left on my table, caught my eye: "Dearest, dear heart, sweet sorrel, Puss-Precious, my burning bush, long-loved, long-loving. These," the article continued, "are but a few of the terms of endearment culled from the love letters of Dallas Hindshaw and addressed by him to Persis Hughes. These letters have formed the high light of the Breach of Promise suit in which Miss Hughes, daughter of Clayton M. Hughes, prominent Lane County farmer, is attempting to obtain \$10,000.00 of Mr. Hindshaw in lieu of marriage, which she says he promised her." My eyes went from one list to the other, from my list, got out of the books in the State Library, to this other list, the words written first in the letters of Dallas Hindshaw, and copied now in a city newspaper. They went from, "muskrats, Northern Spies" to "dear heart, dear Tawny, long-loved, long-loving." Was Persis right? Walled up in a crack in the Apennines, did I avoid what she called "life, as a woman suffers it"? Should I stop reading about the past, go back



to the Seulkes', go to the trial, go down to the mail box? Was there a letter waiting for me there? And if there wasn't, write myself? Say, "Dear husband, having no word from you these past weeks I hasten to assure you that I regret my hasty leave-taking, my long silence. It is enough that you love me. You need not also . . ."

**B**UT perhaps there *was* a letter waiting. Was it this, instead of the trial which took me back to the Seulkes'? I don't know. There was no letter, anyway, and the trial had ended the day before I got back. Persis, who had asked for ten thousand dollars, had been given five.

"That poor fool, Hindshaw," said Mr. Seulke, on the evening I returned, "he asked to have his money taken away from him." But I was too tired, after my trip and after searching through my mail for the letter which had not arrived, to listen to him, and I went upstairs to my hard bed and wrote nothing myself—letter or list—but relived old scenes.

Next afternoon the mailman honked three times and I flew downstairs, but Mr. Seulke was waiting to tell me about the trial.

"That poor fool, Hindshaw!" he began again. "Wouldn't have a lawyer, and set on representing himself! And for all the good he done himself he'd better've given the girl the money in the first place and spared making himself the laughing stock of the county with all those letters of his read out loud."

"Did he say he hadn't promised to marry her?"

"In a way he did," said Mr. Seulke, "but small good it done him, letter after letter saying, 'My sweet pigeon, I can hardly wait till we are married.' Sweet pigeon!" said Mr. Seulke laughing. "Sweet vulture is what he thinks now, I reckon."

"What defense *did* he have?" I asked.

"None," said Mr. Seulke flatly. "He had no defense, only a quirk in his mind. He wouldn't marry Persis Hughes he said because she was changed. She wasn't the girl he had asked to marry him in the first place because that girl accepted he was humpbacked, and this girl, the one he was refusing to marry, did not accept it. He called up two dozen witnesses to testify that she never would mention his hump, talked about him as if it didn't exist, and tried to make out, in her own mind,

and to others, he was straight-backed. I've got a hump, he said, and the person who don't accept my hump don't accept me."

"Why didn't she?" I asked. Why didn't I? *He* was made that way when I married *him*.

"Why didn't she what?" said Mr. Seulke.

"Accept his hump? Accept the fact his back was crooked?"

"I don't know *why* she didn't," said Mr. Seulke, "but I know when it started. And I know it was the cause of Dallas Hindshaw's refusing to marry her. I was there and I saw it happen."

I remembered my question that night at Persis Hughes' and her, "Nothing, nothing, nothing! Nothing happened."

"What was it?" I asked.

"It was a dance at Zenith and I was as close to them as I am to you. Dallas was a good dancer and a young fellow passing by clapped Dallas on the back and said, 'This frog sure can hop.' He meant it a compliment or at most a joke and Dallas took it so. But Persis slapped the boy not once but a half-dozen times and screamed, 'It's not, it's straight.' Hindshaw grabbed her, 'My back's crooked but my mind's straight,' he said, and that was the beginning. That's what broke them up."

"Did Hindshaw tell this at the trial?"

"Not in so many words, but he said—'I do not intend to be half-wed to somebody who sorts me out and marries what suits her, only. I could sue Persis Hughes,' he says, 'with as much justice as she sues me, for she has not kept her promise to my hump. And as I was made shorter than most men,' he says, 'by reason of a horse stepping on me when I was a boy now I will not be still further whittled down by a woman's marrying part of me only and maiming me beyond the first damage.'

"So it went," said Mr. Seulke. "But Hindshaw had no real defense and nobody thought the girl didn't have a legal right to the money. But nobody would've wanted to stand in her shoes to get it."

Mr. Seulke followed me out onto the porch, sniffed a few times, and said, "It's going to snow."

It was already snowing, a first, soft, downward feathering.

"What do you make of it?" asked Mr. Seulke. "You seen and talked to them both."

"I don't know, Mr. Seulke, I don't know what to make of it." I didn't want to make



anything of it, its meaning was striking too close.

I stood there on the porch, the big flakes blowing against my face like cold cobwebs. Mr. Seulke stood there, too, not speaking, so presently I went down the lane toward the mail box. I remembered saying to Persis Hughes, "I understand it all too well, it's like the multiplication table," and remembered Dallas' words, "She didn't keep her promise to my hump." Do you understand that? I asked myself.

I jumped across the brook, cold now as it ran across its pretty stones and specked with falling snow. I hesitated, as I always did, to open the box, then did so quickly. The only letter in the box was one from Persis. In my disappointment I couldn't pick it up for awhile, but stood looking at it, and the orange-veined pebble beside it. Finally, I took it out and opened it.

Dear Miss Marsden [it began]: Though I know now that this is only your writing name, not your real name, it seems more natural to me because I used it first, so I keep on doing so. I understand that you have left the Seulkes' but trust that this will be forwarded to you.

I am sorry you did not come to the trial and still sorrier you would not write the story. But it is too late to worry about this now. I did as I said I would and as I think I was duty bound to do, that is, show Dallas Hindshaw that I was willing to do anything to get him to marry me, even sue him.

I don't regret having done this but I find I don't want his money now and I want you to know it. So will you seal up and mail this envelope which I have enclosed and addressed, after you have read what is in it? You will see I am not keeping the money.

Since you live quite a ways off I don't expect we'll see each other again and I want to wish you the best of luck in everything, and hope you understand I did what I was honor bound to do.

Sincerely and with good wishes,  
Persis Hughes



I read the letter Persis Hughes had enclosed as I had been told to do, replaced it, and sealed the envelope. It was addressed to Dallas Hindshaw. All this trouble, all this sorrow, and who had moved a step forward? I, I told myself, I have moved a step forward. It was the truth. When I put the letter back in the mail box I took the stone out and at the brook I stooped down and laid it once more beside its brothers at the water's edge, then I walked on up to the house. "Sort him out," and make him pay for refusing the sorting—and give the money back. It made no sense.

Mr. Seulke still stood on the porch, arms folded, watching the weaving patterns of the falling snow. "Well, did you get your letter, sis?" he asked.

I had never spoken to Mr. Seulke of my letter, nor of any letter for that matter, but I felt neither evasive nor glib now.

"No," I said, "it didn't come."

"What do you figure on doing now?" he asked.

"I'm going home," I said.

"Home? I didn't know you had a home, sis."

"I have."

"Home and husband?"

"Home and husband."

"That's more like it, sis."

"It is," I said.

I went upstairs to write and stop my waiting.



# The Magnificence of Age

*Catherine Drinker Bowen*

THERE is a legend abroad that America is a land of young people. One hundred and fifty million of us as pictured in the advertisements: booming, smooth-skinned, forever under thirty-five, reaching ahead to next year's faster car and bigger salary and flanked on either hand by the little family of Junior and Sister—all smilingly, eternally free from connection or correspondence with the old, the tired, and the wise.

This horrid picture is countered by certain statistics which are only beginning to be general news. Owing to the triumphs of medicine, to drugs ending in *ycin* and *illin*, and owing also to vastly improved national diet and standards of living, our brave new world is rapidly becoming a nation of over-forties. Elderly aches and pains continue to plague but they do not kill us off or even cripple severely. The new science of geriatrics devotes itself to the medical care of the old, accomplishing statistical miracles. Whereas American babies, born in 1900, could expect to live to the average age of forty-nine, those born in 1950 can expect on the average a life of sixty-eight years. Exact figures do not exist before 1800, but there is basis for guessing. The Romans, who knew something about sanitation, had a life expectancy of about twenty years. The inhabitants of Shakespeare's England, enjoying, it would seem, a state of unequaled genius and unparalleled filth, pulled the figure for London down to the average age of eight—what with infant mortality, city crowding, the plague, the sweating sickness, and other mischances.

In short, we who used to be carried off decently in our forties and fifties by apoplexies, stomach ulcers, and general debility, remain now on the scene until seventy or eighty-odd, presumably retired from work and cluttering up the continent from Biloxi to Alaska. I for one look on this prospect with greatest enthusiasm, and I am surprised at the gloomy tone of the statistical bulletins which seem to regard the whole business as a calamity. Where, they ask, will these ancients live—with their married children or boarded out in old people's homes? The situation is complicated by the fact that we are by choice a peripatetic nation. "Does an American ever die in the house where he was born?" a Frenchman asked me recently. "You Americans move so often! What becomes of your old people—your old men especially?"

"We hang them up in trees," I started to say, "and let the ravens eat them." But I stopped. Foreigners ask these questions and when in desperation we give a comic strip answer they translate it literally and take home solemn tales. So I merely said that where the old live doesn't matter so much as what they are, what they have made of themselves. Having "a place for yourself" doesn't necessarily mean having your own house. Luck being equal, whether a man at eighty finds himself reaping the harvest or the whirlwind depends on how he has spent his forties and thirties and twenties. "The youth," said Goethe, "had best take care what he desires, for in his age he shall have it."

*In writing her brilliant biography of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Catherine Drinker Bowen interviewed many of Holmes's famous contemporaries. She gives here her impressions of them and of the way they approached life near its end.*



I DID not quote Goethe because it sounded too high-toned (or perhaps I did not think of it till later). But what my Frenchman actually implied was that Americans don't respect their old; a nation of hustlers has no time, no "place" for those whose nearness to departure impairs somehow their usefulness. All day his words remained uncomfortably with me; I had answered fact with sentiment and I had not said enough. . . . I thought of the old people I have known, and of the extraordinary impact certain of them had upon my life. When my parents were in their eighties, it happened that with my young children I lived in their house. I am not sure I realized, at the time, my good fortune; three generations under one roof does not always make for peace. I know now that it made for something more important than peace. To my father old age spelled tranquillity; he who had been the most active and ambitious of men sat quietly by his window rereading the books he loved best—*Treasure Island*, *Vanity Fair*, *The White Company*, *Moby Dick*—and he read them not for their philosophy or "symbolism" but for the story pure and simple. "Have you read *Captain Fracasse* lately?" he would ask me gravely. "It is delicious. Let me just read you this page, where Agostino sets up the scarecrows in the field. . . . Can you sit down, have you time?"

His absorption and his pleasure in *Aztec Treasure Houses* and *Quentin Durwards* irritated my mother, whose years only increased her native intensity, her relish for each small domestic detail of living. Her husband's withdrawal I believe she looked on as something slightly immoral. Once a year my mother's sister (herself in her early eighties) came from New York to spend a week with us. My mother contrived to make the day of arrival a turmoil such as only visiting queens can look for. Every car that passed our door was Aunt Cecilia's car. I remember one such day when my mother refused her much relished five o'clock cup of tea because the act of setting down the cup would slow her welcoming rush to the front door. My father, who for days had been the victim of this mounting excitement of preparation, raised both arms to me across the room and waggled his fingers, smiling resignedly.

For me there was continual fascination in observing these two as they walked slowly

toward their end, the one quieter, ever more remote, the other possessed of a kind of ferocious joy—or grief—in each passing moment as though she must savor it wholly, wholly, for it would not come again.

IT WAS after my parents' death that I decided to write about Justice Holmes, though in making the decision I by no means put cause before effect. But until then my biographical heroes had died comparatively young; they were tormented creative artists like Tchaikovsky or handsome piano-playing Continentals like Anton Rubinstein, reckless as well with love as with themselves. And before this I had written fiction for the magazines, stories of romance and young adventure. Suddenly this well went dry, I ran out of young love and wild artists. There was another story somewhere, another magnificence, harder to portray perhaps, but a person could try. I had never seen Justice Holmes, who was dead six years before I thought of writing about him. But my brother had been in his Washington house, breakfasted with him, remembered what he said, how he looked, treasured the few letters that had come and showed them to me with a feeling out of all proportion to their written content. "A magnificent old man," my brother kept saying. "And *she* was magnificent too, in her way."

So I wrote about Justice Holmes and about his wife, his father, mother, grandfather, his Uncle John. And in my story every one of them grew old. I stood at six death beds and knew my brother had been only partly right; all six Holmeses had been magnificent old people. And the minute I was done I started off with another magnificent old man—John Adams of Quincy, Massachusetts. Here I fumbled badly. Having brought my narrative to the year 1776 I found I had used up all my space, six hundred printed pages, and had to end the book with my hero at a mere forty, missing the noble correspondence between Adams and Jefferson when the two were in their eighties, and missing moreover the most dramatic death scene in American history. (Adams and Jefferson died on July 4, 1826, the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.) I am working now on the biography of that tough old British lawyer and Parliamentarian, Sir Edward Coke, whose



dates are 1552-1634, which in anybody's arithmetic brings him to the age of eighty-two. Let me say that I have been careful to open the book with my hero at a ripe forty-one, leaving no margin for green-plucked endings. I am going to tell about that man's magnificent old age or give up writing biography altogether and take to the profession of gathering geriatric statistics.

OUR brief United States history has a whole procession of names made glorious in their later years . . . Franklin . . . Benjamin Rush . . . John Quincy Adams . . . Was it sheer luck that caused these men to escape the average census, or was it what John Adams would have called the intervention of divine Providence? Whatever the cause, we can be thankful. I think often of these men and of the old people I interviewed while writing *Yankee from Olympus*: Chief Justice Hughes, President Lowell of Harvard, Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, Justice Brandeis—all in their eighties, all friends of Holmes's, and three of them, friends of his youth. Justice Holmes himself stands, geriatrically speaking, with our ripest specimens. At ninety, he resigned from the Supreme Court and lived on for two years. Chief Justice Stone, who came to the Court in 1925, was a mere seventy when I met him, but what he said was pertinent to our theme. "Holmes grew, after eighty, grew in legal stature."

In my penciled notes, the words are underlined. Stone told me a little story; in *Yankee from Olympus* I hadn't room for it. When Holmes was ninety, Menuhin, then a child prodigy, played the violin in Washington. Stone heard him, and next morning told Holmes about it. Amazing, Stone said, to see this ordinary, healthy boy come out and put his bow to the strings, and "suddenly there was magic."

Holmes, who cared little for music but admired first-rate performance in any field, remarked that he wished he could do something like that, to which Stone replied, "A lot of us wish we could write opinions like yours." Holmes, pleased, told Stone he did pretty well himself along those lines, and Stone murmured the conventional denial. "My boy," Holmes said with gusto, "you needn't think you can fool God by *that* deprecating remark."

To me, the wit of old age has something matchless about it—a hardbitten, salty quality that penetrates without hurt. As an old man, Holmes's glance was piercing; people often spoke of it. Doctors said there was no *arcus senilis*, or gray rim around the iris. "Holmes wasn't easy on people," one of his Harvard law clerks told me. "That glance could terrify." *And so it should*, I thought. *Old men ought to be terrible*. They carry about them an Old Testament flavor. Was not Moses terrible, and Noah, whose sons obeyed his voice?

Like Stone, Chief Justice Hughes testified to Holmes's mental growth in old age. When Holmes came to the Court in 1902 (at sixty-one) he wrote, Hughes said, very long opinions. "Too long, like the one on Northern Securities. By the time I got there (1910) he was writing shorter opinions. More literary." Hughes paused. "But make no mistake, Holmes was mature when he came."

The word brought me up short. *Mature, at sixty?* And then I remembered that some people are not grown-up at sixty or ninety-six; genuine maturity is a noteworthy achievement. Chief Justice Hughes, when I interviewed him, was just turned eighty-one. In answer to my letter, he had invited me to his house in Washington. In the late afternoon (it was 1942), I was ushered into a room big enough for Buckingham Palace. Away at the end of it, by a window, stood Justice and Mrs. Hughes—slight, erect, and entirely silent. I began the journey across that endless floor, and in my eagerness, I half ran. I saw the two smile; by the time I reached them, we were all three smiling, though nobody had said a word.

For nearly two hours, Hughes talked; Mrs. Hughes gave us tea from a little table set before her. "Holmes never spoke to me of his father," Hughes said. "But he liked to talk about his Uncle John. Uncle John smoked five-cent cigars. He used to tell Wendell, 'You must be vulgar, Wendell. Don't forget to be vulgar.'" . . . At eighty-odd, Hughes went on, Justice Holmes was interested not only in the cases as they came up, but in the lawyers, "the whole thing." He could write a summary of the case while the lawyer was talking. "A very hard thing to do," Hughes added. After lunch, when the judges came back to the Bench, Holmes used to put his



fingers to his forehead and take a nap, but not, Hughes testified, "until he had the case straight in his mind." One time, Hughes poked him. Holmes sat up and swore, loud and roundly. Hughes, telling the story, repeated the oath in full voice. And something in the way he did it, sitting there, himself possessed of all the dignity, the courage, the distinction of his own great career, was infinitely touching.

**J**USTICE BRANDEIS I saw when he was eighty-five, the year before he died. His Washington apartment was bleak, entirely undistinguished, bare of the usual accumulations of living—signed photographs, knickknacks, the small comforts of old age. It had a look of transience, impersonality. The old man sat at a desk with his back to the window; light shone through his fluffy white hair. He wore no glasses, his hearing was perfect. The face was bony, strongly outlined, and this leanness extended to his body, giving a noticeable effect of youth. He spoke quietly, slowly; there was an austerity about him. I had the astonished feeling (I have not had it before or since) that I was talking to a saint—a saint moreover with a quick, remarkable intelligence that made itself manifest before he spoke.

I never interviewed a man who was at the same time so direct and so thoughtful. He showed no impatience when I asked for seemingly trivial details of Holmes's life, understanding at once that the big questions are easily answered; they are in the published reports, in the books. For the biographer it is the small details that are hard to find.

I took out notebook and pencil, a doubtful move. Private persons are scared by it and even veterans of public life sometimes retreat at the sight. "Take notes?" Brandeis said when I asked his permission. "Certainly! You might forget, or make a mistake of fact."

He went on to describe, at my request, the law offices of Shattuck and Monroe in the eighteen-seventies, when Brandeis and Holmes were practicing lawyers in Boston. "Holmes sat in the back office, to the right. You had to walk through Shattuck's room to get there. Captain Magnitsky, who fought in Holmes's regiment in the Civil War—he sat in the entrance and took care of callers. A kind of hallway, it was. . . ."

Brandeis finished a careful description, then broke off. "Holmes was a great man," he said. "A great man! Never let anyone persuade you otherwise. Before I came on the Bench, I practiced law for thirty-eight years. I sweated it out. I had to, earning my living. That's how I learned. Holmes didn't have to. He was aloof, he had an ivory tower quality. But he *knew*. He knew by profound insight. Its good to have an ivory tower man on the Bench once in a generation."

Lawyers are inclined to exactness; they don't like fuzzy questions. But I risked it; I did not think this man would be caustic or clever at my expense. "People," I said, "like to call Holmes a skeptic. Some call him heartless. Justice Brandeis, did you ever hear Holmes express a conviction about mankind, a philosophic conviction?"

Brandeis thought a minute. "Holmes had a conviction that man should be free in a large way. He was a great liberator. He was a great emancipator."

We stood up to say good-by. Brandeis smiled, and walked with me to the door. "Holmes was always kind to the lawyers who argued before us," he said.

**I** WENT straight to the Union Station and before boarding my train, sat in the waiting room to write up my notes. I have reproduced them here without embellishment. But what I cannot reproduce is the extraordinary effect that Brandeis had upon me. My notes filled about ten pages of a small pocket notebook. At the end I added something which had nothing to do with facts, interviews, or the nervous planning of biographical chapters: "*I hear no good news ever, save some trait of noble character.*"

The words are Thoreau's. . . . Twelve years have passed, since that day, but the spell is still upon me. "Great men confess old age," I had scrawled in the margin. "They accept old age, and thereby deepen the narrowing channel that remains open to them."

It reads a trifle sententiously, as ideas are apt to on first writing. Yet it is true, and Brandeis had taught it to me. Brandeis . . . Hughes . . . Stone . . . old Bishop Lawrence in Massachusetts, pink-faced and shrewd . . . President Lowell, very deaf and very witty . . . Miss Loring of Boston, stone blind at ninety-three, who wrote after my visit, "It was such a



pleasure, *hearing* you, yesterday." . . . The old Negro, Arthur Thomas, who drove Holmes's carriage and who, every year after Holmes's death, sent the Washington newspapers a little piece he wrote about the Justice. "My Tributes," Thomas called them, and the papers printed them.

I think of things Holmes himself said, as he saw old age approaching. At fifty-eight, "We gray-haired men hear in our ears the roar of the cataract, and know that we are very near." On his seventieth birthday, to his friend Pollock, in England: "Give my love to

Lady Pollock. Tell her the old man swept around the post to the home stretch going strong." At ninety, in the famous radio birthday speech: "Riders in a race do not stop short of the goal. . . . Death plucks my ear and says, Live! I am coming."

But of all Holmes's eloquent sayings, the one I like best was written at eighty-three in a letter to a young Chinese law student in Washington, named Wu: "If I were dying my last words would be, *Have faith and pursue the unknown end.*"

No young person could have said that.

## *Song of the New Fool*

W. S. MERWIN

LET the sea and all her women  
With their combs and white horses,  
Their mirrors and shells, the green-flaming  
Bushes, the bull-necked hills,

The uncombed crags, and the trees  
Shading their leopards and thrushes,  
The shadows and loud peacocks,  
Rocks, and the laughing geese,

And the fires, and the fire that stood  
Still over Jericho,  
The stars and the wet moon,  
And the day and the night

(But caution: for the west wind  
Is secret, the west wind's hunger  
All love and ghost  
May not satisfy)

And laughter and the unicorn  
Come in the morning  
While the air is a blue girl  
And eat from my hand.

For I filled my hands  
With fists and cursed till the bone  
Heart of the world broke;  
And my hands are tender.



# The Defense of the Middle East

*B. H. Liddell Hart*

**I**N EARLIER times, when travel was slow, the region we now call "the Middle East" was usually known as "the Near East." Indeed, all Asia as far eastward as Burma was often called "the Nearer East." Now, in the jet-propelled age, "the Near East" has disappeared, and "the Middle East" has extended westward up to the edge of Europe. That ironical effect in terminology strikingly shows how physical geography tends to be governed by political, and strategic, geography—by "geopolitics."

Before World War I, the whole of the region except for Persia—which today is generally known as Iran—was part of the Turkish Empire, and as this had its capital on the European side of the Bosphorus, at Constantinople (now-Istanbul), it was natural to describe its territory as the Near East. For generations the Arab countries within its orbit were kept in a remarkably quiet and orderly state—by a handful of troops and occasional hangings of restless elements.

But in 1914 the Turks, partly out of fear of Russia, broke off their traditional link with Britain and joined in the war on the German side. In 1918, the Turkish Empire broke up under British blows, and the Arab countries in the region regained their independence. It was a precarious independence, for while it nominally fulfilled President Wilson's formula of "self-determination," it actually depended on the extent to which it was

bolstered up by Britain and France—who were themselves weakened and weary after their exhausting efforts in World War I, while often discordant in policy.

The collapse of the Turkish Empire brought about a vacuum in the region—a geopolitical change that was all too aptly expressed in the term "Middle East," which now came increasingly into vogue. It suggested, in a symbolical way, the inherent weaknesses of a middle position. These were accentuated by Communist Russia's growing strength and the Middle Eastern countries' deepening poverty and corruption. Then came World War II, which further weakened the two supporting powers, especially France, while spreading trouble throughout the region.

The year after the war Reuters, the British news agency, set up a photographed interview with me. A globe was put on the table and it was suggested that I should point to the spot where I thought another war was most likely to break out. After quick consideration, I placed the pointer on Korea—a photographically recorded prediction which was widely reproduced after the outbreak of war in Korea four years later. Then, in 1948, answering a newspaper questionnaire on the risks of another war, I put Korea first and Iran second among the places where "an explosion might be detonated." One can only hope that the second prediction will not prove as much to

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the point as the first. But recent events have been increasingly ominous.

SIX years ago the Shah of Iran took a surprisingly strong initiative in throwing out the Communist puppet government in Iran's frontier province of Azerbaijan—under the nose of the Russians. At the same time he suppressed the extreme left-wing Tudeh party, the Soviet fifth column in Persia. To many people's surprise the Russians swallowed these rebuffs. Then in 1950 an official Russian-Iranian reconciliation, accompanied by a renewed trade agreement, led to an outward relaxation of the tension. The goods that Russia sent into Iran were warmly welcomed by a poverty-stricken people, while the Iranian government naturally hesitated to put a check upon the accompanying inflow of Soviet propaganda. The Tudeh party began to revive, and its leaders made a well-staged escape from prison.

Renewed Communist activity was greatly assisted by the wealthy clique of conservative politicians and landowners who obstructed at every turn the efforts for social reform made by the Shah and his new Prime Minister, General Razmara. At the same time the Tudeh

party found unwitting allies in the extreme Nationalist party, which clamored for the "nationalization" of the oil fields and the annulment of the agreements made with the British company that developed the oil fields. As so often in the past, opposite extremes played into one another's hands, and combined to nullify peaceable settlements. Short-sightedness and tactlessness on the British side also contributed.

The rapidly deteriorating situation was capped by the assassination of General Razmara, who had been striving to pursue a middle course internally and a policy of neutrality externally. That opened the way for the extreme Nationalists under Dr. Mossadegh to enter into power and intensify their anti-British campaign, which appealed to popular emotions while diverting popular attention from the running sores and festering corruption of the social system. Dr. Mossadegh has succeeded in squeezing the British out of Iran, but he has been less successful in creating any real stability there. In these chaotic conditions the Tudeh party is gaining ground from the Nationalist party—and for Stalin.

The weakness of Iran's internal situation is accentuated by her perilously advanced posi-



tion on the Middle East board—so close to the Russian side. And Iran's weakness uncovers the small countries that lie behind—Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Transjordan, Israel, Saudi Arabia; also Egypt and Pakistan in the rear.

There is, however, another and stronger piece on the board—Turkey. She stands on the left edge, and has a two-way stretch, geographically and strategically—because her western frontier lies in Europe, adjoining those of Bulgaria and Greece, so that she is exposed to invasion from that quarter, by the Russians and their Balkan satellites. But her eastern frontier lies in the Middle East, adjoining Iran as well as Russia's Caucasus frontier. Her flanking position in that area is of great strategic importance and influence.

Britain and France took the lead in making a treaty of mutual assistance with Turkey. That has been reinforced by America's backing, and developed by Turkey's definite incorporation in the framework of Allied defense planning as a member of NATO.

Policy has moved fast in extending its embrace. The practical question remains whether it has moved faster and farther than the strategic possibilities. In 1950 General Bradley publicly expressed the view that America could not undertake military commitments everywhere, and underlined his meaning by indicating that Turkey and Iran were among the places he had in mind—where "local wars" might occur. Although American policy has changed since then, it is hard to see how any strong ground reinforcements could be provided while so large a proportion of America's forces are absorbed in Korea. Air support can make much difference, but can it be enough to turn the scales?

The burden of propping up the Middle East has mainly rested on Britain since the French forces left Syria and the Lebanon—and Britain's limited resources are seriously strained. She has to face a menace at many points, and must concentrate on guarding the *vital* points. As the heaviest menace lies dangerously close to her heart—in England—it becomes more hazardous for her to dissipate strength in guarding extremities.

In this awkward situation it is essential to begin any review of the problem by trying to determine the importance, to us, of the Middle East—whether it is as important as we are accustomed to believe.

## II

THAT subject divides itself into two parts—the *strategic* and the *economic* importance. But the first also divides—into defensive and offensive. Defensively, the importance of the Middle East has long been regarded as being, above all, that it covered the Suez Canal route to India and the Far East. Offensively, its importance lies in its being the way of approach, by land or air, to Russia's oil fields in the Caucasus and her new industrial plants in the Urals—which together constitute the main source of her war-making capacity. As for the economic importance of the Middle East, that lies mainly in Iraqi, South Iranian, and Saudi Arabian oil fields. There is one big group of wells in Northern Iraq close to the Turkish-Iranian frontier and a still bigger series of groups around the Persian Gulf.

Taking, first, the defensive side of the question, one finds that the Suez route to the East was described as "vital" to Britain before she had any footing in the Middle East, and longer still before the Middle East oil supplies were developed. Its importance naturally increased after the building of the Suez Canal. Statesmen and generals have many times described it as the "lifeline" of the British Empire.

It is still called "vital" on its own account. In 1946 Britain's Foreign Minister, Mr. Bevin, gave renewed emphasis to the importance of that traffic route, and spoke of any potential foreign approach to it as a threat of "cutting our throat." As recently as 1950 another eminent statesman, Mr. Amery, who held high office in the wartime government, spoke of the Suez Canal as "that indispensable link in our communications. . . ."

Yet in the last war we were forced to abandon the Mediterranean and Suez as a regular traffic route, from 1940 until 1943, and to divert our convoys around the Cape of Good Hope—even those going to Egypt with troops and supplies. Can it be true to term anything "indispensable" or "vital" when in fact we proved able to dispense with it during three crucial years of war? To do so would seem to be a continuance of habit, and not really justified.

It would be more true to call the Cape route "vital" and the Suez route merely



"valuable." Indeed, on deeper reflection it becomes clear that even the Cape route is not really vital to the survival of Britain—not nearly so vital as the preservation of Western Europe. Its classification as "vital" has more justification if we are considering the problem of preserving the Commonwealth. Yet, at a pinch, even Australia and New Zealand might be maintained from the U.S.A.

**N**EXT we must examine the problem of the Middle East from the point of view of counteroffensive action in the event of war with Russia. It is very important to maintain the Middle East as a springboard, if we can—for it is so close to Russia's economic-strategic Achilles heel. No counteroffensive from Western Europe would have so much possibility of paralyzing Russia's war-waging power. But the possibility depends on whether we can hold the Middle East, or at least an important part of it, in the early stages of a war. For in warfare as we have known it hitherto any offensive or counteroffensive has to be mounted from a secure base—which must also be adequate for the development of a powerful effort.

Then we come to the question of the economic importance of the Middle East. That is not large apart from its oil. It is small even by comparison with Africa—where the potential resources have barely been tapped. The value of the supplies Britain imports from the Middle East is less than a quarter of what she gets from Africa, while as a market for her own goods the comparative value of the Middle East is still less.

The Middle East oil is important, although not so important as was often argued—as recent experience, since the surrender of the Iranian oil fields, has shown. The Middle East has over 40 per cent of the world's proved oil reserves, and about 12 per cent of present production. The present figure is more material to the present strategic problem—as atomic power may come to replace oil. Moreover, the defense of the West could be maintained by oil supplies from the other side of the Atlantic—and its economy too, if necessity compelled. The loss of the Middle East oil would cause difficulty, but hardly disaster.

In any case the wartime value of those oil supplies depends on whether they can be held in the event of war.

### III

**T**HIS brings us to the next major question for examination—is it possible to defend the Middle East? Here, in the first place, we must weigh up the balance sheet of what may be called the "local" forces. Iran stands in the front line, and much depends on her power of resistance—because her territory forms the gateway to the rest of the Middle East. Her mountain frontier is a big defensive asset, increased by the fact that her mountain barriers extend southward in great depth. But the value of such barriers depends on having forces strong enough to hold them. That lesson was made very clear in the last war when we saw the German *Panzer* divisions sweep through the mountainous Balkans within a few days, overcoming obstacles that had been regarded as impossible to mechanized forces. Yet both the Yugoslavs and the Greeks had what were considered as strong armies, composed of tough troops. Their rapid downfall showed that the will to fight is not enough, without modern equipment.

It is only too plain that the Iranian army is weak in all respects by comparison with either of those armies. It has nominally some ten divisions, and the equivalent of a few more in scattered units, but they are low-strength divisions and poorly equipped. In the past few years a small amount of relatively modern equipment has been provided from American and other sources, and American officers have helped with instructional guidance, but it is doubtful whether more than two divisions are yet effectively equipped. In sum, Iran's forces are tiny compared with the vast area they have to cover. Under such conditions the best chance of putting a brake on the Russian invasion lies in well-judged demolition on the roads through the mountains. But an extensive network of demolitions requires not only much skill but large resources—both of which are dubious quantities in this case. It is not surprising that some of Iran's own officers, surveying the problem of defense, should have remarked that the Russians would probably overrun the country within a week unless outside help arrived in the first few days, and on a big scale.

Behind Iran lies Iraq. The Iraqi army numbers a little less than 30,000 men, and consists of two small divisions, and the



equivalent of a third in scattered units. One division is posted on Iraq's mountainous northern frontier, facing the gateway through Iran. The other is on the flat stretch between Baghdad and the Persian Gulf.

A Russian invasion would be most likely to come through Iranian Azerbaijan and over the passes leading to Rowanduz and Kirkuk. That is the shortest route, since it has little more than a hundred miles of Iranian territory to traverse before crossing the Iraqi frontier. The Russians might use airborne troops to open the way and keep it open. But we have also to reckon with the possibility of a Russian outflanking thrust into Iran from the area east of the Caspian sea. If the Russians quickly overran Iran they might invade Iraq from other points along the 600-mile stretch of frontier between Rowanduz and the Persian Gulf. That is an immense stretch to cover, even though most of it is mountainous. Iraq, south and west of the frontier, is a wonderful arena for the maneuver of armored forces—but Iraq has no tanks, whereas the Russians might pour in streams of them, once they had secured the mountain passageways.

On the Western flank of Iraq lies Syria. Her army numbers only some 10,000 men, and is of little value except for one mechanized brigade. A small amount of good equipment has been obtained from France, but has suffered from rough handling, and the "casualty" rate has been high, particularly in aircraft. Syria's main defense lies in the fact that it is covered by a desert on the east side and by Turkey on the north side.

Behind Syria lies Lebanon, on the Mediterranean coast. She has an army of about 5,000 men only—equipped with French weapons. The force is very small compared with the stretch of the frontier and could hardly be expected to put up any prolonged defense—although the tribesmen from the Jebel Druz are quite good guerrilla fighters.

South of Syria lies Transjordan, with a relatively narrow frontier facing east. Her Arab Legion, British-trained and well equipped, is much the best fighting force in the Arab countries of the Middle East. It is not much stronger than the Syrian army in numbers, but its effective strength is much greater. It has formed one small-scale division, and is in process of creating another.

South of Iraq, and of Transjordan, lies Saudi

Arabia. King Ibn Saud's territory is immense on the map by comparison with any of the other states in the Middle East. The bulk of it is desert—a handicap on the development of his state, but a great insurance for its survival. He gained his ascendancy, and extended his domain, with the aid of his relatively large Bedouin tribal forces, well versed in guerrilla fighting. Since 1947 he has formed a mechanized force of 10,000 men, trained by a British military mission. That would be a valuable asset in mobile operations, but would hardly be strong enough to oppose a Russian advance down the western shore of the Persian Gulf against the newly developed oil fields there.

ON PAPER, Egypt has now the strongest army in the Middle East, excluding Turkey. It numbers about 80,000 men, and is in process of being increased to 100,000. The General Staff is planning to create two armored divisions, but at present only the nucleus is formed and equipped—mainly with the Sherman tanks. A small number of the postwar type, including Centurions, have been bought from Britain. The air force has also a number of jet fighters. Since the Egyptian army's utter failure in the attempted invasion of Israel, there has been an extensive overhaul of its organization and training. But it will not be easy to rebuild confidence on a firm foundation, or to develop an adequate standard of leadership from existing sources. General Naguib had little difficulty in seizing power from the palsied hands of the old regime, but is now faced with the much greater difficulty of finding adequate assistants, political or military, in his task of reform. Competence is as rare as corruption is rife.

By contrast, the Israeli army has proved its quality—by the way it repelled the several-sided invasion from the Arab countries in 1948. It is, clearly, the toughest fighting force in the Middle East, with leaders who are vigorous, militarily well-educated, and highly intelligent—a rare combination. Its handicaps lie in its smallness and shortage of powerful modern equipment. Israel had 120,000 men under arms by the end of the struggle, but its postwar force on an active basis is only about a quarter that size, providing some four mobile brigades. By improved mobilization



plans they can, however, be multiplied three or four times at short notice, while general mobilization would probably produce twice the numbers raised in 1948.

Continued tension between Israel and her Arab neighbors is an obvious handicap on combined action to meet the menace of a Russian invasion—but may have some compensation in stimulating efficiency all round. Even so, it is painfully clear from a survey of the “local” forces in the Middle East that these countries are not capable of defending themselves separately or collectively against such an invasion.

**T**HAT brings us to the more important question of what their Western supporters can do to strengthen the defense of the Middle East.

There are only two British divisions available to back up the local forces, and they lie a long way from the immediate danger points—part being as far distant as Cyrenaica. And that is all the Western powers contribute to the land defense of the whole area. France formerly had a strong force in Syria and the Lebanon, but that was withdrawn when these countries chose a precarious independence. The U.S.A. has not sent any troops to the Middle East—merely instructors.

In sum, the present land defense of the Middle East all too aptly recalls Hans Andersen's fairy tale entitled “The Emperor's New Clothes.” You will remember that in this story certain impostors, who knew human weakness, pretended to weave for an Emperor a new suit which, they alleged, had the property of being invisible to everyone who was unfit for his office. The Ministers, and the Emperor, did not care to admit they could not see it—until a little child exclaimed: “But the Emperor has nothing on at all.”

It is also difficult to see how any large reinforcement for the Middle East could be provided in the near future. The two British divisions in that area might possibly be increased to three, by a better organization of the army as a whole. But the figure could not be further increased without abandoning the Far East or diverting reinforcements urgently needed for Western Europe's defense—the most vital area. As for any American reinforcement, that seems unlikely while the U. S. Army remains so deeply entangled in Korea.

As things stand, the main hope of curbing a Russian advance rests, first, on the demolition of the routes through the mountain belt, and then on the maintenance of the obstruction by air action, strongly sustained.

The British Air Force has a number of airfields in the area, the main ones being at Habbaniyah near Baghdad, at Mafraq in Transjordan, and in the Suez Canal area. The U. S. Air Force has more recently established a big air base at Dhahran on the west side of the Persian Gulf, in Saudi Arabia. Further afield it has another one near Tripoli and is planning several in Morocco—from which a powerful long-range bombing force could operate. The actual air strength in the Middle East is small, however, while the nearer bases are bound to be insecure if no adequate ground forces are available to protect them against a sudden southward thrust by Russian tank and mechanized divisions.

#### IV

**B**UT this survey of the Middle East problem brings us back to a very important piece on the board which was mentioned at the start and remains to be more fully considered. Turkey occupies a key position, and is potentially capable of giving the situation a more favorable turn. The Turks proved outstandingly tough fighting men in many past wars, and their contingent in Korea has shown that toughness again, so markedly as to win universal admiration. Turkey has quantity too, much exceeding the forces of any other country in the Middle East. Her standing army numbers 280,000 men, a figure which could be doubled or more at short notice, while a more extensive mobilization could produce a total of about two million.

The chief handicaps are a lack of mobility and of up-to-date equipment, but the army is in process of being modernized, with American aid and guidance. The process began with streamlining. Up to 1948, when the American military mission got to work, the standing army was numerically 500,000 strong and nominally provided 45 divisions. But it provided an obvious example of the truth that quantity is inimical to quality, and its rheumatic state made it look all too ripe for a collapse under mechanical mobile attack similar to that which the tough Yugoslavs suf-



ferred in 1941. As now reorganized, the army of 280,000 men consists of eighteen infantry divisions—twelve of modern type—three cavalry divisions, and six armored brigades, with some 400 Sherman tanks.

At the same time much money and effort have been put into making roads suitable for motor traffic, and several thousand miles of such roadway have now been constructed. That is a somewhat questionable form of aid in the first stage of modernization, since such roads can also aid the rapid progress of a mechanized invader, particularly while the defender's forces are of a less mobile kind. In 1941 the primitiveness of Russia's roads, and the way that their dirt surface was quickly churned into mud, turned out to be one of her main defensive assets. If her road system had been better developed, and her forces no more up-to-date than they were, her vital centers would have been overrun before the summer ended.

In modernizing the Turkish army, the supply of sufficient equipment has not been the only difficulty. A more immediate one, according to the American instructors, has been presented by the shortage of technical knowledge, and the way that the acquisition of the requisite knowledge for handling the equipment has been hampered by widespread illiteracy—some 80 per cent of the men called up for service cannot read or write. But quicker progress is now promised as a result of the extensive training system that the 1,400 instructors of the American mission have striven to develop.

With the increasing output of technically-trained Turkish instructors and the increasing inflow of modern American equipment, the situation is gradually improving—and the prospect still more so. Helped by the mountain barricades that nature has provided on Turkey's eastern flank, her tough troops should be capable of holding up an invasion from that side—better than on her western flank in Thrace, where the shallowness of the defense in the coastal strip renders the joint between Turkey and Greece basically vulnerable. Whether the Turkish army could deliver an effective counteroffensive outside its own borders, in either direction, remains dubious. A Western spearhead, of picked troops, would much increase the chances of developing such a stroke.

If Turkey could stretch out an arm quickly enough to help cover her neighbor, Iran, against a Russian thrust from the Caucasus, it would make a great difference to the prospect of initial defense—the most important phase—in the Middle East as a whole. Turkey could also provide close-up bases for a powerful American air striking force, and such bases may be established near the south coast, behind the Taurus mountain belt, as well as alongside the British in Cyprus. Besides these there is the valuable support available in the U. S. Army's aircraft-carrier forces.

## V

THE conclusion from such a survey is that while the chances of a direct defense of the Middle East are at present scanty, there may be more hope in its indirect defense.

The Russians might push deep down into the central area, but it would be difficult for them to operate with large forces beyond the desert belts—where they could not “live on the country” in their usual way. Thus there should be a prospect of holding the coastal fringe, particularly on the Mediterranean side, and keeping the Russians contained in a desert “sack”—an awkward situation for any invader. The possibility would depend, however, not only on the fuller development of the “local” forces but on timely reinforcement from the West. Light armored divisions, especially if designed to be air-transportable, would be the most promising kind of strategic reserve for the Middle East.

The Middle East offers great scope for the practice of a defensive-offensive “trapping” strategy against an invader who is lured to overstretch himself. That has often been demonstrated in history—most notably by the Parthians against the Romans and by the Turks against the Crusaders. The modern potentialities of such a strategy were indicated during the course of Rommel's campaign in the North African desert—the World War II extension of the “Middle East”—and also during the campaign in Russia's vast expanse.

Analysis of those campaigns shows how, wherever there is space for maneuver, a much more effective delay and defense can be achieved by fluid mobile forces, operating like



a swarm of bees, than by trying to hold positions against an attacker superior in strength. It shows, too, how easily the advantage of a numerical superiority can become an increasing disadvantage as an overland advance continues, and that, as lines of communication lengthen, such an advance can be turned into a boomerang by a lighter and more nimble opponent.

These potentialities might be exploited against any Russian invasion of the Middle East if the Western powers could provide suffi-

cient forces of high maneuverability. At present the only serious deterrent lies in the threat of strategic bombing against the main source of Russia's war-making capacity. But whatever its value as a deterrent threat, its decisiveness in actual operation is hedged with many uncertainties, while the unleashing of the atomic bomb might turn into the worst of boomerangs for the Western powers. So it is highly desirable that such a deterrent should be progressively reinforced in the other ways I have suggested.

## *On the Border*

DON GORDON

HERE in the dusk on the border between the sunlit  
and the moonlit systems,

Even his speechless shadow gone to earth, the man  
wonders

How to live from the long burial to the birth  
of epochs.

The slave waiting the fall of the Roman city,  
the serf

Landbound under demented knights, the weaver  
in the murderous town:

How did they manage while the old chieftain  
was dying?

History is the record of the arrogant.

The man on the border has neither hieroglyph  
nor forebear:

The dispossessed in their multitude leave no sign  
on the wild dusk.

He is not alone: the contemporaries appear slowly  
in the bare landscape;

The roots cut, the hands torn, bewildered, inorganic,  
and blind,

They grope in the appalling darkness along the path  
of the human voice.

Something is found, something is made on the edge  
of the violent plain.

If it is only a list of the cruel and the betrayers,  
only a fragment

Of the intolerable journey, the word may survive  
the always possible ruins.



# The World and the Greeks and Romans

*Arnold J. Toynbee*

ONE of the besetting infirmities of living creatures is egotism, as we all know from personal experience; and in self-conscious creatures this self-centeredness generates an illusion. Every soul, tribe, and sect believes itself to be a chosen vessel; and the falsity of our belief in our own unique value does not easily become apparent to us. We can see the fallacy readily, though, when it is a case of somebody else hugging this illusion about himself. We Westerners, being human, are inclined to feel that what we have done to the world within the last few centuries is something unprecedented. An effective cure for this Western illusion of ours is to glance back at what, not so very long ago, was done to the world by the Greeks and Romans. We shall find that they too overran the world in their day, and that they too believed for a time that they were not as other men are. We shall also find, before we come to the end of this story of the world's encounter with the Greeks and Romans, that, in this episode, a temporarily dominant Greco-Roman society's estimate of its own value broke down under the test of being weighed in the truth-finding balance of history.

The expansion of the West over the world which began with our dramatically sudden conquest of the oceans at the end of the fifteenth century has its counterpart in Greco-Roman history in the expansion of the Greek world overland in and after the generation of

Alexander the Great in the fourth century B.C. Alexander's march across Asia from the Dardanelles to the Punjab made as revolutionary a change in the balance of power in the world as the voyages of Da Gama and Columbus; and, like these, it was followed up by wider conquests in later generations. In the second century B.C. the Greeks conquered India right across to Bengal, and in the same century the Romans won for the Greco-Roman world a frontage on the Atlantic Ocean in what are now southern Spain and Portugal. The Basic Greek in which the New Testament was written in the first century of the Christian Era was spoken and understood from Travancore to the hinterland of Marseilles. At the same date Britain was being annexed to the Greco-Roman world by force of Roman arms, while Greek art in the service of an Indian religion—Buddhism—was traveling peacefully north-eastwards from Afghanistan along a road that was eventually to carry it across China and down Korea to Japan.

Thus, in sheer physical range, the Greco-Roman culture, in its day, spread as widely in the Old World as our Western culture has spread in *its* day; and, in an age which had not yet seen the emergence of the indigenous civilizations of the Americas, the Greeks could boast, as we can today, that every contemporary civilization on the face of the planet (whose shape and size the Greeks had accurately calculated) had been reached and pene-



trated by the radiation of their world-conquering culture.

This impact of a Greek culture on the world in and after the fourth century B.C. gave the world as sharp a shock as the impact of our modern Western culture has been giving it since the fifteenth century of our era; and, as human nature has not undergone any perceptible change within the last few thousand years, it is not surprising to find the standard alternative psychological reactions to a cultural assault, which we have observed in the history of the world's encounter with ourselves, making their appearance likewise in the history of the world's earlier encounter with the Greeks and Romans.

This passage of history, too, can muster its intransigent Mahdis and its adaptable Peter the Greats. In Peter's line, for example, there was Mithridates the Great, an Iranian king in Asia Minor, who very nearly got the better of the Romans by arming and drilling his troops in the Greek and Roman style and by taking the field against Rome as a rival patron and champion of the Greeks and their culture. And there was Herod the Great, the Edomite King of Judaea, who was worsted by Psyche's task. Herod's self-assigned mission was to educate his stiff-necked Palestinian Jewish subjects into acquiescing in the minimum compromises with Greek civilization and with Roman power which, for a small Oriental people in a predominantly Greco-Roman world, were the only practical alternatives to the desperate course of provoking and incurring annihilation. The Herodian policy of prudent accommodation to imperious historical facts was defeated by the obstinacy of a long line of Palestinian Jewish Mahdis. This militant movement had begun in the second century B.C. in a fierce revolt against the Hellenizing policy of a Greek King of southwest Asia. Anyone re-reading the First and Second Books of Maccabees will almost certainly be struck by the family likeness between the Maccabees' insurrection in Palestine in 166-165 B.C. and the Mahdi Muhammad Ahmad's insurrection in the Egyptian Sudan in A.D. 1881. After flicking up again in the insurrections of a Theudas and a Judas whose signal failures are cited by one of this fanatical Acts of the Apostles, the flame of Hellenism in Palestinian Jewish resistance rose to its final flare in the second

the Christian Era in the revolt of Bar Kokaba, who proclaimed himself the Messiah and was crushed by the Roman Emperor Hadrian.

These Palestinian Jewish leaders of an Oriental resistance movement to the Greco-Roman civilization were not the only representatives of their kind. Already before the end of the third century B.C. there had been something like an "Indian Mutiny" among native Egyptian troops who had been armed and drilled in the Greek style by a Greek King of Egypt for the defense of his dominions against an invasion by a southwest Asian Greek contemporary of his. The Greek-drilled Egyptians routed the full-blooded Greek troops in the invading army; and their astonishing victory over descendants of Alexander's invincible soldiers went to these native Egyptian soldiers' heads. And then there were outbreaks among the most ill-fated of all the Orientals who had fallen under Greek or Roman rule—the Syrians who had been kidnapped and been deported overseas to work as slaves in chain gangs on Greek plantations in Sicily. Before the end of the second century B.C. these Syrian slaves in Sicily had made two desperate insurrections against their Greek masters and these masters' Roman protectors.

THIS grim tale of cruel oppression and savage revolt in the earlier chapters of the history of the world's encounter with the Greeks and Romans has found echoes in familiar chapters of the parallel history of the world's encounter with the West. In a Westernized world the slave-trade that once disgraced the Mediterranean has been revived in the Atlantic; the insurrection of plantation-slaves that was crushed in Sicily has been victorious in Haiti; the mutiny of the Ptolemies' Greek-drilled native Egyptian troops has been matched by the mutiny of a British East India Company's Western-drilled sepoy; and militant Oriental resistance movements against an alien ascendancy that are reminiscent of the unsuccessful anti-Hellenic insurrections of the Palestinian Jews and the successful anti-Hellenic insurrections of the contemporary Iranian peoples, are in full swing at this moment in Indochina and Malaya and are threatening to break out at both ends of Africa. Up to this point we can read the story in our own record without needing to consult the Greeks' and Romans' dos-



sier. But now we are reaching and passing the point where, on the open page of our book, the moving finger is writing in the latest entries in our still unclosed account; and, beyond this point, where the curtain veils our own future, the Greco-Roman account is our best source of potential information about what may be in store for us.

Of course I am not meaning to suggest that we can cast a horoscope of our own future by observing what happened in Greco-Roman history beyond this point where our own record breaks off, and then mechanically translating this Greco-Roman record into modern Western terms. History does not automatically repeat itself; and the most that any Greco-Roman oracle can do for us is to reveal one among a number of alternative possible future denouements of our own drama. In our case the chances may well be against the plot's working out to its Greco-Roman conclusion. It is conceivable that we Westerners and our non-Western contemporaries may give the course of our encounter with each other some quite different turn which has no counterpart in Greco-Roman history. In peering into the future we are fumbling in the dark, and we must be on our guard against imagining that we can map out the hidden road ahead. All the same, it would be foolish not to make the most of any glimmer of light that hovers before our eyes; and the light reflected upon our future by the mirror of past Greco-Roman history is at any rate the most illuminating gleam that is visible to us.

## II

WITH these counsels of caution in our minds, let us now go on turning the pages of the book of Greco-Roman history till we come to the picture of the Greco-Roman world halfway through the century after Christ. When we compare this with the picture of the same world two hundred years earlier, we shall perceive at once that in the interval there has been a change for the better here which unfortunately has had no parallel in our Western history up to date. In the last century B.C. the Greco-Roman world had been racked by revolutions, wars, and rumors of wars, and had been seething with tumult and violence, quite as feverishly as our Western world is today; but midway

through the second century after Christ we find peace reigning from the Ganges to the Tyne. The whole of this vast area, stretching from India to Britain, through which the Greco-Roman civilization has been propagated by force of arms, is now divided between no more than three states, and these three are managing to live side by side with a minimum of friction. The Roman Empire round the shores of the Mediterranean, the Parthian Empire in Iraq and Iran, and the Kushan Empire in Central Asia, Afghanistan, and Hindustan, cover the whole of the Greco-Roman world between them; and though the makers and masters of these three empires are all non-Greek in origin, they are nevertheless all "Philhellenes," as they are proud to call themselves: that is to say, they consider it to be their duty and their privilege to foster the Greek form of culture and to cherish the self-governing municipalities in which this Greek way of life is being kept alive.

Let us look into the hearts and minds of the millions of Greeks and Romans and the many more millions of Hellenized and semi-Hellenized ex-Orientals and ex-barbarians who are living under the shelter of a second-century Roman-Parthian-Kushan peace. The waters of war and revolution which had gone over the souls of this generation's great-great-grandparents have now ebbed away, and the nightmare of that time of troubles has long since ceased to be a living memory. Social life has been stabilized by constructive statesmanship; and though the settlement has fallen far short of the ideals of social justice, it is tolerable even for the peasantry and the proletariat, while for all classes it is indisputably preferable to the Ishmaelitic anarchy to which it has put a long overdue end. Life now is more secure than it was in the preceding age; but for this very reason it is also more dull. Like humane anaesthetists, a Caesar and an Arsaces and a Kanishka have taken the sting out of those once burning economic and political questions that, in a now already half-forgotten past, were the salt as well as the bane of human life. The benevolent action of efficient authoritarian governments has undesignedly created a spiritual vacuum in human souls.

How is this spiritual vacuum going to be filled? That is the grand question in the Greco-Roman world in the second century



after Christ; but the sophisticated civil servants and philosophers are still unaware that any such question is on the agenda. The people who have read the signs of the times and have taken action in the light of these indications are the obscure missionaries of half-a-dozen Oriental religions. In the long-drawn-out encounter between the world and the Greeks and Romans, these preachers of strange religions have gently stolen the initiative out of Greek and Roman hands—so gently that those hard hands have felt no touch and, so far, have taken no alarm. Yet, all the same, the tide has turned in the Greeks' and Romans' trial of strength with the world. The Greco-Roman offensive has spent its force; a counteroffensive is on its way; but this counter-movement is not yet recognized for what it is, because it is being launched on a different plane. The offensive has been military, political, and economic; the counter-offensive is religious. This new religious movement has before it a prodigious future, as time is going to show. What are the secrets of its coming success? There are three on which we can put our finger.

ONE factor that, in the second century after Christ, is favoring the rise and spread of the new religions is a weariness of the clash of cultures. We have watched the Orientals responding to the challenge of a radioactive Greek culture along two antithetical lines. There have been statesmen of Herod the Great's school, whose prescription for living in a Greco-Roman cultural climate has been to acclimatize oneself, and there have been fanatics whose prescription has been to ignore the change of climate and to go on behaving as though this change had not occurred. After an exhaustive trial of both these strategies, fanaticism has discredited itself by turning out to be disastrous, while the Herodian policy has discredited itself by turning out to be unsatisfying. Whichever of the two alternative strategies has been followed, this cultural warfare has led nowhere; and the moral of this anticlimax is that no single human culture can make good its conceited claim to be a spiritual talisman. Disillusioned minds and disappointed hearts are now ready for a gospel that will rise above these barren cultural claims and counter-claims. And here is the opportunity for a new society, in which

there shall be neither Scythian nor Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, but in which all shall be one in Christ Jesus—or in Mithras, Cybele, Isis, or one of the bodhisattvas, an Amitabha or perhaps an Avalokita.

An ideal of human fraternity that will overcome the clash of cultures is thus the first secret of the new religions' success, and the second secret is that these new societies which are open to all human beings, with no discrimination between cultures, classes, or sexes, also bring their human members into a saving fellowship with a superhuman being; for the lesson that human nature without God's grace is not enough has by now been graven deep on the hearts of a generation that has seen the tragedy of a time of troubles followed by the irony of an ecumenical peace.

At least two breeds of human gods have now been tried and been found wanting. The deified militarist has been a flagrant scandal. Alexander, as the Tyrrhenian pirate told him to his face in the story as we have it from Saint Augustine, would have been called not a god but a gangster if he had done what he did with a couple of accomplices instead of doing it with a whole army. And what about the deified policeman? Augustus, now, has made himself into a policeman by liquidating all his fellow gangsters, and we are grateful to him for that; but when we are required to register our gratitude by worshipping this reformed gangster as a god, we cannot comply with much conviction or enthusiasm; and yet our hearts are hungry for a divinity that we can worship in spirit and in truth.

In the gods who have made their epiphany in the new religions, we are at last in the presence of divinities to whom we can devote ourselves with all our heart and mind and strength. Mithras will lead us as our captain. Isis will nurse us as our mother. Christ has emptied Himself of His divine power and glory to become incarnate as a man and to suffer death upon the cross for our sake. And for our sake likewise a bodhisattva who has reached the threshold of Nirvana has refrained from taking the last step into bliss. This heroic pathfinder has deliberately condemned himself to go on haunting the sorrowful treadmill of existence for eons upon eons more; and he has made this extreme sacrifice for the love of fellow sentient beings whose



feet he can guide into the way of salvation so long as he pays the huge price of himself remaining sentient and suffering.

### III

THESE were the appeals of the new religions to a majority of mankind who, in the Greco-Roman world in the age of the imperial peace, were weary and heavy laden—as indeed they are at all times and places. But what about the Greek and Roman dominant minority that had devastated the world by conquering and plundering it, and were now patrolling the ruins as self-commissioned gendarmes? “They make a desert and call it peace” is the verdict on their handiwork that one of their own men of letters has put into the mouth of one of their barbarian victims. How were sophisticated and cynical Greek and Roman masters of the world going to respond to the challenge of the world’s counteroffensive on the religious plane which was the world’s answer to its rulers’ previous offensive on the plane of war and politics?

If we look into these Greek and Roman hearts in the generation of Marcus Aurelius, we find a spiritual vacuum here also; for these earlier conquerors of the world, like us their present Western counterparts, had long ago discarded their ancestral religion. The way of life which they had chosen for themselves and had been offering to all Orientals and barbarians whom they had brought within the range of Greek cultural influence, was a secular way in which the intellect had been conscripted to do duty for the heart by working out philosophies that were to take religion’s place. These philosophies, which were to have set the mind free, had bound the soul to the sorrowful wheel of natural law. “Up and down, to and fro, round and round: this,”

the philosopher-emperor Marcus confessed to himself, “is the monotonous and meaningless rhythm of the Universe. A man of average intelligence who has arrived at the age of forty years will have experienced everything that has been and is and is to come.”

This disillusioned Greek and Roman dominant minority was, in fact, suffering from the same spiritual starvation as the majority of contemporary mankind, but the new religions which were now being offered to all men and women without respect of persons would have stuck in a philosopher’s throat if the missionary had not sugared the strange pill for him; and so, for the sake of accomplishing their last and hardest task of converting a Greek-educated die-hard core of a pagan public, the new religions did clothe themselves in divers forms of Greek dress. All of them, from Buddhism to Christianity inclusive, presented themselves visually in a Greek style of art, and Christianity took the further step of presenting itself intellectually in terms of Greek philosophy.

This, then, was the last chapter in the history of the world’s encounter with the Greeks and Romans. After the Greeks and Romans had conquered the world by force of arms, the world took its conquerors captive by converting them to new religions which addressed their message to all human souls without discriminating between rulers and subjects or between Greeks, Orientals, and barbarians. Is something like this historic denouement of the Greco-Roman story going to be written into the unfinished history of the world’s encounter with the West? We cannot say, since we cannot foretell the future. We can only see that something which has actually happened once, in another episode of history, must at least be one of the possibilities that lie ahead of us.





# Three Stars for Baedeker

*W. G. Constable*

*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*

ON ONE of my bookshelves is a long row of smallish volumes, bound in red cloth with gold lettering and marbled edges, all carrying on their practically uniform title pages the legend, "Handbook for Travelers. By Karl Baedeker."

For well over forty years the author of those volumes has been for me very literally a guide; likewise he has been a friend, if friendship lies in constant readiness to aid, to safeguard, and to counsel. So much he has been to many others, throughout the world. But what comparatively few realize is that Karl Baedeker is also a philosopher—a man with a personality, a consistent set of principles for action, and a *Weltanschauung* of his own—to borrow an untranslatable word from his native language. It is with this personality, with Karl Baedeker the man, that I am now concerned.

Probably, scholars throughout the world are bringing together with loving devotion every detail of Baedeker's life and achievements. But such compilations cannot reveal the inner springs of character. The only sure pathway to understanding is marked by the unconscious revelations in a man's work. At first sight, such might seem difficult to find in Baedeker, so austere and coldly objective does his approach seem to be, comparable only to that of the compiler of a telephone directory. Yet behind the measured enumeration of fact, glimpses constantly appear of strongly marked human characteristics, from which gradually emerges a formidable personality. Indeed, the student of Baedeker's works must always be on his guard against having his own thoughts and actions unduly influenced. To be "Baedeker-drunk" is more than possible; and



the more devoted the admirer, the greater the risk of being dominated by the masterful mind behind the façade of words. With this warning well heeded, exploration of that mind and its activities may begin.

One thing is certain, that Baedeker's life was a dedication. His headquarters and permanent address were at Leipzig—a fact announced on every title page of his works. From Leipzig he visited most of the civilized world, justifying the works of God to man, appraising the results of human labors, and putting mankind itself under rigorous scrutiny. Speaking English, French, German, and Italian fluently, he had a working knowledge of, among other languages, Greek, Latin, Russian, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Spanish, Basque, Hungarian, Finnish, Turkish, Arabic, to say nothing of the various tongues of India and adjacent countries. He traveled on foot, on every kind of animal, by carriage, train, automobile, and in his old age by airplane; and not content with going from point A to point B by one means, would go back and forth noting and comparing drawbacks and amenities. Only one dedicated to movement as an end in itself could behave so. Nowhere I believe does Baedeker mention the word "chair," though concerning beds he has plenty to say. Evidently this was the only means of resting that he knew. When he was not in bed or at table he was on the move.

That he apparently never visited the Arctic or Antarctic is explicable; for, as will appear later, he was a man of cautious temperament with an inclination to parsimony. But that he never visited China and Japan, nor Australia and New Zealand, is curious. Certainly, physical and linguistic difficulties would not have held him back. From Malaya, Java, and Northeast Russia he saw one aspect of the Pacific, from California another. Yet he never seems to have dared to explore further. Evidently, a deep-laid inhibition held him back, some aspects of which will be touched upon later.

LET us turn, therefore, to our main problem, that of Baedeker the man. First, something must be said of his physical characteristics, of his daily activities, which were the outward and visible expression of his personality. To Baedeker's looks and build there are only the most slender clues. That he was

a man of great vigor and considerable endurance, there are many indications. Among these is the number of mountains throughout the world that he scaled; the long walking tours that he was constantly undertaking; and the strenuous exploration of cities ("Florence, 3 to 4 days") to which he was addicted. Moreover, though on occasion he used a mule or donkey, a carriage, or a mountain railway, his preference seems to have been for the use of his own legs. More speculative is the deduction that he was short and stocky, rather than tall and long-legged. The time he occupied in his various ascents and expeditions suggests deliberation and perseverance rather than energy and rapid movement. As he himself says: "When a mountain has to be breasted, the pedestrian should avoid 'spurts' and pursue the 'even tenor of his way' at a steady and moderate pace—*chi va piano va sano; chi va sano va lontano*." Incidentally, the quoting of a proverb in Italian is a characteristic example of Baedeker's tendency to show off his literary and linguistic knowledge.

But despite his powers of endurance, Baedeker was certainly no professional athlete; nor was he given to attempting foolhardy feats. It is noteworthy how he avoids mounting a horse, if other means of transport are available; and in the more difficult expeditions he undertook, he was always most careful to put himself in the hands of fully qualified guides, on whose shoulders, literally, the major part of the burden would rest. Occasionally, too, there is evidence that Baedeker balked at embarking upon what he regarded as hazardous physical feats. Writing of his visit to Niagara, he says that "only those of strong nerves should attempt the trip through the Cave of the Winds, which, however, is said to be safe and is often made by ladies." The words "which is said" are very significant. Evidently Baedeker had no personal experience of what he describes as "the choking, blinding, and deafening tumult of wind and water."

But if our knowledge of Baedeker's physique is limited, concerning his wardrobe we are much more fully informed. He was a great believer in woolen underclothing; and in his own words "when sitting in a carriage or boat, when in cold churches or museums, or when exposed to sudden alterations of sun and shade," he would even in hot countries



wear either a greatcoat or a shawl. When on a walking tour, he describes himself as wearing a flannel shirt, worsted stockings, and "strong and well tried boots," and as carrying a light waterproof and a stout umbrella. Over his shoulder was slung a light pouch or game-bag, since he regarded a knapsack as irksome; and therein he carried a change of shirts, slippers, and what he used to call "*articles de toilette*." Sometimes, he would wear colored spectacles or a piece of green crepe over his eyes; and on occasion, as protection from the sun, would cover his face with zinc ointment or burnt cork and drape over his head and neck a voluminous gray veil. It was, however, in mountainous country that his forethought challenged comparison with that of the White Knight, by his carrying "an opera glass or small telescope, sewing materials, a supply of strong cord, sticking plaster, a small compass, a pocket lantern, a thermometer, and an aneroid barometer."

But he was fully aware of the sartorial demands of particular occasions, and observed them strictly. As he once said, "Evening dress should be worn at first-class hotels and in the best seats at theaters and concert halls"; and when at the theater in Italy he always conformed to custom by wearing his hat until the curtain rose. Moreover, there is even a hint that he was something of a dandy in the remark, "The art of the Barber and Hair-Dresser has been developed to a high point in the United States, where the 'tonsorial saloons' are often very luxurious."

TO RESTLESSNESS of body, Baedeker joined a comparable restlessness of mind. His range of information was astounding. From the nature of the solar system to the Latin name for a bedbug, he was never at a loss. True, he was encyclopaedic rather than learned, informative rather than inspiring. Yet occasionally, enthusiasm broke the even flow of his didacticism. He reveals himself, for instance, as a military historian *manqué*, in his full-blooded accounts of the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg. Once, at least, he figures as a poet; for prefixed to most volumes of his works is a little verse beginning, "Go little book, God send thee good passage," which he modestly leaves unsigned. The fact that he occasionally prints beneath the verse the name of one Sir Robert Ros must not

mislead the reader. Ros is not to be found in *The Dictionary of National Biography*; and application of the method used to convince a doubting public that Bacon wrote Shakespeare makes it clear that Sir Robert Ros is Baedeker himself. Ros has only one "s"; and the two names have therefore the same number of letters. If for the "o's," "e's" are substituted, and for the "r's," "a's," and one or two other simple substitutions made, Sir Robert Ros will be found to be an anagram for Karl Baedeker.

On occasion, too, Baedeker cannot resist the Gibbonian roll of a phrase, as when writing of a building in Naples he says:

The spaces under the arches are occupied by public writers, ready at a moment's notice to commit to paper the pleading of the lover or the expostulation of the creditor.

But more revealing still are his rare outbursts in the face of natural phenomena. He is on the summit of the Rigi, above the Lake of Lucerne:

Half an hour before sunrise, the Alpine horn sounds the reveille. All is noise and bustle; the crowded hotels are for the nonce without a tenant; and the summit is thronged with an eager multitude, enveloped in all manner of cloaks and mantles. . . . A faint streak in the E [even at this crucial moment, Baedeker uses his usual abbreviation for the points of the compass] which gradually pales the brightness of the stars, heralds the birth of day. This changes to a band of gold on the horizon; each lofty peak becomes tinged with a roseate blush; all is at first gray and cold, until at length the sun bursts from behind the mountains in all its majesty, flooding the superb landscape with light and warmth.

Briefer, but more poignant, is his description of the Midnight Sun, in which he sums up what he calls "the Sublimity of the Spectacle" in the quotation:

It was not night, it was not day  
But wavered twixt the two.

In more than one passage, Baedeker states one of the purposes of his writings to be "The enjoyment and instruction of his reader"; and this inevitably leads at times to abandonment





*He was a great believer in woolen underclothing.*

of his normal attitude of passionless aloofness. From what, amid all that he describes and discusses, are this enjoyment and instruction best to be obtained? And how is this best indicated? He found the answer in his famous system of asterisks and double asterisks. Their use throws much light on Baedeker's tastes and aesthetic principles. Broadly, these principles stem from the eighteenth century. For

example, he makes a clear distinction between "grandeur" and "beauty"; for in describing a view near Zurich he says that "though inferior in grandeur to those from heights nearer the Alps, it surpasses them in beauty." He does not enter into wherein this distinction lies; but clearly it descends from the contrast emphasized in the eighteenth century by Burke between the sublime and the beautiful.



Baedeker goes beyond Burke, however, and adds to the categories of grandeur and beauty that of the picturesque, as expounded by Burke's younger contemporaries, Gilpin, Price, and Payne Knight; as when he speaks of the artistic eye discovering "picturesque bits" in the out-of-the-way streets of Naples.

Yet it is important to notice that when it comes to the application of these principles, Baedeker could not always escape entirely from the ideas of his own nineteenth century. Occasionally he quotes Ruskin—generally as "Mr. Ruskin"—by whom his standards in the arts were evidently influenced. Of the sculptures in a certain chapel in South Italy he says: "They . . . exhibit all the bad taste of eighteenth-century art"; the work of the sculptor Guido Mazzoni of Modena he calls "coarsely realistic"; and a Botticelli in the National Gallery, London, is censured not only because

"The drawing of the hands is weak," but because "The type of the Infant Christ is profane." His strictures on the large private houses of San Francisco are particularly revealing: "No expense has been spared to make them luxurious residences, but a great opportunity to develop something fine in timber architecture has been lost in an unfortunate attempt to reproduce forms that are suitable for stone buildings." Here is the credo of Ruskin and of William Morris; and the key to Baedeker's dislike of the baroque and the rococo. Rarely, in a church, will he condescend to specify the work of masters later than the sixteenth century, save those of the classical revival of the early nineteenth; and in a description of a great gallery or museum, he will, where possible, dismiss in one sentence the more extravagant and exotic masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THAT the Age of Reason shaped other aspects of Baedeker's mind beside the aesthetic, is evident. Of his religious opinions he says little; but that little reveals him as a sound Protestant. Such remarks as that William III "undertook that bold expedition across the Channel which resulted in the . . . final establishment of constitutional liberty and Protestantism in England" indicate which way the wind blows. Even more decisive is his outspoken advice that in Spain one "should above all refrain from expressing an opinion on religious questions . . . the [Spaniard's] way of looking at things is very different from ours"; while the elaboration with which he specifies the Protestant places of worship in non-Protestant countries suggests the familiarity of a regular church-goer.

Baedeker's ethics bear a similar stamp; indeed, at times they approach the puritanical. There is implied censure when he says of the Chicago stockyards that they "will interest those whose nerves are strong enough to contemplate with equanimity wholesale slaughter and oceans of blood"; and his mildest condemnation of bullfights is to call them "degrading and disgusting spectacles." Even more revealing is his characterization of Naples. "Nature, it would appear, has so bountifully lavished her gifts on this favored spot, that the energy and strength of the most powerful nations have invariably succumbed to its alluring influence." Here perhaps is, after all,



*The "tonorial saloons" are very luxurious.*



the key to Baedeker's avoidance of the Pacific. Not for him were palm-fringed atolls, brown-skinned maidens, and hibiscus wreaths. He felt with the modern English poet that

The Blue Lagoon by Mr. Stacpoole  
Is not a patch on dear old Blackpool.

Yet another aspect of Baedeker's puritanism is his impatience with popular legend, however picturesque. He disproves with zest the story of William Tell; he explains the specter of the Brocken in terms of the spectator's own shadow; and he mentions only with obvious impatience the fabulous heroes of classical antiquity and even of the German "Nibelungenlied." This austere attitude is reflected in much of his conduct. Always, he was careful to check restaurant and hotel accounts, demanding the latter every four or five days; unfortunate waiters, trying to persuade him to undue expenditure or to order unpriced dishes not on the bill of fare, were firmly checked by the word "*basta* (enough)"; with cabmen and guides he always made a firm bargain before setting out, carefully consulting the tariff beforehand; and never would he tolerate the intervention of hotel porters or what he calls *valets de place* in his shopping, where he made a practice of offering half what the shopkeeper asked whenever possible. To beggars he gave short shrift; and to give to children he regarded (to quote his own words) as "specially reprehensible." In Italy, he became famous for his sign of refusal to give, which he describes as "a slight backward movement of the head, accompanied by a somewhat contemptuous expression." Nevertheless, however hard driven by those who sought to despoil his pockets or corrupt his principles, he always, to quote his own words, was "careful to maintain a polite and unexcited demeanor."

His views on health were also very decided. Wherever he went, he demanded a room with south aspect; and paid considerable attention to diet. Evidently, either he was given to over-indulgence in unripe fruit, macaroni, and fish, or suffered from some allergy or weakness of the stomach; since he constantly refers to the dangers of these foods and their disastrous effects. Always, too, he carried with him a copious supply of remedies, more or less drastic. But it is reassuring to know that he was responsive to changes in medical opinion;

for after long years of recommending opium in some form or other as a remedy for diarrhea, in his last works he utters a grave warning against its use.

But it would be wrong to assume from all this that Baedeker did not on occasion reveal human weaknesses. On food and drink he was a notable, if not a profound, authority. Rarely, too, does he miss the opportunity to note and recommend a good wine or to criticize and condemn. Equally, he was a connoisseur of beer, never failing to warn his readers against those which possess what he called a "diarrhetic tendency." Apparently, however, he was not a whiskey drinker, nor did he appreciate the subtler variations in kind and quality; for he dismisses bourbon and rye in two words as "Kentucky Whiskey." Of water, on the other hand, he was always suspicious, though conceding that bottled water might be drunk on occasion. But for quenching the thirst, he believed in red wine, holding that "those who find the local wines unpalatable, should drink claret"; while he regarded "cold milk as safer when qualified with spirits."

Further chinks in Baedeker's puritanical armor are his obvious familiarity with race courses and methods of laying a bet. He tries to conceal his motives in attending race meetings by enlarging on the crowds at Epsom on Derby Day, on the pageantry of Ascot, and the social significance of Auteuil; but the attempt is quite transparent. Similarly, his knowledge of Paris Music Halls, Paris *Boîtes de Nuits*, and the more dubious dance halls, all suggest a frivolous, not to say disreputable, side to his character.

SO MUCH for Baedeker's ethics. More shadowy are his political opinions. They seem, however, to have inclined toward a State Socialism of the Bismarckian type. He harps upon and deplores the inefficiency of government administration in certain countries; and he is inclined to be restive under the lack of direction due to what he obviously regards as excessive play of private enterprise. For him "whate'er was best administered was best." Baedeker's liking for efficiency perhaps explains a temporary lapse from political grace in his old age, when for a time he came under the spell of the Nazi regime. He awards asterisks to various constructions of the Hitler



regime; speaks of its having "eliminated both fruitless Parliamentarianism and the mutual clashing of economic and local interests"; and adds that under its aegis "Constructive work has begun on . . . the reawakening of race-consciousness."

Ordinarily, Baedeker's attitude toward "the lesser breeds without the law" is that of good humored patronage. Sometimes, however, he is frankly censorious. Speaking of France, for instance, he says that those "who are not fastidious as to their table companions will often find an excellent cuisine . . . at hotels frequented by commercial travelers." Especially was he critical of defective plumbing. He speaks of the "shameful defectiveness of the sanitary arrangements" in France; and even the United States comes under his lash with the words, "Such public conveniences as do exist in New York and other large cities are disgracefully inadequate in number, size, and equipment." Often, however, half humorous acceptance is the note struck. Characteristic is the remark, "The Dutch love of cleanliness sometimes amounts almost to a monomania. The scrubbing, washing, and polishing which most houses undergo once every week, externally as well as internally, are occasionally somewhat subversive of comfort."

**A**GAIN, seeking to reassure his readers he says of the United States in the nineties: "Throughout almost the whole country traveling is now as safe as in the most civilized parts of Europe, and the carrying of arms . . . is as unnecessary here as there." Sometimes, however, he gives vent to exasperation tinged with amusement, as when describing one of his visits to the Swiss mountains. The visitor, he says, "is assailed by vendors of strawberries, flowers, and crystals, by exhibitors of chamois and marmots, by urchins standing on their heads or turning somersaults, and by awakeners of echoes. Swiss songstresses, neither young nor pretty, next appear on the scene, and the nerves of the traveler are often sorely tried by the Alpine horn and the *Ranz des Vaches*, which, though musical at a distance, are objectionable when performed close to the ear." Irritation, however, gains the upper hand in describing travel in the United States. "The seats in the American cars offer very limited room for two persons, and their

backs are too low to afford any support to the head; a single crying infant or spoiled child annoys 60-70 persons instead of the few in one compartment; the passenger has little control over his window as someone is sure to object if he opens it; the continual opening and shutting of the doors, with the consequent drafts, are annoying; the incessant irritation of the trainboy, with his books, candy, and other articles for sale, renders a quiet nap almost impossible."

Resignation, in contrast, is more apparent in Baedeker's account of his ascent of the great pyramid of Gizeh: "Assisted by two Bedouins, one holding each hand, and if desired by a third (no extra payment) who pushes behind, the traveler begins the ascent of the steps. . . . The strong and active attendants assist the traveler to mount by pushing, pulling, and supporting him; and will scarcely allow him a moment's rest until the top is reached. As, however, the unwonted exertion is fatiguing, the traveler should insist on resting as often as he feels inclined. 'Be quiet, or you shall have no fee' [carefully spelt out in phonetic Arabic] is a sentence that may often be employed with advantage. All requests for bakshish should be refused, and it is as well to keep an eye upon one's pockets." How this last is done, amidst all the stresses and strains, Baedeker does not explain; but that he did it, I am convinced.

The somewhat acrid humor here displayed is characteristic. Only rarely does he allow himself to jest more genially, and then he is either pedantic or even faintly Rabelaisian. Of the pedantic type is his comment that "cricket in the United States has never secured a good foothold, being generally considered too Alexandrine as compared with baseball." The meaning is obscure, even to scholars; but that a jest is intended is obvious. Another note is struck in an account of a visit to Leuk in Switzerland, where he says that the Bath Houses "now contain separate basins for ladies and gentlemen, about three feet deep. Spectators are no longer admitted to the galleries, but may survey the scene through windows on the ground floor. The loud and animated conversation of the patients, who appear to enjoy excellent spirits, is chiefly in French."

One vexed question that has never been satisfactorily settled is this: was Baedeker





*Assisted by two Bedouins and if desired by a third (no extra payment), who pushes behind, the traveler begins the ascent of the steps....*

ever married? That he was throughout his travels accompanied by women is clear. Over and over again he refers to the kind of hotel accommodation suitable for ladies, and to the kind of transport—donkey, mule, or carriage—required for what he evidently regards as the weaker sex. Moreover, he frequently refers to the kind of entertainment suitable for ladies, and puts, for example, a complete ban on the music halls of Paris. Never, however, does he refer to his companion as his wife. Moreover, it is not even certain that this companion was always the same woman. The delicately nurtured female who found insupportable the beds and food of the more remote parts of Europe, and who was shocked by a broad jest, cannot possibly be the Amazon who went with Baedeker to Petra. One thing alone they had in common—they were as serious-minded, as ardent, and as indefatigable as Baedeker himself in the pursuit of knowledge and experience.

One theory is that Baedeker was merely acting as guide and escort to a series of women of different types. But the mention in Baedeker's laundry lists of a wide variety of more intimate feminine garments is strong evidence of a greater familiarity than that of employee and employer. Personally, bearing in mind Baedeker's rigid standards of behavior in general, I am inclined to think that either he was married more than once, to different types of women; or that he was one



of the Victorians who, on the highest moral grounds, declined to enter the bonds of matrimony, and had a succession of faithful female friends.

Had space permitted, I should have liked to amplify and enrich this brief account of a remarkable man. But it is, I hope, clear that despite some obscurities and uncertainties, Karl Baedeker was an exceptionally well rounded, positive, even aggressive personality, of extraordinary physical vigor and intellectual range; one of whom it may justly be said:

Take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.



# Electronic Calculators: Brainless but Bright

*Leonard Engel*

ONE day a few months ago, a mathematician on the staff of International Business Machines was called in by a firm for which IBM had just installed one of its standard automatic calculators, a kind of machine often referred to as a "junior electronic brain." The firm wanted help in putting a particular problem to the machine. The IBM man began by asking the largest number likely to turn up in working out the problem. One of the firm's engineers hazarded a guess. The man from IBM then asked about the smallest. "Good Lord," the engineer exploded, "are we supposed to solve the problem? I thought we got the machine for that."

The story, which is not apocryphal, illustrates how widespread is the curious notion that automatic calculating machines, one of the latest and most spectacular products of modern technology, transcend the nature of machines and are a species of brain, capable of "thinking" their way through problems without human assistance. Even technical people who ought to know better believe this.

As we shall see, the new robot calculators are remarkable and portentous devices. Relatively simple ones can figure up weekly wage rates, cost-of-living bonuses, and tax and other deductions for a factory with six thousand employees in an hour; the most capacious can whip through mathematical problems involving tens of millions of distinct computations in a day or two. Automatic computers are

already having a profound effect in many sectors of science and technology. Ultimately, they may shake modern society to its foundations; for, with suitable auxiliary devices, computers can be made to perform all sorts of intricate tasks, from running factories to relieving insurance companies and similar institutions of vast burdens of routine paperwork.

For all that, automatic calculating machines are no more "brains" than a drop-forged fist. The simplest-minded human being and many animals can, within the limits of their respective mentalities, figure out how to deal with unforeseen situations. "Electronic brains" cannot; they are merely machines and they do only what they are told. Every step of every problem put to them must be unambiguously specified in advance and every eventuality must be anticipated and provided for by their human masters. Moreover, except for a few small experimental machines that manipulate the symbols of the logical shorthand called symbolic logic, automatic computers do nothing but count. The other kinds of intellectual activity ordinarily subsumed under the term "thinking"—perception of subtle relationships, formulation of abstract conceptions, imagination (including the type of imagination necessary for conceiving, among other things, automatic calculating machines)—are entirely beyond them. Indeed, not the least remarkable aspect of the automatic computer is the ingenuity of its masters, who

*Leonard Engel, who has written many basic explanatory articles about current science and technology, here examines claims that super-calculating machines are making modern man obsolete, and charts the limits of electronic "brains."*



solve abstruse problems far in the reaches of higher mathematics with a machine that merely counts.

## II

THE usual procedure in writing about robot calculators is to take the reader on a visit to one of the centers where they may be seen at work—the Army Proving Ground at Aberdeen, the Dahlgren (Virginia) Proving Ground of the Navy, Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Bureau of Standards, half a dozen other research and engineering centers around the country. We will look in on the newest and most talented super-calculator, the IBM 701, recently completed at the IBM plant in Poughkeepsie, New York, and the first of 17 such robot super-calculators to be built by IBM. But the visit will be more interesting and rewarding if we first make a brief, non-technical side tour of some aspects of the history of mathematics. The preliminary excursion will suggest why automatic computers are so suddenly prominent and why they are wanted badly enough to justify their huge cost—half a million dollars or more for each of the sizable ones.

Nearly three centuries ago, Sir Isaac Newton formulated a set of equations relating the movements and mutual gravitational pulls of the sun, moon, and earth. The three-body equations, as they are known, and other mathematical expressions of the same kind, give the positions of the planets—a matter of importance to navigators as well as astronomers. The three-body equations are simple; each contains only a few terms. In the classical mathematical sense, however, no solution for them has ever been found, *i.e.*, no mathematician has been able to put them into a suitable form for inserting one set of numbers (the positions of the sun, moon, and earth at a given instant and their masses and velocities) and getting out another set of numbers (the positions of sun, moon, and earth at another time). The tables used by navigators and astronomers are actually computed by a variety of mathematical artifices.

There is no objection in mathematics to artifice as such. Thus, there is an arithmetical method of obtaining planetary positions from the Newtonian equations with any degree of

accuracy desired; such methods exist for any equation whatever. But the method is extremely tedious; many hundreds of computations with numbers carried to a dozen or more places are necessary to obtain a single position for a single planet. Less arduous, if less accurate, expedients had to be employed; many planetary tables still in use contain fairly large errors as a result.

Similarly balky mathematical expressions and unsatisfactory solutions are to be found throughout physics, chemistry, and engineering. Until recently, most attempts to improve matters followed the line of inventing new mathematical tricks that might yield more precise answers with less paperwork. But in 1879, Lord Kelvin, the British physicist, suggested a wheel-and-disc arrangement that provided a mechanical analogy of integration, the balkiest mathematical operation in solving many of these equations: if the wheel were allowed to represent the term to be integrated, the turns of the disc would give the answer sought (the integral). Lord Kelvin's ingenious idea involved a sticky mechanical feature, but was finally made to work about two decades ago by Vannevar Bush of M.I.T. Around it, Dr. Bush built his famous "differential analyzer," a machine which solved automatically an important class of equations (ordinary differential equations). The Bush machine was the forerunner of the class of machines known as analog computers. The latter are widely used in aircraft and other engineering plants; they solve the same kind of problems as the Bush machine and work in much the same way, except that electrical devices replace some or all of the Bush machine's wheels, discs, and gears.

IN THE meantime, a development was taking place in business offices that was to lead to the super-calculator and to a real solution of science and technology's mathematical dilemma. This was the introduction of the adding machine and the adding machine's more sophisticated cousin, the desk calculator, which multiplies and divides as well as adds and subtracts. The desk calculator, which came in after World War I, proved very handy in carrying out sequences of arithmetical operations of the sort encountered in even quite elementary engineering and technical work; to multiply two numbers, for in-



stance, all you have to do is punch out the numbers on the keyboard, then press the multiply key. Desk calculators accordingly soon found their way into laboratories where a good deal of routine calculation had to be done. They were not there long before inventive minds saw that a punched tape (like the old player-piano roll) or some similar device could take the place of the assistant who punched the keys; this would allow the machine to carry out automatically sequences of computations too long to be done with a manually-operated calculator.

An eccentric English genius named Charles Babbage, best known during his lifetime as an unrelenting foe of street organ-grinders, had actually had very much the same idea more than a century before. So had others later in the nineteenth century. But nineteenth-century technology wasn't up to designing and building the many different mechanical elements entering into a practical automatic calculator; the ordinary adding machine, invented by Blaise Pascal in 1642, was still a curiosity in 1865. By the late nineteenth-thirties, however, an automatic machine for solving complex mathematical problems by arithmetical methods was feasible. The first large-scale automatic calculator, the IBM Automatic Sequence-Controlled Calculator, went to work in the Harvard University computing laboratory in April 1944.

### III

**T**HERE is, of course, much more to building an automatic digital computer (as machines that count are termed to distinguish them from the lesser machines employing one or another form of Lord Kelvin's integrating principle) than attaching suitable accessories to a desk calculator, though this is the central idea. What works in an ox-cart won't do, in the same form at any rate, for an automobile; every kind of machine has its own imperatives. A decade of intensive development work, in fact, has made the automatic computer's desk-calculator ancestry seem pretty remote. The 1953 robots have "memory" devices, hardly envisioned ten years ago, for storing instructions, partial results, and other data; they perform the basic arithmetical operations in a different way from that used by the desk calculator and at

vastly greater speeds; they even employ a special two-digit number system in place of the decimal digits of everyday arithmetic. With its half million parts, the automatic digital calculator is something to make the engineer as well as the man in the street blink; no more complicated a machine has ever been built by man.

Let's take a look at the newest, the IBM 701. The first automatic calculators required a room the size of a small auditorium. Computer design has progressed to the point where the 701 will fit in a large office. The 701 is housed in eleven smart, crackle-finish, gray metal cabinets arranged in a horseshoe—"memory" units on the left, "arithmetic organ" and control panel in the center, "input" and results-printer on the right, and transformers and other power-supply gear in the rear. The cabinets conceal 4,000 vacuum tubes, 12,000 germanium diodes (tiny contrivances something like the crystal in the old earphone radio), and several hundred thousand pieces of wiring and other parts; there are five miles of wire in the conduits between the units alone. We will do better, though, to pass over the statistics and the geography of the cabinets, and get down to how the machine goes to work.

The 701 gets problems, instructions, and any other data needed for solution of the problem at hand (such as sines of angles that may come up) in the form of a stack of punched cards. The cards are "read" in the input, a device for sensing the location of the holes in the cards. Because other arrangements would introduce complications, everything put into the machine is immediately committed to "memory." Information that will be used only infrequently or not for a while goes into four tape recorders (which record magnetically pulses of current representing data, in somewhat the same way that an ordinary tape recorder records music); data needed sooner or more often goes onto two magnetic recording drums; key instructions and data for the start of the problem go into the "electrostatic storage" unit—a device which "remembers" by means of impulses stored in the screens of seventy-two much-modified TV picture tubes and which has a remarkable property: any piece of information stored in it can be singled out the instant it is needed, without the necessity of



scanning through the other data in storage.

Now the machine is ready to compute; it has a problem and instructions for solving it. Suppose the first step (several million such steps may be required altogether) is the multiplication of 2 by 3, and division of the product by 4. The 2 and 3 are "read out" of electrostatic storage and into the arithmetic unit; here the multiplication is carried out. In accordance with the next instruction, 4 is now read out of storage and into the arithmetic organ, and the division performed. The machine then goes on to the next instruction, and so on, until all operations called for are finished. Results are neatly printed on a roll of paper by an accounting machine printer.

**L**IKE all other automatic computers, the 701 must be told exactly how to proceed every step of the way; its instructions must cover not only what is to be done at each step, but just where in storage needed data are located, and where to find the next instruction. If a separate order had to be prepared by the machine's operating crew for each such instruction, automatic computers would not be built; preparing the millions of orders needed would be at least as tedious as solving the problem by hand. Fortunately, separate orders needn't be written out for every step of every problem. A large proportion of the problems arising in physics, chemistry, and engineering involve a great deal of repetition: a certain procedure will be applied, perhaps tens of thousands of times, to a varying quantity. In such cases, orders for the procedure need be spelled out only once; a command to repeat will keep the machine repeating the procedure until, say, the varying quantity reaches 100 or 1,000 or some other limit indicated by the problem. In addition, many procedures, such as taking square roots, come up in problem after problem. Detailed instructions for them can be kept in a "library of subroutines," for use whenever needed. In the 701, which has a more capacious memory than any other computer to date, the library of subroutines is stored right in the machine itself, in the tape and drum memory units, and a single command suffices to call up any subroutine wanted. The machine has been put through test problems with as few as thirty-two punched-card orders.

All this is much longer in the telling than

the doing, for, above all, the 701 is fast. Desk calculators compute by counting teeth on gears; to multiply 2 by 3, the desk calculator turns a gear three times through two teeth. The 701 also does arithmetic by counting, but it counts by means of vacuum-tube relays (devices for turning a current on or off). Now a vacuum-tube relay is an awkward device for counting decimal numbers: it cannot be given ten different settings (corresponding to the ten teeth on desk calculator gears), it has only two settings, current-flowing and no-current-flowing. But there is no reason for the machine to stick to decimal numbers. The 701 accordingly translates the decimal numbers given it (and automatically retranslates results) into a number system suited to vacuum-tube relays. The system has only two digits, 0 and 1, which may be represented by relay-on (1) and relay-off (0).

Although it takes a lot of binary digits to express large decimal numbers, vacuum tubes can be switched on and off much faster than a gear can be turned. Thus, the 701 adds two thirty-five-place binary numbers (equivalent to ten-place decimals) in one seventeen-thousandth of a second, or multiplies them in one two-thousandth. The time is exactly 12:01 P.M., a technician pushes the start button. Silently, inconspicuously (there are no flashing lights and the only sounds are the occasional clack of the printer and the hum of the air-conditioning machinery that keeps the robot's innards cool), the 701 will have raced through nearly a million elementary arithmetical operations—additions, subtractions, multiplications, divisions—by the time the clock's hands stand at 12:02.

#### IV

**B**ETWEEN 1944 and 1948, no less than a dozen large-scale automatic digital computers were completed and placed in operation in American laboratories and engineering centers. While useful (most are still at work), these early machines were relatively slow or mechanically troublesome, and sometimes both. There were two principal difficulties. The fastest ones—those built around vacuum tubes—suffered from the defects of the vacuum tube. In machines like ENIAC, the original all-electronic computer, tube burn-outs have been a nightmare. ENIAC has over



18,000 vacuum tubes, and though the best tubes obtainable are used, there must be close to 200 tube failures a month.

Second, the early automatic calculators had little internal storage for information. As a result, they had to operate directly from punched cards or tape or by means of hand-set switches—all relatively slow procedures. Punched cards, for example, can be “read” at a rate of only a few hundred cards a minute. Magnetic tapes and other improved means of storing information were available (and would be used as supplementary memory devices). But what was really wanted was a kind of electronic bulletin board for instantaneous posting of data and for picking out a particular instruction or number without reeling through yards of tape. This was the key to high-speed operation.

The vacuum-tube problem was solved by substituting germanium diodes (a product of wartime radar research) for many of the tubes, and by the development of tests for detecting burn-outs before they actually occur. The electronic bulletin board was provided by the electrostatic storage tube, the ingenious modification of the cathode-ray tube that stores electrical impulses in its face, an invention due chiefly to J. R. Williams of the University of Manchester, England. Thanks to these developments, the 701 and other new machines are both reliable and fast.

Automatic computers, however, are still machines and not “brains,” and function like machines. This is nowhere better brought out than in Claude E. Shannon's project, a few years back, for building an automatic computer that would play chess. The machine was never built; the closest existing approach to it is a machine recently constructed in England for solving the mate-in-two-moves problems beloved of chess addicts. But Shannon's machine would have been the first of many attempted chess-playing robots actually to play chess. It would have been able to do this, not through its reasoning powers—it wouldn't have had any—but through Dr. Shannon's cleverness in devising a technique for playing chess fitted to the capabilities of a machine.

Dr. Shannon, who is an engineer at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, proposed essentially to assign numerical values to the various pieces and to certain plays, with additional factors thrown in for mobility (number of

major pieces, such as rooks, free to move). These values would be used by the machine, when it was its turn to move, to evaluate its own and its opponent's positions as a result of every legal move open to the robot, possible countermoves of the robot's foe, possible replies to the countermoves, and—finally—the opponent's replies to its replies; the machine would choose the move calculated to leave it with the greatest net score in the end. In short, the robot would treat chess as a game of arithmetic.

**T**HE robot's game would probably be poor at first. Blunders would be inevitable, since chess is not a simple exercise in arithmetic. But instructions to avoid specific disastrous moves could be put into its memory units. Instructions for a number of forcing plays and of other desirable plays could also be stored in the machine.

In time, the robot could be made to play a good enough game to defeat 90 per cent of chess players 90 per cent of the time. It could not plot long-range moves because it would be able to figure only two moves ahead. But it would never repeat a mistake it had been instructed against, it wouldn't be flustered by bad breaks, and it wouldn't be distracted by the radio next door; at each move, it would plow methodically through all legal possibilities and, within the limits of the reliability of the machine, unerringly pick out the move that would leave it in the strongest position.

The Shannon machine, on the other hand, would not beat a master. Chess masters make few careless mistakes; when appropriate, they figure half a dozen or even fifteen or twenty moves ahead; they have an enormous knowledge of stock situations and maneuvers. The robot, to be sure, might be designed to calculate farther ahead and might be equipped with a dictionary of situation-and-maneuver combinations; other refinements could be provided as well. But even if we were to do the impossible and build these properties into a machine with as many computing and memory elements as there are neurons in the human brain (about ten billion), the robot would still fall short of the human chess master in performance.

For all its electronic speed, the robot would require years to check its dictionary of combinations (if the dictionary were extensive



enough to be useful); years would also be needed to determine some moves not covered by the dictionary. The human master, of course, needs only a few minutes either to recall or to calculate an appropriate move. But he is endowed with a power beyond the machine, called recognition. He sees at a glance that the position on the board before him is somewhat like a situation he encountered—and dealt with thus—some time before; machines can detect such similarities only if all possible variations are spelled out in advance, and then they must check through all variations, one by one. The human master also has the faculty of logical analysis. He sees instantly that only a few possible lines of action are worth calculating out, and that all others can be ignored; the robot might also be made to drop unprofitable possibilities from consideration, but only to the extent that the rejection process itself could be reduced to an arithmetical procedure. In any event, a very able human chess player would have to prepare the robot's original program of instructions and procedures if the machine were to play even a mediocre game of chess.

## V

THE fact that automatic computers do not think has important practical consequences. One is that a great branch of mathematics, algebra, is closed to them. In algebra, letter symbols may be used in place of arithmetical numbers, a trick that results in great savings of mathematical labor in many problems. But algebra demands ability to think in abstract terms and to recognize frequently obscure similarities. So the great machines can be made to do only a few trivial algebra problems. Another consequence of the fact that they are merely high-speed arithmetic machines is that, the bigger and faster they are, the bigger and better the crew needed to keep them busy. It will take about twenty mathematicians, including several with master's and doctor's degrees, for example, to keep the 701 supplied with problems in the form the machine must have them.

They are nevertheless extraordinary machines, bound to affect deeply society as a whole, as well as most branches of science and technology. Most of those built to date have been used chiefly for experimental

studies looking to improvement of the machines themselves or for problems of a generally familiar kind: astronomical tables, flight paths and characteristics (whether for shells, planes, guided missiles, or rockets), analysis of aircraft and other structures, nuclear engineering, analysis of economic and census data. As time goes on, however, the machines will work farther and farther out on the frontiers of science, gathering, through their facility at computation, information we know *how* to get but cannot possibly get for ourselves because of the vast amounts of mathematical labor involved in getting it.

An interesting example is a project at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey. Meteorologists have long believed that twenty-four-hour weather forecasts could be made nearly 100 per cent accurate if the scores of thousands of observations received by the Weather Bureau each day could all be taken into account in making forecasts—an impossibility for men working with slide rules and desk calculators, but not much of a chore for a high-speed automatic machine. The weathermen's idea is receiving a trial on "Johnniac," the Institute's computer. Johnniac's designer, John von Neumann, greatest of living mathematicians and a world leader in computer theory, may turn out to be the fellow who really did something about the weather.

More startling is the prospect of automatic factories. A good many manufacturing plants, particularly oil refineries and other high-volume chemical plants, are now semi-automatic in operation. Batteries of complex instruments record events inside chambers, vats, and fractionating towers, and automatically adjust the interaction of raw materials and intermediate products to maintain the output of the desired market products. The men in the control room take over only in emergencies, or in shutting down or starting up, or to change the market products in accordance with instructions from the sales department.

Such plants are obviously ready for completely automatic operation. All that has been wanting is a mechanism capable of computing control-instrument settings for changing products and so on from a master set of instructions. Precisely such a machine is the automatic digital computer, and it is nearly trouble-free enough for this sort of job. In fact, the next



step in computer design (already taken in small experimental machines), the elimination of most of the computer's remaining vacuum tubes in favor of a recently-developed device, the transistor, should do the trick.

Computer enthusiasts eventually see automatization, with the aid of digital computers, of all kinds of factories. Some will certainly come to pass: automatic machines could be designed to take over all handling of materials and to exercise full control in any mass-production process. But in many industries, the automatic factory will not soon, and may never, appear because of what it would cost.

**I**N ANY case, the robot calculator will make itself felt soonest and most profoundly in the place where modern computing machinery was born—the business office. If a visitor from Mars were to drop in on any of many thousands of American business or government offices, he could easily conclude that the business of the company or bureau, whatever it really might be, was the manufacture of pieces of paper. To give but two examples, large life-insurance companies have to handle scores of millions of transactions a year, and the telephone company, hundreds of millions—hundreds of billions if you consider that some sort of record must be made each time anyone makes a call. Now most of the operations involved in the mountains of paperwork—computing charges, checking and crediting payments, and the like—are purely mechanical, though often described as requiring “thinking.” As such, they are ideally suited to automatization; indeed, the process is already well begun.

Many individual business-office operations

have long been carried out with mechanical aids like punched-card machines. In addition, in more than a thousand offices throughout the country, small-scale automatic computers are performing, by themselves, all the operations involved in preparing payrolls and in similar tasks. With appropriate accessory machines, large-scale automatic computers not very different from those in existence today could handle the bulk of routine transactions. They could—entirely automatically—prepare the bills, check the payments, and credit the receipts to the right accounts, or, if any one of a number of specified things was wrong, start an electric typewriter pounding out the proper form letter. Human intervention would be necessary only for maintenance and repair, the communication of new instructions to the machine in accordance with changes in company policy, or for handling really exceptional cases.

In one section of suburban Philadelphia, telephone subscribers have been receiving, for more than a year, bills in whose preparation no human clerk had any part. Everything, from noting who talked to whom for how long, to stuffing the bill in the envelope, is done by the machines of an experimental “automatic message accounting center.” Within a few years, there will be automatic message accounting centers in other telephone offices, and comparable automatic accounting systems, based on the automatic computer, in other large business offices. Automatic computing machines presage not only varied new developments in science, but a business-office revolution that may cut quite as deep as the nineteenth century's revolution in the factory.

## *A Selection*

ROBERT BERKOWITZ

**O**F ALL our graceful lying way  
I grown wise would keep  
Not sweet thoughts we walked all day  
But sleep and you and sleep.



# *The Tame Ox*

A Story by Jack Cope

**T**HE College secretary, the Reverend Charles Gumede, stood at the door of the Principal's office, smiling pleasantly, his teeth brilliantly white and his eyes twinkling behind glasses.

"More people to see you, chief, many more."

The Principal stood up, breathing in his thick, heavy way, and glanced at his watch. He was a big man, tall and long in the arm, and had the shoulders of a lion.

"I'll come out, Charles," he said; "I think I should stay out."

"Yes, chief. They are coming fast now. There's going to be a big crowd, very big—a great day." He spoke smoothly, rolling his words, but was inwardly excited.

"I'll wear my gown, I think."

The secretary helped his chief on with his academic robe and the two Zulus stood back, glancing at each other. In the big man's eyes was an affectionate glow; they were large, rather protruding eyes that enveloped all about him with a generous, dignified sweep.

"I ate too much lunch," the Principal said, buttoning his frock coat and smoothing down the wrinkles. "Go on ahead, Charles, I'll follow." They came out on the veranda and the Principal rested his hands on the railing.

A sing-song of greeting voices rose up and tingled in his ears. He smiled and waved. The newcomers were women, Christians in simple chaste cotton dresses down to the ankles. Their feet were bare and their heads were covered with black and red cloths or knitted caps.

"It's going to be a big day indeed. I won't guess how many people are coming," Reverend Gumede repeated.

The Principal lowered his eyes. His heart was beating in exultation, only he would not like to show pride to Charles, the clever, unassuming Charles.

"The Europeans will be here before long," Gumede continued, looking involuntarily

into the distance where the road wound up the valley toward St. Cyprians Mission College.

"No, Charles—give them another hour and more. Miss Poynton will be here at three, and she's always first."

The veranda of the office looked across a square of low roofs, and beyond them other buildings of the Native College could be seen scattered among the wind-swept gum trees, one- and two-story blocks in plain stone masonry topped with corrugated iron. Beyond the campus again stretched rolling hills of sugar-cane plantations. The College Principal, the Reverend Dr. Luke Njilo, descended the steps to the broad red-earth square. Along the left side was a row of huge old mango trees. It was a tropical day of broiling sunshine and limp, hot air. The dust lay still and the flags round the platform were motionless. The mango trees had their feet in circles of deep shadow. By the time the ceremony was due to begin the platform would be mostly shaded.

**D**R. NJILO went among the people, moving his big body with an ease that was solemn but at the same time youthful. The women fixed on him coy, bashful looks and smiled. He was a great man but distant from them. That day he was to be honored by the white race. An honorary degree, a Doctorate of Philosophy—these were strange terms to them. Yet they knew no other man of the Zulu nation had ever before arrived where he had. The word had gone out and the people were coming from long distances to see the white men do honor to the teacher, Luke Njilo.

Dr. Njilo had a few words for all he greeted. He put into his own language an unusual preciseness, a stiffness of the printed letter and book as though he had a proprietary right but no pride in it. He turned to his secretary a few times with a remark in English. The women had brought beer in earthenware pots



and large gourds covered with a few willow leaves. He could not refuse the customary offering. During the morning he had drunk a good deal and the midday meal had revived his thirst. At first he took the beer-pots from the Reverend Gumede's hands, drank a few gulps, standing, and then wiped his mouth with his handkerchief. There was little to indicate his pleasure or approval. Perhaps his eyes lit up if he came on a fine brew, but he silenced his belches in the European manner and merely nodded as if he were making a severe concession in accepting at all.

In the shade of the mango trees an old wrinkled woman, more pagan than Christian, remarked in a cracked voice, "Teacher, if you stand, the beer has far to travel—it will make a waterfall." The people turned their faces away to hide their smiles, but Dr. Njilo burst into a hearty laugh which all joined. "A waterfall? Is that where the Amanzimtoti River started?" He had a resonant, bell-like voice.

Sitting on his haunches, he took a good pull at the old woman's beer-pot and handed it back with a compliment. He was speaking more easily; his quips flew and now there was a ripple of amusement where the solid dark figure moved, clothed in academic robes. The sun flickered in patches between the leaves on his crisp black hair, neatly parted. He was sweating freely in the all-pervading heat and breathed like a strong-chested horse in the traces. His protruding eyes rolled amiably and a healthy pink tongue showed when he threw back his head to laugh.

At one place six elders were waiting for him, all gray-headed men. Some were in European clothes, others in the skins and sandals of tribal dress; one man, creased and dim-eyed with age, had on the polished head-ring of the old royal warriors. Dr. Njilo did not know them—perhaps grandfathers or great-uncles of students. There was a short, awkward pause. They regarded him with the cool, impassive bearing of men who are perfectly assured of their own place. The head of the eldest nodded continually and spittle dribbled over his beard. The others looked through dark, half-closed eyes, faintly contemptuous, it seemed. He had been criticized before; the extremists among his own people called him a "good boy," a "tame ox." As editor of the weekly *People's Voice* he was on

the side of moderation, tolerance. He mixed with white missionaries, Negrophiles like Miss Poynton, liberals, and even men who galled him with their patronage. He glanced at Charles Gumede and back at the old men. They were not the kind to criticize him politically. But they were studying him, weighing up the future that he stood for as if gazing into the clouds to divine what storms or what sunny days were in store.

One of them casually threw him a greeting and he responded to the ancient law of humility from a young man to his elders. "My fathers, I see you well." The women nearby and the students in badly-fitting best clothes saw the great teacher Njilo humble before these illiterate patriarchs. But the reserve faded. Soon they were speaking to him with animated faces and slow, expressive gestures. A pot of beer circulated among them and Dr. Njilo took his turn. He wiped his lips as they did, with the palm of his hand.

"I'll be back in a moment," he said to Reverend Gumede as he stood up. He climbed the steps and passed through the corridor of the office block. At some distance from the back of the building was a straggling row of thorny matingula shrubs, once a hedge, and behind them the tin roof of a privy. Dr. Njilo made his way there and returned quickly. He could not endure the noisome stench of the earth-closet, the drumming flies, and the heat. It was the only type of sanitation. Sanitation—what a word, he thought. Any substandard school for white children would have water-borne sewerage. But his College, his University, had to be content with this. Who was to benefit, after all? An ugly word came to his mind. Ah, they were lucky to have anything at all. He knew how requests were stalled with smooth or slighting remarks. It needed infinite patience and forbearance to shift forward a single peg of progress.

DR. NJILO paused in the comparative cool of the office corridor and ran his handkerchief round the inside of his collar. He let the air in under his gown and frock coat. Feeling relaxed, he went on. The square was filling. On its open space under the mango trees to the left there were already nearly two thousand people. Some had spread straw mats and sat enjoying the fierce sun. A tumbling murmur of voices rose up; bright



colors met his eye. The Principal wanted a space kept open in front of the platform; it was the only area grown with grass—not a lawn in the English sense for it was tufty and rugged, but it was green and Miss Poynton thought it a beginning. The cars of the Europeans would draw up under the gum trees beyond the Chapel. The guests would be escorted straight to the platform for the capping ceremony, and afterward a reception in the hall. He would like to call it the Great Hall, except that it was not great; it was a cement and iron shed.

The Chancellor of the University of South Africa would be there. He was conferring the Honorary Degree of Ph.D. on Dr. Njilo. He would wear his medieval cap and gold-faced gown, his hood lined with ermine and scarlet. And the others: an academic representative from England and one from America, the principals of two white universities and members of their senate, the Bishop, government officials, and so on, and so on. Miss Poynton had seen to that. They would have a royal welcome—three or four thousand people. Dr. Njilo felt light-hearted. He looked again at his watch and into the distance at the road approach. The air over the sugar-cane fields shimmered and the red ribbon of road seemed in the mirage to be under a sheet of glistening water. Another hour to go.

The College boys politely cleared the grass patch and began to marshal the people into a wide mass about the platform. It would be like a great *indaba*, a people's council. At the center would be the whites and he, Njilo—Luke the son of Nxaba, of the renowned Mukazi, of Macoco, nine generations back to Bahuza.

Dr. Njilo was holding a beer pot and smiled suddenly at the absurdity of this thought. They were not honoring a man for his barbarian ancestry recalled in a string of poetic "praises" full of bloodshed and Homeric boasting. He was, that day, pre-eminently the successful product of the missionary, the philanthropist, and of British education in the humanities; the wisely moderate editor of an officially approved native newspaper and the moderately wise principal of a liberal native college, the tame ox, as his critics said.

He turned to Reverend Gumede: "If I am a tame ox, what are you, Charles?"

Gumede did not relish the joke. There was

a youthful and lovable sincerity about his face and the flash of pain that crossed it was visible. Deeply, seriously, he was attached to his chief. "I try to be a servant of God," he said mildly.

"Amen," Reverend Njilo responded quickly, resting his eyes on his young friend.

"One must expect reproaches," said Gumede.

For a short while Njilo was silent and downcast. Gumede and the people about looked anxiously at his face. But when he glanced up there was a play of mischief about his wide-set eyes. He took a draught at the beer-pot.

"Charles, I was thinking about my ancestors. What would they make of all this?"

"One is close to one's ancestors here," the secretary said, nodding in the direction of the crowd.

"You are too serious and clever today. No, I was only picturing the old men, without conciliating any spirits. Who was this Bahuza? Nine generations before me—that would have him living earlier than the first white invaders, centuries before our people even brushed with them. And what does history say of him? 'He killed Nomjoni at the waterhole like a crocodile . . .' That's all. A name and a phrase. I don't believe he ever existed, really, or else he's a mixture of memory and myth. Still, do you think anyone will compose a line about me being capped today?" He let out a guffaw of laughter and improvised a few "praises" for himself in a ludicrous strain. The people were warming up to him. His words were passed round to surges of merriment.

"Charles, Miss Poynton will be here soon. Keep an eye open for her Cadillac."

Dr. Njilo went off back through the office block and out behind. As he neared the privy the stench met his nostrils. "That thing!" he exclaimed aloud. "Third class—we travel through our world third class." He snorted and veered off stolidly towards the canefield. There, near the first row of sugar cane, he took his ease. Through the gaps in the thorn trees he could see people coming up the road. The sun blazed hotly on him.

**W**ALKING down, he felt the heat in his face, and his clothes seemed rather close about him. He was quite firm on his legs though with slower movements



than usual, and his boots felt tight. These were minor discomforts dispelled by the great glow that spread from his heart. As he entered the crowd again he was like a river among his native reeds. They chattered, swayed, and responded to his every movement. His big eyes turned in majestic glances from one face to another and he spoke to those he recognized, using their names and the names of their fathers. He had a passion for the wild valleys, rocky corn patches, and sweet-scented brakes of bush where his clan had clung against every misfortune for so many generations. He asked close questions about the grain baskets, the children and cattle, and the white-tailed rock hares he used to hunt as a boy. They answered in more glowing terms than the truth, telling him what he wanted to hear—that all was well.

Reverend Gumede intercepted him as he raised a beer-pot to his lips.

"Miss Poynton will expect to have tea with you, chief—keep some space for that." He smiled apologetically.

"Tea!" Dr. Njilo gasped. Then he looked round with a merry chuckle. "Tea! Do you hear that? Tea with Miss Poynton." He made a gesture of delicately picking up a cup and arched his little finger. The women held their sides and shrilled out peals of laughter. Reverend Gumede watched in consternation. Then something saved him.

"Look! Here she comes." He pointed.

Reverend Dr. Njilo stood up and, leaning one hand heavily on his secretary's shoulder, shaded his eyes with the other.

"Yes," he said. "That's her. Come, Charles."

He adjusted the gown round his shoulders. His mouth closed up firm and the short aquiline nose with flared nostrils was like the black beak of a Viking ship as he steered his way towards the lower end of the square. They passed the chapel and came out under the gum trees as the long cream-colored Cadillac drew up. A Zulu chauffeur jumped out and opened the rear door for Miss Poynton, patroness of St. Cyprians College and heiress of a pioneer gold-mining millionaire.

"This is a great day, Luke," she said, holding out her hand.

Dr. Njilo took the podgy little fist and shook it without a word. His eyes were brimming, which she took for a sign of emotion. Dr. Njilo did not underrate the humanity and

generosity of Miss Poynton but he could not take her seriously. Constantly she said and did things that would have hurt his pride had he been looking for injury. To her own satisfaction she understood "the Zulu mind." It was an abstraction from the colonial histories, the novels of Rider Haggard, and the almost feudal loyalties between tribesmen and her family on one of her late father's Zululand labor estates. To her, Dr. Luke Njilo was a prodigy and was, essentially, "the Zulu mind" writ large. He was loyal, grateful, clean, dignified, a perfect gentleman. Because he was all these things he was capable of being a Christian and attaining great distinctions in learning. The decision of the governing University to confer on him its highest honor rounded off her work on Luke's behalf.

A class of girl students with radiant faces, white teeth and clear eyes against their dark features, presented Miss Poynton with a bouquet of wild flowers. Their brown skins were glossy and the flowers brought the colors and perfume of the valleys to set off Miss Poynton's gray hair and fluffy, middle-aged complexion. Dr. Njilo wagged a finger at the students in mock seriousness. "And who forgot to roll out the red carpet?" They giggled, shaking their shoulders comfortably.

THE Principal drew Miss Poynton's arm through his. She shot him a startled glance. There was no mistake about his breath; his voice was slightly thick and his eyes reddened. But it was customary to drink a little beer on a special occasion and "the Zulu" could imbibe a gallon or two without much feeling the effect.

"Let me conduct you to the seat of honor," he smiled—"the seat of honor."

"The others will be here directly. Shouldn't we wait for them?"

"They are here today and gone tomorrow. But to you we owe everything. Charles will keep a lookout."

She held out a hand to Gumede. "Charles, I'm delighted to see you. . . . I really would like to go and look everything over. I'm so thrilled, you don't know."

Miss Poynton was broad-backed and short and could not avoid a waddle in her gait. Reverend Charles Gumede watched the two receding through the flickering shadows of the gum trees, the short white woman like an



outhouse to the tower of the Principal in his black robe. He saw this as a communion of spirits, the forgetting of self for a common good. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.

Hundreds of people were still streaming in from the countryside. Along the paths they came and all one could see above the sugar cane of those more distant was the bright-colored hair-cloths or the pots of beer balanced gracefully on the women's heads. Here and there was the fur cap of an old man. Most of the young men were absent in the towns. Girls from the unbaptized villages, as a bow to the Christian occasion, had suspended on their bosoms a pocket handkerchief or a yellow flannel duster from which their dark coral-colored nipples peeped.

Suddenly the hubbub of voices swelled. The cars were coming in sight in the distance under puffs of brown-red dust. Gumede was agitated. He did not feel confident of welcoming all the distinguished men about to descend on the Native College. Staff and students were bunching up to greet the visitors and he dispatched a student to summon the Principal. There was no formality, no guard of honor, as some of the College Governors had suggested. People thronged about cheerfully.

The messenger found Dr. Njilo sitting on the platform edge deliberately taking off his boots. Miss Poynton, in her seat behind him, looked worried.

"Is there anything the matter, Luke?"

Dr. Njilo wrenched the second boot off and threw it down with a grunt, "Uncomfortable," he said. Breathing heavily, he stripped off his socks as well and wriggled his toes. The student repeated his message for the third time. Turning to Miss Poynton, Dr. Njilo said, "The cars are here." It was so casual. He might have been saying, "The tea is served." He took a few steps about to try his released feet. Then he sprang on to the platform and raised his hand. There was a hush.

"They have come!" he shouted.

"Ah," responded the mass in a deep murmur.

"They have come from Cape Town and Pretoria, from England and America. I will not tell you what they have come for—you know."

"We know," rolled back the response. An elderly man stood up, raised a polished black-

wood stick and began reciting Dr. Luke Njilo's praises. There was a new one devised for the occasion—"The beer-pots flowed over for him." Dr. Njilo gave an agile leap into the air and came down with a thud on the boards of the platform. Miss Poynton was on her feet and tapped him imperatively on the elbow. "Luke, they are actually arriving."

"Ah, let me go to meet them." He bounded off the platform.

"Your boots!" she cried after him. But he was already hastening through the lanes of admiring faces towards the Chapel.

They met almost at the door of the Chapel. The Chancellor had Reverend Charles Gumede at his side and Dr. Njilo came down alone. To the distinguished men who witnessed it the encounter was strangely moving, spontaneous. Holding the folds of his gown about him with one hand, the big Zulu hurried forward with a slight bow. The slender, white-haired Englishman simply took both his shoulders in his grip and held him in silence. Then they shook hands. The Chancellor was affected to see the African scholar and churchman, the deserving recipient of high honors, come to him in such modesty with the dust on his bare feet. Together they proceeded to the square. Dr. Njilo listened as if rapt to every word of the Chancellor, his head to one side and his breathing coming thick and regular.

"What a magnificent crowd," said the visitor.

"They have come to see you, sir."

"And to do honor to you, Dr. Njilo."

"But they are my family," he laughed. "I am a prophet in his own land."

"Then you are the happy exception, not without honor."

CARS were now arriving every minute. Scores of white people followed the official party or edged for standing room in the shade of the mango trees. The Chief Native Commissioner, the Director of Education, and the Commandant of Police represented the State. The Bishop was there, academic dons, members of the joint councils and the race relations institute.

Miss Poynton met them on the platform. Standing there alone, she looked like a stout caryatid in gray stone, petrified with anxiety. The guests lined up before their chairs, flanked with motionless flags and overtopped



by shining, dark-green mango leaves. The whole mass of people stood up and from their throats swelled the nation's salute, starting from a low rumble of the men's voices and rising in a single short crescendo.

"Today we are proud but humble," Dr. Njilo shouted in Zulu. The crowd murmured as they sat down. "Today is a day of victory!"

"Ga-zi!" came a muffled reply—Blood!

A gray-headed Zulu stood out near the corner of the platform and began a rhythmic oration in a high voice with a quick, pulsing tempo. He spoke of the honor done their son that day by great men of the world. The people could look for themselves and see who was before them—the right hand of the government and eagles who had flown from far lands. These great men he welcomed. They came in peace and it was a victory of peace. He then spoke of Njilo and of the nation. He was the rain who would bring up good crops; he it was who watched the herds.

Dr. Njilo could restrain himself no longer. He leaped down from the platform, his gown flying out like a huge black bird's wings. With quick, short steps he began to circle the turf area, clapping his hands and shouting random phrases as a warrior does when he throws out a challenge. From the back of the crowd a woman's voice started to shrill a trembling monotone. Another joined her and another, and the whole mass were drawn into a fast, exciting song. Dr. Njilo's feet thudded on the ground; he was dancing. Down the open space he went a second time and retreated to the platform with the springy movements of a leopard. As a thousand hands clapped a rhythm, he whirled into the *giya* dance with a stupendous leap; the war dance of the Zulus. Round and round he sped, killing a thousand imaginary enemies, cursing wizards, hurling insults at the sky. At times forced almost to his knees in mock defeat, he rose again and the ceaseless beat of his feet carried him into a paroxysm of physical triumph.

The Bishop sat still, a withered smile on his kindly, intelligent face. The Commandant of police was enjoying it in his own way: How right I am about these black devils, he thought. Miss Poynton looked like a guinea fowl shot on the wing; she was rapidly coming to earth, her eyes stared before her in a piteous, dying expression. Her ideal of progress seemed in ruins, the feet of the idol

crumbling away. Behind the platform Reverend Charles Gumede stood with closed eyes and his lips moved as if in prayer.

THE Chancellor rose and advanced slowly to the front of the platform. His blue eyes sparkled; he was amazed but full of admiration. An old warrior chanted wildly: "They say he is a tame ox. There he is, hau! hau! a black-maned lion among the herds!" There was a tumult of joy. The people threw shouted remarks at the dancer as he spun on his giddy round. Dr. Njilo heard their words and they sank into his heart, braving him on. He wanted to do something prodigious—he was doing it. No man had ever before danced a *giya* in an academic gown and frock coat. They got in his way, flapped round his legs and arms. But he had made men call him a lion. It was a deserved tribute. The *élan* of a tremendous physique flowed into his whole being. All other things came to him with the same strenuous ease: the mastery of learning, the understanding of nature, and the feeling for God. Men alone had seemed always to escape him. Today he had found them and he exulted.

Turning, he saw the curious row of white people on the platform. He stopped with a short, breathless laugh. There was in it a blend of pride and apology like a youth who has been caught in some meritorious but forbidden act. He was coming back to the sedate world of letters and religion—his world.

Dr. Njilo pulled up the drooping gown about his shoulders and mopped his whole face, tucking the handkerchief back in his breast pocket. He was balanced on a knife-edge between bathos and disgust. With light but firm steps he walked forward. His lungs pumped, deep and powerful, and his nostrils were wide. In those few moments his face took on its solid composure, a sober dignity.

The Chancellor reached down a hand. Dr. Njilo took it and sprang up easily.

"I think they would expect it," he said with an amicable gesture toward the crowd.

"They enjoyed it too, a most remarkable rendering of the dance."

"I am afraid, sir, the trappings of civilization were somewhat in the way." He twitched his gown, now smiling blandly.

"Not at all, Dr. Njilo," said the Chancellor. And the ceremony went on.



# After Hours

## *Memo to a Foundation*

GENTLEMEN: Last week, when you gave away several million dollars to found your new Institute for Altruistic Creativity and Integrated Boondoggling, I was reminded how difficult it is to satisfy everybody. Your resources are not infinite, of course, and much of your giving—to sustain the scholarly and the scientific—is a response to imperatives. But, like everyone else you are likely to hear from, I wish the petty cash you set aside for the things that happen to interest me were differently spent, and by a singular coincidence I have here a proposal for what to do the next time you want to save culture and vaguely benefit humanity. It is simple and definite, it requires no new staff or lengthy research, and it will cost little for what it will accomplish. It concerns the national heritage, part of which is disappearing unless you or someone does something about it.

A portion of the cultural record of the United States is in process of disintegrating. It is, at the moment these words are written and read, literally turning to dust; and the time is late, if not already too late in some respects, to halt its dissolution. Much irreplaceable documentation is already lost beyond recall unless duplicates can be found that are not now known about. These are films, America's movies, tin cans full of reels of nitrate celluloid. They represent the cumulative accomplishment of the country's most characteristic art. They are unique, invaluable, and impermanent—they do not last forever.

The chemical compound of which film is made grows increasingly unstable as time passes, and after twenty years its survival is a chancy business. Today most movies are recorded not on celluloid but on acetate, which will theoretically last four hundred years, but the changeover is new where it is not still going on. All films made before a few years

ago are nitrate celluloid, and they are quietly going to pieces in the vaults.

The rate varies at which films decay. It depends chiefly on how carefully they were developed; some modern films may thus be unusable long before older ones. The Biograph and Edison movies of the early nineteen-hundreds are still in surprisingly good condition, while the original negative of "Night Must Fall," made in 1937, had fallen apart by 1950—a life of thirteen years. There is no method of preservation; it is necessary to transfer the old films to acetate before they rot completely. When the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art made plans for a cycle of pictures directed by Ernst Lubitsch to be shown this summer, three important ones had to be omitted; the printed program notes briefly: "deteriorated beyond recovery." Most Pathé newsreels before the year 1918 are already lost, permanently. "The year zero," says Richard Griffith, film critic and curator of the Modern Museum's Film Library, "is rapidly approaching."

For such a library as this, the problem is financial. Each year the budget for new acquisitions, writes Mr. Griffith, "is perforce devoted to the continuous reduplication of films already in its collection," let alone those the collection lacks. "We began," he says, "with a false sense of security, when all films were in fairly good shape, but now I am afraid each time we order a film from Hollywood that they won't have it." Fortunately the Modern Museum now has assistance from the George Eastman House of Rochester, which shoulders half the burden of transferring the Museum's old films to acetate; but elsewhere in the film and library world concern is unequally distributed, effort is spasmodic, and not much is being done. For, as Mr. Griffith goes on, "it is beyond the resources of any agency—beyond even the collective resources of the film industry itself—to preserve all of the enormous number of negatives which still



remain outside the [Museum's] collection." The National Archives are disturbed but powerless to act; the Library of Congress framed an elaborate program but apparently it was too elaborate, and Congress turned it down; the Motion Picture Academy does what it can but its resources are modest.

You might have thought that Hollywood could take care of its own, yet consider the dimensions of the difficulty. Reduplicating a 35-mm film of average length costs from four to five hundred dollars. Any studio that undertook to perpetuate even its own old films would have to do so as a labor of love, for their only tangible value is as story properties. Who could decide what films to save out of the thousands there except by rough-and-ready approximations of the value each company put on its personal products? Discrimination is needed of exactly the kind that the Modern Museum provides, yet its jurisdiction extends only to examples of the development of film as a medium—leaving aside the immeasurable usefulness of countless films as pure historical record. In any event, the film industry can no more be made responsible for the preservation of films than the book industry is for the preservation of books.

Traditionally specific institutions are endowed to do just such specific jobs. No one else can; no one else seems likely to. Obviously the project will benefit many, and support for it should eventually be widely sought. But someone has got to begin, someone with enough money to get started immediately to save the best films that are the most severely threatened. After all, it is money that will have to be spent only once, for once the films are on acetate they will last as long as we are likely to care—or at least long enough to let us decide which of these two-dimensional, black-and-white antiques are likely to be worth keeping around for more than four hundred years.

The moment is one of emergency, an emergency that will quickly be over, one way or the other; it is just such an emergency as foundations, gentlemen, are uniquely fitted to cope with. I honor your hopes, your nerve in supporting them with cash; but one million less for academic make-work will save two thousand films. Mr. Griffith keeps an office at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, N. Y.

## *The Crescent City*

A FRIEND of mine, who has traveled to more parts of the world than nearly anyone I know, dropped a stack of notes on my desk recently and said, "Here, maybe you can make something out of these." They are about New Orleans, and I pass them along as a pleasure and a public service.

"Lovely city. Lovely food. Lovely hotels. Southern women. Always make hotel reservations in advance, especially at Maison de Ville, 727 Toulouse St. Maybe best hotel in America, certainly best in New Orleans. Now run by Mrs. Madeline J. Ehrlich, a Philadelphian. Crisp service, private baths, patio, iron grillwork balconies, Creole atmosphere, oleanders, camellias, mimosa—the works. Rates: \$8 to \$11 single, \$10 to \$15 double (September through May), a few dollars less June through August. Continental breakfast included; no other meals.

"Similar place: LaFitte Guest House, 1003 Bourbon St., on site of LaFitte's home and warehouse when he was pirate and smuggler. Some balconies, no patio, but charm. Noisier than the Maison (Bourbon is honky-tonk street) but less expensive. \$8 single is tops during winter season. Breakfast in room at extra cost. No other meals.

"Other hotels: the Monteleone on Royal St., biggish and usual, but only big one located in French Quarter. Just outside Quarter, on St. Charles Ave., the St. Charles, old and fashionable. Two others: the Roosevelt and Jung, newer, further from the Quarter, and more commercial.

"They take their food seriously with good reason. Excellent! Antoine's, 713 St. Louis St., best publicized and lives up to reputation.

"Also excellent: Galatoire's, 209 Bourbon St. (Shrimp Amandine and Shrimp Marguery, possibly best seafood in the world).

"Arnaud's, 813 Bienville St. (Crab Buster, taken when crab is busting last year's shell).

"Brennan's, 241 Bourbon St. (Newcomer with excellent local reputation. Specializes in French and Creole cooking, run by Irishman named Owen Brennan.)

"All prices moderately moderate.

"New Orleans probably has more antique shops (and bars) per capita than any city in America. Most antiques *not* collected from impoverished plantation families; most are



imported from Europe by boatloads. Royal Street lined with shops. Prices from reasonable to ridiculous. Everything from shop that specializes in brass livery buttons bearing family crests (from France, England, and Italy) once worn on uniforms of servants in the Big Houses to four-poster beds, and 18th century firearms.

"Elegiac note: Basin Street is gone, except for name. All crib houses, parlor houses, saloons where jazz got its start gone; replaced with housing projects and business buildings.

"Still plenty of good jazz places—mostly on Rampart and Bourbon Streets. Dixie's on Bourbon, run by matronly lady who plays good hot clarinet, sings, welcomes guests, tends bar when business is rushing, and when essential serves as bouncer.

"New Orleans has been cleaned up some by present reform administration. It's still a fairly rough port town. Prudent tourists advised to stay out of brassier Bourbon Street joints, and not go wandering around dark side streets unless cold sober.

"Lovely city, though. Lovely food, lovely hotels. Southern women. Antiques. Jazz. Pralines for the kiddies one dime each."

## *Holiday*

**W**E HAD a bus strike in New York in January that lasted for just about a month while the mayor said rude things to the bus companies and the bus companies said rude things to the union and the union and the bus companies scolded the Mayor. For the first week or so it was a front-page story on those local papers that don't reserve their front pages for murder and/or cheesecake. Then the story slipped over to the second section, and finally when the city had settled down to the pleasant realization that there are nearly as many, if not more, advantages in not having busses than in having them, the strike got settled.

I do not mean to say that a great many people were not inconvenienced by the lack of bus service, for they obviously were. But a great many of us sniffed the city air and found that it smelled better; nothing exhausts quite so exhaustingly as a bus. Others cocked an ear and found that the city was much quieter. Still others became aware that their hearts no longer stopped at the sight of children climb-

ing onto the backs of busses and hanging by their fingernails between life and the wheels of a following car. The pace of life seemed more relaxed. Urban civilization seemed more civil.

But it was only when the service was resumed that the full delight of the hiatus became apparent. One had almost forgotten the look of scorn born of desperation on the face of the bus driver who not only guides a behemoth among the ruthless taxis, arrogant Cadillacs, and dreaming pedestrians but also makes change and hands out transfers at the same time . . . two pennies in his right hand and thirteen tons of rolling steel in his left. One had forgotten what a friend of mine has called the "herding instinct" of busses—their tendency to arrive three or four all at once and then none for a long time. Or their greater concern with making the light than with picking up the passengers on the corner, even if it means that they are nose to tail at the next corner. One had put out of mind that whereas the subway may crush you at its rush hours, the bus can throw you flat on your face with a sudden start or stop at any hour, and that crowds on subways are a great deal more cheerful than crowds on busses. The subway is an impersonal conveyance; the bus always seems a gamble between the skill and temper of the driver and the elements—plus all of the man-made hazards of the city.

I have no doubt that the bus drivers of New York should have a forty-hour week, which is what they were striking for. It is possible that if they worked only as long as most people they would be more tolerant of most people, which would be nice. (I am continually impressed with how amiable most of them are anyway.) It might even be that the passengers would behave better, and more considerately. I remember a bus driver in Washington during the war when I was making a daily trip to the Pentagon; he had a magic touch with his harrowed and disgruntled early morning bureaucrats. In Washington as anywhere, once the seats were filled up, passengers crowded in the front of the bus leaving the back nearly empty. "Ladies and gentlemen," the bus driver would say in a loud and cheerful voice, "why don't you do, like you'd do in church? *Way* in the back, please."

—Mr. Harper



# NEW BOOKS

## Hail and Farewell

*Gilbert Highet*

GOOD-BY to an intelligent critic. Good-by to a sad, sick, and lonely man, who still contrived to be cheerful and witty most of the time. Good-by to a collection of paradoxes, united in a perfectly recognizable and usually likable personality: a hobo and an Etonian, a left-wing journalist and an ex-member of the Indian Imperial Police, an intensely thoughtful and widely read man who saw through the intelligentsia. Good-by to a brilliant and original satiric novelist who died far too soon. The last book of George Orwell, *Such, Such were the Joys* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50) is not a tombstone, but a set of pungent herbs growing on a grave which is still green. It is a collection of ten essays written in the later years of his life: one of them a painful but unforgettable and gruesomely funny memory of his early schooldays, two reflections on his visits to Spain and North Africa, four on problems of writing and communicating with the public, and three, the most penetrating, on nationalism: English nationalism, anti-Semitism, and the general dear-old-group-isms from which so many of us suffer. That calm, far-traveled eye pierced most of the veils which emotion throws over itself to disguise its bonelessness. He should have been a doctor: he would have healed many people. Good-by to him, with regret and remembrance.

### *Delicacy and Violence*

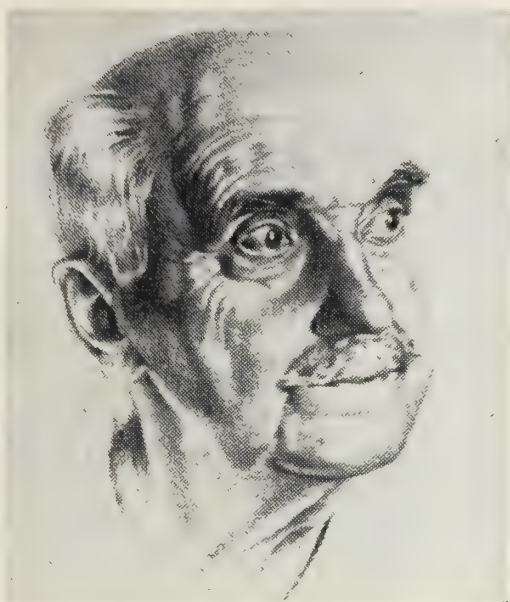
THE Literary Guild choice for March is an interesting novel called *The Intruder* (Morrow, \$3), by a sensitive Australian author, Helen Fowler. The entire story is set in a detached island of beauty thirty miles from Sydney—which is a kind of Australian Los Angeles—and it contains nobody except three or four families, mainly feminine, and

a single stranger. Reserve, delicacy, isolation are the dominating emotional tones of the book, although they are hard to associate with the Australia which we know through the novels of Christina Stead, of the Jack Lindsay group, and more recently of Nevil Shute. Not that it is necessarily unreal; but it is very special. I once went to call on two beautiful old ladies who lived in a handsome Georgian house, surrounded by fortunate and smiling gardens, in a nook of the Campsie Hills some forty miles from the dark, grumbling, dourly working and riotously playing city of Glasgow (population 1,131,800). They gave me China tea in Satsuma cups, and they told me that they felt they represented the real Scotland. . . . They did, in a way. They represented a real Scotland: there are others. Mrs. Fowler's novel evidently represents one of the real Australias, of which we have seldom heard.

She tells a tale which reminds me faintly of Christopher Morley's *Thunder on the Left*: a benevolent madman appears in a small community, acts puckishly and unconventionally, charms the children, breaks the silly illusions of the middle-aged, renews the aspirations of the young, and vanishes, leaving some tragedy and some hope behind him. Only this time the man is really mad, because he has been tortured by the Japanese. Part of the power of the novel lies in the endeavor made by the young man to achieve sanity again before he does something horrible. It is good, for that. It is good also for the effort which his hosts make to understand him. The book is written with intelligence and with fine taste.

Yet, on another level, I wonder whether it is not a communiqué in the War of the Sexes. All the chief characters in it are women—mothers, sisters, daughters, housekeepers, wives, and widows. All the males in it are





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either mad or crippled, or else dead but preserved in memory: there is a peculiar but vivid boy of thirteen, who is going mad as he approaches manhood. It makes a coherent picture; but it looks to me a little like an escape-picture, the sort of things that some people draw absently in a crisis, with circles and spirals narrowing and narrowing and getting closer to a central dot. The very name of this book, *The Intruder*, gives its tone. It is a story about a small world trying to shut out the huge, energetic, terrifying universe.

### *Mud and Stars*

**H**OLLYWOOD, California. Enchanting name. Unique place. The only spot in the world where one may observe two elderly men meet in a restaurant, and kiss each other with cries of "Sweetheart!" Never in my life, not even in Biarritz, have I seen such an assemblage of beautiful, healthy, well-dressed women accompanied by hideous, sickly, badly-clothed men. Truly a fairyland—with Beauty and the Beast at the next table, Rumpelstiltskin raving and stamping in the patio, the Seven Dwarfs meeting in the El Bolono Room, and in every garden a Beanstalk.

Weegee the photographer has produced a short book of photographs called *Naked Hollywood*, edited by Mel Harris (Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$5). Some of them are flash-shots of people caught in embarrassing positions; some are subtle juxtapositions, like a picture of Elizabeth Taylor eating, opposite a picture of a chimpanzee eating; some are trick exposures, for instance Bette Davis with four bewildering eyes, four; a lot of them are just vulgar. The cover shows a bright eye peering through a piece of torn paper. Looking at it more closely, you see that it is really an elderly man's eye, disillusioned, droopy, and froglike, turned upside down to give an artificial impression of vigor and excitement.

The pictures might have been designed as illustrations for a big new novel about Hollywood, *Prince Bart*, by J. R. Kennedy (Farrar, Straus, & Young, \$3.95), a long, well constructed, bitterly realistic, intermittently dramatic, relentlessly vulgar story. Its main theme is essentially a comic one, but it is handled in a tone of savage violence, with frequent pathos and attempts at tragedy.

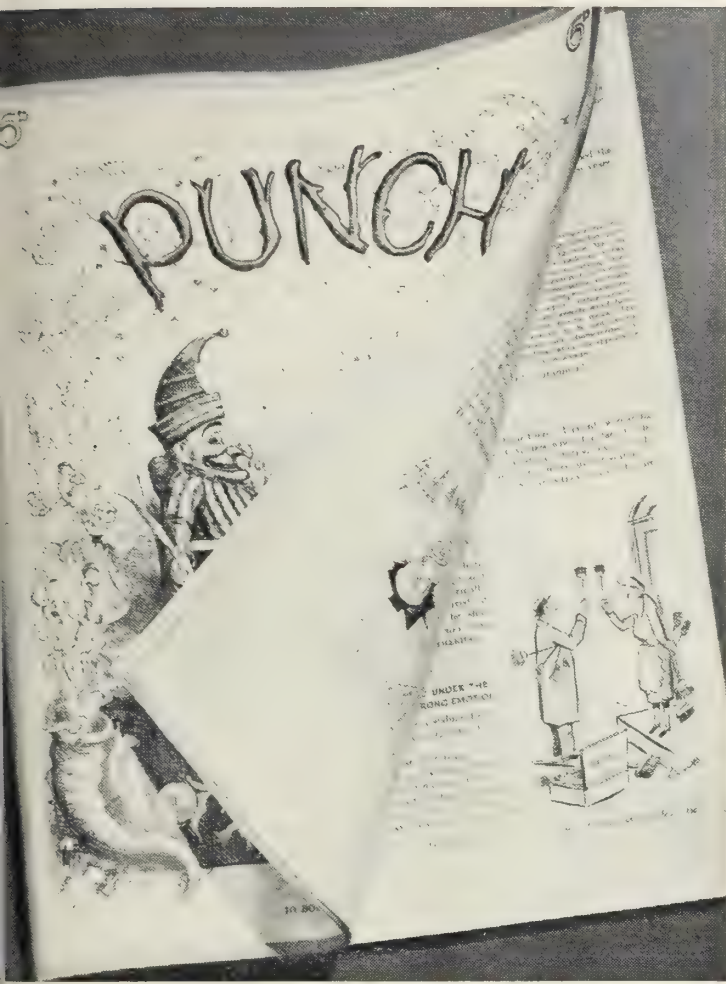
The central problem is this. *Why do some Hollywood personalities behave like guttersnipes?* Mr. Kennedy, who knows the colony, has given us his answer. They behave like guttersnipes because they are guttersnipes. His principal character, a tough-guy, raw-leather-and-raw-love actor, was born of immigrant parents on the lower East Side in New York, was a hobo before taking up the drama, and never really knew how to behave. Judging by their conversation, most of his associates started equally low and learned no more. This is the same explanation that was given a few years ago by Mr. Budd Schulberg in *What Makes Sammy Run?* In fact, Mr. Schulberg's hero must have been born a very few blocks and a very few years away from Mr. Kennedy's; and in their success they were not divided. Slums—starvation—ambition—success—filthy manners and filthy language: it is apparently a regular sequence, and illustrates one more fairy-tale—you remember, the tale of the pig dressed up as a king, which, when it saw a load of juicy garbage, began to snort and grovel. It is hard on Hollywood; but it may be true.

On the other hand, it may be false, or incomplete. There have been actors and producers who rose from the slums and turned out kindly and well-balanced; there are plenty of actors who were decently brought up and are still crumbs. So Mr. Kennedy toys with other explanations. There are several hints that he thought of his hero as a typical oppressed Jew, and one might guess that he modeled Prince Bart to some extent on a tough Jewish actor. But that would be only a guess; and besides, the lad is dead. Anyhow, Mr. Kennedy does not pursue it. Finally, he seems to suggest that Bart was really such a boor because he was jealous of his father. . . . You can see why analysts (or "head-shrinkers") do so well on the Coast.

Bart's simple comic story is told with tremendous energy, punctuated with a large number of nasty words and disgusting incidents and terminated by a ridiculous crisis in which the hero kills himself playing tennis for a bet of \$50,000. Every reader who can finish it will be struck by one further question: is Mr. Kennedy a vulgar writer naturally, or has he simply chosen a revolting subject and tried to assimilate his style to it? This book will not tell us—at least,



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## NEW BOOKS

not completely. The next novel will: for in this one he has used up all the foul words and images needed to describe a Toad-Prince. A repellent fairy-tale, but now it is told.

### History, Religion, Myth

IN RONALD DUNCAN'S *The Blue Fox* (reviewed here last month) there is a recipe for making a barren apple-tree bear again. Duncan says he remembers how it was done in Devon when he was a boy. First, the owner of the tree baked a large saffron-cake; then he rolled a barrel of hard cider up to the tree; then, after the first ewe had lambed (charming detail), he invited his neighbors to help him. They came up at midnight. The prettiest girls climbed into the old branches. The men broke the cake and ate it, scattering morsels round the tree. They drank the cider while dancing in a ring, and they poured the dregs of their cups into the roots. Duncan says, "I'm afraid I was too young to witness the rest of the rite, but I can tell you it was so effective that it would make even a gate-post fertile."

A feast, with drinking and dancing, and then love-making: at a special time, midnight, and a special season, early spring. It looks like magic. It looks like religion. Of course it is both. One of the earliest religions of which we have any trace was the religion of life and fertility. Its festivals were rites which celebrated the growth of the crops and the stock and the tribe itself. Any act which heightened energy and asserted life would be part of such a celebration, if it were done communally. Specially potent persons might embody that life in themselves, impart it to others, and sometimes be sacrificed in order to share their power with the group.

Such a cult lingered on in many places long after the establishment of Christianity. One of its longest and toughest survivals was apparently in what we call witchcraft. Oxford has just republished one of the few sensible works on European and North American witchcraft, *The God of the Witches* (\$3.75) by Margaret Murray, a distinguished anthropologist of London University. After examining the evidence dis-

passionately, as though she were studying the rites of a distant people such as the Tibetans, Dr. Murray suggests that the people called witches and devil-worshippers were really the "underground" remnant of a pre-Christian and anti-Christian religion—a fertility cult connected not so much with crops and trees (like most of those described in *The Golden Bough*) as with animals wild and tame. It originated (she believes) in the Stone Age, among hunters who mimicked animals in order to feel like animals and to capture animals. There are cave paintings many thousands of years old which show witch-doctors wearing animal masks and dancing, for this purpose; and indeed there are American Indian dances today in which the chief male dancers become the buffalo.

Witchcraft was, according to Dr. Murray, an organized religion. Its core was the worship of an incarnate god, who was really a living man, but who appeared wearing an animal mask, led the dance and presided over the festival. Before the officials who arrested and interrogated the worshippers, called "witches," he was called the Devil; but he was, for the worshippers, god.

On the evidence given at the witch-trials, Dr. Murray has reconstructed a remarkably complete pattern of an underground religion. From her work we know more about it than we do about the Eleusinia mysteries. For example, we know its great festivals: Hallowe'en, and its opposite, the Walpurgisnacht, the night before May 1 (the two breeding seasons for animals): crossed with Candlemas and an August festival at the equinoxes, Midsummer-Night and Midwinter-Night, were also potent. Apparently we know why the witches could fly on broomsticks because they rubbed themselves with an ointment containing a drug which made them think they were flying like modern marihuana-addicts. We know why thirteen is "unlucky" because it is a hostile symbol, the secret of a religion organized in "covens" of twelve followers with one Grand Master.

In America the trickiest problem is that of the Salem witches. Dr. Murray does not examine it in detail, merely mentioning parallels



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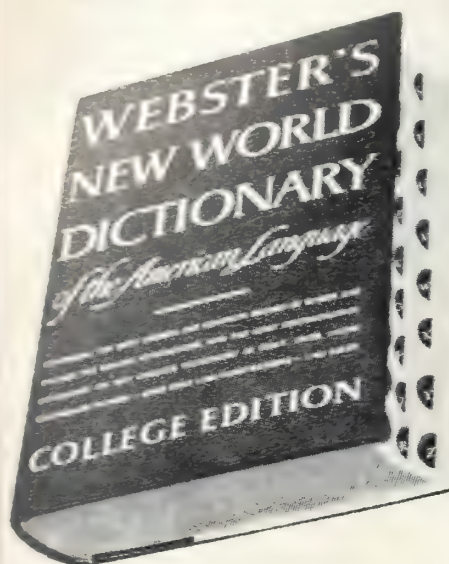
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other trials of groups of accused witches in England. It is conceivable that the thing may have started in Salem through the instructions of Tituba, the half-Indian, half-Negro woman who was apparently skilled in voodoo. On this subject the most detailed book I have seen is Maya Deren's *Divine Horsemen: the Living Gods of Haiti* (Thames & Hudson, \$4.75). Miss Deren appears to have spent several years in Haiti and to have taken part in many ceremonies of the voodoo religion, which she describes with sympathy and poetic detail. Its essence is that the worshippers can be possessed by any one of a number of supernatural beings, gods or spirits, some sexually violent, some gentle and attractive, some bold and domineering, all known by their names, Ogoun, Ghede, Damballa, Erzulie. Miss Deren was herself possessed by Erzulie "seven or eight times"; her head was also threatened by Azacca, and the spirit called Loco once installed himself there. She also saw others possessed: for instance, two men balanced on vertical machetes, spread-eagled in mid-air with their diaphragms resting on the points, yet unwounded because the loa Ogoun was inhabiting them. Miss Deren explains that it is painful for people to be possessed by these spirits, but she suggests that, since it is part of their culture, they must do it. Perhaps all primitive religions are like that.

Once, when he had come out of a long initiation ceremony, a wise old Pueblo Indian dignitary said to me, "It is hard work being Indian." And certainly, if the "witches" were really people dedicated to a religion as all-embracing and as profoundly authoritative as voodoo, we can see why often they were convinced of their own righteousness and defied their accusers to the end.

THE most famous world-historian of our time, Arnold Toynbee, published the first six volumes of *A Study of History* just before World War II. Thereafter he was engaged in government work for some years. He has only recently returned to the task of completing what he announced as an analysis containing thirteen main parts. He did not say how many volumes these parts would

fill. The first five occupied six large volumes, and one wholesomely thick book in Mr. D. C. Somervell's epitome. We now hear that the final eight parts are outlined and beginning to be printed: they will cover four volumes, making ten altogether. Thirteen parts: ten volumes.

In the meantime he has been lecturing on the themes of these final volumes—at Columbia University, London University, and on the BBC. *The World and the West* (Oxford \$2) is a brief but stimulating visit to that area of his thought, parts of which have appeared in this magazine (one this month). It deals with the great differences between the cultural units that make up our world; not necessarily showing how to overcome those differences, but at least helping us to conceive them more clearly. Mr. Northrop's study of the relations between East and West (reviewed here in January) covered some of the same ground, in greater detail and penetration. Toynbee, like Northrop, shows that understanding is not identical with sympathy, but is equally necessary.

## Lonesome People

TWO interesting first novels: both about the South; both about crime; both showing how a violent event in a small community releases painful but unconnected tensions in individual hearts, and alters the direction of many lives. So much they have in common—otherwise they are widely different.

Bonner McMillion's *The Lot* (Lippincott, \$3.50) is a briskly told tale about a poor and isolated farming community in Texas. A farmer's elderly wife was found dead in a well, dressed in her finest red velvet, on Christmas Eve, 1921. Her husband spent the day in the village. Both were stingy, hard-working; taciturn; reputed rich; distrustful even of each other. Had she killed herself, and, if so, why? Had he knocked her on the head and thrown her in, before hurrying to town for his alibi? If so, why? Was it a neighbor who knew of her wealth and found her alone? As we look at it through the eyes of many different people, the problem is not easy to solve; but its solution makes good sense. Simply as a puzzle, it



tory is well worth reading. Also, it is full of good rough character-drawing, toned with the humor, cruelty, and kindness which are typical of the West. You will enjoy the episode in which a red-headed youth (not too right) chases a man four miles for saying he had seen him scrutinizing his little sister; and immediately after that comes a knife-fight so savage as to remind us that Texas in some ways is still the frontier.

Walter Lowrey's *Watch Night* (Scribner, \$3.50), a far more highly intellectualized novel, reconstructs the life of a young Negro, as he recalls it on the night before his death. He grew up in a small Mississippi town, the son of the cook to the Mayfields, a comfortable white family: he was almost what the Romans called *uerba*, servant and laymate born in the house. After serving in the Army, he went to an "exclusive" and "Gothic" college in the East. In the summer after his graduation, the Mayfield girl charged him with raping her. After refusing to give evidence in his own defense, he was condemned to death.

After rereading this story I am still not quite sure that I understand it because it is so subtly written; but I think the implication is that a normal white Southern girl would rather have a Negro servant-and-laymate electrocuted than risk the disclosure that she had been misbehaving with a boy-friend, and that an educated Southern Negro would assume that the odds were against him in such a case, and prefer, in rough contemptuous silence, to maintain his own independence, rather than seem to beg for mercy. All sounds detestable; and sad; and unreal.

In particular, no reason is shown why an ordinary girl, normally brought up, should suddenly commit such a vile crime as perjury leading to judicial murder, since she has been under no such strains of credit and social corruption as exemplified in *Sanctuary*. Perhaps Mr. Lowrey means his character-drawing to be as bold and crude as all white people appear to a Negro. Although unconvincing, this novel is an interesting and skillfully written little book: a graceful water-moccasin in the same rich dark waters where, like a venerable alligator, Mr.

Faulkner basks, and snorts, and plunges.

A farce about the Indians and half-breeds of Montana, called *Stay Away, Joe*, by Dan Cushman (Viking, \$3), is a Book-of-the-Month selection for March. Really it looks like a northern version of *Tobacco Road*. The shiftless Jeeter Lester has become the shiftless Louis Champ-lain, from Canada, by gage. His strong careless son Dude is now the big caribou-faced Joe. Grandma Lester is reincarnated in Grandpere, a Cree warrior aged 106. There is a family automobile which gradually sheds all its parts, to symbolize the false values and disintegration of the household. Jeeter's perpetual effort to get credit to raise a crop, in Georgia, is paralleled by Louis' perpetual effort to get a herd of cattle and to keep it from being pawned or butchered long enough to start it growing. An uproarious story, but most of the uproar is inside the book, by gage.

#### Addenda

HAD we but space enough, and time, we should have commended *Voices in the House*, by John Sedges (Day, \$3), an economical and intelligent novel about class- and age-conflicts within one family; *Solitary Confinement*, by Christopher Burney (Coward-McCann, \$2.75), a valuable addition to the list of prison-books written by martyrs of totalitarianism; *The Puppet Masters*, by Robert Heinlein (Signet, 25¢), a horrible but absorbing scientific-fairy-tale; *The American Thesaurus of Slang*, edited by L. V. Berrey and M. Van den Bark (2nd edition, Crowell, \$6.95), imaginative, scholarly, and very amusing; Max Picard's *World of Silence* (Regnery, \$2.50), meditations on silence, which is one of the secrets of selfhood, and, perhaps, one of the joys of immortality; Van Wyck Brooks' *Writer in America* (Dutton, \$3), intelligent but testy essays on literature and criticism and their handicaps in our country; and *Diogenes I*, a quarterly periodical apparently subsidized by the Ford Foundation to fulfill purposes in the world of philosophy similar to those which are intended in literature by *Perspectives USA* (reviewed here in January).

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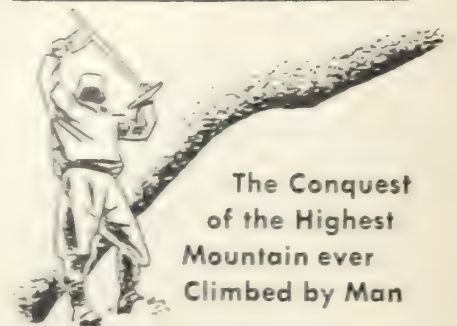
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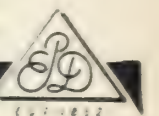
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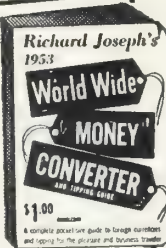


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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

### FICTION

*The Tattered Heart*, by Theodora Keogh. Mrs. Keogh has written a story of first love—the girl was fourteen and the boy eleven—and done it so that it is not sentimental but touched with the very real dignity of children. Indeed in this summer's idyll between a self-styled damsel and her knight (they have a hooded falcon named Chalimar and a charger called Gambol) the very young and the very old have a serene imperturbability that makes the middle generation's self-centered frenzy seem absurd. The geography, the great Victorian house, and the real name of Grey's Neck, Long Island, will be recognized by many, and even the delightfully remote and sensible grandmother is probably a portrait from life. Mrs. Keogh makes it plain that the grandmother's Victorian world of habit, security, and convention is dying, and that the still untouched dream world of the children cannot survive under the impacts of our own disillusioned society. But it is a real and entertaining story and a charming, compassionate picture of childhood. The inevitability of change is made acceptable and not too sad.

Farrar, Straus, and Young, \$3

*The Laughing Matter*, by William Saroyan. This book, which is anything but a laughing matter, is also, like the one above, told in part through the lives of children. But one feels the trick, that the childish simplicity is a blind for the tragedy inherent in the story. A wife, the mother of two children, is pregnant by a man not her husband. She tells this to her husband—a man of "old-country" stock, now a professor at Stanford University, passionately devoted to his family as they are to him. Against a background of California vineyard country, in an ordinary small community, the drama works itself out. The simplicity has an air of falseness, the philosophy a stilted quality, yet they combine somehow to give the effect that Mr.

Saroyan intends. One is moved by the man's dilemma: "To be proud and to lose that which I love, or to be without pride, and soft, and to have softly that which I love?"

Doubleday, \$3.50

### NON-FICTION

*The White Rabbit*, by Bruce Marshall. Secret Agent, RAF Wing Commander F. F. E. Yeo-Thomas was parachuted into occupied France several times as part of a team to help organize the Resistance during the war. Finally, as was almost inevitable, he was captured by the Gestapo, tortured, put in prison, and later transferred to Buchenwald. In the end, almost miraculously, he escaped. It is a story that will not let you go. And the overwhelming humility that one feels in the face of the stoutness of body and heart that enabled some men to endure so much for a cause, comes back with all its wartime vividness. And there was a kind of jauntiness and bounce in Shelley's (his Resistance name) courage that makes you feel as if you'd follow him anywhere just as his companions did during the war. Occasionally I felt that novelist Marshall's editorial sense ran away with him and came between reader and subject, especially in what seemed to me an ill-chosen postscript pointing out a moral every reader should be able to draw for himself. But otherwise the story is a moving portrayal of a special kind of dedicated courage and resourcefulness that won the war.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50

*Holmes-Laski Letters: The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold J. Laski, 1916-1935*. Edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe. Foreword by Felix Frankfurter. These massive two volumes cover correspondence which started when Laski was a young professor of twenty-three at Harvard and Justice Holmes a world-figure of seventy-five. It ended with Holmes' death in 1935, though for the last few years most of the writing was on Laski's side. As one reads these letters—long, thoughtful, witty, astringent—on nearly every subject imaginable (the index alone is 123 pages) it becomes more and more a miracle that



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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

two men, so much a part of the active world, should ever have found the time to write them. Laski especially wrote from the midst of political and social upheavals in which he was continuously involved. And both of them always wrote in long-hand. The stimulation each derived from the correspondence is obvious and the affection between them unquestioned though to the end it was "My dear Justice" and "My dear Laski," and their disagreements were many, though friendly. One feels from looking at their lists of reading, regularly exchanged, their casual references to men and ideas of all eras and countries—which they never needed to explain to each other—that here was really a marriage of true minds. And one can understand the need each must have felt every so often to withdraw from the ordinary world and confer with another mind viewing it from the same high pinnacle in the same many-faceted light. If some of the correspondence will be lost on many readers there is plenty more to excite and charm. A very valuable collection.

Harvard, \$12.50

## FORECAST

### Old Favorites, New Novels

It is hard to say which piques the curiosity more, the much touted first novel with its hope of fresh talent, or the new novel by the well-tried author who has never or rarely been found wanting. This seems to be a year for the old hands. On April 8 Morrow is publishing *In the Wet* by **Nevil Shute**, whose good performances have been too numerous to mention. It is about an old man in the Australian bush in the rainy season. Also in April comes *'Tis Folly to be Wise*, a fictionalized biography of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, by **Lion Feuchtwanger**, from Messner; and a new novel by somewhat less of a veteran, **Paul Hyde Bonner**, who won his spurs (or should I say his spqrs?) with *SPQR* last year and has now produced *Hotel Talleyrand*. From Scribner. . . . On May 20 from Little, Brown comes *John Jennings' Rogue's Yarn*; on May 26 from Macmillan, *Phyllis Bentley's The House of Moreys*, and sometime during the same month Lippincott has scheduled *Westward the Sun* by **Geoffrey**

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Needless to say, I have bought my own copy and after reading the first two chapters, I am sure that my daughter was 100% right.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

*Cotterell*, whose *Strait and Narrow* was so well reviewed here a year or so ago. A novelist unknown to most of us that the *London Times Literary Supplement* nevertheless calls "the most important novelist writing in German in this half-century" is to be translated and published here in June by Coward McCann. The novelist is **Robert Musil** and this book, *The Man Without Qualities*.

### Hard to Classify

Several books, each of which is sure to attract attention for one reason or another, are scheduled for spring and summer. Almost at once, in April, comes a collection of essays remodeled from his popular radio talks, on *People, Places, and Books* by **Gilbert Highet**. "Don't underestimate the increasing power of Highet's name," says the publisher (Oxford) announcement. (We don't. Also in April, from John Day, comes *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No* by Professor **Sidney Hook** of New York University. A guide for liberals, they say. In May, Bobbs-Merrill is issuing a collection of essays edited by **Elizabeth Bragdon** on that perennial subject, *Women Today*. (Several of the essays appeared originally in *Harper's*.) In June Rinehart will publish a book with the charmingly apt title *A House is Not a Home*, the revealing autobiography of **Polly Adler**, the once famous "madam" of the '20's and '30's. And in the fall Random House is really going to publish *The Story of My Life*, by **Christine Jorgensen**, the ex-G.I. whose recent unusual operation made headlines all over the world.

### And for First Novels

For those whose taste runs to new vintages (surely not too sweet) there are two first novelists whose work is causing talk in advance of publication. **David Weiss** has won the Frieder Literary Award with *The Guilt Makers* which Rinehart will publish in April. It is the story of a boy who survived Buchenwald, and of David, his American friend. The other novelist is a young Negro, **James Baldwin**, whose work has already appeared in *Partisan Review* and *Commentary*. His novel, about two generations of a Negro family, is called *Go Tell it on the Mountain*. From Knopf, in May.



# The New Recordings

Edward Tatnall Canby

## Golden Goose

DOES recorded music threaten the existence of the musical concert, the traditional performance of music by "live" musicians for direct listening? Have the phonograph record—and the radio broadcast—changed the total musical picture so radically that the concert itself is becoming an anachronism?

Many musicians, educators, even critics, still regard records much as they did in 1900—as interesting, even extraordinary, but not to be compared to the serious business of "live" music. To me that attitude is simply inconceivable, and I am invariably startled when I run across it. Can the world and that of some musicians be so far apart? For it is my conviction, it seems to me, that is the answer, it is mine that affords the broader perspective. I am delighted at the dynamic force of recorded music in the spread of musical culture—and so I must admit hastily, like most responsible record collectors, I am quite aware of a golden dilemma here. We must not shun off the live musician himself.

What is music? Though there are many who are hard at work trying to produce *primary* music through electronic means, we have not succeeded in by-passing the performer. Frankly, I cannot imagine the day (many do) when music will become an art springing directly from the composer, via pushbuttons, to the listener. Artistic expression is not an life in essence; it is as fragile in this respect as the wildflower of spring woods that dies moments after it is plucked. The elaborations of musical language seem infinite, beneath every note there must be the pulse of direct human expression, via the human voice or via musical instruments in human hands. There are arguments on this score among many, especially those clever makers of new electronic instruments, super-obeos to outplay every flute since Bach, flutes that sound like contrabass to piccolo, maracas and nameless contrivances in effect, level all technical difficulties or perform by themselves and

—so is the claim—thus open up new worlds of expression. But do they? Why, then, do we reconstruct Mozart pianos when Steinways abound? Why is the baroque organ of the seventeenth century still better, if less convenient, than its modern electronic rivals?

Why does a tenor's high C thrill, where the still higher C of an electronic theremin is a grotesque noise? The theremin can play any pitch, the tenor is strictly limited; but his is the human expression, the urging against physical odds, that gives life to music. A voice singing B-natural carries musical motion and life, and so do the tones of an oboe or a fiddle at the same pitch; but a 60-cycle AC hum, sounding an electrically perfect B-natural, is as dead as a doornail. The living musician must be the source and the only source of all musical art, recorded or otherwise. In this sense, then, recorded music is always "live."

**Wagner: Excerpts from the Ring of the Nibelungen, vols. 1 and 2.** Munich State Opera Orch., Kowitschny. Urania URLP 7063,65.

**Wagner: Overtures (Flying Dutchman, Rienzi, Die Feen, Das Liebesverbot).** Same as above. Urania URLP 7069.

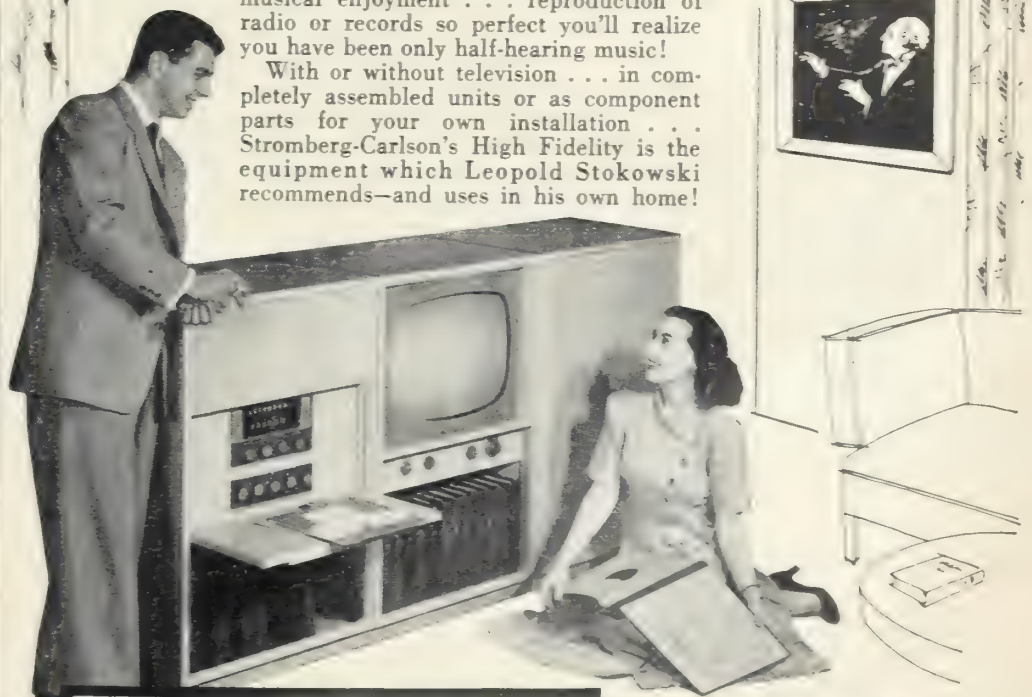
I nominate this series (and any more that may appear) as the best orchestral Wagner on LP records to date. The music is recorded to a hi-fi man's dream of perfection (huge, solid bass, scintillating highs undistorted, a wonderful sense of presence); the performance is weighty but not heavy, in that German style which makes Wagner more than believable.

Prize items are the two early overtures, virtually never heard in concert but astonishingly interesting to any Wagner lover. These are formative works and neither is a Wagnerian masterpiece—but to hear the formative process in mid-action, so to speak, is enough in itself. "Die Feen," the earliest, is an energetic working-over of the idioms

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of Weber and Schumann; their influence is in every line, but the music, as could be expected, is passionately Wagner all the while; that genius was single-mindedly absorbing what each had to give him. "Das Liebesverbot," next opera in line, is a comic shock—it begins for all the world like Gilbert and Sullivan, parodying Rossini—Wagner had discovered Italian opera and, characteristically, switched over wholeheartedly to this new gold mine of material! A fine way to fool your friends and an important way to learn more about great music.

**Prokofiev: On Guard for Peace**, opus 124 (1951). Combined choirs and State Orch. of the U.S.S.R., soloists, Samossoud. Vanguard VRS 6003.  
**Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf**, opus 67. Arthur Godfrey; André Kostelanetz & His Orch. Columbia ML 4625 (1½).

The late master, Prokofiev, in new guise. If you are ready to throw out Godfrey, sound unheard—don't. His admittedly Godfreyesque rendition is better than you might think. The style of delivery is relatively dignified, the mood easily informal but not silly, the text close to the usual one. (Peter is usually done in English with considerable freedom.) The Kostelanetz music is warmer and truer than I would have thought possible from that slick operator. Fine recording adds more appeal.

"On Guard for Peace" brings with it a very serious moral. This large cantata is outwardly political, as a matter of course. There are the expected patriotic effects—the massed choirs, the spirit of dedication, the Russian folk idiom, the symbolic marching feet, and the rest. More than one commentator has thus thrust this music away with the usual (and too easy) words about political stifling of artistic freedom. But if you think Prokofiev's genius was perverted, give this a good listening.

You will find beneath the impressive façade (which is all that the politicians ever worry about), especially in the slow movements, the old human warmth, the peculiar quality of personal lyricism that had endeared Prokofiev to so many of us in the past. The idiom is straightforward and not dissonant, as the Soviets prefer, but it is thus by choice, without a doubt. Prokofiev's style, like that of others of his generation outside Russia, had both mellowed and grown more subtle, reconciling, as all great art does, simplicity with profundity. There is beautiful, memorable music here as well as show stuff. Try the incredible contralto solo, that intertwines with a boy alto solo, two fine voices.

**Prokofiev: Violin Concerto #1 in D Minor** (1923). David Oistrakh; National Philharmonic (U.S.S.R.), Prokofiev. **Kabalevsky: Violin Concerto** Oistrakh; National Philharmonic Kabalevsky. Colosseum CRLP 123

An interesting musico-political point well illustrated. The D Minor concerto of Prokofiev dates from the early days of his voluntary exile from the U.S.S.R.—the period of that "decadent Western music, of the brassy twenties, which became anathema to the Russians later on when the now-current doctrine of semi-Romantic peoples' music, social realism was propounded. But here is Prokofiev himself conducting that very music, with top performers of the Soviet Union. What gives?

There's a clue in the record annotation. After blithely omitting Prokofiev's twenty-six-year absence from Russia in the brief biography, they explain that always, beneath his other mannerism Prokofiev was at heart a simple lyricist. This concerto, so famous for its lyrical qualities, was a milestone in the straightforward diatonic music that later became his best known idiom. The basic premise is true—the man was a lyricist. But, strangely enough, most of us here had thought of this concerto as an outstanding milestone of that rough, raw, edged primitivism that shocked the World War I generation—along with "Le Sacre du Printemps," Prokofiev's own Scythian Suite, and many another. These were the works that shattered the Edwardian elegance for good. It would seem that the concerto has been lyricized for propaganda reasons. Fine! We cannot complain of the rationalization, as long as the music survives.

The playing? As you can guess—lyric. Very lyric, and an interesting contrast to the famous Szigeti interpretation of Columbia (ML 4533) with its hoarse, guttural accents, its steely fury. I still believe in Szigeti. His approach is clearly in keeping with the period and the background of the work. But under the composer's own leadership this neolyricization works out surprisingly well. Oistrakh's playing is silk smooth, the guttural parts are like butter—and must be admitted that his fabulous technique gets through the almost unplayable difficulties of the fiddle part with considerably more accuracy than Szigeti could manage. That's saying a lot.

The straightforwardly lyrical instrumentalities of Kabalevsky offer no problem at all to Oistrakh; his tone mellifluous, his technique almost playfully perfect. The recording is so-so, but adequate for good listening.





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the old Roman road from Cirencester, and head for the village of Broadway—just 45 minutes away. You'll be through the heart of the Cotswolds, through golden-villages named Lower Slaughter, Stow-on-the-Wold and Swell. You'll see the rolling English countryside at its best, and honey-colored stone cottages that have been into these wolds for centuries. You'll understand why this unspoiled region holds a dream of retirement for so many men—"give me a cottage in the Cotswolds, with a garden, a dog and a pipe." American visitors, of course, want a lot more—and get it at every turn. They can stop to under the great oaks of Wychwood, where William the

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Lewis Dent

Tomorrow's Helicopters  
C. Lester Walker

Notebook on Black Africa  
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Reading, Writing,  
and Religion  
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Maze, perhaps the most famous in the world. Take it from Kipling, *England is a garden*. You can rent a car for \$5 a day to see it all. Country lanes in the Cotswolds, where ramblers flash on golden cottage walls. Shakespeare's Garden at Stratford-upon-Avon, with every flower right out of his plays—"Rosemary, that's for remembrance." For a dramatic change of pace, discover

the wild and beautiful Lake District—and the real Mr. McGregor's garden, near Esthwaite Water, where Peter Rabbit first tasted cabbage! Then, on to the rest of the Eden that is Britain: heather-rimmed Scottish lochs . . . ancient ruins overgrown with bluebells in Northern Ireland . . . the romantic green valleys of Wales. See your Travel Agent now and "come into the garden" soon.



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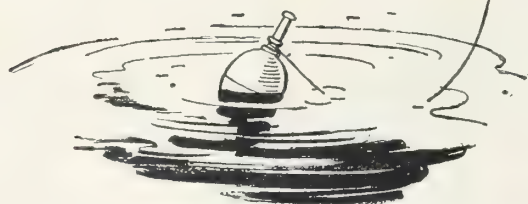
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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.  
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

## How happy can you get?



Creeping up on us for some time now is the idea of a "Start Retiring at 25" plan for everybody. We're sort of serious about it, too, so please don't stop reading.

The word "retire" has been kicked around a lot. Everyone seems to agree it means happiness, ecstasy, utter bliss . . . but a long way off somewhere. Middle-aged couples will tell you it's "a one-story house where every month is June, and we have time for the projects and hobbies we've always postponed."

Young marrieds can't see retirement with a telescope—it's so far off. But let them acquire kids, an apartment, or a house, and what they dream of someday is much the same. They crave time off someday from mountains of dishes, mountains of dirty clothes, hundreds of tedious tasks. The boring, irksome chores of life eat up valuable time.

So it would seem, then, that retirement ought to be defined as "enough leisure to do the things you want."

Why not start then at 25—or any age? Time to play can be bought at the store. The bride can spend more time being beautiful. Her man can spend more time with his feet up.

Some philosopher someday will make a discovery. He will stand back far enough to see this electrical age in panorama. What will strike him as important is *not* how

many and how varied are the gleaming white and chromium appliances that surround the home owner.

No, he will say, a man does not buy himself bits of copper and steel hitched to motors and wires. He buys himself hours and days of time.

He does not buy lamps of glass and wire. He buys hours of extra daylight to enjoy. He does not buy a washing machine. He buys needed hours of leisure. He does not buy air conditioning. He buys his family the energy and the well-being, without which leisure or work is impossible to enjoy.

This is no place to hint at how other products translate into time. What factories have done with motors to shorten a man's work and lengthen his production is a separate story. It is at home that a man most wants to trade the boring for the interesting.

The truth is that people have begun buying retirement as they go along. They may not realize it, but that does not keep them from enjoying the extra time for reading, visiting, writing that book, or riding that hobby.

Retirement is a state of mind we're trying to build into everybody's home. We think our engineers have come up with some wonders—but as you can guess, there'll be more to come. In making new and better products we may well be contributing to a social evolution that wasn't in our original blueprints. We hope so.

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Cover by Rowland Emett



# Personal & Otherwise

WE HAVE often been struck by the great length of time it usually takes for a new invention to reach full public acceptance, and have wished that some scholar interested both in industrial history and in social history could explore the reasons behind it. (If he were intent upon sociological jargon he could entitle his book *The Technological Lag*.)

Take television, for instance. The basic discoveries which made it possible came early in the century. By 1929 the inventors had made such headway that Gilbert Seldes, writing in this magazine on the success of the "talkies," predicted that the coming of "television entertainment" was "only a matter of time"—by which he seemed to mean only a few years. As things turned out, it was a matter of a very long time indeed, because of the huge technical difficulties yet to be surmounted, and the hesitation of investors to sink large sums of money in the production of instruments in which there was obviously great room for improvement. The real television boom did not begin till 1947; and what set it off, ironically, was a decision of the FCC which delayed for a time the introduction of color television—which, in other words, stalled further improvement long enough to let manufacturers and broadcasters get into production without undue worry as to whether what they were producing would presently become obsolete.

Take the Diesel engine, for another example. An oil engine built after the plans of Rudolf Diesel was exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, but it was not until the nineteen-thirties that Diesels came into their own. Or take air conditioning; the basic principles on which it was based had been worked out by 1911.

It has long been vehemently argued by many people that the principal villain responsible for such delays was the fact that big

companies get control of the patents for new devices and then lay them on the shelf to forestall competition with their going products; and doubtless this has often happened. But there can be many other reasons. One, as we have already suggested, may be the perfectly legitimate uneasiness of investors over putting big money into an imperfect machine. Another may be the inordinate difficulty of taking the bugs out of the design (in the elegant language of the engineers). Another may be the need for providing services without which the invention cannot conveniently be used; in the case of the automobile, these would be garages and filling stations, to say nothing of decent roads. Still another may be the complexity of the marketing arrangements which are necessary to sell a new device in quantity (automobile dealers, for instance). But sometimes one reason for delay may be simpler than any of these: it may be the mere difficulty of persuading the public that the invention really matters.

The other day we got a letter from a veteran reader of this magazine who said she remembered the time when she "sat on a rail fence outside Dayton and watched the Wright brothers try to get that kite thing of theirs up in the air, and though it was very interesting, it did not seem at all impressive." That must have been at some time between 1903, when the Wrights first flew, and 1908, when the public woke up to the fact that they had flown and that the fact was important. The brothers were making many flights near Dayton during that interval, in full view of anybody who chose to look, and one of their flights lasted thirty-eight minutes. Lots of people saw them, and did not think what they saw was "impressive." They thought of it, presumably, as a sort of circus stunt, like sawing a lady in half: there must be a catch in it somewhere. And anyhow, Santos Dumont had already flown considerable dis-



# What's in it for me?

PERHAPS YOU HAVE never read THE REPORTER before, and so, as you pick your first copy, you would naturally ask "What's in it for me?"

Here's a good answer to that question. Your own answer, but the answer of the people you yourself would think best qualified to judge a magazine . . . people who read the news, and people whose job it is to report the news.

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**What, too, is in it for you:**

**A kind of information usually withheld from the general reader on the theory that it's "too technical" for him to understand.** THE REPORTER presents this material—without any sacrifice of its meaning—in clear



and understandable terms, thus giving its readers the information they need to determine what action can or should be taken. Because of this quality, THE REPORTER was described by distinguished commentator Eric Sevareid as "The most courageous attempt to fill the awful void in the spectrum of American periodicals that we have seen in this generation."

**Here's something else that's in it for you:**

**A full sense that no matter how far away events occur they eventually creep up on us at home.** A revolution in Egypt, a death in Russia—those things happen in distant lands. THE REPORTER anticipates the repercussions of these far-away events and shows how they are likely to affect our policies and pocketbooks. THE REPORTER looks at clouds no larger than a man's

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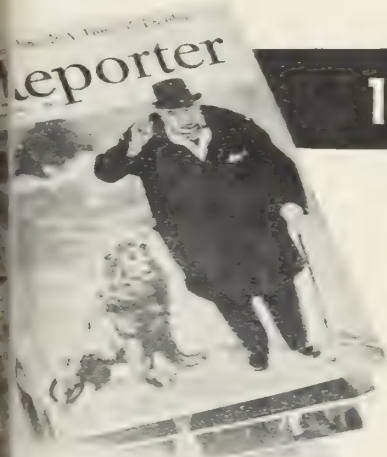
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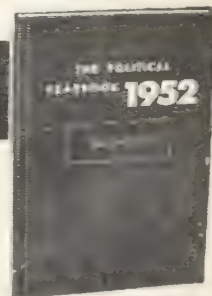


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tances in his dirtable, so what was so very remarkable about what these brothers were doing with their "kite thing"?

All this went through our minds when we read the manuscript of *C. Lester Walker's* "Tomtom's Helicopters" (p. 28), and made us wonder why we had not regarded the autogyros which we saw in the nineteen-twenties as harbingers of a new era. We knew the bugs had not been taken out of them, but there was more to it than that. Wasn't our unexcited reaction partly due to the fact that the miraculous thing about the airplane was speed, and although these new spinning contraptions could hover—which no airplane could do—they didn't seem really important because they were slow? And we came to a tantalizing conclusion: that at this very moment there are probably important inventions lying fallow, not necessarily because a corporation has shelved them, or because investors are uneasy, or because they require elaborate services or selling machinery, but simply because not enough people realize that they amount to much.

Mr. Walker, a free-lance journalist of Cornwall, Connecticut, and a master of the art of the entomological exposition, won the distinction of being the first civilian to fly in a helicopter in Asia—in 1945 when he was in China as a correspondent for *Harper's*. Five helicopters, which had been flown into China disassembled in C-47s, were stationed at Chengkung, a few miles south of Kunming, and furnished the China Emergency Rescue

Squadron. They were used to fish out pilots who had crashed in places where nothing but a helicopter could get in and get out, most of them on the Hump flight. Mr. Walker lived for a couple of weeks with the helicopters, going out on some flights with them. On one mission to pick up a crashed pilot he went along as passenger, with the expectation that he would be left on the spot to walk out to the Burma Road and thumb a ride back with a passing vehicle. He knew the language and the country and expected no great difficulty. The only trouble was that the copter hit a mountainside and broke the tail rotor (without injury to pilot or passenger); so Mr. Walker did walk out after all, found the Burma Road and a gasoline installation farm run by the U. S. Air Force, and telephoned the helicopter base. Jeeps and trucks brought in a new tail for the ship, but it took three days to get out of there. In those days, Mr. Walker made up his mind that the helicopter was the only flying machine he would ever own. He still thinks so.

### *Springs and Levers*

A common reproach against the nineteen-thirties has been that in that period, most conspicuously in politics, class was turned against class. The shape of the fifties, with most of it yet to come, is already a different one. Perhaps it will appear that in this curious era the classes were turned upon themselves. This is a time of introspection and the telling of tales out of school, a time to be more interested in one's own position in the class structure than antagonistic to anyone else's, a time to be acutely self-conscious of one's brow level or ability at Lifemanship. No sooner has a hierarchy formed than its internal observers begin to tear it down. *Fortune Tells All* about the Wives of Management and the pseudonymous author of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* goes after their husbands. Wherever the delicate machinery of prestige and authority is at work, someone is trying to take it apart and litter the floor with cogs and springs and levers, and show—as the Ford Foundation wants its new Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences to find out—what makes people tick. This is, therefore, a natural time to hear the voice of



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P & O

social self-analysis from a class of individuals that are not normally articulate, the group that John Barlow Martin has called the one real proletariat in American society, the underworld.

Obviously *Lewis Dent* ("The Social Structure of the Underworld," p. 21) is both proud of his one-time status in prison life, yet detached enough to write about it. He is frankly anxious to explain and justify honor among thieves, yet he is no agitator of the Underworld against the Overworld. He speaks for himself, a graduate member of the Underworld's upper crust who now employs his talents in freedom for the admirable purpose of making his former colleagues and co-criminals better understood, both by others and to themselves. He is an apologist in the original and less passive sense of the word, an expounder and defender. Readers will discover on their own the points at which Mr. Dent's view of social structure conflicts with theirs, and will have to decide for themselves to what extent the morality he admires is universal. When P & O asked him what lessons from his underworld experience he found applicable on the outside, he said there was only one: "A creep is a creep, wherever you find him." Withholding further judgment, P & O concludes only that any class can call itself fortunate that finds a spokesman who is so clearly not a creep, in any league.

### Turnabout

THE revival of the market for religious books—even to less intimate observers of it than *Eugene Exman*—is a matter for endless speculation. Is it a deep-running phenomenon or merely a superficial one? Is it another technological lag, the mass adoption of a minority fad, or is it a true groundswell of popular opinion? Is it a return to religion or a failure of nerve? Certainly among the literary it was a small handful at the start, when the hollow men of the twenties began to tire of wandering in the wasteland and went looking for a perennial philosophy. And certainly, for many years, the aggressive position—like Mr. Eliot's famous three-part program: classicist in art, royalist in





# The Dowager was always doodling...

It got to be almost embarrassing. The same old thing at dinner, shows, the concert.

First, the far-away look, then the search for a pencil, then napkins and programs scribbled all over.

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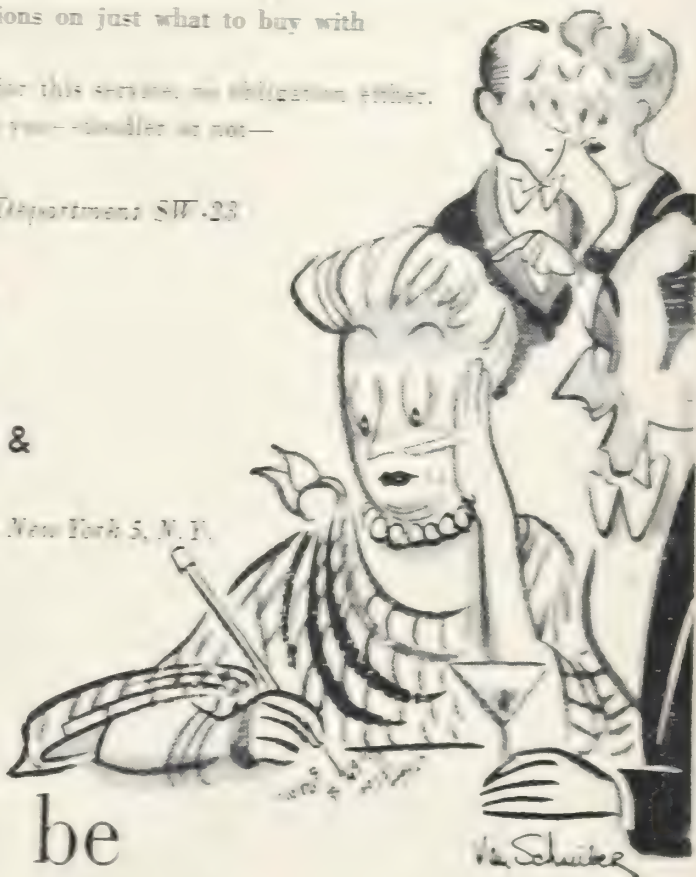
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politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion—looked like that of an apostate minority. As late as 1941 Max Lerner was able to complain that the author of *Grey Eminence* had betrayed the readers of *Point Counter Point*. How all that is changed to-day! No longer do the authors of speculative, theological, or merely reassuring books of all kinds lack for either publishers or readers. No longer need college students feel that even the extreme of a Thomist point of view is disreputable. The climate has so changed that even if they study the natural sciences, as Mr. Exman says (in "Reading, Writing, and Religion," p. 84), "those young people who have a natural bent toward religion need no longer feel that their studies lead them inevitably toward agnosticism." Now the underdogs are overdogs.

Mr. Exman has been in a position to see this remarkable development come to pass. He has been in charge of the religious book department of Harper & Brothers ever since it was organized, in 1928, and before that he was for three years with the University of Chicago Press. He is a member of the Board of Deacons of the Riverside Church and chairman of its Music and Public Worship Committee. He is also a member of the Harper Board of Directors, of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, and of the Trustees of his alma mater, Denison University. He is president of his local school board in Scarsdale, New York, where he lives with his wife and three children.

## News from All Over

••It is characteristic of the difference between the storyteller's and the newsman's sense of drama that the moments which they select as worth writing about are rarely identical. If, for example, *Elizabeth Wright's* story, "One for the Collection" (p. 36), were an actual case history, it would not appear at all newsworthy to a city editor. All the reporter would ever get out of Miss Wright's heroine might be, some time after the story closes, one of those color items about the death of an elderly recluse and the junk which stuffed her basement room, or this magic tale of one Sun-



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P & O

day morning in the park—no news.

Elizabeth Enright's stories have been published in this magazine from time to time since 1940, and we have on hand some of her poems for printing in the near future. She has illustrated and written many children's books; her *Thimble Summer* won the Newbery Award in 1939.

Rowland Emmett, whose drawings illustrate "One for the Collection" and decorate the cover this month, is the Emmett who draws strange engines and railways for *Punch*. Mr. Emmett's model railroads at the British Festival Gardens at Battersea Park delighted thousands of American visitors two years ago, and his children's book, *New World for Nellie*, was a hit over here in 1952. It is unusual good fortune, nevertheless, to get his work in illustrating an American story. Perhaps his visit to this country last winter paved the way, and we can hope for more.

... As Eric Larrabee explains in the foreword to his "Notebook on Black Africa" (p. 43), he was traveling last fall as a member of a "team" sent by the Carnegie Corporation to learn more about Africa, and his companions were professors. Mr. Larrabee went as a journalist, which seems appropriate, since he is an editor of *Harper's* and the author of a number of articles in this magazine and others. He has consorted often, as student and colleague pro tem, with members of the academic profession—as the son of Professor Harold A. Larrabee of Union College, as a Harvard undergraduate (Class of '43), as a participant in the Corning Conference two years ago, as a co-author of the volume, *Creating an Industrial Civilization*, reporting on that conference, and as Secretary of the Committee on American Civilization of the American Council of Learned Societies. His earlier travels were made when he was a schoolboy in England, a soldier in the U. S. Army (1st Lieutenant, aerial photo interpreter in Germany and France), and a motorist on the road (see "The Gulf South at Mid-Morning," *Harper's*, September 1951).

Having missed Mr. Larrabee's genial presence during the three months he spent on the African

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trip, we asked for an accounting, and this is what we got:

These notes are a by-product of that African trip rather than its intended result, and many of them are retrospective rather than on-the-spot. They are in fact rewrites of notes typewritten in hotels and airplanes which were in turn rewrites of pencil notes. I took along a light Hermes portable and a big fat loose-leaf notebook, intending to keep a full diary as we went along, but gradually it fell further and further behind; by the time we got back to New York it was only up to Leopoldville, *i.e.* about half way. This unfulfilled project was extremely useful, however, in the sense that make-work is relaxing on a long journey in far places, but on rereading, most of the typed material is appallingly uninteresting. We had spent at least two or three days in every spot listening to government people make government talk, and I find now that I put down religiously page after page of statistics that were probably available in the professional literature, in the event we had cared. So that's where the wheat went to, if anyone asks why this is chaff.

•• Let us go back for a moment to that Vanquished American, the 10,000-a-year man who totted up his financial troubles in an article in the July 1952 issue of *Harper's*. In summing up his expenditures for the year, he wrote: "My effective buying income was \$8,978; I spent \$9,034. I went \$56 in the hole on my cash accounts, and lost another \$150 in the race against doctor and dentist bills. What can I do about it? Assuming that I continue to work in my present job, the answer is 'Nothing.'"

That \$150 loss in the medical race was, he explained earlier in the article, the amount by which his debts outstanding to doctors and dentists had been increased—he actually owed about \$425 when he closed books. This debt was not due to lack of effort on his part: he had paid out, in addition to \$264 to doctors and dentists, \$183 to the druggist because his wife and daughter had had serious illnesses requiring the use of expensive wonder drugs, and his total insurance bill (including medical and surgical protection) had set him back \$471.

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*\*Percentages of daily dietary allowances based on recommendations of the National Research Council for an average 154-lb. sedentary man.*

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## New kind of cheesecake

Cheesecake is an irreverent trade term for pictures of the female form in varying degrees of undress. It is a standard ingredient of many magazines. It is considered, in some publishing circles, as a crutch for editors, a sales aid for circulation men, and a source of interest for readers. *HOLIDAY* has been known to use it when it fits and furthers a story and when it is in good taste.

In addition, *HOLIDAY* offers its own peculiar kind of cheesecake, which our editors have dubbed "scenic cheesecake."

Each issue of *HOLIDAY* features scenes of the world's great beauty spots, superbly photographed, given full color and run in smashing sizes—true pin-ups of Nature's most bountifully stacked places. They're one of the chief reasons why *HOLIDAY*'s friends generously label it "the world's most beautiful magazine."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Scenic cheesecake in the May issue, now on sale, includes portraits of Hawaii, words by James Michener; an unusual visual treatment of the Civil War, words by James Street; Oklahoma by Debs Myers.*

These items were only a modest portion of the gloomy financial sink hole in which our friend found himself. Yet he was fortunate in that nothing worse than a broken ankle, and a serious illness which wonder drugs could cure, crippled his family that year. If something aptly called "catastrophic illness" had struck them (as it indiscriminately strikes others), all of his present problems would be light in comparison. Up till now neither insurance companies nor government agencies have assumed responsibility for protecting people against the kind of disastrous and prolonged illness which often bankrupts a family for life. But this kind of protection has recently come into the realm of the imaginable and discussible, as **Peter F. Drucker** demonstrates in "The Medical Insurance We Need Most" (p. 51).

Mr. Drucker is a writer whose several specialties include labor-management problems and the attendant questions of pensions and insurance. Since 1939 he has contributed articles to this magazine on corporations, industrial war and peace, the revolution of mass production, and specific social-security problems. He is a management consultant for a number of large companies and professor of management at New York University. He returned recently from a lecture tour through Italy, France, and West Germany under the auspices of the International University of Social Studies in Rome.

••• You don't need to be a baseball fan or even, as *P & O* happens to be, an admirer of Roy Campanella to appreciate the underlying significance of **Fred Schwed, Jr.'s** "What Happened to the Dodgers at the End of the 1953 Season" (p. 61). Mr. Schwed's study cuts deep into the pattern of American civilization, coming as close as anything that *P & O* has seen to explaining why baseball is our national game, why we behave like Americans, and also, albeit obliquely, the influence television is having on our lives and culture. In case it has occurred to you that something fictional may have crept into the narrative, we may as well tell you that our alert printers called us up twice to ask

if the dates given in it were misprints. They aren't.

Since *P & O* is partial to the piece, we were happy to learn that Mr. Schwed is too. "The details of my literary career," he wrote us further, "are by this time so little known that there is no reason to recapitulate them at any length. I have written mostly non-fiction: *Where are the Customers' Yachts?* or, *A Good Hard Look at Wall Street*; *The Pleasure Was All Mine*; and magazine articles." He is also author of *Wacky, the Small Boy*, published in 1939. His first appearance in *Harper's* was in May 1950 with "At My Wit's Beginning," a section from *The Pleasure Was All Mine*, a kind of casual autobiography. At earlier periods of his life he worked on Wall Street and for the government. He now lives in Connecticut and lists as his favorite sports and "minor religions" golf and bridge. No mention of baseball at all.

••• "Death at Skrikerud Pond" (p. 65) is a true story which **Ted Olson** came upon while he was in Norway as a Public Affairs Officer at the American Embassy from 1945 to 1950. He wrote to *P & O* about his encounter with the Feldmann case as follows:

The newspapers were full of it, and like everybody else I followed the trial with intense and horrified interest. It seemed to me then the most dramatic of all the stories that came up out of the underground after the war, and the one that most perfectly epitomized the moral dilemma of modern warfare. After pondering various treatments—there is a good short novel there, or a superb one-act play—I decided simply to put the story down as it happened, and leave any embroidery to others. I had fortunately kept a file of newspaper clippings on the trial, and I have drawn heavily on the comprehensive day-to-day coverage by *Verdens Gang's* able reporter Oskar Hasselknippe. (Incidentally, he was one of the five Norwegian journalists whom we sent to the United States under the first USIS "exchange of persons" program after the war.)

Mr. Olson works for the State Department and is now assigned to the Foreign Service Inspection



Corps. Before the war made him a bureaucrat he was a newspaperman in San Francisco, Denver, Laramie, and New York.

The illustrator of "Death at Skrikerud Pond" is **Fred Banbery**, who worked as an artist in England and India before the war, spent six years with the RAF in India and Europe, and came to the United States in 1946. He won the Art Directors' Club Medal in 1950.

••• In December 1924 we published an article on "The Conquest of Scarlet Fever" by **Ernest Gruening**, a young Harvard M.D. who had turned from medicine to journalism to become in turn managing editor of the *Boston Traveler*, editor of the *Boston Journal*, and managing editor of the *Nation*. Now Mr. Gruening reappears in our pages, after over twenty-eight years, with a subject remote from scarlet fever—Statehood for Alaska" (p. 72). In the meantime he has served as editor of the *Evening News* of Portland, Maine, as an official in the Department of the Interior, and then—from 1939 to 1953—as Governor of Alaska.

Now that B. Frank Heintzleman is taking over the governorship, Dr. Gruening writes us that he expects to spend the next few weeks working on a book on the history of Alaska, under circumstances that sound singularly agreeable: "Our cabin is set in a virgin forest of spruce and hemlock. The only trees that have ever been cut there were to make room for the cabin. We look across the blue salt water at some fifty snow-covered peaks of the Chilkats. Back of our cabin rises an unnamed 6500-foot mountain. We swim regularly, finding the water not any colder than the water we were accustomed to off the north shore of Massachusetts, and warmer than we find it off the coast of Maine."

••• No New Yorker will need advice on where to find the city's Puerto Rican citizens. Nevertheless plenty is available. For example, the Welfare and Health Council of New York City has worked out figures on the basis of which the *New York Times* recently published a map showing the areas of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn where 5 per



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P & O

cent or more of the population consists of persons born in Puerto Rico or persons with a parent born in Puerto Rico. The 5 per cent areas are pretty well scattered throughout the three boroughs, and most New Yorkers will say the figures check with their own impressions.

The Health and Welfare Council study, which was cited by Peter Kihss in the *New York Times* (February 23, 1953), indicated that the heaviest concentration of Puerto Ricans in New York in 1950 was in the area bounded by Fifth and Third Avenues between 105th and 112th Streets, with 19,185 Puerto Ricans making up 68.8 per cent of the population. P & O can give further advice on where to encounter real congestion—of all humanity, including a generous proportion of the newest migrants. Take the Lexington Avenue subway uptown from 33rd Street between five and six o'clock Monday through Friday. The garment workers load on at that time of day and many of the youngsters rattle on in Spanish over the thunder of the train, exotic in appearance but untterrified. For a more lyric view, we advise a Sunday afternoon walk in Central Park along the shore of the rowboat lake that touches Fifth Avenue and 110th Street. The costumes, the chatter, the spirits will take away all your preconceptions about down-trodden and homesick people.

The background and significance of this new element in the population are explored by *Winifred Raushenbush* in "New York and the Puerto Ricans" (p. 78). Miss Raushenbush has been familiar with Manhattan's immigrant colonies since the nineteen-twenties; her special interest in the Puerto Ricans was aroused by working on a report about the Blair House shooting two years ago. In several positions which she held in the decade following 1918, with the Carnegie Americanization Studies, with the Chicago Race Relations Commission, and with a Pacific coast survey of race relations, Miss Raushenbush contributed to several books on these subjects; and in the nineteen-forties she wrote pamphlets and articles on race and job problems. Since 1943 she has been a member of the Commission Against Race Discrimina-

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Don't procrastinate in hopes that he may "pull through" this semester. Help your child to find the right way to spend his summer. We will be happy to give suggestions. Write to the *School and Camp Bureau* be specific: list credits needed and also the child's interests.



ion. She is married to James Rorty, the writer known to *Harper's* readers for his articles on health and nutrition.

**William Gropper's** drawings of Puerto Ricans in New York carry the artist's own experience of life among the immigrants in this city, for he was born on the lower East side in 1897. He is one of the best known living American artists; his paintings are represented in the permanent collections of major museums from New York and Washington to Los Angeles, and his murals decorate the New Interior Building in Washington as well as Café Society Downtown in New York and a variety of other places. Winner of numerous prizes, he is now at work printing a portfolio of lithographs in color of American folklore.

••**Sylvia Stallings** celebrates one aspect of New England in her poem, "Founding Fathers" (p. 27). Her earlier contributions to *Harper's* came from Bryn Mawr, where she went to college, and from Paris after that. She is now assistant to Lewis Annnett on the New York *Herald Tribune*.

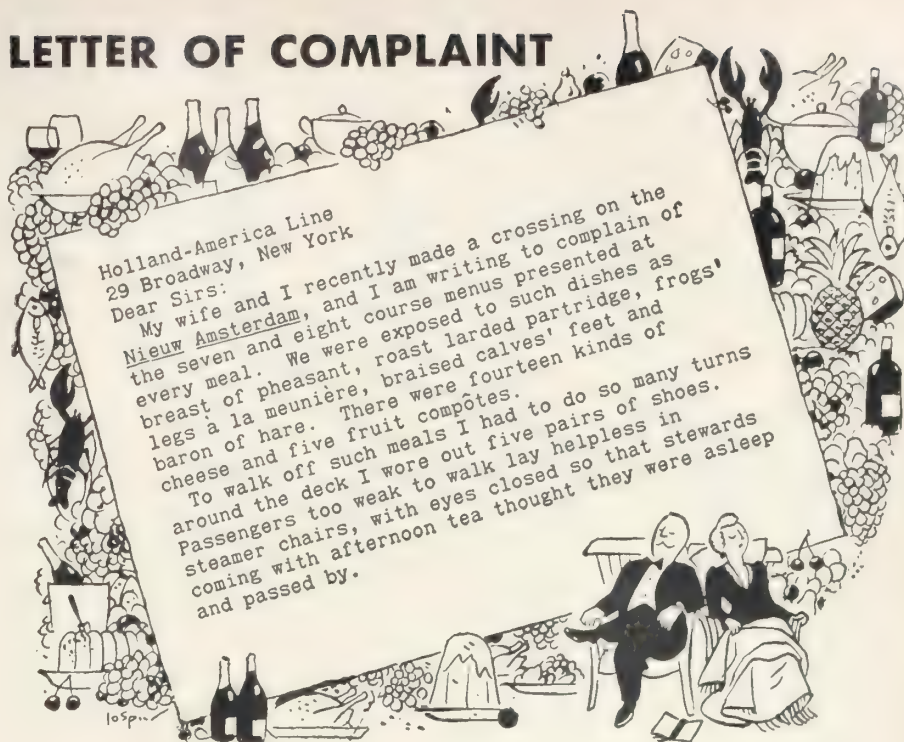
Like Miss Stallings, **Don Gordon**, author of "Underground Railroad" (p. 56), first appeared in *Harper's* in 1945. He lives in Los Angeles and has published two books of verse.

**Eric Barker**, of Big Sur, California, tells us that "The Pigeons and Sun Yat-sen" (p. 64) was written in the same park beside St. Mary's church where he wrote "Spring Musk, San Francisco," which appeared in this magazine in September 1947. Mr. Barker is the author

*The Planetary Heart*, a book of poems, and a new booklet, *Big Sur and Other Poems*.

**Christopher Morley's** three sonnets, "Elected Silence" (p. 91), were written for William Rose Benét, Mr. Morley's colleague on the editorial staff of the *Saturday Review* for many years. Mr. Benét died two years ago this month. The title, Mr. Morley said in a note, is "a quotation from Fr Gerard Hopkins whom Bill I often homaged in our most talkative secrecies." Although the titles of Mr. Morley's published books take up thirty lines in *Who's Who*, he is a member of the Three Hours for Lunch Club.

## LETTER OF COMPLAINT



Honestly, we do get complaints! But the one above we could do nothing about. It can, however, serve as fair warning — should you book a late summer or fall

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# L E T T E R S

## On the Record—

### To the Editors:

In the opinion of staff scientists of the American Dental Association, the article, "Go Slow on Fluoridation," by James Rorty in your February issue is an amazing example of irresponsible journalism. . . .

It is difficult to assess the motivation of Mr. Rorty and your editors in trying to destroy confidence in a demonstrated public-health measure. The benefits and safety of fluoridation have been demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt by valid and comprehensive research. This simple, inexpensive procedure has been proved to reduce the prevalence of dental caries among children of entire communities by from 60 to 65 per cent. . . .

Mr. Rorty's article, for the most part, is a distortion of the report of the Delaney committee of the 83rd Congress. He quotes in detail only the few witnesses who testified in opposition to fluoridation and ignores the testimony of individuals who testified in favor of it. Many of the "authorities" quoted in the article are men who have done little if any actual research in dental caries or on the systemic effects of fluorides in nutrition. Each of the adverse opinions stressed by Mr. Rorty had been refuted by careful and conscientious research long before his article was written. . . .

The overwhelming majority of research scientists in the United States has recommended that all communal water supplies contain an optimum amount of fluoride ions. This is quite simply stated in the Delaney committee report. . . .

We of the American Dental Association concur in P & O's concern for "carefully compiled and rigorously analyzed data." It is our hope that the editors of *Harper's* will see fit to apply this stricture to fluoridation.

It is questionable if P & O followed his own principle when he reported that there is a "countershift of opinion" against fluoridation. The information received by the ADA is quite the opposite. On February 1 last, more than ten million persons in some 600 U. S. cities and towns were routinely drinking water to which fluoride ions were being added under controlled conditions. . . . Additional hundreds of communities have approved the measure and are in the process of placing fluoridation in operation in the immediate future.

The current opposition to fluoridation is reminiscent of that against the chlorination of water and pasteurization of milk. . . .

HERBERT B. BAIN, DIRECTOR  
Bureau of Public Information  
American Dental Association  
Chicago, Ill.

### To the Editors:

In reaching for the dramatic in her article on the migrants in your February issue, Mary Heaton Vorse cites the case of Walter Giles, a small Negro boy who accompanied his parents on a day-haul trip out of Philadelphia to a New Jersey farm, and who was killed when he was run over by a moving truck in a country lane.

Anyone at all familiar with seasonal farm migrants knows the difference between them and day-haul workers who live all year round in the cities or larger towns and go out to the fields by the day in the summer to supplement their earnings by picking fruits and vegetables. They are not housed by their farm employers and they return each night to their homes. . . .

While Mrs. Vorse identifies the parents of the Giles boy as day-haul laborers, she ties this boy in with another case in New York and writes, "These two deaths illuminate

the story of the migrant workers of the United States. . . ."

This was a tragic case and one to be regretted, but the victim was definitely not a migrant child. . . . As a sequel to the Giles case, it is well to report that Commissioner Percy A. Miller, Jr., of the New Jersey Department of Labor and Industry had a full investigation made, and the farmer-employer was fined in the Burlington County Court for violation of the state child-labor law.

JOHN G. SHOLL, SUPERVISOR  
Bureau of Migrant Labor  
New Jersey Dept. of Labor  
and Industry  
Trenton, N. J.

### To the Editors:

William J. Coughlin's article, "The Great *Mokusatsu* Mistake" [March], which quotes me at length, attributes to me one statement which is not correct: "The Japanese cabinet, Kawai said, had already decided in favor of the Potsdam Declaration when Premier Suzuki was questioned about the ultimatum at a Tokyo press conference."

I have never stated that the Japanese cabinet had ever "decided in favor" of the Potsdam Declaration. What I said was that the Japanese cabinet had never intended to reject the Potsdam Declaration outright; that although it could not bring itself to accept the Potsdam Declaration *in toto*, it was fumbling for some way to use the Declaration as a starting point for the opening of discussions with the Allies; and that in view of its inability to come to a definite decision immediately it hoped to hold the matter open for an eventually more definite response by announcing its attitude as one of *mokusatsu*—which unfortunately was an ambiguous term open to misinterpretation.

These views of mine were set forth precisely in my article "*Mokusatsu*,



## LETTERS

Japan's Response to the Potsdam Declaration," which was published in the November 1950 issue of the Pacific Historical Review.

This may seem like quibbling over a minor detail, for I agree wholeheartedly with the general sense of Mr. Coughlin's illuminating article. But in this one particular he has erroneously attributed to me a more sweeping and positive statement than is warranted by what I believe to be the facts of the case.

KAZUO KAWAI  
Ohio State University  
Columbus, Ohio

## Democratic Response—

To the Editors:

An elderly, hard-bitten, Presbyterian Democrat desires to compliment you on "What Do the Democrats Do Now?" [March]. This, in my opinion, is the best article in *Harper's* since Elmer Davis defended Dean Acheson about two years ago: it is a direct, fast-moving essay without the usual wandering verbiage that makes so much of our reading so all-fired tiresome. It had something to say and it kept on saying it to the end. . . .

It was a miracle that more or less held together for twenty years the many discordant elements that make up the Democratic party. The Korean War, miserable small corruption, incompetence, and Mr. Truman's attempt to appoint an ambassador to the Vatican finally snatched defeat from the jaws of victory. Unless Our Nell and his aides make some bad mistakes, we Democrats are in for lean times. However, we always grow strong in defeat—we will come back. . . .

It is my firm belief that . . . Adlai Stevenson will make more headway—assuming he decides to remain active in politics—by publishing a weekly newspaper. . . . Mr. Stevenson's political future lies in direct appeal to the people and he will not let that in our present press. . . .

A. M. SCHROYER  
East Berlin, Pa.

## Testing Taft-Hartley—

To the Editors:

Many of Mr. Rathbun's remarks "Taft-Hartley and the Test of

Time" [March] were true enough. As a rank-and-file local union officer I felt strongly, long before 1946, that the labor movement should acknowledge the misdeeds of its own minority and propose moderate changes in the Wagner Act to cope with them. I still felt the same way when the 80th Congress was thrust upon us. . . . But having given Mr. Rathbun this much credit, I think it must also be said that he seriously underestimates the impact of Taft-Hartley. He says blandly "more workers are union members than ever before"; and he brushes lightly aside the dead halt in new organization. . . . Mr. Rathbun calls this "coincidence." Southern textile workers, he says, "aren't as ready converts" as their Northern counterparts, a truly outstanding understatement. He says, and this is also true, that organizing was extremely slow and difficult in the last years of the Wagner Act. But that's only part of the story.

Labor board elections were difficult to win before Taft-Hartley; now they are much more difficult. Taft-Hartley permits an employer to set up a "captive audience" of his workers inside the mill; the union cannot possibly reach them as effectively, especially in those areas where newspapers refuse paid advertising from unions and radio time can be bought only by bringing an action before the FCC. . . . Presumably the law forbids an employer to make open threats against the union, but this restriction is mostly honored in the breach. . . . Even when an employer oversteps these broad bounds, no adequate remedy is available. . . .

If the South continues as an open-shop society where the employer is revered as the source of all good and the union is looked upon as un-American and even un-Christian, the much heralded Southern revival will increase rather than abate the power of reaction. Industrialization may doom the old Bourbons, but if they are replaced by a new ruling class of mill owners the benefit to the South, to the nation, and to the progress of democracy will be scant indeed.

KENNETH FIESTER  
Textile Workers Union  
of America  
New York, N. Y.

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# « Schools and Colleges »

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## THOUGHTS at 4 A. M.

*It's four o'clock in the morning, and all the world's asleep.*

But one man's head shifts upon his pillow. He hears the plaintive whistle of a train in the distance, and the murmur of the wind in the trees. They seem to echo his thoughts.

*Thoughts that will not let him sleep.*

"What will happen to Janie and the children if anything happens to me? How can I be sure they'll be secure?"

His mind flashes back to the terrifying moment a week ago when a truck shot out of a side road without warning. If he hadn't been able to swerve his car just in the nick of time...*what then?*

"Am I getting morbid," he wonders, "or just realistic? Anyway, it's time I stopped *thinking* about my family's future and started *doing* something about it!"

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### Condensed Statement of Condition as of December 31, 1952

| RESOURCES   |                 |          | OBLIGATIONS   |                 |          |
|---|-----------------|----------|---|-----------------|----------|
|   |                 | Per Cent |   |                 | Per Cent |
| <b>*Bonds and Stocks</b>                              |                 |          | <b>Policyholders' Funds</b>   |                 |          |
| U. S. Government obligations                          | \$ 578,532,808  | ( 8.8)   | To cover future payments under insurance and annuity contracts in force | \$5,378,522,180 | (81.9)   |
| Dominion of Canada obligations                        | 181,102,341     | ( 2.8)   | Held on deposit for policyholders and beneficiaries                     | 349,336,379     | ( 5.3)   |
| Public utility bonds                                  | 824,100,327     | (12.5)   | Dividends and annuities left on deposit with the Society at interest    | 166,143,981     | ( 2.5)   |
| Railroad obligations                                  | 578,908,245     | ( 8.8)   | Policy claims in process of payment                                     | 33,336,365      | ( 0.5)   |
| Industrial obligations                                | 2,024,046,123   | (30.8)   | Premiums paid in advance by policyholders                               | 88,298,369      | ( 1.3)   |
| Other bonds   | 237,898,549     | ( 3.6)   | Dividends due and unpaid to policyholders                               | 7,259,663       | ( 0.1)   |
| Preferred and guaranteed stocks                       | 110,507,345     | ( 1.7)   | Allotted as dividends for distribution during 1953                      | 86,451,088      | ( 1.3)   |
| Common stocks   | 10,645,337      | ( 0.2)   | <b>Other Liabilities</b>  |                 |          |
| <b>Mortgages and Real Estate</b>                      |                 |          | Taxes—federal, state and other  | 23,990,000      | ( 0.4)   |
| Residential and business mtgs.                        | 1,153,505,556   | (17.5)   | Expenses accrued, unearned interest and other obligations               | 12,552,044      | ( 0.2)   |
| Farm mortgages  | 226,032,496     | ( 3.4)   | Security valuation reserve  | 30,579,957      | ( 0.5)   |
| Home & branch office buildings                        | 11,401,221      | ( 0.2)   | <b>Surplus Funds</b>  |                 |          |
| Housing developments and other real estate            | 175,065,207     | ( 2.7)   | To cover all contingencies  | 395,224,468     | ( 6.0)   |
| <b>Other Assets</b>                                   |                 |          | Total   | \$6,571,694,494 | (100.0)  |
| Cash  | 86,638,650      | ( 1.3)   |   |                 |          |
| Transportation equipment                              | 109,502,039     | ( 1.7)   |   |                 |          |
| Loans to policyholders                                | 157,551,536     | ( 2.4)   |   |                 |          |
| Premiums in process of collection                     | 51,651,972      | ( 0.8)   |   |                 |          |
| Interest and rentals due and accrued and other assets | 54,604,742      | ( 0.8)   |   |                 |          |
| Total   | \$6,571,694,494 | (100.0)  |   |                 |          |

\*Including \$6,255,866 on deposit with public authorities.

In accordance with requirements of law all bonds subject to amortization are stated at their amortized value and all other bonds and stocks are valued at the market quotations on December 31, 1952, as prescribed by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. In addition, as required, a security valuation reserve is included among the liabilities.

# THE EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of The United States

HOME OFFICE: 393 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.





# Harper's MAGAZINE

## *The Social Structure of the Underworld*

### Who's Who in Prison Life

*Lewis Dent*

**M**ANY roads lead to limbo, but the same needs send travelers down them. The basic necessity which has formed the underworld and kept it populous is the human need for other humans; the pressing desire, present in us all, for acceptance, approval, admiration; the need to belong somewhere; the desire for social status. The underworld is a society of outcasts in rebellion against its parent social order. A prison mirrors this society in miniature.

The first time that I became aware of the prison world in anything resembling these terms was when a fellow called Little Mack put a convincer to me. A convincer, in underworld parlance, is an irrefutable argument. Mack was a friend who asked me for a dangerous favor for someone I disliked. "Ah, go ahead, kid," he said. Then he added, as you might say that someone is a superior citizen of impeccable character: "After all, the guy's a thief."

What he really was saying, I realized with a species of shock, was that thieves are superior people, and that I owed an allegiance to my peers which in some respects transcended my own feelings and even my welfare.

The shock, actually more a start of recognition, was by no means an unpleasant one, for the idea that other thieves owed me a similar obligation was implicit in the remark. I was a rebel, feared and outcast, full of aloneness. Here was a society which offered to take me in.

The occasion did not spring up full-blown. During the course of a rigorous conditioning of about a year and a half in one of the roughest prisons in the East, I had come to identify myself with characters (members of the underworld), as versus the sex offenders, swindlers, wife-killers, chicken-thieves, pimps, and so forth who made up the remainder of the prison population. But mine was a defiant, half-apologetic feeling rather than one of

*Ex-thief and ex-convict, Lewis Dent testifies at first hand as to the complex class system which operates inside prison walls and the strange contrasts which exist between that society and the criminal world outside.*



proud fellowship. This was the first time that a realization of the superior moral position assumed by the underworld fully penetrated the thick layer of conventional attitudes in which my early training had wrapped my perceptions. Now I could reject, in righteousness, standards whose validity I had not seriously questioned. I embraced the opportunity with an alacrity fitting to a scion of generations of Christian moralists, and quickly rid myself of an oppressive weight of uncertainty.

## II

**A**LTHOUGH I date my entry into the underworld as a dues-paying member from this incident, I had been part of the culture in everything but awareness for some time.

My initiation began when I was a fresh fish. It is an underworld axiom that only suckers go to prison, and the title conferred upon newly arrived prisoners reflects this belief. I entered the prison as fresh a fish as fish can be, a small-town boy of middle-class antecedents who lacked the social advantages which go with a conventional reform-school education, standard equipment in those who for the most part made up the piscine contingent of my age and criminal inclinations in the early nineteen-thirties. I was nineteen and had committed a haphazard robbery.

The initial step in my indoctrination consisted of the discovery that the nature of my crime automatically gave me a certain social standing, although I did not then think in such terms. I noticed only that I made some friends. Later, I perceived that their offenses, like mine, fell within the category of underworld occupations, and that, speaking generally, inmates committed for other types of crime occupied an inferior position on the prison social ladder.

Evidence that I had one friend came before I had been in the place more than a couple of hours. In this prison, radios and newspapers were not permitted. News of the outside world was scarce, and the Striped-Ass Press, as we called what the newspapers call the prison grapevine, therefore functioned with an exceptional efficiency. One line, comprising a half-dozen units of inmate jobholders, ran directly from the Bertillon Room,

where fish were measured, weighed, mugged (photographed), and printed. Another ran from the Parole Room, where convict clerks filled out social and criminal histories on printed forms. Others tapped the warden's office, the office of the chaplain, called the Moral Director in our joint, and the office presided over by a ward-leader's brother-in-law who had forsaken the plumbing trade to become our classification hack; that is, the guard who shuffled through our folders and decided what species of fish each of us belonged to and in which tank we could be handled to the best advantage of the administration.

News about new arrivals found its way from these offices to every part of the prison with remarkable celerity. I had barely been assigned to a cell in Isolation—a range or tier of cells where fish were kept on ice (in solitary confinement) pending classification—when a guard, accompanied by an inmate clerk, threw open my blind door (a solid wooden door hinged outside the barred cell door). The prisoner, a middle-aged fellow whose graying shock and beetling eyebrows made him resemble the porcupine in "Pogo," thrust a pair of hand towels, a tin cup, two tin pans, a cardboard container of chalk dust which I later found was meant to be tooth powder, a cake of yellow soap, a comb, and a shaving mirror through the bars. "Wash them towels, kid," he advised me. "They're stiff when they're new." When I shook the towels out, after they had gone, a bag of Bull Durham, a book of cigarette papers, and some matches which had been halved lengthwise and tied into a bundle around a strip of abrasive from a match box fell out. Smoking was not permitted in Isolation.

I don't remember how I accounted for this largesse. The chances are that I did not waste much time in speculation. So many things had happened to me in such a short space of time that I had given up seeking explanations. I learned later that the gift had come from the fellow who had passed it to me. I looked so woebegone that he had felt sorry for me, and the grapevine news which had preceded me to Isolation had led him to believe that I would not finger (betray) him if I were caught smoking.

As it happened, I was caught the same day. Following our evening repast of bean-water and bread—a feast that appeared on the official



menu posted in the visiting room under an exotic title which I forget—I balanced myself atop the cylinder of straw that served as a mattress, being too green to stamp the thing flat, and drifted swiftly off to San Francisco, where a girl lived whom I knew. I became so engrossed in rescuing this damsel from imaginary perils that I failed to hear the night hack creeping up the catwalk. He caught me red-handed. I spent forty-eight hours in the Hole (a punishment dungeon) for smoking, and another seventy-two for refusing to say where I had obtained the contraband.

IT WOULD be hard to overestimate the importance of this episode in terms of my social progress. It chanced that several of the elite of the prison were sojourning in the Hole at the time of my visit. We became acquainted. They liked me for accepting punishment instead of buying my way off at the expense of someone else—an unreasoned reaction on my part, but one which jibed with the most important tenet of the underworld morality. I liked them because I gathered that they felt as I did about a number of things, chief among them authority, and I began to perceive that I was not alone in the world.

However my behavior might seem to belie it, my standards for the most part were those handed down to me by my respectable family. Although I strove to pretend otherwise, I believed that I was worthless, hopeless, someone apart—years were to pass before I accumulated the knowledge to account for my off-beat attitudes. Beneath my defensive callus of belligerence, I was filled with feelings of guilt and inadequacy. I more than half believed that I was crazy.

In addition to reassuring me somewhat and procuring the good will of some of the men who set the standards in the prison, my trip to the Hole gained me an official disfavor which proved to be nearly as useful a social asset. The guards began to ride me when I returned to Isolation. If guards dislike you, prisoners of any worth are sure to cotton to you. I quickly acquired a certain prestige among other fish. Those of my own rebellious persuasion made a point of being friendly when we met in the shower room, in the inoculation line, or outside the offices of the various functionaries who had us led out from time to time for interviews. They were of the

underworld, or would be. The others treated me gingerly, fearing to be classed as Bolsheviks by association. Naturally, I leaned toward those who leaned towards me.

In this fashion, I began to draw a line between those who were of the underworld and those who were not, and to identify myself with those who were. Convict society has three levels. At the top are the "right" guys—those who regulate their lives by the distinctive underworld morality. Usually, but not always, they are professional criminals. Then come "legit" prisoners—average citizens who for one reason or another have run afoul of the law: embezzlers, wife-killers, rapists, and the like. At the bottom of the social scale are "wrong" convicts, the creeps—prisoners who violate the code to which they pay lip service. Rightness entails resistance to authority in any vested form. The legit viewpoint is precisely that of the average citizen. Wrongness implies lack of respect for any principle save that of self-interest. I approved of the principles subscribed to by my right friends, most of whom were men of considerable character.

### III

ONE of the fellows I had met in the Hole had been returned to his cell-block the same day that I got out and had sent me some tobacco and candy through my original benefactor, now a fast friend who managed to stop at my door several times a day to exchange a few words. Shortly before it came time for me to leave for the block where I was to live for the next five years, this fellow sent up word that I had been classified in Grade B, but that he was seeing what could be done about it. Grade B prisoners were the second-class citizens of the place. They locked, or lived, on a special tier, under guards picked for their toughness, ate in their cells, and, except that they were permitted to exercise with the general population, were denied most of the few privileges that the prison afforded. I heard no more about my fate until a guard appeared to escort me to my new abode, when I found that I was listed for one of the most desirable blocks in the institution.

My friend's account of how the transfer had been accomplished advanced my education another step. He had gone to his partner, who worked as a clerk in the Classification Room.



His partner had tried to persuade the guard in charge to change my classification. Failing, he had typed out seven copies of my transfer order instead of the customary six. The top order consigned me to the B range. The others scheduled me for a desirable block. The guard had glanced at the first order and signed them all. The clerk destroyed the first order. Then he went to a friend of his who worked in the warden's office and prevailed upon him to remove my card from the files and substitute another upon which no record of my breach of discipline appeared. This was possible because I was too new to be known to the officials except by number. To this day, my initial sojourn in the Hole does not appear on my prison record.

No one who took part in this transaction felt the slightest qualm of conscience. The state and its representatives were the common enemy. All's fair in war.

I should add that if I had been able to offer cigarettes or some other form of payment, and had done so, the offer would have been regarded as an insult. Coppers, legit guys, and creeps may and should be paid. Right guys cannot be bought. They do favors for other right guys, and are repaid in like coin if an opportunity arises.

**M**Y INCIPIENT rightness continued to work minor miracles. The prison was badly overcrowded. Three were locking, or living, in cells intended for one. A cell to oneself was one of the most sought-after privileges in the prison. Next to that, men preferred to lock with but one partner. We all were living the unnatural lives of caged animals. Consequently, we were an unstable lot. Fist fights and knifings in the cells were frequent. Cooped up together twenty-three hours a day, the best of friends wore on each other's nerves.

To complicate the situation, each cell block was a prison within a prison. Subject to a few general regulations, the block guards ran their sections pretty much as they pleased. The block to which my friend had caused me to be assigned was considered good because the sergeant in charge was an old-timer who, as the prisoners put it, had pulled more time in the joint than most of the cons. He knew what we were up against. For his part, he wanted only to get his day in with a minimum of

trouble and collect his pay. He knew which of his charges were likely to cause him trouble, and he made it his business to keep these men as happy as might be.

My arrival posed a problem, for he had no single cells and only three which had but two occupants. Two young Irish holdup men occupied one. A couple of prison politicians who worked in the administration office shared another. The Gump Brothers, a pair of mountaineers in their sixties who had spent most of their lives in the place for stealing horses and chickens, inhabited the third. The guard did not wish to offend the first pair and feared to affront the second, who would not have hesitated to carry tales to the front office about him, so he put me in with the dirty, ignorant, querulous, and half-crazy Gumps (in the lingo, a gump is a chicken). They were out at work at the time, but the cell stank and crawled with vermin. I endured the place for about half an hour, then knocked on the bars with my tin cup. When the guard came down, I told him to take me out of there.

He demurred. I lost my temper. We were discussing the issue at the top of our lungs when the men returned to the block from work. He had taken out his pad and begun to write me up (prefer charges against me) for insubordination, which meant a prolonged visit to the Hole, when one of the convicts touched him on the arm and took him aside. He returned in a moment, much calmer, and after warning me that I must do as I was told if I wanted to get along with him, he moved me in with the Irish boys. It was at their request, I learned. They had been told by one of my Hole companions that I was moving on the block and had been asked to look after me until I got my bearings.

**T**HEIR cell was as shabbily homelike as the caboose of a long-haul freight. It contained a well-filled bookcase and a wall cabinet stocked with tobacco, cakes, and candy. They told me to consider everything in the cell my own. When I warned them that I had no money and no prospects of getting any, since I was not in touch with anyone outside, they asked, "So what?" I said I wanted them to understand that I didn't know when I'd be able to repay them. "So what?" they repeated with forbearance.

In the course of the next couple of weeks I



became one of the mob, or clique (we pronounced it click) to which my cellmates belonged. Our mob consisted of eight or ten young fellows in their twenties, all holdup men, almost all of Irish extraction, all but me from the same city neighborhood. Those of us who locked on the same block sat together in the mess hall. We exercised together, played on the same handball court, and had our own softball team. The prison mob has a dual economy. It is an exclusive interest group, and it provides its individual members with a means of surviving in a ferocious milieu. Underworld mores prohibit the acceptance of police or, in prison, administration protection. A man stands on his own feet. If he has trouble with other prisoners, as is almost inevitable in the tense hate- and fear-charged atmosphere, he handles it himself, so far as he is able. But if the situation gets out of hand—if he is ganged up on or sneaked up on—his mob will take the matter up. If he has no money or goes to punishment, his mob will chip in tobacco, fruit, and such other luxuries as the place affords. If he has no job, the members of his mob will be on the lookout for an opening. If someone rats, or informs against him, and he is ready to apply for parole, or is put out of circulation (sent to punishment), or for another reason is unable to handle the matter himself, his mob often will settle his account with the fink (informer).

**A**N INCIDENT of this kind which took place not long after I had been accepted by my mob further cemented the closest and most satisfactory social relationship that I had ever had.

The enthusiastic naïveté with which I celebrated my new status caused my trouble. Unless I had been warned specifically, I considered practically everyone but rape artists and holy rollers (the ostentatiously pious) to be right. I burned to repay some of the indebtedness which I had incurred by doing some good guy a favor.

One of my cellmates had a particularly desirable job in the prison shoe shop. A newcomer, who later became known as Rat Sweeney—a monicker which he still carries—worked in the same shop and coveted my friend's job, although we did not suspect it. This fellow made it his business to cultivate

an acquaintance with me. One day, when my partners were in the shower room, he appeared at our door just before we were to line up for mess and held out a pair of shoes which he said he had clouted (stolen) from the stock room for a friend. He wanted me to hold them until the exercise period, he said, since he feared that they would be missed and his cell would be searched. I complied, of course. But after he had gone, it occurred to me that since my cellmate worked in the same shop they might search our cell too, so I thrust a shoe under each armpit, gave them to another fellow a couple of cells away to hold, and thought no more about it.

When we returned from mess, we found our cell a shambles. Our mattresses had been ripped open and the straw strewn over the floor, our table overturned, our bookcase emptied, our cabinet torn off the wall. The shakedown squad (a detail of guards which searched the prison for contraband) had paid us a visit—we could not imagine why, until Dick was hustled to the warden's office and charged with stealing a pair of shoes. Since the shoes had not been found and because the shop boss interceded, he beat the rap.

Meanwhile I had discovered that Sweeney's cell had not been disturbed, and a ray of light penetrated my almost impervious skull. When Sweeney appeared with an innocent face to claim his shoes, I reached out, got him by the hair, and knocked his head against the bars. Out to the Hole I went again. When I emerged, five days later, he was in the hospital from the effects of a beating he had absorbed when some persons unknown threw a blanket over his head in the shower room.

Shortly thereafter, Dick got me the clerk's job in his shop, where I met Little Mack. Excepting that my loyalties were to individuals and took little account of social classes, I was already a full-fledged member of the culture.

#### IV

**I**NEVITABLY, I had a number of unpleasant experiences before I learned discrimination, or a degree of discrimination. A blend of naïveté and recklessness, of which I did not succeed in ridding myself for years, periodically plunged me into hot water. Every so often, I found myself taking up with



someone who turned out to be more plausible than trustworthy.

Trustworthiness, which is what rightness amounts to, essential to the survival of any revolutionary group, is of course the most potent of the factors which figure in the determination of social status in the prison world. Rightness, or a simulation of it, is the universal underworld passport. Inside the culture, qualities like reliability, organizing ability, political influence, wealth, occupation, professional standing, and "personality" come into play.

It is not entirely correct to think of the prison underworld as an accurate reflection of the underworld at large. Status in the two groups rarely coincides, for the blind and savage authoritarianism which is a fundamental condition of prison life sets a value upon such traits of character as intransigence, courage, reliability, generosity, and the ability to absorb punishment without crying, or complaining, beyond that which is attached to them in the less stark and primitive setting of the outside underworld, and lessens that of other factors which contribute to social standing. Given rightness, the ability to stand up against unremitting pressures in the absence of the customary props and safeguards is the chief determinant of status in the prison order.

At the time of the episode of the shoes, I saw rightness and wrongness pretty much in terms of black and white. In the course of time, however, I became aware that these were extremes, and that there are numerous gradations of rightness, wrongness, and legitimacy.

Unprincipled creeps of Sweeney's stamp crawl beneath contempt at the very bottom of the pile, flank to flank with the ham-sandwich coppers, as we called informers paid for treachery in special food and other favors. There are other types of untrustworthy prisoner, but none so lacking in status—primarily, I suppose, because the capacity of the individual to endanger the group largely determines degrees of wrongness.

For example, a number of the ham-sandwich contingent in our prison were thieves who, pretending rightness, had full status, and so were capable of serious treacheries, such as turning up escape plans—prison breach was punishable by doubling the original sentence. Every so often, one would be found out, occasionally at the cost of his life. On the other

hand, little onus attached to Dingbat, a good-humored imbecile who would tell the guards anything he knew, technically wrong though he was. His failing posed no menace because everyone knew about it and realized that he didn't have brains enough to know better. Wrong legit guys—incidental or sexually mal-adjusted offenders who identified themselves with authority—were strung along the range of wrongness between Sweeney and his kind and Dingbat. Their activities constituted only a minor threat, since their legitimate orientation and the nature of their crimes—the underworld regards with contempt nonprofessional types of crime—severely limited their social contacts.

Legitimate prisoners who subscribe to the conventional morality, and behave accordingly, occupy a position midway between the wrong group and the right, on the principle, seemingly, that straightforwardness deserves respect. For reasons which I am not prepared to isolate, most Negro prisoners, whose cultural background is in many respects unique in our society, fall into either the legit or wrong categories.

The standards which determine status vary somewhat between prisons. They are more stringent in prisons where discipline is harsh and the right group is comparatively large. This group sets and enforces the standards in addition to providing leadership of other kinds. Its elite is predominately composed of heavy thieves, which is to say, professional robbers and safe-workers, but usually contains a sprinkling of prisoners without outside underworld experience who have similar attitudes toward vested authority. Heavy thieves are standard-setters because they comprise the strongest and most implacable rebel group which our culture has produced, the Communist party included. Our society recognizes this by such tokens as Alcatraz—a pure projection of the guilt-induced anxiety which is righteousness in its elemental form—and the punishments it metes out to heavy offenders, which generally are more severe than those imposed for murder and treason. The nature of the heavy professions and the ability of the group to survive are sufficient indications of the strength and intelligence present there. Because the group has a proportionately larger representation in most prisons than in the underworld outside prison, and because the



exigencies of prison life place a premium upon the traits it values most, heavy standards have a greater effect in forming the ideals of the prison underworld than in setting those of the underworld at large. A legitimate prisoner who exhibits such traits may well acquire a position in the prison order superior to that accorded a big shot from the outside underworld who does not show them, or exhibits them to a lesser degree.

ONE of several such instances in our setup involved Al Capone and a fellow named Henry Ackerman. Ackerman was a business man of great wealth who had killed someone while driving drunk. Capone's organizational genius, ruthlessness, wealth, and political power had raised him to the top of the outside underworld. If he and Ackerman had been men of equal character, Capone's prestige would have been by far the higher.

But Ackerman pulled his time like most of the rest of us. He wore prison issue clothes and shoes, ate main-line garbage (mess-hall food), carried no tales, curried no favor, refused all the special privileges which indubitably were within his reach. Capone carried no tales either, but he was on back-slapping terms with guards and higher officials, slept in silk pajamas on a cot with springs fitted with a real

mattress, enjoyed such other exotic privileges as his own icebox, crammed with good outside food, and entertained visitors of both sexes privately. His standing also suffered because of his occupation, which presupposes cordial relations with police, who are detested by heavy thieves. Ackerman's standing on the prison social scale was higher than Capone's.

Some years after his departure from us, Capone had the ill luck to spend some time in Alcatraz, which, being populated almost 100 per cent by elite heavy thieves, has the most unyielding standards in the American underworld. Here, he had no status at all. No one made friends with him. No one accepted the proffered loan of his magazines. No one passed him a civil word. Once, he tried throwing his weight around at the expense of a twenty-year-old bank robber from Oklahoma, who promptly beat him over the head with a broom. The great mobster became timid and morose and gradually withdrew into himself. He had been in bad mental condition for a couple of years when the time came for his release, I have been told.

It takes a resolute man, full of bitter pride, to live shut off from his fellows by their disapproval. I have wondered sometimes how long it would have been before I took refuge in a make-believe world, if I hadn't gone to prison.

## *Founding Fathers*

SYLVIA STALLINGS

WHEN fall comes, New England houses sit tighter  
To the ground; they blink their yellow eyes  
At the giddy sun who slopes off after whiter  
Islands and seas with deeper dyes.

When November knocks, they draw up their sharp shoulders  
And turn their backs to the north, regretting green  
June twilights; as the earth grows colder  
They remember all the summers they have seen

And stiffen their spines against the squalid careless  
Mansions of the south, that never turn indoors.  
All over New England, I have heard nightly cheerless  
Complaining voices under the cold floors.



# Tomorrow's Helicopters

*C. Lester Walker*

**B**ACK in 1942 Igor Sikorsky, the Russian-born aviation genius, went overboard with some prophecies. Within the next dozen years, he predicted, the helicopter would usher in the great age of air. By 1955 the whirling-wing flying machines would be in use by the tens of thousands and would be vastly affecting our lives. People would be commuting to work 125 miles in 50 minutes by helicopter bus lines, stores would be using helicopters for deliveries, thousands of American homes would have a family-flying model in the garage. And just as the automobile business grew tremendously after World War I, so within ten years after this second war, the prophet declared, the helicopter would be found to be the center of a booming new billion-dollar industry.

Up to a couple of years ago virtually none of these fascinating predictions had come to pass, and it looked as though few of them ever would. The helicopters were still around, but in limited numbers. They looked the same. They did the same stunts. But they didn't appear to be affecting the world of aviation much; even less our lives.

Since then, however, there has come a change. Within the past twenty-four months things have been happening in the helicopter world that make one wonder whether Sikorsky may have prophesied not wrongly but merely too much and too early, and whether an era

of flight in which the helicopter will become the most common type of flying machine may be, if not just around the corner, at least in sight.

The signs of such a possibility are on every hand. For one, the helicopters in recent months have been outdoing themselves. They have now flown the North Atlantic to Europe—did it via Greenland and Iceland in July. Their flight range—long a weak point—was upped in September to 1,234 miles—non-refueling, non-stop, Fort Worth to Buffalo. And in Korea, while rescuing 14,000 wounded, they have revealed previously unappreciated abilities to operate in all sorts of weather. They can, they have proved there, work in rain, sleet, snow, in fog when ceiling is dead zero, and in windstorms that keep most fixed-wing light planes on the ground.

Although they are as yet no billion-dollar industry, their manufacture is booming. Four years ago no company was making and selling more than a hundred machines a year. Today, with over twenty companies manufacturing, the Army this year is demanding 4,000 machines and \$200,000,000 to pay for them. At one point in the past two and a half years, the industry had a sales and order backlog of \$450,000,000. Stocks in helicopter companies are in heavy demand. I know one investor who owns a million dollars' worth of them.

Other signs: the mails are already being

*Most of the recent news about helicopters has emphasized the military uses of whirling-wing planes. But, as C. Lester Walker explains above, the old American dream of a family helicopter in every garage may not be as far from realization as we imagine.*



transported by helicopter from the airports to the central post offices in Chicago, Los Angeles, and New York; and this December parcel-post service by helicopter was extended from Manhattan to eight Westchester County and Connecticut cities and towns. Helicopters have competed with taxicabs in Los Angeles environs for months now, transporting airline passengers back and forth to town at fares less than those of the ground cabs. And not long ago the Greyhound Corporation, giant of the motorbus companies, filed formal application with the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to operate a helicopter bus line.

But more impressive, perhaps, as indication that an age of helicopters may be on the way, has been a recently published survey of the Port of New York Authority. A businesslike study of the potentialities of helicopter transportation in the New Jersey-New York metropolitan area (it, incidentally, took a year to complete and cost \$70,000), this report nearly outdoes Sikorsky. It predicts helicopter aerocabs by 1954, helicopter intercity bus lines by four years later, suburban commuting by helicopter to be common by 1965, and fleets of helicopters that will eventually be lifting six million passengers into and out of Manhattan annually.

In addition, within the past two or three years helicopters of a new and revolutionary type have appeared. New forms of power have been applied to the rotor blades, with the result that man has achieved a command over flight such as he never possessed before.

It begins to look as though the helicopter may have finally grown up, and is at last within sight of being that ideal flying apparatus dreamed of through the ages—the one that would make man almost into a bird.

## II

THE story of this growing up is a piece of neglected history. The development of the fixed-wing airplane is a fairly well known chronicle. The names of the men who pioneered it—Maxim, Langley, the Wrights—are familiar to most of us. But who can give the name of the first successful helicopter flyer, or the date and place of the first flight?

Even the name helicopter is usually mispronounced. It is not *heelicopter*, but *hellicopter*. Were it *heelicopter* it would derive

from *helios*, Greek for sun. But it derives from *helix*, which means spiral, and *pteron*, which is Greek for wing.

Considering how late the helicopter has been in arriving, it is surprising how early its basic idea was known. It is older than the idea behind the flight of the conventional airplane—the fixed wing shaped so as to create lift when pushing through the air. Archimedes toyed with the helicopter idea for flight in the second century B.C., and da Vinci in the 1400s. The latter made a model propelled by springs, and in his writings left words to tantalize future experimenters: "The helix is able to make a screw in the air and climb high."

Even as late as the nineteenth century it was the conviction of many that the helicopter principle of flight was the only sound one. British, French, and Italian experimenters pounded away at it with models, some of them steam-powered, and some able to rise forty feet and stay up almost half a minute. But when the Wright brothers took to the air at Kitty Hawk in 1903, no man-bearing helicopter had yet left the ground.

But three and a half years later one day in August, in a grassy field in northern France, at Douai, it happened. The machine was a weird-looking contraption with four lifting air screws, each one with four biplane blades which revolved and looked like horizontal clothes reels. Its creator was Louis Breguet, a French scientist and inventor who still believed, the Wrights notwithstanding, in the vertical-lift air screw. Breguet's machine rose two to three feet off the ground, whereupon the helicopter began to act as if it were having a fit and became completely unmanageable, giving the inventor a generous foretaste of the eccentricities and problems which the helicopter concept of flight held in store for its followers.

Control and stability were the first great problems. And they were going to be tougher to solve for the helicopter than for the Wrights' creation, a fixed-wing plane. This was because the principles of flight of the former are simple compared to those of the helicopter.

A spiral lifting device, imitators of Breguet were soon to learn, was bedeviled by enormous and baffling forces. In the first place, because of the big whirling air screw, the apparatus was subject to tremendous torque,



and hence tended to *spin* in an opposite rotation. Second, although it "flew" vertically, it resisted movement in other directions. So how to direct and control it in forward, that is, horizontal, flight? Also, often, and for no explainable reason, just when it was about to take off, it heeled over and crashed.

Control of torque was early resolved by using two air screws, counter rotating. But the other control and stability problems resisted solution so stubbornly that some of the best brains working on the air-screw idea gave up and turned their talents to the fixed-wing planes. Even Igor Sikorsky, two or three years after Breguet's flight, was one of these.

However, another Russian stuck doggedly to the by now half-discredited air-screw method, with, eventually, hopeful results. The man was George de Bothezat. (How little the name means today!) A refugee scientist, and an authority on the scientific theory of the lifting air screw, de Bothezat lectured in the United States just before the twenties, and was heard by an Army engineer named Major T. H. Bane. Impressed, Bane proposed to the Air Service that it retain de Bothezat to build it a helicopter. The amazing suggestion was, amazingly, accepted. De Bothezat was given a \$19,800 contract, set to work with staff of the Air Service's Special Research Section behind a topless tent at McCook Field, Dayton, and before many months had produced the first U. S. Army helicopter.

IT LOOKED like a dream ship from Mars. It was a maze of wires and tubing with diagonal crossbeams and structural steel crossarms. It had eight "fans," some six-bladed, which looked like pinwheels. Four operated vertically, propellerwise, and four, as rotors, turned horizontally from the ends of the crossboom arms. The machine was nicknamed the Flying Octopus. It looked as though it would need an octopus to fly it.

But one day in 1922, it flew! The pilot got it to six feet above the ground for one minute and forty-two seconds. And to everybody's pop-eyed amazement it drifted in the breeze three hundred feet. A light snow on the ground revealed when the machine had landed that it had rolled less than a yard. It was the first "landing on a dime" in aviation history.

However, a few months later, the Army peremptorily decided that de Bothezat's multiple-

rotor type machine promised less for experimentation than single-rotor types, which about this time were gaining notoriety in Europe, and so ended the project.

The leader in the single-rotor experiments was the Spaniard Juan de la Cierva. A pilot in one of the fixed-wing planes which Cierva's company manufactured one day crashed and was killed. "I brooded on this," Cierva said, "and resolved to give all my effort henceforth to finding a safe way to fly."

Planes stalled and fell, Cierva knew, when the movement of air past their wings wasn't fast enough to create sufficient lift. Then why not, he asked himself, have wings which revolved, and so, of themselves, created a sufficient movement of air?

He designed a rotor whose blades were the exact shape of narrow airplane wings, mounted the rotor on top of a conventional fuselage powered by a conventional propeller and engine, and called the combination an Autogiro. The idea was that the regular propeller would provide forward speed and the rotor blades would provide lift as they autogyrated in the passing air.

But the new machine ran into baffling difficulties. Whenever it was about to take off it lurched and heeled over. Why? Cierva pondered and diagnosed the trouble as probably gyroscopic force. He had hit upon something which to whirling-wing flying machines was a particular curse.

Gyroscopic effect is strange. A gyroscope (e.g. the gyroscopic top) is spinning in a given plane of rotation. Try to change that plane and an odd thing happens: the gyroscope tends to move at right angles to the original plane. So Cierva's Autogiro, a giant gyroscope, was somehow having its plane of rotation changed, which caused it to try to upset itself. What was doing it?

Cierva—who was intuitive to the point of genius on such problems—decided that the revolving wing in the half circle in which it advanced in the direction the craft was moving must be producing more lift as it pushed *into* the passing air stream than when it retreated. Therefore the machine was offbalanced, pulled out of its plane of rotation, and capsized.

Still pondering, he made a model Autogiro with rattan wings. It flew. No heeling over. Why not? While at the opera one night it



came to him: the toy's rattan wings were flexible. As they rotated they also rose as they went toward the direction of flight, and then fell as they circled around backward. The rise killed part of their natural lift and the fall increased it, thus balancing out around the circle. So no roll-over! Cierva dashed home to design hinged rotor blades which, as they circled, could rise and fall.

At Getafe Airport in January 1923 his Autogiro with the hinged blades, on first trial, lifted perfectly from the field and lazily flew two hundred yards. The pilot cut the throttle. There was no stall. Rotor slowly turning, the craft settled gently down, landed at a few miles an hour.

**B**UT more problems peculiar to the helicopter lay ahead. The Autogiros had peculiar and violent shakes, and the engineers couldn't discover the cause or cure. It was decided, eventually, that the cause might be in a disharmony of two motions: the rotor blades' oscillation up and down at one speed, their revolving at another speed. So the rotor blades were attached so they could swing forward or backward from their roots, as they rotated in flight. And, sure enough, this stopped the shakes.

Note here that the rotor blades had now come to working in three motions at once, around, forward, and back, up and down—which conveys some idea of the complexity of machinery which was building up at the helicopter rotor hub. There was nothing like it in any fixed-wing aircraft. But more was to come. The whole rotor head was to be engineered so it could be tilted. So that if the rotor blades were powered by the engine, they could be tipped, and then would pull the helicopter forward, that is, horizontally. Another forgotten pioneer, the American inventor Henry Berliner, performed this trick for the first time in this country at College Park, Maryland in 1919, and this added still another complication to the rotor-head machinery.

Nothing seemed to alter the trend of piling complex mechanism upon complex mechanism. But in spite of it the whirling-wing machines progressed. By 1937 it could be said that they had certainly come a long way. In that year, in Germany, one called a Focke-Achgelis rose vertically 7,900 feet, flew 76 miles, and did 75 miles an hour. This craft had

a standard airplane fuselage with two long arms sticking out of the sides, a rotor on the end of each. The rotor blades both lifted and drove the ship and the rotor heads tilted so that the helicopter would fly in any direction. The Focke-Achgelis set a record for time aloft (1 hour, 20 minutes) which was to stand until Igor Sikorsky, after almost thirty years devoted to fixed-wing planes, returned to his first aviation love and began to design and manufacture what have been termed the "first really modern helicopters."

Within two years Sikorsky, now an American citizen, had produced a helicopter which was a latter-day wonder for stability and control. He introduced a small lateral tail rotor which, by whirling *vertically*, all alone counteracted the torque of the main rotor. He also arranged his main rotor so that it could be disengaged from the engine, allowing it to autorotate.

"What happens if the engine quits?" fixed-wing plane pilots taken aloft invariably asked. "Only this—" The copter's pilot would cut the ignition, release the rotor to turn free, and settle slowly to earth.

To demonstrate this helicopter's absolute controllability, Sikorsky, one day in 1942, performed a unique stunt. At Stratford, Connecticut, before Army observers, he hovered a few feet off the ground while a dozen eggs in a net bag were tied to a ten-foot rope whose other end was attached to the helicopter. The machine then flew around several hundred feet above the field, descended, and deposited the eggs on the ground without breaking them.

"Probably hard-boiled," wisecracked a spectator.

One of Sikorsky's engineers walked over, took two eggs, broke them on a rock. They were raw.

It was about this time that Sikorsky made the prophecies mentioned heretofore about the rosy future of the helicopter. And why not? His new machine was demonstrating daily that a helicopter could do practically everything a fixed-wing plane could do, except travel at lightning speed; and it was, in addition, safe. What could now hold it back from becoming the universal flying machine?

What could and did was, as much as anything else, its complexity. Despite all its recent improvements it was still an inordinately



complicated machine. To fly, it still must have all that machinery: the intricate mechanisms for up-and-down and forward-and-back motion of the rotor blades, the complex cyclical pitch apparatus for controlling blade angle, the heavy transmission gears for stepping down rotor speed in comparison to engine speed. It still, too, had to have counter torque devices—such as opposite-turning extra rotors, or the tail rotor with its long drive shafts and gearing—which added more machinery as well as stealing power and speed.

All these made the helicopter an overweight prima donna. It could perform, but it had to be babied mechanically. It needed far more attention than did fixed-wing planes. Hence it cost more to maintain. Further, its complexity made it both costly to produce and far from easy to learn to operate. Up to 1950 a three-seater helicopter cost over \$23,000. A fixed-wing plane, with the same passenger capacity, because it was simpler, could be built cheaper any day. You could also learn to fly it sooner.

These were some of the chief reasons Sikorsky's predictions failed to materialize. Then one day somebody put jet power onto rotor blades. Thereupon a host of the helicopter's chief problems vanished overnight.

### III

**A**LMOST surely the jet is the helicopter of tomorrow—the one likeliest to affect our lives in some such manner as Sikorsky predicted—and even at this early stage in its development it is already an almost incredible flying machine.

Consider one of the first made in this country, which one day about two years ago put on a special demonstration at Palo Alto, California. This craft was the creation of Hiller Helicopters, Inc., a firm which in 1950 outsold all others in commercial machines. Its guiding genius is a young man not yet thirty, Stanley Hiller. On this day young Hiller pulled the new helicopter out of its garage by hand. It was a little over twelve feet long, stood slightly taller than a man, and, according to Hiller, weighed less than five hundred pounds. At the end of each rotor blade (there were two) it had a fat pod about the size of a small watermelon—the jet engines, its only power. Hiller got into the plexi-

glass cabin, started the rotors turning with a hand crank, flipped the switch key, and the jets with a roar took over. Pushing a control bar with one hand, Hiller made the copter lift a few feet off the ground. He hovered, waved to the spectators, and then started up. He rose at the rate of 1,200 feet a minute and kept climbing to 11,000 feet. Descending to a lower level, he circled the jet at 85 miles an hour, flew it backward, crabbed it sideways, turned it on its own axis, and then, heading for San Francisco Bay, flew it over the water for several miles with both his arms stuck out the cabin windows to show it was operating without any touch on the controls. (It has no foot controls.) Back over the field, he hummingbirded a few feet off the ground and motioned to one of the mechanics. To demonstrate its freedom from vibration, the mechanic walked over, reached up and pushed the helicopter around in the air. Hiller then let it down the few feet to the ground at a deliberately controlled drop-speed of one foot per minute.

This helicopter was a ramjet, which perhaps calls for some explanation. Its jet engines, the pods at the rotor blade ends, are streamlined hollow tubes open at both ends and housing a combustion chamber. In the latter, the fuel is mixed with air—the air that *rams* in through the open-front end of the tube—ignited by electrodes and burned. It expands and ejects itself out the rear, making the jet thrust that turns the rotor blades.

In the ramjet's engine there are no moving parts. It has no carburetor and no ignition system. It is light, and can be removed from the rotor-blade tips in ten minutes with nothing but a screw driver. Yet these two jets will fly the helicopter's own weight, plus a pilot, passenger, and 300 pounds of baggage.

Equally eye-opening in performance was another jet helicopter which first flew at Torrance, California, last September. This was the "Buck Private," made by American Helicopter Inc. of Manhattan Beach, which weighed only three hundred pounds. It was collapsible, was stowed in a box 5 feet by 14 feet, taken off a jeep's trailer, and assembled on the road by two men in twenty minutes. Its test pilot pressed a button which started its jet engines at the tips of the rotor blades. An observer has reported what happened.

"Thirty seconds later it bounced five hun-



dred feet into the air with a roar. The pilot ran it up and down like a yo-yo on a string. He spiraled it. He swung it back and forth like a pendulum. He made hovering turns, flew with his hands off, ran it on one engine. Then at six hundred feet he killed the power and autogyrated down to earth slowly as a falling leaf."

This helicopter was powered with *pulse* jets, which is what the Nazi V-1 buzz bombs were. Its jet engine's combustion chamber had only one moving part, a flutter valve in front, where the air enters, which closes with each explosion. It uses no lubricants, and it can work on any low-grade fuel (even kerosene), which is fed to the engines through tubes along the leading edge of the rotor blades. And possibly most interesting: these pulse jets are cheap to make—only about one quarter the cost of helicopter piston engines.

**W**HY are these ramjet and pulsejet engines, to all appearances, so superior for helicopters? A key reason is: torque. With jets at the rotor-blade tips a helicopter has *no* torque. So the old problem of every helicopter ever made of counteracting that terrific counter spin is banished as if by magic. This means that no vertical tail rotors, no opposite-rotating horizontal rotors are necessary. Which means more power from the main rotor, less control machinery, less weight, less complicated construction.

Another advantage these jets have is their extreme lightness. A jet engine of the Hiller machine weighs only eleven pounds, whereas a piston engine for the same helicopter would probably weigh one hundred fifty to two hundred. Then, too, the jets are so simple mechanically. They require no driveshafts, no transmission gears, and since they have no more than one moving part, they eliminate all problem of vibration.

As a direct result of their simplicity they are cheap to make and to maintain. Hiller's ramjets are supposed to run 500 hours, then be replaceable for \$200. Maintenance of the pulsejets for the "Buck Private" is said to cost one quarter that of the maintenance of a conventional engine.

But the jets don't bring the helicopter unalloyed good. They have their drawbacks. At least at this stage of development they are terrible fuel hogs. They use three times and

up the amounts of conventional piston engines. And they are *very* noisy.

There is a somewhat quieter type of jet than these, however, which is the *rocket*; and this too is being used on a helicopter. This whirling-wing flying machine, nicknamed the "Pinwheel," has been developed under the aegis of the Office of Naval Research by still another California company, Rotor Craft Corporation. It is very small. In fact, it is basically merely a framework of light steel tubing, like a bicycle's, with a rotor above and a seat and footrest below. Tubing extending to the rear supports a small rudder. Another length extending down in front of the pilot carries the control stick and throttle. The fuel comes from a small tank behind the operator, whence it is fed to the rocket engines at the rotor-blade tips. The Office of Naval Research has not announced its fuel, but it is known that it came from the laboratory which developed supersonic fuel for fixed-wing planes. And since rockets supply their own fuel oxidizer, one can hazard a guess that these engines probably use a combination of alcohol and oxygen, or maybe liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen.

Since Navy is fathering this particular helicopter there is considerable security. However, Rotor Craft's president has given some details on its performance. He says that its engines are definitely quieter than other jets and that no flame issues from them. That it takes off faster than any other helicopter. That it will hover, and that it will windmill down without power. That it can carry one man and ninety pounds, and that the whole thing—rotor to footrest—itself weighs less than one hundred pounds.

This sounds as though here, if ever, is finally the personal flying machine. And very likely it is.

#### IV

**I**NEVITABLY these developments raise a number of questions. If the helicopter is to be tomorrow's most common flying machine (and it certainly looks more than likely) then there are a few things which you and I are going to want to know.

Foremost, probably, is: "How safe will they really be?"

Maybe the best evidential answer is in some



of the records. A CAB report on fifty-one accidents involving engine failure in the three years 1949-51 in fixed-wing planes reveals that at least one person was killed in almost 25 per cent of the cases. In the same period, in twenty-three parallel-type helicopter accidents, there were no fatalities. Another telling record is Korea. There helicopters have flown 400,000 hours without any serious accident. (One was lost, but due to enemy fire hitting its rotor blades.) At home, Los Angeles Airways in three years of operation has made 20,000 landings and takeoffs from the post-office roof without any accident.

And the future machines will undoubtedly be safer still. Of course, the engines, like any engines, will sometimes fail. But jet copters will have at least two engines, only one needed for flight. Moreover, it is really true that if all power fails, any helicopter can autorotate down to a safe landing.

Even over dangerous terrain? As forests? Even there, because the autorotation can be angled into a long glide to pick any small opening, lake shore, road or river bed. The area need be no more than the span of the rotor blades, about the width of a good-sized living room. And nowhere will it tail-spin. And no amount of wind can turn it over.

What about safety in bad weather? For one indication, the record in Korea. For another: Sabena Belgian Airlines has been operating mail-route helicopters for three years now, every day no matter what weather, using blind-flying instruments aloft and ground-control approach landings—with perfect safety. Even the hazard of icing rotor blades has now been conquered, apparently finally—by strips of neoprene rubber imbedded with electric heating wires along a third of the rotor blade.

In sum, unless tomorrow's helicopters actually break apart mechanically in flight (something almost unknown), there should be little danger associated with them. And should your automobile's front wheels fall off at 60 miles an hour, what then?

"I believe," Igor Sikorsky once observed, "that if chance had produced the helicopter for general use before the automobile was invented, people would recoil in dismay at the hazards of a Sunday drive on a modern highway in what would be to them a newfangled dangerous contraption."

**B**UT if there are flying-flivver helicopters tomorrow, what will they probably cost? Stanley Hiller claims he could sell his jet Hiller Hornet now, if permitted by the military, for less than \$5,000. Other manufacturers claim mass production would inevitably drop the prices much lower—maybe to \$3,500. Machines like the "Buck Private" and the "Pinwheel" would certainly cost even less. A General Electric aeronautical engineer declared three years ago that eventually the ram-jet engine, because it was so inexpensive to make, would probably "put the helicopter within the financial reach of the average American family."

Would such a helicopter cost much to operate and maintain? Light fixed-wing planes get twenty-five to thirty miles on a gallon of high octane gasoline. Small jet helicopters, using cheaper fuel, have made eight to ten miles per gallon. And if a flying machine can get ten, it has been pointed out, that is as economical as eighteen to twenty in an automobile, because the aircraft has no stop-and-go traffic and no winding roads, but flies *straight* to its destination.

Your automobile has a greater number of parts than tomorrow's helicopter will have; so the latter will have less to keep in repair. A car is supposed to be greased every thousand miles; the new helicopters, according to Igor Sikorsky, will need such service only every five thousand. One helicopter authority says they should go "several scores of thousands of miles without a major overhaul."

But will they be difficult to learn to fly? And how difficult, after one learns, to operate? Comparisons with light planes and your automobile are inevitable. Before the jets appeared, the whirling-wing machines were more difficult than both. "Let go of the main stick," a helicopter pilot once remarked, "and you were flopping all over the sky." But tomorrow's copters will be like Hiller's machine which one passenger the first time up piloted himself, and which, in the aviation phrase, "stays in any attitude" with your hands off. Its instrument panel has fewer instruments than does the average car. And whereas the automobile requires use of both feet, this type of helicopter is operated by the hands alone. In addition, future copters can be flown by automatic pilot. A Piasecki XHJP-1 over a year ago was flown from a spot in Pennsylvania to



Washington on autopilot and *landed* without a finger on the controls.

How much speed, and how much noise? Here are two weaknesses. Some engineers think that the whirling-wing ships have a speed ceiling of 150 miles an hour, beyond which excessive horsepower expenditure would be required. The larger copters, carrying seven, already make 120. The small jet jobs are doing 85 to 90 now. It is a question as to how much speed "family flying" would demand.

And the noise, especially from the jets, is to be a problem. They are currently too loud to be used in suburban areas. The quietest has been described as "a muffled locomotive." But engineers recall early automobiles, and think that effective mufflers for jets will be eventually devised.

How big will future helicopters be? Today's larger ones regularly carry about ten people. (A Sikorsky has taken eighteen.) One now in the building stage will carry forty. The British have one in design which will have a six-blade rotor, a fifteen-ton payload, and carry one hundred troops.

**A**SSUME that helicopters by the tens of thousands do become a reality, how will they all, probably, most affect our lives? Very likely about the way the motor car did: in where we live and the way we go places.

The Port of New York Authority believes that about the greatest effect will be in the short-haul transportation field—in and around cities, and from 45 to 175 miles out. This, some civic planning experts believe, will decentralize the metropolises, cause a shift of population to rural areas. "Suburbs" will be able to be 150 miles out in the country, with commuting feasible.

And with problems of private flying weekend traffic? Not very worrisome ones. Special

air channels for helicopters will be necessary (they will get the lower levels—1,500 feet), and, around the cities particularly, special air stops. The Port of New York Authority is already planning them. But anything like the highway congestion of autos will never occur. Getting out of a busy helicopter landing area one may sometimes have to wait a while for one's turn, but that's all.

Finally, will such helicopters give us the last stage, the ultimate evolution of the flying machine? They won't—because beyond is the convertiplane. This the helicopter is evolving into; and it will be a flying machine combining all a helicopter's safety, control, and vertical-flight ability with the high speeds of conventional aircraft. Rotors will lift these machines straight up, then convert in midair—that is, change to being a fixed-wing plane. The rotor blades will become fixed wings. Or they will be stepped aft like a dorsal fin. Or collapse into the rotor hub like a folding drinking cup. After which, regular propeller or jet engines will take over for forward flight. Or the rotors will be on the wing tips, and after vertically lifting the plane, will swivel for action into vertical propeller position.

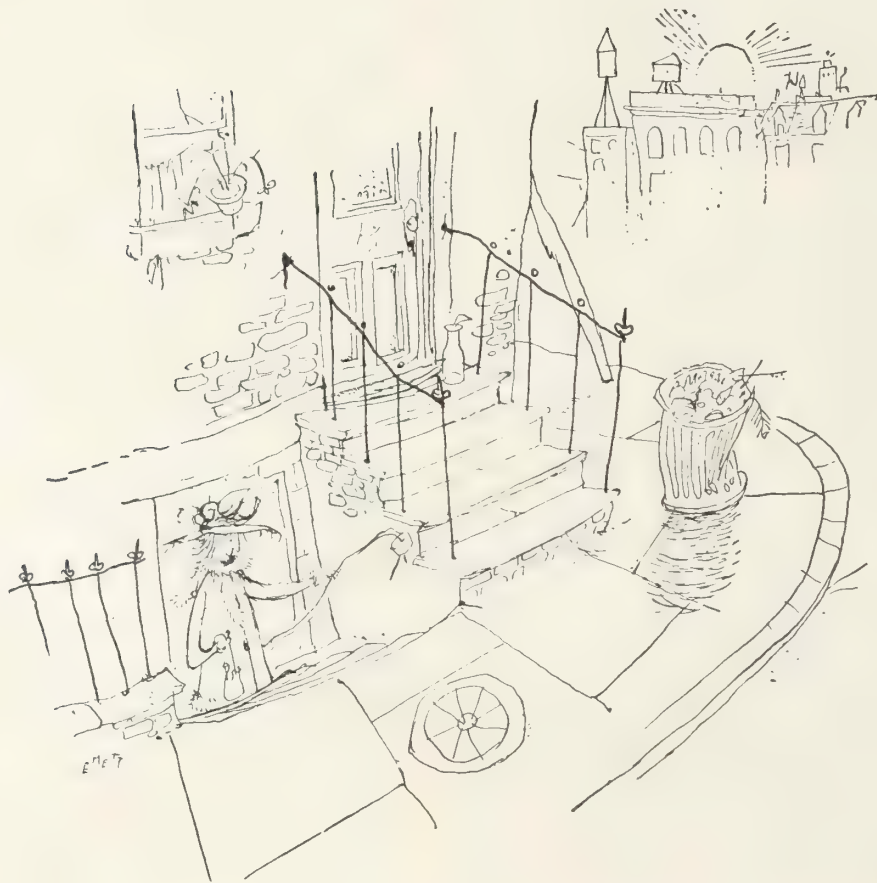
Such a combination (the "heliplane" or "planicopter," as it is termed) is no mere dream. One was tried and worked successfully as long as fifteen years ago in Philadelphia. And only recently the Air Force issued contracts, after a design competition among seventeen manufacturers, to three helicopter companies (Bell, Sikorsky, and McDonnell) to build three different types of convertiplanes.

Prototypes of these "hermaphroditic helicopters," as someone has called them, are expected to be completed some time next year. Probably then the helicopter and the helicopter flight principle will have finally come to the end of the road. No doubt Archimedes and Leonardo da Vinci would be surprised at the result.



# *One for the Collection*

A Story by Elizabeth Enright



**W**HEN I came up the basement steps I saw that it was going to be a fine day. I never know what the weather is till I come out, and I was glad to see it fine. The sun was still down low someplace but it was there, all right; the sky above the buildings was all lighted up with it. It was dead still, too; Sunday morning and the streets were empty; I felt as if I had the whole city to myself and I knew the park would be as empty as the streets and I could get on with my collecting undisturbed.

When I was young I never believed them when they said old age could be a pleasure. Never. At that I guess they didn't have in mind my kind of old age: their thoughts probably ran more to ideas of resignation or religion or taking things easy on the west coast of Florida; they surely didn't mean anything about living alone in a cellar room and prowling the city like a cat that has no owner. That wouldn't sound like happiness to anybody, it wouldn't have sounded like it to me. Yet now I am happy as I never was

*Drawings by Rowland Emmett*



before; or maybe happy isn't just the right word.

It's more that I'm not bothered; and the reason I'm not bothered is that I have let go. I've let go of every single thing, just about, and I don't believe there are many people who can do that, either. But I have done it.

You can't be happy much when you are young because there's so much love to bother you, different kinds, and with the love there's so much hate, and between the two of them there's pain, and you're pulled all this way and that way with feelings you don't know how to boss, or even understand. Then there are all the other things to fuss about, like having the children nicely dressed, and worrying when the wrinkles begin, and trying to keep money in the bank; oh, I tell you, I would not be young again for all the world! I don't want any of it back. My husband is dead, my children are grown and gone, I never see them. I've let them go. They wouldn't want me either if they saw me now. It's better this way; I'm free as a cat, I come and go, and no one interferes with my collecting. No one cares whether I wear my teeth or not, so I never wear them. They stay home where they belong in a tumbler of water, and they don't bother me.

WELL, as I say, it was a lovely morning. It had rained hard the afternoon before; the metal trash basket on the corner had a broken-boned umbrella in it, but I had enough of those at home. I don't trouble much with the trash baskets on Sunday, anyway; too many empty bottles in them with not a drop left to encourage you.

No, the park was what I had my mind set on; and when I turned the corner there it was, like a piece of woods lifted out of the country and set down by magic in these streets. That's the way it always looks on early mornings in the spring. The leaves are so soft and clean still, and nobody is there.

Well, of course it just seems that way; in a park there's always *somebody*, and now as I crossed the street and entered it I saw the first person: a drunk left over from the night before lying on a bench, dead to the world.

I looked at him and thought once someone taught him how to walk and washed his face for him; he was new and valuable once.

"You get a good sleep," I said as I went by.

"Enjoy your dreams, now, because when you wake up it won't be so rosy."

The next one I saw was Oley. When it's early like that Oley doesn't mind passing the time of day with me. Later when there are people around he won't, because I don't look respectable enough. I know that; I don't mind it. Vanity is something else I have let go of. When my mirror fell off the shelf and broke I threw it away and never got another. I haven't taken a good look at my face in years, and I guess it's just as well.

Oley was bumblin his big park barrow along the walk; his broom and rake were sticking out of it like a spoon and fork, and when he saw me he stopped.

"Hello, Ivy."

"Nice day," I said.

"Well, I don't know would I call it so nice," Oley said. "That rain and wind we had yesterday afternoon, look at all them twigs it's knocked down; it'll take the whole damn day to get 'em cleaned up and my back's been givin me trouble again—"

"Too bad," I said.

"—and I don't get no relief on Sundays, the other guy don't come at all, well, I told the fella if I don't get no relief on Sundays this year I'm goina take it up with City Hall or else I'm goina quit—"

"Oh, don't do that," I said.

"—and get me some other kinda job. I feel like quittin anyways, day in day out pickin up these damn twigs and these people's damn newspapers that they don't never put 'em in them waste containers like they oughta—"

"I guess it's disheartening," I said.

"—and walkin in dog messes all day long. Why don't they curb their dogs like they oughta? Let the street fellas take care of it. Why do they all hafta have dogs, anyways? They didn't use to have all these damn dogs when I was young."

Oley is always beefing. His conversation is like one long groan cut up into words. It's a pleasure to listen to anything so consistent.

"And take these kids today," he was saying. "Fresh! My God, I wonder what kinda mothers they got! Two of 'em there was one day, girls they was, these teen-agers up in one of the trees, they was! 'Hey you get down offa there,' I says. 'The park commissioner don't like for nobody to be climbin these trees,' I says. And they just sat there, kickin their



legs. 'Come up and get us,' they says. 'Go hire a helicopter and come up and get us,' and they kept on laughin and screamin like a couple of fire engine sirens. Fresh! 'I wonder what kinda mothers you got!' I says to them. 'I'll call a cop,' I says."

"And did you?"

"Did I! Listen. Them cops they're never there when you need 'em. They're there day-times to tell little kids to get off the grass and big kids not to throw no balls and stuff like that. But if there's a fight in the night or a purse taken or something like these fresh teenagers, then where are they? No place. I never seen one when I needed him."

Grievance inhabits Oley like a tapeworm. I always heard it said of a tapeworm that unless you got its head you'd never be rid of it. But if you tried to get to the head of Oley's grievance you'd have to go so far back into his life and times that when you got hold of it you'd not only be rid of the grievance, you'd be rid of Oley.

I broke in on him finally. "It's a good day to hunt for things," I said. "The way the rain's washed off the top dust."

Oley picked up the handles of the barrow. "Okay, hop to it, Ivy. Help yourself. Let me know if you strike uranium." He gave me that look, that smile, that tells you you're a fool, or crazy. I've seen it often these last years. Sometimes there's a little kindness in it; there is in Oley's. Extract the kindness, I say, and never mind the rest.

I'M NOT the only queer one in this park. What about those old men who, rain or shine, come out three times a day to feed the pigeons? And while we're on the subject why is it only men that feed the pigeons? If women feed birds they tend to feed sparrows; I've often noticed it. And what about the woman who comes out early mornings with a dog that might be the oldest dog in the world? He's so old that he no longer looks like a dog but more like a queer little piece of furniture; his legs move just the way the legs of a table or chair would move if they could. His owner never speaks to anybody, just to him. "Are you cold, darling? Tell me. Should we have brought your little coat, dearest?" I think that animal keeps himself alive long beyond his span because he doesn't dare to die; what would become of

her? And there's another lady, maybe my age, all tucked out in veils and ribbons, with a big bruise of rouge on each cheek, who comes into the park one step at a time on her high heels; one step at a time, so carefully and fearfully, as if she were walking a tightrope; and so she is, the very narrow tightrope of her balance, because she has not drawn a sober breath in years. Yes, and there's a little skinny fellow that flits along the paths sometimes, stopping now and then to scribble something on the walk with colored chalk. He looks so worried and hasty that you'd think he'd written something bad, but when you go to see you find that it says: "Jesus Saves." But he himself does not look saved. One who looks more saved than he is the fat man who brings a French horn with him on summer days and sits in the sun with the sweat standing out in sparkles on his bald head. He blows out his big purple cheeks and the horn baas noises like an operatic ram. There's never anyone around him but the children; nearby benches clear as soon as he sits down, but he doesn't care. That's the thing these people have in common: they don't care. They do what they want to do even if it's not a usual thing.

Now in my case I like to hunt for things, objects other people would not want: lost combs and keys and buttons and odd mittens, false pearls from broken strings, and bits of china if the pattern's pretty. Trash you would say, but never trash to me. The things I find are all surprises, presents given me because I'm watchful, and each has meaning for me though I can't explain it. It's as though they were signs or promises; clues left along the way to guide me. Sometimes I discover objects of a little value; dimes and pennies, once a dollar bill; a very old glass marble with a tiny horse inside, and two good fountain pens, and a camera, and a rosary with a silver cross. If it's something that will bring a few dollars I may sell it, but I'm just as pleased if it isn't worth a cent. It's a peculiar occupation, I will admit it's peculiar; but I am happy in my search. And it's healthy; it keeps me out of doors.

THIS particular morning, the one I'm talking about, was like many another, though prettier than most, it being May. There was a locust tree in flower, sweeter than perfume, and it kept dropping





*I'm not the only queer one in this park.*

these little bonnet-shaped flowers onto the walk. There were dandelions in the grass, and some real country birds, on their way to someplace else, were up in the trees, singing. They made the pigeons and sparrows look like creatures that haven't had any education or advantages; even the stray blue jays seemed better off.

At first I didn't find much: a few marbles, there are always marbles in the spring, a handkerchief with the name Florence printed all over it, a nice long piece of string. The sun began to get into the park, now; the woman and the old dog made their appearance. They crawled along together, the two of them. "Look, darling, what a lovely day," she said. "Would you like to run a little on the grass?" As if he could run, poor thing; it's all he can do to lift his leg.

After they had gone the other dog owners

began to come out, yawning and dawdling; one girl still walking in her sleep, almost, and wearing a nightgown under her coat.

When Angelo came, around nine, I stopped a while to talk to him. He's the nicest of the shoe-shiners, I know them all. He used to polish my shoes for nothing when I wore real shoes; but for a long time now I've favored these boy's sneakers with good thick rubber soles. They make softer walking.

Angelo said, "Shine?" anyway. That's his greeting, no matter if you're barefoot.

"Good morning, Angelo," I said. "How's your wife today?"

"Ah, she don' feela so good. Pain alla time. Pain leg, pain back, pain head. I don' know."

"Poor soul."

"Well, watcha goina do? Get old. Pain."

"Not you though."

"Me? Naw! No gotta time."



"Me either." We laughed together. Angelo has all his teeth; his original ones, as sound as when he was a boy in Sicily. His cheeks are like old leather, cured by the sun. He can't read or write, he blows his nose onto the air, he spends his days bowed over the dirty shoes of his inferiors, but he is a brave, tranquil man; he seems to know what he is here for.

I went on with my hunting. I crossed over onto the center grassplot, the largest one, where there are shrubs and cherry trees set out, and I was lucky. I found a broken string of beads; glass, with little cracked up lights inside of them so that they looked like opals in the sun. Beautiful! I found a plastic Indian to give to some child on my block, and a torn scrap from a letter that said: "Sincerest regards, Irving." I did not put that into my collecting bag but into my pocket; as sort of a lucky piece. As though those sincere regards were really meant for me. I felt they were.

**A**FTER a while I went to the diner near the Avenue to get a container of coffee. That's what I generally do if it's nice. Then I bring it back and sip it in the sun and dip a hard Italian roll into it till it gets soft. Chewing is a lost art as far as I'm concerned. Not mourned, either.

While I was sitting there eating my breakfast, Concetta Sanfillippo came by; she always comes on Sunday mornings pulling a child's express wagon that squawks with rust. She collects the Sunday papers that people leave around, I don't know why she does, I guess you'd say she was another of the queer ones. She's a skinny little old thing, more like an insect than a human. She talks to me in Italian and I talk to her in English and neither of us understands a word the other's saying, but we seem to be friends; at least what I say is friendly. That day we shouted and grinned as usual and Concetta went her way, and I sat on for a while and then went mine.

By now the children were in the park. No longer upholstered in snow suits, they were free at last. They ran and sprang and squirted drinking-fountain water at each other. They bounced their balls and smacked the air with jump ropes. I love to see the children; I love to hear them. I can appreciate them now without concern, the way I'd appreciate the daisies in a field, but I don't talk to them; I might frighten them. I never frighten the

babies, though; they sit in their buggies and glance at me or stare and sometimes smile, too young to have opinions about age or clothes. Right now they are exactly what they seem to be and nothing else; they haven't yet pretended anything.

It's different with their mothers. When I go by a bench full of them the conversation stops as if a hearse had passed, and when it begins again, in a second, it's low and full of laughs and exclamation points. I don't resent those young women or their laughing. They don't understand yet about letting go; they're at the time of life when more and more is being given them, including trouble.

Now and then, since it was Sunday morning and early still, the drunks would wander in and out amongst the playing children on their way to somewhere else, maybe they didn't even know where. They looked as if they were made out of some different kind of material from the children. There's a brotherly resemblance, always, between those run-down men: their eyes seem puzzled and faded, and all their faces are a scalded red, as if sometime or other they'd gotten such a whiff of hell that they'd been scorched. They never linger in this part of the park; if they settle at all it's at the South end, where they roost along the benches like a row of torn old poultry.

I kept on searching for a good while, poking among the bushes with my stick; but I didn't dredge up much. Around eleven everything was bells; church bells from St. Michael's and Heavenly Host and Our Lady of Taormina, and other bells on the ice-cream wagons and toys. The air was all shaking and breaking with these sounds, it was like a great big fair or celebration. I don't often stay so late on Sundays; the place gets crowded and the hunting's no good then, but this was such a fine, lively day that I kept going.

**N**ow over to the north side of the park, up on a high pedestal, there's a statue of some general or other. I never can recall his name, or which war it was that he enjoyed, though I see him almost daily. He's walking forward, supposed to be, with the wind blowing back a corner of his big stone coat and showing a military-looking thigh and knee. He's got white epaulettes of pigeon droppings, a fancy hat, and big mustache that points both east and west; he looks like



an important, foolish man. I sometimes use his shade to sit in, but that's only in the late afternoon when it's grown long enough, because you can't get very close to him; he's got a plot of ground around him and a little fence. Every summer they plant flowers in the plot, and this time it was pansies. (I wonder how he'd like that, pansies all around him?) Ah, but they're lovely flowers with their bad-tempered little faces and their fine, rich colors. I bent over them to look closer and to breathe that queer half-bitter smell they have, and I guess it was the smell of them that brought to me the memory of my Grandma's pansy bed. For all of a sudden I saw it in my mind, and the green grass around it, and myself down on my knees picking a bouquet; I was eight years old, about, wearing a white dress, and I could see my blue bead bracelet and my two long yellow plaits, and I knew that, like the drunks, I was made out of some other material from what I am now. . . . That's the one thing you can't let go of altogether—memory of the past. You think you've kicked it off the premises and then suddenly, because of some sound or sight or smell, it's back beside you in prime condition, to give you a pinch that hurts.

So as I was bending over, staring and remembering, the sun struck a sparkle from something lying deep among the pansy plants. I reached my hand down between them and what I picked up was a brooch about the size of a silver dollar, and caked with earth though it was I could tell that this was something valuable, not a toy or trash.

When I took it to the drinking fountain to wash it off I had to wait. The children were three deep around the place; you know how they are about water. The bigger ones were yelling for turns and pushing each other off the step, while the little ones, knowing their place, watched and waited. All of them were wet; their sleeves soaked to the elbows, their overalls covered with splash patches, and their faces, right up to the eyebrows, were dripping and shining. Every now and then a mother or nurse would run up and grab one and start scolding; but when the children noticed me beside them they gradually seeped away of their own accord. I suppose they thought I was a witch.

My hands were shaking as I held the brooch under the cold water, and then I dried it on

my dress and took it off away from everyone to look at it. It was real, all right. It was like a little dish made out of diamonds and in the middle of it, green as a go-light, there was an emerald. I knew it was an emerald, though I had never looked at one before without a wall of glass between it and me.

As I turned it on my palm big stabs of light came out of it. It was worth thousands of dollars, I could tell that; not hundreds but thousands, though I could not guess how many. I had never held such a thing in my hand before, and as if its wealth might burn me, I dropped it into my bag.

I heard Concetta's wagon skrawking by and called to her. "Hey, Concetta," I said. "Lend me a paper for a second, will you?" She had a load of them by now and when I explained what I wanted by doing kind of a dance with my head and hands she gave me a big helping of the *Sunday Times*.

It took me a while to find the Lost and Found column. I wonder why they call it Lost and Found, when it's all made up of Losts with never the mention of a Found? That day it was the same: a collection of laments and promises concerning everything from diamond bracelets to dogs answering to the name of Joe; but no one in all the city seemed to have mislaid a brooch. I guess it had been lost too long, or maybe it had come to town with the pansy plants; who knows?

"Okay, Concetta, thanks a lot," I said. "Grazia tante. Danke schoen."

After she had gone I reached in my collecting bag and brought out everything I'd found that morning. I put it all on the grass beside me; handkerchief and beads and brooch.

I saw that the toys were toys and nothing else, and the beads no longer looked like opals; they looked like rubbish. Crazy stuff to keep.

I PICKED up the brooch and watched its fiery lights and changes, and beneath what I was really seeing I could see myself with money in my hand; a lot of money, not just the little pension check that keeps me going. And what would I do with that money once I had it, I wondered. Well, I'm a woman; with cash in the bank there's no doubt that I'd think I needed a new dress, a coat. And then new shoes; and then I'd think I had to wear my teeth; learn how to make my peace



with them all over again. And then I'd probably buy a looking glass and wash my face each day. I would remember about vanity and after that I would remember about pride.

It would follow then that I would want to show myself, respectable, to my children; I would meet the grandchildren I've never seen, and then of course I would remember about love. And once I remembered that and picked it up again I would be helpless. . . . And beyond these things, beyond all these things, I could see to the last chapter of my life: the clean quiet home and the other old women; all of us eating food prepared by dieticians, each of us boasting of a completed past, embroidered and trimmed up for competition. . . .

Oley's barrow, now full of twigs, stood neglected on the walk. Oley himself had crossed the grass plot to have a talk with Angelo. He had his rake in one hand; with the other he was making circles in the air, and I knew that each circle described a grievance. I walked over to the barrow and as I passed it by I hung the brooch upon a twig. The light struck dazzles from it, Oley could not miss it; he would only wonder how he'd ever overlooked it in the first place. . . .

Let him figure out a way to beef about this one, I said to myself; and because I knew, sure as shooting, sure as death and taxes and the rising sun, that he would somehow figure out a way, I got to laughing and laughed the whole way home. I felt comfortable again and happy. I wasn't bothered.



*Oley could not miss it.*



# Notebook on Black Africa

*Eric Larrabee*

*During the autumn of 1952, I spent three months in Africa as a member of a four-man team, sent by the Carnegie Corporation of New York to make a general tour of observation in the belief that American interest in Africa might usefully be increased. This team, the third of its kind, was headed by Kingsley Davis, professor of sociology at Columbia University, and also included William A. Hance, professor of economic geography at Columbia, and Sanford Mosk, professor of economics at the University of California. The informal notes which follow are personal and involve in responsibility neither my companions nor our sponsor. They will be followed next month by a second installment, dealing with western territories: the Cameroons, Nigeria, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, and Senegal.—E. L.*

TODAY IT IS COMMONPLACE TO SAY THAT the continent of Africa is in ferment, and to list Morocco, Kenya, and the Union of South Africa as proofs. Since our itinerary was deliberately planned not to include these places I am unable to estimate how hot and seething they truly are. We were assigned a different area to cover, the vast semicircle of west and central Africa from the Rhodesias to Dakar, the heartland of the dark continent which the French call *l'Afrique Noire*, Black Africa. If our impressions were correct, and if comparisons with published accounts of the other areas are fair, then rioting and anti-white demonstrations are hardly typical of the continent as a whole. Along our route the characteristic feature of the trouble spots—heavy, entrenched European colonization—was largely absent. The question we most frequently encountered was not whether the African should be allowed to emerge into the twentieth century, but how he could best be helped to do so and, most of all, how fast? Our answer, if we had tried to agree on one, would probably have been—faster than nearly anyone in Africa thinks.

The ground had first appeared flat and brown, striped with vegetation only in the draws, but as the sun rose and we came lower it appeared everywhere speckled with green: not desert but a dry plain of straggly trees and brush. The Nile, a silver ribbon, bent in from the left—and soon there were huts along it, by small patches of riverside cultivation.

Temporarily, or for as many years as it will take to build a proper airport, Khartoum is using a former American field a dozen miles out of the city. We had been needling an Englishman in the plane about this the night before, for at Cairo the field is American too, and there had ensued a lively conversation: he playing the self-assured old Africa hand, we the uneasy but skeptical newcomers. He had scored on points.

The airline buildings looked primitive (a week later they seemed quite reasonable). Our visas, long promised to be awaiting us here, had never been heard of, and we waited while a smilingly vague Sudanese clerk—on what appeared to be his own authority—stamped our passports with permission to enter the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan for seven days. Meanwhile we ate breakfast in the shack-like structure that served as a restaurant, where Sudanese waiters in long, dirty

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THE BOAC HERMES FROM ROME AND CAIRO put down at Khartoum in the early morning.



cotton gowns were passing about plates of greasy eggs of indeterminate origin and pitchers of lukewarm lemonade. It was getting hot, flies buzzed in the air, and there was a constant babble and clatter.

This was our first experience with a phenomenon we later realized was universal: in lands where the literary inheritance has been traditionally oral people seldom stop talking, and into their talk go tireless energies that we reserve for other, and often quieter, activities.

Here was the Englishman again. His collar was off, his jacket flung over his shoulder, and his face streaked with sweat. All of his aplomb of the evening before had disappeared. "You are now, gentlemen," he greeted us, "in the country of *noise*."

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AN AMERICAN IS LIKELY TO FEEL THAT HE makes the worst visitor to Africa. Too many Europeans are waiting for him for a chance to deliver a lecture. They know in advance what to expect, and they don't like it. I doubt if there is a single European south of the Mediterranean who does not have a perfectly clear image in his mind of what American public opinion about Africa is, though he may never have met more than half a dozen Americans or read one American newspaper. Everyone knows what we think: Americans are anti-colonial. After a while it begins to dawn on you that those who deal with colonialism are using America as a locus for their own doubts. Their worries, hesitations, and secret fears have been set aside in one corner of their minds and labeled "American public opinion." The blast of defensive self-justification they greet you with, contrary to appearances, is an interior dialogue that would be going on even if you did not exist—is, in fact, a compulsive topic of European conversation from one end of Africa to the other.

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WE STARTED OUT, AS I SUSPECT MANY AMERICANS might today, more disposed in favor of colonialism than against it. We were interested in industry, in urbanism, in statistics—that is, in the manageable kind of evidence of social and economic change that colonies produce in order to operate realistically. We had, as far as one could see, a minimum of racial antagonisms one way or another, or of

preconceptions about the good will, intelligence, or efficiency of either Africans or their European administrators. A common interest in the industrialization of undeveloped areas had brought us together, and none of us believed it could be had for free. We were prepared to suppose, and I think still do suppose, that colonial authority for by far the most part tries to do what it thinks right—and that the large majority of the subordinates on the spot try to do what they think right—for the African. We had no ulterior motives, we were not reporting to anybody (not even to the foundation that was paying our expenses), and we were not trying to line up the Coca-Cola concession. But we still had to listen to the lecture.

This is the price we pay for being late-comers to the game. Americans have just begun to discover the obligations of powerful nations to the less powerful, to discover that colonialism might have something to be said for it, to discover—as far as that goes—Africa itself. Since the war we have been engaged in a revival of missionary enthusiasm, subtly transferred from spiritual to material motives, which can be summed up under the general heading: Point IV. We want to send out our technical emissaries to raise standards of living, lower death rates, increase productivity, and mechanize the less fortunate into an approximate facsimile of ourselves—no matter who, no matter where, just because we think it is a good idea. The European powers, for undoubtedly a more definite purpose, have long been of the opinion that it would be a good idea for Africa. In their several ways, if rarely with equal vigor or success, they have been trying to wipe out disease, to build roads, to spread education, to save the soil, to organize political institutions, to raise agricultural production, and to create viable industries on the African continent. They do not think of "development" as a new idea, and the brash enthusiasm of Americans who have just discovered it does not appeal to them.

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WE BEGAN BY APOLOGIZING FOR THE SHORT amount of time we were able to spend in any one place. It was always the gambit we had to meet: "What? You're only staying here *x* days! Why, it's impossible to understand



what goes on here in less than a year." We tried every approach we could think of—the weaseling: "We wanted to spend a longer time but the terms of our grant don't permit it"; the deflative: "We had to choose between staying longer here or going to X——, and of course you wouldn't want us to miss X——"; the humorous: "We're spending three days in Africa and going home to write a book called *Africa: Today, Yesterday, and Tomorrow*"—but none of them stopped the flood of protest. Finally I felt like saying, "Look, can you tell us in just a few words why this crummy joint is worth more than three days of our time?" But I only had the nerve to come anywhere near this once, in Southern Rhodesia, where a district officer and his assistant were giving us an unusually heavy treatment of "What? You're only . . . etc." Since we were here for only a few days, I said, could they perhaps tell us a few of the things that would be most rewarding to see? There was a long silence, and then the assistant began to talk very fast to dig his boss out. It was very embarrassing, and I never tried it again.

SINCE THE AIR AGE HAS COME TO AFRICA IT IS not hard to get around, at least on the beaten track of colonizers and sight-seers. We made all the large hops by airplane and rarely regretted it, since they made possible a wider coverage of the ground than would have been conceivable even a decade ago. One flight of over a thousand miles in the new British jet transport, the Comet, took us over Lake Victoria and Lake Tanganyika at five hundred miles an hour and an altitude of 36,000 feet—incomprehensibly high and fast except at the extraordinary moments when the clouds cleared and we could look breathtakingly down.

From the air Africa is green and lovely to the eye. Hemingway took the best phrase for his title—the green hills. The continent rolls away under you, typically the park-like country of alternating trees and grasslands that is called savanna. There is rain forest in the Congo basin and along the West African coast, but if any one countryside had to stand for Black Africa it should not be the "jungle" but this gently undulating green savanna that stretches away indefinitely into the distance.

OVER AFRICA THE SKY IS LARGE. ACROSS IT move the thunderheads of the tropical storms, stately masses of cloud on a flat base, the rain slanting back beneath them in long streamers and the lightning flashing within as they go their majestic way. As we drove back to Khartoum across the plain between the Blue and White Niles, country so flat that half-meter contours are sometimes several miles apart, there were three storms around us at once. We were following the canals of the Gezira irrigation project, since properly speaking there is no road, and we feared the rain would turn the surface of the ground into impassable mud (as it very nearly did). We could see one storm cross the canals ahead of us and then pass between us and the sun, which was soon to set with a curtain of rain falling in front of it. Another was meanwhile coming at us from the east, roiling and dark and spitting thunder, and to the north was still another. If only we could have taken the purely aesthetic view, without worrying whether we would ever see Khartoum again, it would have been a scene of undiluted splendor and magnificence.

## II

THE TWO MAIN INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN Rhodesian newspapers turned out to be politics and the ruins of Great Zimbabwe. The latter is the only archaeological site of respectable size in the southern part of the continent. It is Southern Rhodesia's most famous tourist attraction, and the national insignia is taken from the design of a soapstone stele found at Zimbabwe. No one knows who built this kraal-like fortress, or exactly when, but the results of a carbon 14 test on it were published while we were in Rhodesia. They seemed to confirm the views of modern archaeologists that the days of Zimbabwe's greatness fall in the medieval period, between the tenth and fourteenth centuries, but there were still arguments about this in the press. Why all the excitement? Well, the more recent Zimbabwe's date, the larger the possibility that it might have been built by black men, a conclusion many Rhodesians resist. They would prefer Zimbabwe to have been the outpost of an Arab or Phoenician empire,



the guardian city of the ancient gold workings nearby—or, if necessary, the capital of the land of Ophir where King Solomon (as every movie-goer knows) once had some mines.

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ONE OF THE HOTELS IN THE NORTHERN RHODESIAN Copperbelt was even less attractive than we had been warned it was, an incompetent operation from top to bottom. The lady who ran the main desk in the mornings had terrified the African boys who worked for her into a state of inextricable confusion. She would send them off on ill-defined errands and then scream, "He hasn't a *clue*, he hasn't a ruddy clue!" at the top of her voice. Unfortunately African society has been so constituted that it can tolerate and protect white worthlessness, even when such a contaminating neurotic as this vessel of bilious wrath spills over at the edges and poisons the air with venom and frustration. No one answered her a word.

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MANY EUROPEANS RESENT THE IDEA OF AN African making any money. We encountered this first in the Sudan, where the Gezira cotton scheme has had several good seasons, both for weather and the international market, and millions of pounds have poured into the hands of Sudanese farmers. We were told that at the Gezira's main town, Wad Medani (the place where Premier Naguib of Egypt grew up, incidentally), we would see little evidence of it, that money was "just there," either hoarded or wasted. "It's found its way into the merchants' pockets," said one Englishman, "as everything else does in this country." Another had been told that "a great deal of money has gone underground, literally." In Northern Rhodesia similar views were held of the affluent Africans who have been able to buy land to grow corn along the railroad line from Lusaka to Livingstone, and were "working it with *tractors*!" Several officials expressed their concern over the growth "of a sort of landed gentry among Africans."

These attitudes, with their obvious internal contradictions, are the outgrowth of uneasiness. The European is worried not to be able to predict the African use of money in European terms. The European whose job it is to push Africa willy-nilly into the modern

world is frustrated at being unable to employ the drives and incentives that pertain elsewhere in the West. "Africans just won't save money," he says. "It flows through their hands like water." Underneath awareness of this phenomenon is the even more disturbing knowledge that Africa cannot be developed without African co-operation. Often it was put this bluntly: "We need them but they don't need us." Or, a statement made repeatedly: "Our problem is the creation of needs." It was an economist in the French Cameroons who explained this relationship to us most coherently. To understand the African's idea of modern money, he said, you must appreciate that he has been introduced to it by the European and regards it as appropriate for European purchases. Necessities are not something you buy. You can always live with your family, and as for food—well, the earth provides. Why knock yourself out working for the things you need? Money is for brightly-colored shirts, and bicycles, and sewing machines, and imported beer, and portable phonographs.

Of course there are other reasons why Africans should not want to save in European banks—native custom, for example, allows them much higher rates of interest on simple loans to their friends—and other reasons why they should like to spend money on gewgaws and superfluous gadgetry. But to the European the pattern seems everywhere the same. He observes that among city Africans the only thing better than a bicycle with a rear-view mirror is a bicycle with *two* rear-view mirrors, and he concludes that the African is a spendthrift. It does not please him to realize that such frivolity is made possible by community traditions and the endlessly productive soil, for that thought leads to the dark suspicion—horrible to entertain—that this continent and its inhabitants are irreconcilably disposed against him. He tells you that these people have to learn "responsibility"—that he had a clerk who worked for him for three years, sitting there every day in his jacket and tie, and then one day chucked it all over and took off into the bush, shed the veneer of civilization, and lived on bananas. He tells you that they have only been civilized skin-deep, which is another way of saying that the Western neuroses are not always easy to teach.

We ran into one Englishman who had pro-



jected all these unhappy feelings onto a single plant, the manioc, the tuber with the large starchy root that serves as a staple in African diet. He was the director of a cocoa research station, and nearby he had set up a model town for his African assistants, neat little gray houses on a winding road. As he drove us through it he observed that the people who lived there still had their old habits, and that all the yards were full of manioc, with its slim tree-stalks and their waving, leafy tops. Here he had gone to the trouble to provide "his" Africans with everything they needed, and still they insisted on crowding every foot of their lots with this visible evidence of their lack of reliance on his efforts. "Look at that!" he said. "You just poke a stick in the ground and it grows!" The very thought was shocking and repulsive to him.

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THE MAN WHO RAN A COPPERBELT MINE AND smelter explained to us the new system they were trying. Traditionally African labor has been provided with food and clothing, but in the effort to introduce a money economy some companies are experimenting with payment in cash. Old colonial doctrine holds that this won't work. "It's been proved," the mine superintendent said, "that they've got to have a sense of responsibility." He claimed to have seen figures from South Africa, showing that after two years of leaving African workers on their own, with their own money, malnutrition among their children had increased 75 per cent, admissions to hospitals had increased five-fold, and so on. Nonetheless his company had singled out eight hundred "responsibles" from their 3,800 African workmen for cash payment, and statistics were being kept on their own health and that of their families. "Our African friends are pushing us," he said. "Undoubtedly it's got to come, there's no question of it."

By Rhodesian standards, his attitude toward the African was highly sympathetic. He said that his greatest regret, after thirty years in Africa, was that he had taken the advice given him when he came, not to try to learn the languages, since there are so many of them, but to use the pidgin form called Kitchen Kaffir. More Africans, he must confess, speak "proper English" than English speak "proper African"; and in Kitchen Kaffir

"it's very difficult to talk to the African and get his ideas on things." Consequently the irony was all the greater when he said, "It's sometimes hard to understand his mental processes," and told a story to illustrate this, making no connection with his previous remarks about responsibility and the value of money. It seems that the company had decided to encourage sports for African recreation, had set aside some land and materials for "jumping pits," and had arranged for a competition. They expected the pick-and-shovel preparation to be done by the Africans, but as the day of the match approached nothing whatever had happened. When he inquired why not, the Africans had said, "Who is going to pay us for the work?" He thought this typical and amusing, and so did we, but for different reasons.

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"WHEREVER I GO IN AFRICA," SAID THE PHARMACEUTICAL salesman from Kenya, "I try to ask Africans I get to know one question. I always get the same answer, and it is always difficult to get. They hang their heads, and look to the side, and I have to dig it out of them."

"What is the question?" I asked.

"Where are the original inhabitants of Africa?"

"And what is the answer?"

"In the trees," he said.

### III

GOD WAS VERY GOOD TO THE BELGIANS, FOR he gave them the Katanga—the most rich and varied mineralogical concentration the African earth has so far revealed. "The place is lousy with minerals," said an American who works in the Congo, "not only all the usual ones but all the rare ones, too." Like uranium: "Of course, that's a taboo subject, though I don't know why it should be." The Katanga is jointly administered by the government and by the mining company, the *Union Minière*, which alone pays 45 per cent of the Congo budget and accordingly speaks with a loud voice. One of the company's vice presidents told us they were making test drillings, in various parts of the province, to find places where there were no minerals and they could safely build new towns.



A BELGIAN LAWYER HAD GIVEN ME THE NAME of one of the most "evolved" Africans of the Katanga. "Evolved" is the word used in the Congo for a quasi-legal but largely psychological status of advanced Westernization. An African who has had at least four years of school, who is married to only one wife, and who lives more or less as Europeans do, may on the recommendation of two whites be granted a Card of Civil Merit which frees him of certain punishments but may be revoked if he commits certain crimes. (As of last July, 461 cards had been issued for the entire Congo; African population: over ten million.) Many Africans who are thoroughly evolved in a real sense do not bother with the formality of getting a card; they realize it makes little difference to the authorities. Meaningful advance is of a different order, for the Belgians believe on principle that no individual African should rise too far above his peers. "That's the trouble with our friends the French," said one official. "They're too attached to the idea of raising one particular group." The Belgian theory is that all must rise together, that an African middle class must be created first, and that under no circumstances must an elite be allowed to grow. "We try to have mass education," said a mining company executive, "not to make monsters."

The evolved African we were looking for in Elizabethville was easy to find. Everyone knew him, and I had only to mention his name to the district commissioner who was showing us around town and an interview was arranged. The man has a difficult enough time without being identified in print, so he will be referred to here only as Emile. He comes from a village in the Katanga (where his father was chief) and is now in his late thirties. He has a good job in Elizabethville, a little house for his family, and many honors for his accomplishments. Emile is a handsome man, with a large forehead and perhaps a slightly-too-sweet smile; he speaks excellent French. The meeting was to be held in the commissioner's office, in what amounts to the police station of the *cité indigène*, the native quarter. Emile arrived on his bicycle, wearing a neatly pressed double-breasted suit and carefully knotted tie. We took chairs in

an uncomfortable semi-circle in front of the desk where the commissioner sat, smiling at his prize specimen. "So, Emile," he said, "these gentlemen want to have a little interview with you."

It was a mess from the start, and the worst of it was that the fault was ours. Emile and the commissioner had presumably known each other for years and worked out their own dialectic of compromise. Now we were upsetting it. They knew how to deal with one another, but who knew what questions these inquisitive Americans might ask? The commissioner's smile was wary and Emile's discomfort was all too plain. He sat on the edge of his chair, leaning forward with artificial eagerness as he clenched his hands and worked the muscles of his jaw. Painfully conscious of the trouble we could get him into, we began with one innocuous question after another and nodded sagely at his replies. He spoke directly and forcefully, to the commissioner as well as to us, but you felt that any moment an unexpected query might find him pathetically vulnerable. Gradually, as it became apparent that we were going to play it straight, the commissioner's tight grip on the situation relaxed and we tried to steer the discussion away from the unornamented details of Emile's biography. What countries outside of Africa were Africans curious about? Why, of course, he said—Belgium, "the country which has civilized us." By now the commissioner's smile was cat-like and contented.

Out of pure and probably misguided politeness we never did get around to asking anything that disturbed him. But the weakness of "strong" administration, the Belgians' as much as any other, is that a carefully controlled conversation of the kind we were having is bound to reveal more than it hides. Here was an African from the top one hundredth of one per cent of his country's people who was obviously living out his days face to face with a stone wall of blocked ambition. Everything he said made clear that he had no future and that he knew it. How did he get along back in his own village? All right, he said, after he managed to convince his former friends that he was "still just an ordinary person." What did he want to do in life? Go back to his village and settle down. What did he want his children to do? He didn't know: that was up to them. But



suddenly a thought occurred to him and for a moment he hesitated before speaking, looking the commissioner straight in the eye. He then said that he had asked one of his sons this question and that the answer might interest us. What was it? "I don't want to do what you do, Papa." No one in the room was unaware what he meant, but for the sake of orderly administration we all went on talking as though nothing had happened.

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THE HALLS OF LEOPOLDVILLE'S PROUDEST hotel, and its dining room and terrace, resound with the cries of the Belgians summoning service. The word they use has been adopted from the English, in direct translation of the French "garçon," but their pronunciation of it is a thing of original beauty and horror. You can approximate the effect if you try to imagine yourself as Maurice Chevalier saying the word "bouy" with a mouth full of toasted marshmallows. This locution is preserved for the record on the little cardboard coasters that advertise a local beer: "*Boy, encore un Primus!*"

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"WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?" THE RETIRED French naval officer handed me a piece of quartz, about as big as my hand. It had been cracked apart from a larger one, leaving an open almost-flat face on one side. I held it under the desk lamp in his study. "Nothing in particular," I said. "Look again," he said. For several minutes I stared at it. Then I saw the first face, and then the second, and then the whole surface seemed to come alive. It was like a Tchelitchev painting. Someone had taken this hunk of rock and, following its natural conformation, slightly deepening a crack here and rounding a projection there, had covered it with engraving. The more you looked the more faces you saw. There were even profiles that overlapped one another, changing as you turned the quartz in your hand. "Picasso before Picasso," he said. It was a remarkable object. "You realize," he said, "that quartz is an extremely hard material."

He has hundreds of them, ranging from this size to several feet across. He said he had found them everywhere in the Katanga, in the open bush or by the side of the road.

Who made them, or when, or why, he does not know, though—being, as the French say, *un original*, a character—he has some wild and wonderful theories. Some of the quartzes are covered with irregular patterns of circles, others with delicate glyph-like designs among the faces which, unlike traditional sculpture in this part of Africa, are almost naturalistic in expression. He thinks they are not works of art but of information, and—judging by the stack of notes and photographs on his desk—will some day publish his notions on the subject. I leave it at that, though with wholly unsatisfied curiosity. When the African driver who took me back to the hotel through the dark began singing atonal high-pitched melodies from between barely-opened lips, I would not have been surprised to see next little wooden statues walking in the road.

#### IV

PUTTY THE POOR AMERICAN INFORMATION officer! Instead of devoting himself full-time to "selling the American Way of Life" to Africa, he has to spend most of his days trying to talk the Europeans out of their most cherished belief—that America is going to drive the colonial powers out of Africa politically in order to make way for its own entrance economically. The bigger budget he gets, the more dressy offices he has in downtown office buildings, the more certain his listeners become that American anti-colonialism is just a cover-up. What nation in its right mind would spend so much money just on propaganda if there were not Big Doings in the background?

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#### SIGNS ALONG THE ROAD:

In the southeast corner of Uganda: "Elephants have right of way."

In the northeast corner of the Belgian Congo: "Stop! Have you seen the new 1952 Studebaker?"

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THE FIRST TIME I WAS LEFT ALONE TO INTERVIEW a French-speaking African was not in Belgian territory but in French. He was the editor-in-chief of a small magazine who occupied a dark, paper-littered office in the



information-service buildings of the government. He smiled at me across his plain board-table desk, his round glasses catching the light from the door, and began with his own questions. So I was an *associate* editor of a magazine in New York? Yes. How many other editors were there? Five. Were any of them Negroes? No. *Why not?* And we went on from there.

My answer seemed to satisfy him, though it was not adequate, for I forgot to remind him that he spoke from a context in which Negroes were a majority of second-class status, rather than one of several minorities. I said that I would speak bluntly, that there were as yet relatively few American Negroes who had enjoyed the requisite background to do the work, that the racial views of a magazine did not depend on racial representation on its board, and that many American magazines published articles on racial matters that I doubted he could publish and get away with—on, for example, intermarriage. We went on to talk about the present situation of Negroes in the United States in general, and I tried to suggest that—while I didn't know what his previous impression had been and certainly didn't ask him to take it on my word alone—there had been material improvement since the end of World War II. He was polite but skeptical.

What was his job like? Well, so-so. It was good work, exciting work, and there was always plenty of it. He puts out the magazine pretty much single-handed and is on the go all the time with a lot of trivial, annoying details. As far as essentials are concerned, he has no complaints. He's lucky to have the job at all, and he gets about as much as he could reasonably ask for in the way of support from the authorities. The trouble is with the little things, and Lord, how they pile up! If he goes to the stock room to ask for some carbon paper, they ask him who it's for—meaning what white man. If he says it's for himself, the answer is, Sorry, there isn't any. If a white man passes by the door, looking for someone, and sees only a black man inside, he passes quickly on as though to say, "Well, you wouldn't know."

After a few dozen minutes of our conversa-

tion, the door darkened and in came the director of the information services who had arranged it. He was in a good humor, hoped we had had a good talk, and immediately asked the editor if I had yet put the question to him that these Americans had asked everyone else. No I hadn't; what was it? "What is your major problem?" They both laughed. That certainly wasn't for him to say, the editor said. Everyone has to recognize that the French have come to Africa and done extraordinary things, things Africans could never have done by themselves. Like it or not, the burden of conducting affairs still rested on French shoulders. It was for them to say what the main problems were. No, seriously, the director said; the American wants to know what your opinion is. There was a pause.

Well, there was one thing, the editor finally said. We learn your language, why don't you learn ours? Ah! said the director. A Frenchman who goes to Indochina and learns the language can speak to tens of millions of people. A Frenchman who goes to Madagascar and learns the language can speak to two or three million. A Frenchman who comes to Africa and learns one language can speak only to a number of thousands, and if his next post is a few hundred miles away he'll have to learn another. It just isn't worth it. That was an easy one, said the director; haven't you got something harder? It isn't for me to say, the editor said. Oh, come on now, there must be something. The editor looked at me and then back at the director, the white man, the official of the French Republic.

"You've got to learn to treat us better," he said.



ONE OFFICIAL HAD THE COURAGE TO SAY IT, and be it said to the credit of his country, he was a Belgian. We were driving back into the center of Leopoldville in a government car. He was sitting in the front seat. Quite unexpectedly, with no relevance to the conversation, he turned to us and said: "You know the real problem here is the education, not of the blacks, but of the whites—and it's a damn sight more difficult, too."

[Another installment of Mr. Larrabee's Notebook on Black Africa will appear next month.]



# The Medical Insurance We Need Most

*Peter F. Drucker*

**T**HE only really new promise made by either candidate during the entire Presidential campaign of 1952, the only promise that had not been made many times before, was General Eisenhower's commitment to federal support of "insurance against catastrophic illness." Indeed the promise was so novel that its significance totally escaped press and public. Yet "catastrophic illness insurance" is certain to be a topic of early and lively debate. For it may offer a distinctly American solution to the problem of adequate medical care for the great majority of Americans—a solution which incidentally is as remote from the traditional thinking of the American Medical Association as it is from anything that could be labeled "socialized medicine."

What is catastrophic illness insurance, why is it needed, and why should it be a matter of Presidential concern? These questions cannot be answered without a preliminary exploration of the rapid changes that have been taking place in medical insurance in the United States.

Today a little more than half of all American families carry insurance protection against the cost of a short stay in the hospital. A considerably smaller number—barely two-fifths of the population—are also insured, at least to some extent, against the expenses of a surgical operation. Practically all this insurance has been developed during the past fifteen years. It represents a major American

achievement. It shows our gift for voluntary group action at its very best, for most of it is co-operative insurance on the Blue Cross or Blue Shield model.

To be sure, these voluntary group insurance plans are far from perfect. They still fail to cover those who most need protection—the lowest income groups, people in casual employment, old people who are no longer working, and the self-employed. But we now have learned that we can extend the principle of voluntary group insurance to protect most of the people who are not now covered. For instance, the Farm Bureau Insurance Companies of Ohio insure 5,500 farm families in five states, on a basis very similar to Blue Cross and Blue Shield. Several of the smaller Blue Cross organizations in rural areas have begun to insure whole communities rather than employee groups. The Blue Cross in Rhode Island admits individual members on a group basis, thus making hospital insurance available to the self-employed. And several of the insurance companies are at least talking about offering hospital and surgical group insurance to owners and employees of very small businesses, through trade associations and Chambers of Commerce. We can thus hope that within another ten years or so the great majority of America's families will be able to get basic hospital and surgical protection at a fairly reasonable cost.

But practically no one today is insured against *the cost of a prolonged illness*.

*As a consultant to top management for a number of large companies, Mr. Drucker brings a wealth of experience to bear on the problem of insurance against the "catastrophic illness" that accounts for half of the nation's medical bill.*



Only about one illness in five is so prolonged that it cannot be covered by our present insurance policies. Yet so expensive are these comparatively infrequent illnesses that they account for something like one-half or more of the country's total medical bill.

For instance, the Twentieth Century Fund found in 1942 that the *average* family in the \$2,000-\$3,000 income group spent around \$95 a year for medical care. But one out of ten of these families had a medical bill of more than \$500. One heavy bill out of ten does not make much of a difference in the averages; and it is on the basis of the averages that we have developed our present hospital and surgical insurance system. But a medical bill of \$500 is nevertheless a real catastrophe for a family earning \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year, and a sizable one even for a family earning \$3,000 to \$4,000. In short, for at least half the families in the United States such an expense would offer a disastrous prospect. And there is good reason to believe that since 1942 the number of "exceptionally" heavy bills has gone up a good deal, not only because medical costs have risen along with all others, but also because there has been an increase in the proportion of very young children and old people in our population, and it is they who are the chief sufferers from prolonged illnesses. That at least was the conclusion of President Truman's recent Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation which during 1952 heard more than four hundred witnesses on the costs of catastrophic illness.

**A**CTUALLY the risk of a long illness which will cost more than the patient and his family can afford to pay is a more serious risk than that of a fire—if only because we do not expect one out of every ten buildings to have a fire every year. Yet while there are very few homes in this country that do not carry insurance against fire, there has not been, until very recently, any insurance against this other danger.

It should be emphasized that the word "catastrophic" in "catastrophic illness" does not refer to the medical characteristics of the disease, but only to its economic effects. A catastrophic illness need not be a serious illness medically speaking; all it has to be is a long one. The "dread diseases" of which the layman immediately thinks when he hears the

term are not always the most catastrophic in their impact on the family budget; and they usually cost most when, medically speaking, the outcome is happy. In such diseases as rheumatic heart, polio, or acute nephritis, for instance, the heavy bill is usually for treatment and care during convalescence, and the better the chance for complete recovery, the more treatment is usually needed. Incidentally, in most catastrophic illness the charge for nursing is likely to be higher than that for doctors or operations.

A recent article in the insurance trade journal the *Spectator* illustrated this point by what it called a fairly typical example. A family covered by Blue Cross and Blue Shield both for hospital costs and for surgical expenses had two bouts with prolonged illness during 1951. There were no serious illnesses at all—just fairly lengthy ones. In February, there were bills for doctors and drugs totaling \$110; the Blue Shield returned \$19 of this. In midsummer there were medical expenses of \$120; Blue Shield returned \$29. Result: of a total medical-care bill of \$230, the family had to pay \$182 itself.

Another example: a large retail chain-store company recently studied the medical expenses incurred by its employees and their families for illnesses contracted during a six weeks' period. There were 360 in all. Of these, only eighteen lasted more than thirteen weeks. But the expenses for those eighteen, over and above what Blue Cross and Blue Shield paid, totaled just as much as the other 142 that were short enough to be covered by hospital and surgical insurance.

**T**HAT catastrophic illness is the major risk should have been obvious all along. Yet we did not do anything about it until four years ago, partly because so much energy went into the development of plans to take care of the "average" risks, and partly because, in the absence of anything like adequate information, catastrophic illness was considered uninsurable. It was only in 1949 that the first attempt was made to meet the specific situation. In that year General Electric developed a "medical disaster insurance plan" for its executives. Since then the development has been rapid. Today eight or ten of the large companies write some form of catastrophic illness insurance, some of them only for em-



ployee groups, some also for individuals. Some Blue Shield plans have added a catastrophic illness rider to their policies. The Farm Bureau Insurance Companies of Ohio now offer such coverage to the farmers in their territory. And only last fall Sears Roebuck, long the bellwether of industry in benefits for its employees, offered such insurance to them at a very reasonable rate.

Even more important: several of the major unions have decided to press for employer-paid insurance of this sort for their members in the wage negotiations this year. Indeed a good many observers in the labor movement feel that catastrophic illness insurance stands today about where pensions for unionized employees stood just before the steel-workers set off the nation-wide pension movement in 1949.

Altogether there can be little doubt that, given a few more years of good business, this kind of insurance will be about as common as the Blue Shield type is today. In less than ten years, some 30 or 40 per cent of the families in the country should be covered by it.

## II

**D**ESPITE this rapid growth, the policies offered today are still frankly experimental, and they vary all over the lot. One Blue Shield Plan, for instance, covers little but the expenses of polio. But the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York (known as HIP) covers everything including preventive medical care, psychiatric care, diagnosis, etc. Premiums range from \$6 per family for the Blue Shield policy against polio to well over \$100 per family for the all-inclusive Greater New York Plan—and the six dollars is probably too high, while the hundred dollars of the HIP policy may well be very low. Some companies insure groups only—and appeal primarily to large employers; other companies believe that catastrophic illness insurance is still only for the wealthy and offer only individual policies. Some companies insure only the entire family; others confine themselves, for the time being, to the employee himself. And policies that give roughly the same coverage differ widely in cost.

Nevertheless we can already predict what the typical catastrophic illness insurance of

tomorrow will look like. In the first place we know whom it will cover: the family. We know what it will cover: not just the "dread diseases" but all prolonged illness, with the probable exception only of tuberculosis, mental disorders requiring institutionalization, and strictly occupational diseases such as miners' silicosis. And it will cover all medical expenses—doctors' bills, hospitals, operations, nursing care, and drugs.

But the insurance will not cover the entire cost. It will have both an upper and a lower limit. The normal upper limit will be \$2,500 for any one illness, \$5,000 for the entire family—or the cost of two years of treatment beginning with the first treatment, whichever figure would be the lower.

Much more important is the lower level, the amount up to which the insured himself will be expected to pay the bill. For it is this "deductible" amount which will very largely determine the cost of catastrophic illness insurance. By and large the typical policy of five years hence will probably hold the insurance company liable for any expenses that go beyond one month of family income. There will be several ways in which this idea may be expressed. It may take the form of a definite figure—\$250 or \$500 "deductible"—which is the way most of today's policies handle this problem. It may be expressed, as in the new policy for Sears' employees, by saying that the insurance company will pay all expenses of medical care over and above 5 per cent of annual salary plus whatever hospital and surgical insurance payments the insured receives. Or the "deductible" amount may be stated expressly as a flat percentage of the insured's income.

By and large the same "one-month deductible" should apply to all income groups. For the family with a \$3,600 annual income, medical expenses of more than three hundred dollars a year may constitute a "catastrophe"; but the family with a \$10,000 annual income need not be protected until its medical bills exceed eight hundred dollars a year.

**A**NOTHER thing we can predict with confidence: catastrophic illness insurance will be group insurance. Otherwise insurance companies simply cannot obtain the mixture of age groups which alone can make such insurance possible. The principal cus-



tomers for it on an individual basis would be people approaching or reaching middle age who have young children—and it is they who constitute the worst risk of catastrophic illness. To balance these with better risks—especially with young adults—a group basis is needed.

Finally, tomorrow's catastrophic illness insurance will contain some protection against unnecessary medical expense, whether caused by patient or doctor. And we know already that there are three ways in which underwriters and the public can protect themselves against abuse.

The most popular one in the policies written today is "co-insurance," under which the insured pays a part of the total bill over and above the "deductible" amount. In the Sears policy, for instance, the "co-insurance" is 25 per cent of the total. This, the insurance company feels, gives the patient himself an interest in keeping the doctor's bills low and treatments short. But whether "co-insurance" could be used for insurance plans embracing large parts of the population is doubted by experts; they feel that people will not understand what it means, will feel cheated when they discover they have to pay part of the bill—after having been assured that they need not worry any longer about the cost of a long illness.

Another way to protect the underwriter is the system developed by the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, which has an agreement with individual doctors under which they are paid a definite fee for each patient on their rolls each year in addition to contractually agreed fees for specific services. This may well be the best way to prevent excessive medical expenses. But it sharply limits the patient's choice of doctors; outside of metropolitan areas it eliminates it. And there are excellent reasons why the medical profession opposes any move in that direction. Also, after the initial period during which doctors would join out of idealism, the quality of the medical men willing to work under the plan might well fall off sharply, thus resulting in mediocre medical care.

Still another way of meeting the problem is to require of the doctor that he discuss his proposed course of treatment beforehand with an insurance company's physician, or with the medical director of the patient's employer;

and the bulk of the people insured under catastrophic illness insurance these next few years will be employees of fairly large companies which have medical departments of their own. By and large this approach is likely to be the most popular one—both with patients and doctors.

### III

WHAT will all this cost? No definite answer is possible, partly because the thing is still so experimental, partly because there are too many variations. But almost certainly the very lowest figure to expect would be somewhat above what Sears' employees are charged today—\$4 a year for each employee, which would work out at \$25 a year or so for the typical family group of man, wife, and minor children. We can certainly predict in very general terms that protection should not cost more than \$50 per family per year and should thus be within the reach of the 65 per cent of American families whose incomes are over \$2,500 a year.

Why, then, is there any need for federal support of this insurance? And why in particular should a Republican administration want to support it?

One reason is that its sponsors see in it an answer to the pressure for "socialized medicine." There can be little doubt that it would answer the main arguments of the advocates of a national health plan. *But only if it can be made available to the lower income groups, the self-employed, and the old people.* And on a purely private basis this cannot possibly be done.

But there is a more serious reason than that—which is that if we wait five or ten years until catastrophic illness insurance has become firmly established, a pattern will have been formed which might make it very difficult indeed to include the groups not insurable on a purely private basis. We might be forced into developing a separate system for them—one which might mean providing them with second-rate medical care at high cost. If, however, the government now begins to work with the insurance companies, the Blue Cross Plan, and the large employers to develop a system that can be extended to include the old, the self-employed, and the low-income families and individuals, we might end up



with an indigenous American plan, a unique and workable plan, that would maintain private enterprise and initiative in the medical field and yet benefit the whole population.

The first step—and probably the one President Eisenhower had in mind last October—would be to offer a government guarantee against losses to Blue Cross plans and insurance companies that are willing to write catastrophic illness insurance. Such a guarantee would give the movement a big boost; for what holds it back is not that the companies and the Blue Cross people do not see the need for this new insurance, but that they do not have enough facts and figures to work out the proper coverage and the proper premiums. A government guarantee for plans which meet minimum standards of coverage and premiums—organized perhaps on the model of the Federal Deposit Insurance guarantees of bank deposits—would speed things up by years.

The next step would then be to find a way to protect the old people, who need this insurance the most and are also the poorest risks. There is only one way: to include in each catastrophic illness insurance premium a small charge that would be used to convert the policy into a "paid-up" policy once the insured reaches the age of sixty-five. From then on he would have all the benefits of the policy without having to pay any additional premiums. This, however, requires special provisions for the people who are already over fifty today, and who therefore will not pay premiums long enough to build up an adequate reserve. This need can be met only by some form of government subsidy or loan. Also the reserve funds to meet the claims of the old people would best be kept by the federal government, and the benefits of this "paid-up" policy might be standardized and uniform, independent of the provisions of the regular policy and determined by federal law.

AND finally there will be the biggest, the most difficult, and the most controversial problem: how to extend catastrophic illness insurance to the lowest income group, the third or so of the population whose yearly family income is below \$2,500, and to whom therefore even a premium of \$30 or \$40 a year would be too burdensome. Unless we

succeed in making this insurance available to these families we will not have solved the problem of medical care in this country. But to do so we may not only have to make it compulsory; we may also have to use federal subsidies on a considerable scale.

Even conservative insurance men—for instance, Professor C. A. Kulp of the Wharton School—believe that catastrophic illness insurance will eventually have to be compulsory. Indeed several of the states are expected to attempt to write a compulsory catastrophic illness insurance law within the next few years. Governor Warren of California proposed such a law some time ago; and it is from him that President Eisenhower is supposed to have acquired his interest in the subject.

Yet to make it compulsory for every family to carry such insurance must not mean at all that it will have to become government insurance. The individual must be left free to decide with whom he wants to place his insurance—so long as he carries insurance with a company or plan that meets the minimum standards set by the government. We have, in fact, adequate precedents for such compulsory but free-enterprise insurance, for instance, in the New York State Disability Insurance Law, which lays down the legal obligation of businesses to take out disability insurance for their employees but leaves them entirely free to decide with which company they place the insurance—provided the contract satisfies New York's legal requirements. And in several states we have today compulsory automobile insurance operating on the same principle.

But when we come to the problem of the federal subsidy for the lowest income families we will be up against a very much more difficult problem. Should the cost of this subsidy be carried by the other insured—levied on them in the form of a special tax? Should it be a federal subsidy given directly to insurance companies, Blue Cross plans, etc.? Or should the federal government, as in some other Social Security benefits, only make provision for grants to states whose regulations satisfy minimum requirements? Or finally should the federal government make direct grants to the lowest-income families, either by supplying them with a paid-up minimum policy or by supplying them with the money to buy catastrophic illness insurance at the minimum rate?



We will not have to answer these questions right away. In fact we should wait a few years before trying to answer them; for we simply do not know enough yet. But we should, from the beginning, realize that sooner or later we will have to tackle them if indeed catastrophic illness insurance is to be the American answer to the problem of medical care.

Certainly it is no panacea. It poses serious problems of the relationship between social security and private enterprise, between the government, the public, and the medical pro-

fession—particularly if the new Administration carries through its promise of government support. Its growth will be impeded by a shortage of doctors and nurses, and it will lead to serious questioning of the adequacy of our medical training with its concept of medicine as a series of specialties. Still, catastrophic illness insurance is the most promising approach we have developed to the problem of providing adequate medical care for everybody without making the government the master of the nation's health and of the medical profession.

## *The Underground Railroad*

DON GORDON

GRANDCHILDREN of slaves  
can you remember the legend  
for the use of the living brother  
in the stone swamps of the cities:

what did your father say  
of the night road northward,  
what did his father tell him  
of those lost stations?

He went down  
at the edge  
of the cane-brake,  
slept with animals,  
came up in the latitude  
of dissenters.

The landmarks of those journeys are needed again.  
Who will uncover the grass-grown stations,  
What is the address of the descendants  
of the friendly people?

The underground railroad is a dream that never wakens:  
of passage for the pursued  
through the houses of strangers,  
of passage for ideas  
through the open rooms of the mind,  
of one Dred Scott or always another in time  
fallen in the direction of his true north.



# *The Easy Chair*

## The Sturdy Corporate Homesteader

*Bernard DeVoto*

**I**N A happier time, so a U. S. Chamber of Commerce speaker tells us, the government used the public domain to "give every man a chance to earn land for himself through his own skill and hard work." This is the sturdy homemaker sob with which the air will presently resound when this gentleman's associates get to work on Congress. He may have been thinking of the California redwood forest. It was so attractive a part of the public domain that in this generation we have had to raise millions of dollars from rich men and school children to buy back a few acres of it here and there for the public.

Under a measure called the Timber and Stone Act, a homemaker who had his first citizenship papers could buy 160 acres of redwood forest from the government for \$2.50 an acre, less than a panel for your living-room costs. Agents of a lumber company would go to a sailors' boarding house on the San Francisco waterfront. They would press a gang of homemakers and lead them to a courthouse to take out first papers. Then they went to a land office and each filed claim to 160 acres of redwood: a quarter-section whose number the lumber company had supplied. At a lawyer's office they transferred to the lumber company the homesteads they had earned by skill and hard work, received \$50 for services rendered, and could go back to the boarding house. "Fifty dollars was the usual fee," a historian says, "although the amount soon fell to \$10 or \$5 and eventually to the price of a glass of beer."

Under this Act four million acres of publicly owned timber passed into corporate ownership at a small fraction of its value, and 95 per cent of it by fraud. Under other Acts supposed to "give every man a chance to earn

land for himself," enormously greater acreages came to the same end with the sturdy homemaker's help.

The laws stipulated that the homemaker must be in good faith. Erecting a "habitable dwelling" on his claim would prove that he was. Or if it was irrigable land, he had to "bring water" to it, for a homemaker would need water. Under a couple of dozen aliases apiece, employees of land companies or cattle companies would file claim to as many quarter-sections or half-sections of the public domain and after six months would "commute" them, get title to them, at \$1.25 per acre.

The sworn testimony of witnesses would prove that they had brought water to the claim; there was no reason for the witnesses to add they had brought it in a can. Or the witnesses swore that they had "seen water" on the homestead and so they had, having helped to throw it there cupful by cupful. Or to erect a "twelve by fourteen" cabin on a claim would prove good faith. Homemaker and witnesses neglected to mention that this "habitable dwelling" was twelve by fourteen inches, not feet. Alternatively, a "shingled residence" established that the homemaker intended to live on his claim: one could be created by fastening a couple of shingles to each side of a tent below the ridgepole. Sometimes a scrupulous corporation would build a genuine log cabin twelve by fourteen feet, mount it on wagon wheels, and have the boys drive it from claim to claim, getting the homemaker a lot of public domain in a few hours. In a celebrated instance in Utah the efficiency of this device was increased by always pushing the truck over the corner where four quarter-sections met.



**I**N SIX months the homemakers, who meanwhile had been punching cows or clerking in town, commuted their two dozen parcels of the public domain. They transferred them to their employers and moved on to earn two dozen more quarter-sections apiece by their skill and hard work. Many millions of acres of publicly owned farmland and grazing land thus passed economically into the possession of corporate homemakers. If the corporation was a land company it might get half a million acres convenient to a railroad right-of-way or within a proposed irrigation district. Or a cattle company could thus acquire a hundred thousand acres that monopolized the water supply for miles and so graze a million acres of the public domain entirely free of charge.

Lumber companies could operate even more cheaply. Their employees need not pay \$1.25 per acre or wait to commute their claims. They could pay a location fee, say \$16 per 320 acres and the company could forthwith clear-cut the timber and let the claims lapse. At twenty cents an acre virgin stands of white or ponderosa pine, Douglas fir, or Norway or Colorado spruce were almost as good a buy as some of the dam-sites which, our propagandist hopes, will presently be offered to the power companies.

These are typical, routine, second-magnitude land frauds in the history of the public domain out West—to describe the bigger ones would require too much space. Enough that in the golden age of landgrabs, the total area of the public domain proved up and lived on by actual homesteaders amounted to only a trivial fraction of the area fraudulently acquired by land companies, cattle companies, and lumber companies. Among the compelling reasons why the present public-land reserves had to be set aside was the headlong monopolization of the public domain that was threatening the West with peonage. Those reserves were also made to halt the waste of natural resources which the United States has dissipated more prodigally than any other nation. They had to be made so that a useful part of our national wealth could be preserved, developed, wisely managed, and intelligently used in future times. They had to be made so that the watersheds which control the destiny of the West could be safeguarded. But no one should forget for a moment that

they were, besides, necessary to prevent Eastern and foreign corporations from taking over the whole West by fraud, bribery, and engineered bankruptcy.

**T**HE land frauds and the landgrabs compose the shabbiest chapter in our history. We have had seventy-five years now of conservation as a government policy, of husbanding, developing, and using the publicly owned natural resources for the public benefit. So we have grown used to believing that such corruption, such raids on the treasury, such blind imbecility were ended for all time. But at this moment some powerful interests are preaching that what was intolerable corruption on a scale of half a million acres becomes wise public policy if you up the scale to half a billion acres. They are calling on Congress to legalize a final, conclusive raid on the publicly owned resources of the United States.

This one would be for keeps and it would put the government itself into the land-fraud racket. Officials of the government, true enough, were sometimes in that racket in the past, from two-dollar-a-day deputy clerks in the General Land Office on up to Senators and Secretaries of the Interior. Always before, however, the government regarded them as common criminals. It threw them out, sent to jail those it could get the goods on, and did what it could to repair the damage. Now Congress is asked to legitimize and legalize what it used to make them felons for trying to do. It is asked, with an effrontery so great that it has not yet been widely perceived, to perpetrate by its own deliberate act a land fraud beside which any in our shameful period would appear insignificant.

As I write this, at mid-March, we have not learned by what means the citizens of forty-five states will have their property alienated on behalf of three states. Senator Holland's bill to convey to Texas, Louisiana, and California the publicly owned oil under the marginal sea has had slow going. The Attorney General has perceived some impairments of sovereignty and some administrative difficulties that were not visible when the tidelands were a bait for votes. There has arisen the interesting possibility that Rhode Island or some inland state which owns part of that oil may bring suit on the ground that Con-



gress has no constitutional power to give it to any state. At least a part of the Administration is showing some regret for its campaign commitment. But it is committed and we may assume that the Supreme Court will find some opening through which it can follow the election returns.

So be it, but let's be clear about the tidelands episode. There has never been any doubt that the natural resources thus handed over to three states belong to the public, to the people of all the states. The Supreme Court has three times declared that they do; indeed in one of the cases which the Court was adjudicating, the State of Louisiana stipulated that they do. What we shall see, then, will be governmental conversion of public property. That the raiders were three states does not alter the fact that this is a successful raid on the public heritage.

SO, WITH that precedent, what next? Senator Butler of Nebraska, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, has announced that when the tidelands business is finished his committee will take up proposals for still more important attacks on our property. First the committee will deal with proposed measures to turn over the public lands to the states, then with similar measures to turn over the public power installations. This means, as the tidelands bills do not, the sale of public property to private corporations—the only reason for giving the public lands to the states is that the states will sell them. Unable to buy the public heritage from the federal government, corporations will be able to buy them at fire-sale prices from eleven Western states. They belong to the people of forty-eight states, the people of the eleven states have borne maybe 2 per cent of the cost of protecting and developing them, patriotic private enterprise can bid them in cheap, and everybody should be happy, more or less.

Among those who testified on the tidelands question before Senator Butler's committee was Mr. Oscar L. Chapman, lately Secretary of the Interior. He was afraid, he said, that the tidelands action would "establish the pattern for the greatest giveaway program in the history of the world." He added, "For years powerful pressure groups have been attempting to raid various parts of the public domain.

They are now redoubling their efforts." Mr. Chapman was entirely right. He mentioned the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. In 1947 it supported the notorious effort of stockgrowing interests to grab (at a few cents an acre) large areas of the national forests, the national parks, and other public reservations. Public opinion stopped the stockmen cold and scared the Chamber into reversing its stand for a while. Now it is again agitating for the sale of public lands to private (that is, corporate) parties and is broadcasting remarkably misleading propaganda. The National Association of Manufacturers has lined up beside it, with propaganda equally mendacious and much subtler. For the first time in a generation big lumber interests are supporting the raid. As always the stockmen are out in front, happily carrying the ball for stronger and cannier groups that happily let them carry it. Previously circumspect power companies have come out from behind their public relations programs and various granges and farm bureaus have signed up.

In short, desirous ears have heard the sound of a great Perhaps which they hope they can convert to the great Amen. The day of jubilo may be about to dawn. The federal government's seventy-five years of fidelity to the public interest, the millions of dollars of public money spent to maintain and develop the public lands, the long husbanding and use of them for the benefit of all the people—this is acknowledged to have been a memorable and splendid thing. For lo, this policy has multiplied the value of the public assets a thousandfold—and now the harvest can be reaped by those prepared to cash in on it. A business administration means business, doesn't it? Prolonging federal protection of this public interest would be bureaucratic tyranny and inefficiency, wouldn't it? There is so big a melon to be cut that not to cut it would be creeping socialism—let's go. Or, wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

It is quite a carcass. Mr. Chapman told Senator Butler's committee that the public lands "contain an estimated 4 billion barrels of oil, enough oil shale to produce 130 billion barrels of crude oil, 111 trillion cubic feet of gas, and 324 billion tons of coal." These are sample figures; Mr. Chapman said nothing about timber, grass, electric power plants,



sites for future ones, irrigation and other water potentials, precious metals, other minerals, and the rest of the miscellany now owned by the public—by everybody, including you. He said that a rough estimate of their value in the United States, not counting Alaska, made it “well over a trillion dollars.” Nobody can think of a trillion dollars; the sum is only a symbol. But it gives the scale of the proposed operation of transferring publicly owned property to the states, so that whatever corporations may prove to be in the best position can buy it for a fraction of what it is worth. Every bill that Senator Butler’s committee will proceed to take up could be titled, *An Act to Enrich Stockholders at the Expense of Taxpayers*.

In the cruder age there had to be a pretense that the homemaker was to benefit but there can’t be now, for no land suitable for homesteading is left. Instead, the public lands are to be disposed of on the sound business principle that they are a storehouse of raw materials of value to corporations. The great stands of timber will go to Big Lumber, oil and oil shale to Big Oil, minerals and chemicals to Big Mining, public power plants and sites for future ones to Big Power. Nor is there any pretense that the desirous Western shibboleths will be regarded: the local enterprise and home rule that were to emancipate the plundered province from absentee ownership. The power company that is prepared to build an installation in Hell’s Canyon which will generate 40 per cent of the power the government planned to is not an Idaho corporation. It is not even a Western corporation: it is chartered in Maine and owned by Boston trusts.

THE landgrabbers of the golden age were small time. A cattle company’s two hundred thousand acres of public grazing land at a dollar-twenty-five, a lumber company’s half-million acres of publicly owned Douglas fir at two-fifty and a glass of beer—they are police-court stuff compared to a political job that undertakes to knock off half a billion acres of public land in a single session of Congress. This proposed steal is so large that its size is counted on to conceal it—like ultraviolet light and supersonic sound it is to escape attention. But it is under way. The bills are drawn, Congressmen have been

found who will introduce them and direct their course, and Senator Butler has agreed to clear the decks.

Mr. Chapman told the committee that the estimate of a trillion dollars was only a rough guess, was in fact much too low. And, he said, “if this Administration is intent upon following a giveaway policy, the people are at least entitled to know what and how much is being given away.” So he proposed that a commission be established to inventory and appraise the public property that is to become corporate assets. It is an excellent suggestion. We are being told every few minutes that business is on trial now, that this Administration will give business its chance to prove itself, and everything ought to be done on the best business principles. Establish the commission and have it hire Price, Waterhouse.

The trouble is that such a study would put an end to Operation Götterdämmerung on the public lands. Publication of its results would instantly blow this culminating land fraud sky high. As a matter of fact that is going to happen anyway. The script is okay but the casting is wrong: it calls for the public to be docile and for Congress to be fools.

A very distant association with the Credit Mobilier—railroad-land fraud—kept James G. Blaine, and it may be Schuyler Colfax too, out of the White House. There was William Lorimer of Illinois: expelled from the Senate for corrupt practices rooted in timber-land fraud. There was Senator John Mitchell of Oregon: found guilty of timber-land fraud but dying before he could serve his sentence. Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior, went to jail—oil-land fraud. Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, left a blasted name to history—coal-land fraud. A lot of lesser names have disappeared from the newspapers but not from memory. When you hear them or look them up in books they give off, after all these years, the odor of corruption. Land fraud always did and it always will.

The redwood forest deals, the Oregon timber frauds, Teapot Dome—they were peanuts, birdseed, compared to what this crew of blue-sky pitchmen are asking Congress to slip over on us now. But the stench still rises from them and drifts down history and over Capitol Hill. Congress will sit this one out, the carefully planned agenda notwithstanding.



# What Happened to the Dodgers at the End of the 1953 Season

*Fred Schwed, Jr.*

**N**ow that the 1954 season is under way, when the last pennant race is only an exciting memory, we can review dispassionately the influence, if any, of Mrs. Updyke, of Richmond Hill, on what happened last season.

It is, of course, a rare occurrence when any of the millions of deeply interested fans can be said to influence in any real sense the performance of the professional players. Wives, and especially sweethearts, are sometimes supposed to be important factors, but in actual practice this is largely a romantic view mostly put forward by imaginative fiction writers. Mrs. Updyke, like the vast majority of us, has never even spoken to a real player in her life. The general consensus has come to be that she had not a thing, not a single, solitary thing, to do with last year's final standings. Yet one still occasionally encounters some mad mullah, nearly always a woman, who will dispute this hotly, paying no attention at all to cold logic.

It will be recalled that on that supposedly fateful day for the contending teams, the Fourth of July, 1953, the Brooklyn team, while not in first place, was not very far out of it. The single team that was ahead of them, the Chicago club, was not seriously considered as an eventual winner by any of the *cognoscenti*. In early August, when a sports page editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle* decided to print, in its entirety, an unusual type of letter from one

of his readers, a Mrs. Updyke, the situation was still much the same save that Pittsburgh, of whom the experts took even a dimmer view, was now unaccountably in the van by a few games. The sports editor in question has steadfastly refused to say in what spirit he ran the letter. There was no editorial comment at the time save the head which the editor set above the letter, if that can be construed as comment. It appeared in the following fashion and, it may be noted, was accorded a generous amount of page space which might otherwise have been used for other material, such as paid advertising lineage.

## **Loyal Local Lady Makes Little Suggestion**

*To the Editor*

Dear Sir:

I think I know a good deal about baseball, but I will not claim to "Know it all," since I have only studied it on TV, having never had the opportunity to see a real game in a real "park" as you call it in your paper which I read carefully every day of the season. I cannot claim to be one of these enthusiastic younger women either, for the fact is and I am proud to mention it that for the last two years I have been a grandmother. In our family marriages have usually taken place quite young. In fact, I guess it is on account of my little grandson (he is named William) that I am now a "fan." I often go over to my daughter's



house to help take care of him and it is she and my son-in-law who have the set. I do not mind telling you that I look forward to the day when William is old enough to watch the games with me and we can discuss together the different players and their personalities and all the interesting and complicated things that happen in baseball games.

I will admit that my son-in-law was helpful to me at first. He explained the game and he answered all my questions except the last one. That is the reason I am writing to you. My son-in-law is very much against my writing to you, but he finally said that you would not print my "foolish question" anyway, so what the heck?

My question is concerned with Mr. Roy Campanella, our catcher. This fine man was once voted by you sporting writers, not just the most valuable player on the Dodgers, but the most valuable in the entire league, and that time you were *absolutely right!* It is a real pleasure to see people in important positions like yourself make the right decision sometimes. Roy is quick and graceful and cheerful and also a powerful batsman. I have seen pictures of him in your paper with his cute family. He is a credit to the great game of baseball and I think he is an inspiration to his people. He also, and this is what I am really writing to you about, although I admit it is true of most other catchers, *does more work* during a game, and especially during a double-header, than all the other eight men on the team put together, and I also include in this the manager, coaches, umpires, and so forth!

He is a wonderful athlete, but I will admit that he happens to be a little bit pudgy, or as they sometimes say, "portly." It is hard for such a man to work in August in terribly hot cities like Philadelphia and St. Louis, or even here in Brooklyn where you at least get a sea breeze. I happen to know about this because my husband happens to be fat, so I know how he suffers in August, although I assure you he is not required to do nearly as much as Mr. Campanella. My husband is associated with Abraham and Straus as a Section Manager. I will admit that pitchers work hard, too. But *when* do they work? About once every four days, *if that*. Also, pitchers are stuck up.

Now when a grounder is hit to an infielder, which is the most frequent thing

that happens in baseball games, I noticed that every time Mr. Campanella tore off his mask and rushed down to first base along with the runner. I asked my son-in-law why was that? He said Roy was required to do that in case the first baseman missed the ball, Roy would then be there to pick it up. Well, I guess I just about "boiled over" when I heard that one!

In the first place our infield is a good one and it is very rare that the ball scoots past the first baseman. So practically all those rushes of Roy's are just a childish waste of energy which is the sort of thing that men are always thinking up, like wars. I am sure it is not Roy's idea to wear himself out for no good purpose but that it is Mr. Dressen's idea. Even my son-in-law agrees with me on this point. Another thing is that of all the men on the field Roy is the least suitably dressed for tearing about unnecessarily in the heat. They have him dressed like knights in armor in museums.

Now if it is really thought necessary to "back up first base," as my son-in-law puts it, I have a little suggestion. I am amazed that all those men could not have thought it up for themselves years and years ago. Mr. Furillo, our rightfielder, is a young, spry man, suitably dressed for sprinting, whether necessary or unnecessary. Need I say more? Need we send the most valuable player in the entire league panting up and down on account of a mere theory?

Moreover, there is little chance of wearing Mr. Furillo out. In yesterday's game for instance he batted four times, was on base once, and he caught one fly ball. I kept count. That game lasted two hours and forty minutes. The rest of the time he was just watching.

You, Mr. Sports Editor, are doubtless acquainted with Mr. Dressen and the rest of the "top brass." I would be deeply grateful if you would pass on to them my little suggestion and I think that Roy Campanella would be too.

Respectfully yours,  
(Mrs.) Leah Hanford Updyke  
Richmond Hill, New York

WHETHER or not the printing of the above item in the paper had the faintest influence on the pennant race is the argument. Many people claim it was not even an argument, pointing out with scorn that an argument is supposed to have two



sides. However, it is also beyond dispute that certain things did actually occur that were of national and even international interest for a brief time. It is only fair to list them carefully:

—The editor was grateful but bewildered at the large influx of mail that hit his office. Nearly all of it was in favor of the suggestion and nearly all of it was from women. The few letters received from males were either facetious, outraged, or not fit to print. Indeed, one from Leo Durocher was all three.

—Branch Rickey discussed the matter at a press conference and touched on such matters as the ancient traditions of the great national pastime. His remarks were profound but that was all.

—A large number of charming but rather cynical young men bearing notebooks called on Mrs. Updyke at her modest residence in Richmond Hill. At first she was flattered and flustered but she grew weary of fame in record time and slipped away to visit a sister who lived in a remote part of Ohio.

—Dressen grinned about it when first consulted but, after the so-called "disputed game," got so peevish about the whole affair that he absolutely refused to discuss anything that had to do with Mrs. Updyke or her little suggestion.

—Campanella also grinned and said "no comment" right from the beginning, but he did, without consulting the front office or anyone else save Mrs. Campanella, send Mrs. Updyke an autographed ball. Mrs. Updyke had it gilded and put it in a little glass case.

—A weekly picture magazine published a complex diagram showing just how far both Campanella and Furillo would have to run under various circumstances. It was accompanied by pictures of Campanella, Furillo, a chest protector, a mask, two shin guards, a catcher's mitt, and a fielder's glove. The exact weight of each item was set under each, in pounds and ounces.

—Female attendance increased markedly at Ebbets Field, especially on Ladies' Days when women got in free. On such days, every time a grounder was hit, there were shrill cries of, "Stay where you are, Roy!" and, "Let Carl do it!" and a striking variety of other witticisms. The male patrons claimed that all this was mildly amusing for a time but that it soon became a silly bore.

—*Campanella continued to cover first when there was no one in immediate scoring position.* It is upon this last negative fact that the claim is almost universally made that Mrs. Updyke could not be said to have influenced the result of a single game, let alone the winning of the pennant. As luck would have it, for the first three weeks the Brooklyn catcher never once usefully retrieved a wild throw although he was always in position to do so.

**T**HEN, on the third Ladies' Day since the appearance of the letter, came the disputed game with the Phillies. This game was not disputed by the players, managers, or umpires. It was disputed mostly by women.

The play upon which this game hinged, for it was decided by a single run, was not especially bizarre as such things go. Philadelphia's Ashburn, a notoriously fast and daring runner, was on first. On a hit and run signal, the batter slashed a wicked bouncer down the third base line and the Brooklyn third baseman managed to stop it with his solar plexus. He scrambled after it while his teammates yelled, "First, first!" because the rapid Ashburn, who had taken wing before the ball was even hit was already only a few paces from second base. The sound advice to the third baseman was all but drowned out by the high-pitched advice to the catcher from the stands, "Roy Campanella, you stay right where you are!" Campanella tore off his mask and also took wing. He took it as fast as he could, which as it happens is not very fast. He realized instinctively that his services as a retriever might well be needed. Sure enough, the third baseman, heaving the ball in desperation and in abdominal pain, hit the concrete wall of Box 77, a box which for many years had been pock-marked with hasty heaves. Ashburn, hearing a certain hysterical note in the roar of the crowd, sensed that something had happened, and that it wasn't good for Brooklyn. He rounded for third without a sidewise glance.

Campanella, arriving as usual in the neighborhood of Box 77, was this time a busy man. He chased after the bouncing ball with his ungainly glove, skillfully got possession of it, and wheeled for the throw to third. But again, Ashburn was virtually at the base, so there was, as the players put it, no play there. Tragically,



there was no play at home plate either. The Dodger pitcher, a recent recruit with a very fast ball and very little experience, had failed to take Campanella's place at the plate, as he was, of course, supposed to. He was still standing on the mound, watching his catcher's breathless efforts with fascinated interest. Ashburn scored the winning run without the necessity of soiling his pants.

All over the nation, starting at half-past four, there ensued long discussions or disputes. The pith of them was approximately this:

HE. But it was simply the pitcher's fault, I'm telling you. That sort of thing has happened many a time before. If he had known enough to cover home plate the run would never have scored.

SHE. It still seems to me that if Roy had stayed where he was there would have been no trouble.

HE (with intense sarcasm). You think somehow he should have got hold of the ball and then thrown it to himself where he was still standing at the plate?

SHE. *Carl* should have got hold of it.

HE. *Oh, for the . . .!* Oh, well . . .

SHE. I'll kindly thank you not to use that tone of voice to *me*.

IF A fiction writer had dreamed up this account he would contrive the story so that Brooklyn lost the pennant by a single game. This would give a spurious significance to a single incident that had a spurious significance in the first place, as all we men comprehend easily enough. The actuality is attested to in the files of a thousand newspapers just beginning to turn yellow. Campanella for the rest of the season continued to run down the first base line. Brooklyn played better than five hundred ball during this period but unfortunately could not match the efforts of Philadelphia which won the National League Championship by two games. Not a few of the sports writers have pointed out that the Phillies played inspired ball at the end of the 1953 season.

However, Philadelphia lost the World Series to Yogi Berra and his companions. Catcher Berra, a squat man with a short neck, of course raced religiously away on what some people still insist on calling bootless errands.

## *The Pigeons and Sun Yat-sen*

ERIC BARKER

CONTENTMENT deep in the throats of pigeons  
bubbled all day like warm spring wells.  
Their soft breasts burned like copper shields  
round Sun Yat-sen, their clapping wings  
applauded the weather, the scattered crumbs  
flung from the hands of the generous ones.

"Observe the time and fly from evil"  
the text on St. Mary's stones advised.  
But only the pigeons flew in sunlight,  
returning to whiten the metal sides  
under the poplars, of Sun Yat-sen,  
with folded hands, whose thoughtful eyes  
saw nothing to fly from, nothing of evil  
in what St. Francis might have found

(a perch for wings like a full-leaved tree,  
lost in the throbbing and rustling ground)

better than human sight or sound.





# Death at Skrikerud Pond

*Ted Olson*

*Drawings by Fred Banbery*

**T**HE winter of 1942-43 is remembered as one of the bitterest in European history.

It was well on into May when the ice began breaking up in the innumerable lakes of Norway and a woodsman, walking along the shore of Skrikerudtjernet, made a grisly discovery. A yard or two from shore, at the edge of the ring of open water, were the bodies of an elderly man and woman. They were trussed with copper wire; their clothes were weighted with stones. Apparently they had been beaten to death, their pockets emptied, and their bodies shoved into the water, where the ice soon closed over them.

Identification was not difficult. The man had a deformed foot; he wore specially designed shoes. It was an easy matter to find the manufacturer and learn that the shoes had been made for Jacob Feldmann, a well-to-do Oslo merchant, proprietor of two clothing

stores. Feldmann and his wife Rakel had fled from Oslo the previous October, as so many other Jews were fleeing. Skrikerud pond is in the mountains of southeastern Norway, between Oslo and the Swedish boundary. It was obvious that they had been trying to escape to Sweden; it was known that they had taken a substantial sum in currency with them. It seemed equally obvious that they had been waylaid and murdered for their money and valuables.

The investigation ascertained this much, and then frayed out. Norway was at war and occupied by the enemy. In the vast drama of violence and carnage these two obscure deaths could not be expected to occupy anyone for long. If there were those who could have hazarded a shrewd guess as to how the Feldmanns had met their end, they held their tongues. In occupied Norway one learned quickly to hold



...all one learned not to  
...the police.

The Feldmanns were not, as it proved. The war dragged on and eventually ended. Murder as a mass-production industry shut down (though only, as it developed, to take inventory): individual murder became once more a concern of society. Quietly the investigation was resumed. Gossip, like Skrikerud pond, shook loose the inhibiting ice of the long winter of occupation. Even so, it was nearly two years after Norway's liberation before the police were able to announce that two young men, residents of Trøgstad, the nearest settled community, had been arrested, and had confessed.

Their names were Peder Pedersen and Haakon Løvstad. Both had excellent records in the Norwegian underground. Pedersen had spent the last two years of the war in German prisons, first Grini, near Oslo, later Sachsenhausen. Løvstad had managed to escape to Sweden and eventually to England, where he served with credit in a Norwegian Air Force ground crew.

They were placed on trial in Sarpsborg the following August. And as their story was unraveled, it became clear that the Feldmann case involved something considerably more complex than the sordid ordinary murder for gain it had first appeared to be.

The main outlines of the story are simple enough. Løvstad and Pedersen were members of the underground, charged specifically with guiding fugitives to the Swedish border. Pedersen had taken part in the three-month fight against the German invaders in 1940, had joined one of the first clandestine military units, and eventually had been assigned to organize a refugee transport system with headquarters at Trøgstad, where he operated an automobile repair shop as cover. He was regarded as one of the most expert and trustworthy operators in this dangerous traffic: he had guided between fifty and one hundred persons to safety. Løvstad lived on a farm near Trøgstad, and he and his brother Karsten were members of another underground transport group. Karsten appears to have been a particularly bold and impudent operator, something of a Norwegian Pimpernel. He had already escaped once from the clutches of the Gestapo. Refusing to remain safely in Sweden, he became a Home Front courier,

making regular trips back and forth across the border.

This traffic, it is well to remember, was of vital importance to the Norwegian underground and to the Norwegian Government-in-Exile in London. The Germans and their handful of Norwegian lackeys could never patrol effectively the 1,000 miles of forest and mountain where occupied Norway met neutral Sweden. Throughout the war men—and women and children as well—moved back and forth almost at will. Home Front leaders slipped across one night, were flown to England next day, cramped and half-frozen in the bomb-bay of a Mosquito, conferred with His Majesty's Government, and were back at their desks in Oslo within a week. Thousands of underground workers, learning that the Gestapo was sniffing at their heels, disappeared in the night and a few days later were reporting to one of the Norwegian reception centers in Sweden. At first the traffic was extemporized and desultory; soon it was organized into a smoothly-functioning machine which passed the fugitives from hand to hand until they were safe on neutral soil.

IT WAS to this organization—or the tiny segment of it operated by the Løvstad brothers—that Jacob Feldmann and Rakel addressed themselves when, on October 23, 1942, they hastily emptied the safe and set out in deadly and warranted fear of their lives. They could hardly have chosen a less opportune time.

The Feldmanns had come to Oslo from Russia in 1910 and had opened a clothing store. As it prospered, they opened another. They were childless, but they had adopted a son, Hermann. They were in their middle fifties when, in April 1940, Hitler's armies swarmed ashore at a dozen Norwegian ports.

At the beginning Norway's handful of Jews were not molested. The invaders and their henchmen had other matters to occupy them, and there was no smoulder of anti-Semitism to be quickly nursed to flame. Some of the wiser Jews, nevertheless, took warning early and got across the border. Others, like the Feldmanns, waited. By the late summer of 1942 word began to pass around that it would not be wise to wait much longer. The exodus began. Hundreds reached the border, aided by the underground; the Pedersen and





*It became apparent that the Feldmanns were going to be difficult.*

Løvstad cells had helped many across. Some 1,500 never got away. They were rounded up and sent off to places like Belsen and Sachsenhausen. Fewer than a hundred came back.

The Feldmanns might easily have been among the 1,500 destined for the gas oven. They were elderly people; for thirty years they had lived blameless lives in an orderly and lawful society. Persecution was a faded memory and a legend in the newspapers. It must have been hard for them, as it was for so many of us, to give the word its appalling reality. Even when the incredible began to happen and the danger was at their door, they may still have persuaded themselves that it would pass them by.

Their decision was made for them suddenly and violently. On October 23 a neighbor telephoned and asked if they had seen the afternoon papers. They had not. He would not explain; he advised them to send out and get a paper. They did so. The story they read was this:

Their foster son, Hermann, and a companion, named Willy Shermann, had been intercepted while attempting to escape to Sweden by train. Their escort, Karsten Løvstad, had shot it out with the police, and the three had escaped, leaving one policeman dead. The countryside was being searched for them, and extra police and troops were pouring into the area.

One of the clerks in the Feldmann store, testifying five years later, described how the couple, in a hysteria of panic, emptied the safe, crammed the money into their pockets, and vanished. Probably they had discussed this contingency earlier; at any rate they apparently did not hesitate as to where they must seek help. They knew the Løvstad family; they had sold them clothes in exchange for farm produce. After a night hiding with relatives, they made their way to the Løvstad farm.

They had come, of course, to the vortex of the storm. Karsten Løvstad had been recognized; the search could be expected to converge on his home at any moment. Haakon Løvstad, who had been warned as he waited for Karsten and his charges at a station nearer the border, was in hiding at his sister's farm. The remaining Løvsads—the father and another brother, Odd—appealed to Pedersen for help. He decided to hurry the Feldmanns to his father's home as a safer refuge. It was just in time. The police came to the Løvsads' next morning.

THE arrival of the Feldmanns must have seemed to Pedersen and the Løvsads the ultimate calamity. To begin with, they had no business being there at all. They had not been sent by the underground, through the customary channels. But they could not be sent back; they knew too much



already. Neither could they be moved. The countryside swarmed with police and troops, and all traffic across the border had stopped.

Also it became apparent that the Feldmanns were going to be difficult. They were nearly out of their wits with fright, and their panic found expression not in gratitude for their momentary security but in a querulous tirade at their predicament and everyone concerned in it. They complained of the inadequacy and inconvenience of their quarters. They complained of the food—and in that, Pedersen's seventy-two-year-old father testified later, they had some warrant; "we didn't have it so fancy in those days." Most of all they complained about the delay in setting them across the border. This was not at all what they had been led to expect. They let it be known that they considered the Pedersen organization a pretty ramshackle outfit. They quarreled. Mrs. Feldmann wept. Feldmann consoled himself with a flask, the only baggage he had remembered to bring.

All this is the recollection of witnesses five years afterward. From the laconic testimony one can surmise the distrust and dislike that festered all that weekend in the beleaguered farmhouse: the Feldmanns, volatile and voluble, aliens despite their thirty years in Norway, speaking with a heavily Russian inflection, frantic with the consciousness of their own peril, and considering nothing else; the Pedersens, taciturn, parochial as the peasants of eastern Norway proverbially are, accus-

tomed to meet the rigors of life with a stoic toughness—between these there was little basis for understanding under the best of circumstances, none whatever now.

All Saturday and Sunday the search raged through the countryside. Odd Løvstad and his father were arrested Saturday morning, and German troops took over their farm. Haakon Løvstad was in hiding. There was no word yet from Karsten. Peder Pedersen and a lieutenant, Leif Kölner, slipped out Sunday to spy out the situation. They brought back word that Germans and Norwegian Nazis were everywhere. The roads to the border were tightly patrolled. No truck or car could get through without being searched.

Monday morning Pedersen sent a messenger for Haakon Løvstad. They took counsel. The roads were impassable, and might well be impassable for days or weeks. The search had not yet penetrated to the Pedersen farm, but no one could predict how long it would be spared. The Feldmanns must not be there if the Germans came. But how could they be moved? It was twenty-four miles to the frontier—twenty-four miles of mountain and forest and marsh, difficult enough even for a young and hardy man.

Pedersen and Løvstad reached their decision that night. Next morning they roused the Feldmanns and told them it was time to start for the border. The Feldmanns paid for their board and room—ten kroner—and because Mrs. Feldmann's city shoes were



*All Saturday and Sunday the search raged through the countryside.*



worthless for a journey like that confronting them, Mrs. Pedersen lent her a sturdier pair. They set out into the chill October drizzle.

It took them more than four hours to traverse three miles. The woods were saturated with the autumn rains. The path, such as it was, dissolved repeatedly into quagmires. The Feldmanns had to be helped at every step; they were carried bodily through swamps and across brooks. They were fat, soft, helpless, and Feldmann had a misshapen foot.

AT SKRIKERUD pond the journey ended, as Pedersen and Løvstad had decided the night before that it must end. Pedersen struck Mrs. Feldmann down with a blow of his fist, and stunned her with the butt of his revolver. Løvstad felled her husband with a lead-weighted billy. It was over very quickly. They went hastily through pockets to remove identifying papers and labels, filled the pockets instead with stones, trussed the bodies with copper wire, and rolled them into the lake. The papers they burned; keys were buried in the woods nearby, where they were recovered five years later. The money was divided. Pedersen took 8,000 kroner—some \$2,000 at the prewar rate—Løvstad 4,000, and Feldmann's watch. A ring with three diamonds they left on Mrs. Feldmann's finger. It was there when the bodies were found.

The two men slept that night in a deserted cabin. Next morning they parted, not to meet again until after the war. Løvstad hid out for several days, until the manhunt had tapered off, and then led another party of fugitives to Sweden. Pedersen went back to the settlement, to begin rebuilding the shattered underground railway. Three months later he was arrested, after one of his Oslo contacts had broken under torture and identified him. The end of the war found him in Sachsenhausen. He told the court he had come out of it pretty well, all things considered, although he had never wholly recovered from the dysentery and the aftereffects of pneumonia contracted in prison.

It was the end of the trail for Karsten Løvstad and his two charges too. A quisling farmer turned them in a few days later. Hermann Feldmann and Willy Shermann were shipped off to die in a German concentration camp. Word of Karsten's arrest reached Haa-

kon in Sweden, and he slipped back to Norway on a characteristically audacious mission—nothing less than to snatch his brother out of the courtroom and spirit him away to freedom. It was a scheme worthy of Karsten himself, but nothing came of it. Karsten was never put to trial. His fate was not known until after the war, when his body was found in a mass grave with others butchered by the Germans.

Later Haakon was one of a party of Norwegians who tried to run the German blockade with several Norwegian ships bottled up in Gothenburg harbor. Some were sunk, the rest turned back. Eventually he reached England and joined the Norwegian Air Force.

THIS was the defendants' story. They told it without gloss or evasion, and with little eloquence. One reporter described them as clumsy witnesses, inarticulate and seemingly lacking in feeling. That may have been only glib reportorial assumption. Norwegian countrymen are likely to be laconic; they do not betray emotion easily. And it is not always easy, even for more articulate persons, to recall and project for others the emotional color of an episode five years past. Here and there in the testimony one detects a hint of the horror of the scene at Skrikerud pond. Løvstad, pressed on some detail, hesitated, and said he couldn't be sure: "You see, my mind wasn't exactly clear just then." Pedersen at another point recalled that they were "nervous and out of our wits."

But on one point they could not be shaken. They had done what they had done because they had no choice. In the same circumstances now they would make the same decision. The Feldmanns had to die. They were bound to die anyway. There was no way to get them to the border. Alive, they were a source of deadly danger—not only to the Pedersens and the Løvstads, that didn't matter so much, because danger was their business, but to the whole organization. The Feldmanns knew too much. If they fell into Nazi hands they would tell everything, and the whole delicate Pimpernel mechanism, already grievously wrenched by the affair on the train, would collapse. While it was being rebuilt, how many other men and women would die?

Why, the prosecutor asked them, had they



not let the Feldmanns try to reach the border themselves?

They would never have made it, Pedersen answered.

Not even in short stages, guided and assisted by a properly organized expedition? After all, men had crossed Greenland on foot.

Løvstad smiled grimly. You wouldn't have gotten Feldmann across Greenland.

But surely there was some other possibility?

None, Pedersen said firmly. We couldn't let them be captured. It would have been a catastrophe.

The prosecutor shifted his attack. If their motive was solely to silence the Feldmanns, why had they robbed them also? And, having taken the money, why had they not reported it to their superiors in the underground? Why had they not turned it over to the authorities after the war?

The first question was easy. You just do not dump 12,000 kroner into a lake to rot, or burn it as they had burned the Feldmanns' identifying papers. As to reporting it to the Home Front leadership—well, they had discussed that, and had decided against it. You never knew who might be arrested, or when; and nobody could be expected to stand up under torture. It had seemed best to keep quiet.

And after the war?

"There were so many rumors going around about the fantastic amount the old couple were supposed to have had. We were scared. Anyway, I wanted to try to earn back what I had used up. Løvstad and I talked it over, but we decided to wait."

They had always intended to turn it over to the police when the right time came, they insisted. But somehow most of the original 12,000 had melted away. The elder Pedersen had spent some of it to send extra rations to his son in Sachsenhausen. Peder had used some more in getting his auto repair shop set up again after the war. Løvstad had pawned Feldmann's watch in Stockholm. When they were arrested they had only 1,500 kroner left.

IT WAS an unhappy story, perhaps all the more believable for its very lameness. It did not reflect much credit on the two principals. But the disposition was to take

it at face value. There was no evidence that either Pedersen or Løvstad had ever before attempted to enrich himself at the expense of his refugee clients; there was considerable testimony that, if their motives had been mercenary, the opportunities for enrichment would not have been lacking. There were plenty of Jews, Leif Kølner testified, who were glad to offer 10,000 kroner for a trip across the border, but the underground asked of them only enough to cover expenses and keep the organization going. After a thorough exploration of the issue the court appeared satisfied; the charge of murder with intent to rob was dropped.

So the Feldmann case came finally to focus on the single issue: Conceding that Pedersen and Løvstad had acted not from panic but from sober calculation; conceding that their appraisal of the situation was as accurate as it was possible, under the circumstances, to make—had they then the right, even the duty, to take the lives of two innocent elderly people who had entrusted those lives to them?

The defendants maintained firmly that they had. And now an unscheduled witness came to their support, a witness whose word carried authority. His name was Helge Motzfeldt. He had been a member of the central leadership of the Home Front, with specific responsibility for refugee transport. He had read of the case in the newspapers, and he asked permission to testify. The first law of the underground, he declared, was that the organization must be protected, at any price.

Even to the point of taking the life of a fugitive, the judge asked.

Yes, Motzfeldt insisted. It might sound cynical and brutal. But one must remember that this was war. Every man had his orders. The work had to go on. Even if it meant the sacrifice of life—one's own life included. Underground couriers carried poison capsules to be taken if they were captured, so that they would not, under torture, betray others.

It is difficult, even in the uneasy world of 1953, even to a generation which has seen so many evil and unbelievable things happen, to read a statement like that and not find it a little preposterous, more suitable to an Eric Ambler thriller than to a sober newspaper record of a court proceeding. We are constrained to believe, but the emotional incredulity remains. That is the difficulty the



Sarpsborg jury must have felt when it retired to debate the Feldmann case—the difficulty of recapturing in peacetime the mood and the climate of war.

War is assumed to have its own special moral sanctions. We are enjoined "Thou shalt not kill," but we learn immediately that times and circumstances permit certain dispensations. Who, though, is to determine the scope and application of the dispensation? Once there was a code to define and delimit it. Now war has changed its aspect radically; the code is recognizably anachronistic. The distinction between combatant and noncombatant grows steadily more indistinct. We live in a quicksand age; codes and values dissolve beneath us. For any one of us there may be somewhere a Skrikerud pond, with life or death at our franchise, and no superior officer, no lawyer, no policeman to consult.

THE jury deliberated an hour and a half. It found the defendants not guilty. Pedersen and Løvstad heard the verdict as impassively as they had endured the trial, but there was something of a demonstration in the court.

To the onlookers—many of them friends and relatives—it was obviously a popular verdict. Others were not so pleased. There were many who argued that it would have been better for Norwegian law and morality if the two men had been convicted and then perhaps been let off with a minimum sentence. The controversy continued long after Løvstad and Pedersen had returned to the obscurity from which the war called them. It was a heated controversy—as heated, one writer remarked, as if every man and woman were personally involved. He added: "And perhaps in a way they are."



*Alive, they were a source of deadly danger.*



# Statehood for Alaska

*Ernest Gruening*

**I**N HIS State of the Union message President Eisenhower urged that statehood to Hawaii "should be granted promptly, with the first election scheduled for 1954." The platforms of both political parties had promised immediate statehood to Hawaii, he stated.

It was asked widely why no mention had been made of our other territorial candidate for statehood—Alaska. Since President Eisenhower cited the platforms of the two political parties on Hawaii, what they say about Alaska is pertinent. The Democratic platform pledge for Alaska was identical with that for Hawaii: "immediate statehood." The Republican plank came out for "statehood for Alaska under an equitable enabling act."

President Truman, the first President to endorse statehood for either Alaska or Hawaii, endorsed both unqualifiedly and urged action upon the 79th, 80th, 81st, and 82nd Congresses. The two territories have been generally teamed together, though through separate bills. The reasons for this association are fairly obvious. They are the only remaining "incorporated" territories and therefore explicitly destined for statehood. This is not the case with the other possessions of the United States. Puerto Rico, for instance, has never sought statehood, but instead has received a special and uniquely generous treatment—including a financial status under which it retains its customs receipts and internal revenue receipts, and pays no federal income tax. Two years ago it received likewise from Congress an unprecedented political status of its own choosing, that of an associated Commonwealth. That action of Congress has been further ratified by approval by the Puerto

Ricans themselves of a Constitution which confirmed such status. Puerto Rico has received exactly what it wants politically and economically, and the action of the United States toward that insular possession has been in every sense praiseworthy.

The case for Hawaiian statehood has long been outstandingly clear. After being an independent Republic for four years, from 1894 to 1898, Hawaii sought and achieved annexation. Its population, just under one-half million, exceeds that of four states in the union and equals that of several others. It has more population than any territory but one had at the time of admission. It has a sound economy based on sugar, pineapples, and tourists. It has for years paid more federal taxes than a number of states. It has preserved and revived ancient, joyful customs for the delectation of islanders and visitors, contributing to America's cultural diversity the sweetness of Hawaiian music, the graceful rhythm of its dance, the flowered lei, and, above all, the *aloha* spirit—of which the world could well use more! The only argument which could be presented against Hawaii's admission to the family of states which did not apply to other territories is its "non-contiguity." Opponents of statehood point to the 2,300 miles of ocean separating Hawaii from the mainland, and emphasize that a great precedent would be established by Hawaii's admission. The real reason for the delay in granting Hawaii statehood, however, has been seldom, if ever, publicly admitted, though well known. It is racial prejudice.

There are, unfortunately, still a substantial number of people in the United States who

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*Alaska Mo*

believe in "white supremacy" and look upon members of other ethnic groups as inferior. Only about 15 per cent of the people of Hawaii are pure whites; the rest are of Polynesian, Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, or Korean descent. Approximately one-third of Hawaii's population is of Japanese origin. There has been considerable intermarriage between the races. These facts have been advanced—although not too openly—as arguments against admitting Hawaii. A common prejudice-arousing inquiry in private conversation on Hawaiian statehood has been a whispered: "How would you like to have a United States Senator called Moto?"

Actually, the unique and highly creditable racial tolerance which exists in Hawaii, whose origin is fully explained by Hawaii's history, should have been the strongest argument for Hawaii's admission. Hawaii is one area under the flag where there is virtually no discrimination based on race. It is a shining exemplification of what Americans should practice everywhere. The Union should long since have admitted Hawaii by acclamation!

Now that the Cold War clearly requires of the American people that we diminish as far as possible our racist habits, and make our democratic professions a reality, political equality for Hawaii becomes a categorical imperative. In a world three-quarters of whose people belong to the darker races, whose sympathy and friendship we must win in our conflict with the Kremlin, we can no longer afford the racial intolerance which has in the past characterized large segments of the American people. This intolerance is, happily, diminishing. The admission of Hawaii would be a further step in the right direction. But as it now seems almost certain that with a Presidential endorsement, and the commitment of both political parties, Hawaii will be admitted to statehood by the 83rd Congress, we may well turn to Alaska and see what differentiates its case for statehood from that of Hawaii.

**T**HE two causes are similar in the abstract. Both Alaskans and Hawaiians desire statehood and have voted for it on referendums because they want no longer to be second-class citizens. They cannot vote for President or Vice President. In the Congress they are represented by only a voteless Delegate in the House. Even on territorial matters

a delegate may not vote even in Committee.

As in the case of Hawaii, every Committee of the Congress to which the Alaskan statehood bill has been submitted, has rendered a do-pass report. That occurred in the 79th, 80th, 81st, and 82nd Congresses. In the 81st Congress the Alaskan statehood bill actually passed the House; in the 82nd Congress, the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs reported the bill favorably, as it had in the 81st, but when the bill came up for debate in the Senate in February of 1952, it was defeated by the narrow margin of one vote, 45-44. The defeat was accomplished by a motion to recommit the bill to Committee.

The arguments against statehood for Alaska, with the one exception of the non-contiguity argument, are similar to those that have been advanced against the admission of nearly all of the twenty-nine states which were territories before their admission. One: it has insufficient population. Two: it is too far away. Three: it has inadequate resources to support a state.

All these arguments can be readily refuted. Alaska has more population than one-third of the states of the union had at the time of their admission. To this it is retorted that its population is *relatively* smaller, in proportion to the total population of the United States, than that of those earlier states at the time when they were admitted. But there were five states which not only had less population than Alaska has now, but less population in relation to the national total. The adverse arguments were based on the census of 1950, which gave Alaska's population as 128,000. It is now over 160,000.

The argument of distance was advanced against the admission of Oregon, New Mexico, Arizona, and other Western states. Against Oregon, admitted in 1859, before railroads spanned the continent, people argued that its Senators and Representatives could not cross the Rockies and the prairies in time to attend the sessions of Congress to which they were elected. This was nonsense, but it was the kind of nonsense which finds its way into congressional debates. Measured in the only pertinent terms—namely, time required to journey between the proposed state and the national capital—Alaska (and Hawaii) are much nearer Washington today than were all states at the time of their admission.



In the early days of the Republic it required a fortnight to journey by stagecoach from New Hampshire, South Carolina, or Georgia to Philadelphia. It took an almost equal length of time to reach the capital, on horseback, over trails, when the first states across the Alleghenies were admitted. The journey from California after 1849, and from Oregon in 1859, required several weeks by stage or on horseback. Even when the last two states, Arizona and New Mexico, were admitted in 1912, the trains of that day consumed four days en route to Washington. Today one flies from Juneau, the capital of Alaska, to Washington in approximately nineteen hours' flying time—less than a day. And instantaneous communication by telephone adds a factor not in existence when previous states were admitted. All of Alaska's principal cities are linked up with the national telephone system.

**T**HE third argument—that Alaska lacks the resources to support a state—is fanciful. It has far more resources than many of the states now in the union. Even in its present state of underdevelopment—which is largely the result of its territorial status—the Alaskan economy is amply able to support statehood. Alaska's financial picture compares favorably with that of many states. The Territorial Government finished its biennium on March 31, 1953, with not a single cent of indebtedness and a surplus of \$4 million in its treasury. The additional cost of statehood has been estimated by as dispassionate an agency as the United States Bureau of the Budget, as between \$4 million and \$5 million annually. This estimate is diminished by the million dollars of revenue which would come to Alaska under the statehood act from one-half the net proceeds of the Pribilof Island seal fisheries.

Actually, Alaska's present tax structure, while moderate, is sufficiently comprehensive and flexible to come pretty close to sustaining the cost of statehood, for Alaska's economy, despite federal bureaucratic inhibitions, is expanding. Any increased costs of statehood could, without difficulty, be borne by a slight increase in revenue if necessary.

It might be well to remind ourselves that this argument had been a familiar one in previous statehood debates. "What is there," said congressional opponents of New Mexico's

and Arizona's admission, "that will support a state? It is a desert—nothing but sand, sagebrush, cactus, Indians, and jackrabbits!"

In the case of Alaska the changes are again rung on "Seward's Folly," and one Senator contrasts the number of farms in his agricultural state with those in Alaska, to the latter's disadvantage. Of course Alaska is not an agricultural area. It would be just as fair to argue to Nebraska's disadvantage that it had a negligible number of fishing boats compared to Alaska's.

What then is the significance of the wording in the Republican platform requiring an "equitable enabling act"? The answer is that the opponents of Alaskan statehood have been driven from a position of opposing statehood *per se* to the argument that the bill presented to the 82nd Congress was not adequate to permit Alaska to become a viable state. It was urged that 99 per cent of the land in Alaska was in public domain, and that Alaskans had been remiss through the years in not transferring more of this land into private ownership; and further, that given this large amount of federal control over land, Alaska would not in effect become a free and independent sovereign state, but would remain a vassal of the Department of the Interior.

The fact, of course, is that it is Congress itself which, through the years, has made the acquisition of the land by private individuals almost impossible in Alaska. During the first thirty years under the American flag, despite the unceasing protests of all Alaskans, the homestead and general land laws were not made applicable to Alaska. Congress did not act until the turn of the century. Up to that time it was impossible in Alaska to secure title even to a homesite. By the time these laws, adopted two generations earlier in the states, were applied to Alaska, they were obsolete and inappropriate. For the past half century Alaskans have vainly tried to secure modification of the laws and of the red-taped procedures in their application. Alaska is in the ironical position of being reproached by Congress for Congress's own failure to act.

**A**T THE last full-dress hearing on Alaskan statehood, held in May of 1950, before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, not a single Alaskan appeared in opposition to statehood. But some fifty did



fly down from Alaska to testify in favor of it. The only opposition came from representatives of the Canned Salmon Industry, whose seat of operations is outside of Alaska, and by one or two individuals who were brought there by it, and admittedly at its expense.

The Canned Salmon Industry, whose headquarters are in Seattle, has been bitterly opposed to statehood, and its potent lobby successfully assisted in congressional inaction in the 81st Congress. Its opposition has been for two reasons. One, it feared an increase in taxation. This reason has now virtually disappeared since the territorial tax structure adopted four years ago would need little modification to support statehood. The second reason, however, is a continuing one. There is a device known as a fishtrap, by which salmon are caught in large numbers as they migrate from the ocean up Alaska's rivers to spawn. The fishtrap provides the fish inexpensively for the canneries. It is violently opposed by all fishermen, who not only see in it ruinous competition for their purse-seines, gill-nets, and trolling apparatus, but consider it destructive of the fishery resource itself. Apart from fishermen, the people of Alaska as a whole oppose fishtraps, and on a referendum in Alaska in 1948 voted by a majority of nine to one for their abolition. The vote was merely an expression of opinion, however, since under Alaska's Organic Act of 1912 the control of the fisheries is retained by the federal government, a discrimination against Alaska which never had any counterpart in the other territories, such as Hawaii and Puerto Rico. That the fishtrap is both unpopular elsewhere and deemed destructive is suggested by its abolition in British Columbia and the states of Washington and Oregon. Meanwhile, the fisheries of these areas—despite factors adverse to salmon, such as industrialization, urbanization, power dams, and pulp and paper industries—have maintained their supply; Alaska's salmon, on the other hand, under federal control and without the above adverse factors, have been steadily diminishing.

This is one of the Alaskans' great grievances. They want the fisheries transferred to the control of Alaska, which statehood would do. But this is precisely the reason why the Canned Salmon Industry opposes statehood. It knows that the Alaska legislature would

abolish fishtraps. It likewise opposes the transfer of the fisheries to Alaska independently of statehood, which Alaskan legislatures have repeatedly requested for the past thirty years. On a referendum on that issue in the fall of 1952, the people of Alaska voted by over five to one for the transfer of the fisheries to territorial control. Again this was only the expression of a pious hope dependent on congressional action that has been consistently opposed by the Department of the Interior, which does not wish to relinquish its jurisdiction over Alaska's fisheries.

**H**OWEVER, in the Canned Salmon Industry's extensive presentation before the Senate Committee in May 1950, this vulnerable basis of opposition did not appear. Instead the attack was directed at the large amount of Alaska's land still in public domain, the slowness with which the surveys proceeded (also a matter of inadequate congressional appropriations), and criticism of the bill in that it did not provide enough land to make Alaska self-sustaining as a state.

This argument has little merit. In its original form the Alaska bill provided the traditional statehood formula for public lands in territories seeking statehood, namely, the transfer of two numbered sections out of each township to the new state. This was later amended to provide four sections. But in the desire further to improve the bill to Alaska's advantage, the Senate Committee again amended the bill with a new formula under which Alaska would receive some 22,000,000 acres of *its own selection*, in addition to more than a half million acres for specific purposes.

The object of this change was to obviate Alaska's securing, under the numbered sections formula, mountain tops, swamps, tundra, and otherwise worthless lands, and—even in the best sections—lands which would be disconnected and hard to administer. With nearly 23,000,000 acres of public land to be transferred by the statehood bill, an area larger than the state of West Virginia, Alaska would, as a state, come into possession of more land not in public domain than is now possessed by each of the four states of Idaho, Utah, Nevada, and Arizona. True, percentage-wise these nearly 23,000,000 acres would be but 7 per cent of Alaska's total acreage of



375,000,000. Actually, possession of a large amount of land entails considerable expense, the cost of a land office to manage these lands, the cost of surveying them. If Congress would modernize the land laws, and make them appropriate to Alaska, more of the public domain would in time pass into useful private enterprise. But Congress has not seen fit to do that, despite the repeated pleas of Alaskans.

However, if the present Administration considers that the bill defeated at the last session, S.50, and now again before the Congress, is not "equitable"—as was implied by the Republican platform and stated in Senate debates—it would be very simple, if a sincere purpose exists, to make it equitable. Alaskans, like the traditional Scotchman, will be glad to accept any "given" amount. There are some ways in which the bill could be made somewhat more generous if Congress desires to make it so. It could provide Alaska with an appropriation for constructing its capitol, state penitentiary, and institution for the insane: these last are now handled under an undesirable contract system by the Department of the Interior in an institution in Oregon. The Congress could, if it desired, offer the funds for surveying the 23,000,000 acres provided by the previous bill, considered by the opponents of statehood as not "equitable." Congress could increase the land grant. Alaskans have not in the past requested such generosity. Those who have given the question study are satisfied with the bill and would, if necessary, accept an even less generous act in preference to perpetuation of the territorial status. Territorialism's inherent discriminations and frustration, more flagrant in Alaska than in the case of Hawaii, would require pages of chapter-and-verse documentation. But it can be said with moderation, as well as truth, that Alaska has for eighty-five years suffered congressional policies and bureaucratic tyranny, unparalleled in any other territory, which have thwarted its normal development.

Some improvement has come in the past few years. But this has been due largely to wholly extraneous circumstances—World War II with its Japanese threat, and the sequent actions and attitudes of the men in the Kremlin. These, and these alone, have belatedly called attention to Alaska's strategic importance and to the necessity for building up its

defenses. The military program has benefited Alaska substantially by providing long overdue roads, airfields, housing, and land surveys. But even here the developments are unbalanced by the fact that they have been wholly subordinate to purely military considerations. They should instead be geared to a well rounded, intelligent economic development, which would enable Alaska to achieve its destiny to be not only a bulwark of defense for the Western Hemisphere, but an outstanding example in these far northern latitudes, in juxtaposition to Soviet totalitarianism, of the American way of life.

IT MAY be noted that few causes have so much popular support as Alaskan statehood. It has been endorsed by such widely diversified organizations as the United States Chamber of Commerce, the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and AMVETS, the AF of L, the CIO, the Railway Brotherhoods, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Grange, such fraternal and civic clubs as the Lions and Kiwanis International and the Loyal Order of Moose, and the Congress of Home Missions, representing some thirty Protestant denominations; and the support of the Catholic Church has been manifested by the Catholic Bishop of Alaska's authorizing the two eldest priests in the Diocese to appear before the Senate Committee to testify in favor of statehood. Finally, statehood has for the past six years received the annual endorsement of the Conference of Governors of the forty-eight states. No single national organization of any importance has come out in opposition to statehood, and none has even counseled delay. The press, so divided on many issues, is virtually unanimous in favoring statehood for Alaska.

In the face of such overwhelming endorsement, if Congress were as responsive to public opinion as elective bodies are supposed to be, statehood for Alaska would be promptly enacted.

Why, then, was Hawaii alone mentioned in President Eisenhower's message?

One reason why. Hawaii and Alaska have been bracketed together in recent statehood legislation has been the assumption that under statehood Hawaii would elect Republican Senators and Congressmen, and Alaska, Demo-



cratic. To be sure neither Alaska nor Hawaii can be considered a Vermont or a South Carolina; both would fall into the category of "doubtful" states. However, on the record, Hawaii has been predominantly Republican, and while the Republicans in Alaska swept into the Legislature in the 1952 election, Alaska's Democratic Delegate, Mr. Edward L. Bartlett, survived the Republican landslide. That however is not the whole story. [President Eisenhower, in his message, significantly urged that Hawaii should be granted statehood promptly, "with the first election scheduled in 1954." Since Hawaii has already adopted a State Constitution, its ratification, and thereby statehood, can be achieved very quickly by Congress.] What the Administration has clearly in mind is the election of two Republican Senators in 1954 to increase the slender majority of one which it now holds in the Senate of the United States. The chances that it will be successful are excellent.

It is interesting to note that the long standing opposition to statehood for Hawaii of Senator Hugh Butler, Republican from Nebraska, who now occupies the powerful and controlling post as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, has vanished in the face of political exigencies, for the case for Hawaii was just as good five years ago as now. In the 80th Congress, the Hawaiian statehood bill passed the House and would have passed the Senate if Senator Butler, then likewise Chairman, had permitted his Committee to vote it out. So earnest were the proponents of Hawaiian statehood in the Senate at that time that an unusual attempt was made by a group of Senators, headed by Knowland of California, to discharge the Committee, a heresy which was bound to fail, and did, although it mustered twenty senatorial votes. There is no question that had Hugh Butler approved statehood then, Hawaii would now be a state.

Besides Senator Butler's opposition, and that of the conservative Republican wing which followed him, there was the opposition of the Southern Democratic bloc—for wholly different reasons. In the 45 to 44 vote which defeated Alaskan statehood in the 82nd Congress, twenty-three out of the twenty-six Senators from the thirteen Southern states voted in the majority. The supporting minority

consisted of liberal Republicans and Northern Democrats. The Southerners' opposition—not mentioned on the floor—was based on their unwillingness to admit any state whose Senators could not be counted on to take the Dixie view on "cloture." The right to unlimited debate to the point of filibuster was based on their fear of federal civil-rights legislation. Without entering into the merits of that issue—which was certainly dragged far afield in opposing the admission of either Alaska or Hawaii—it may be said that the Administration's relinquishment of action on civil rights to the states has diminished Southern opposition. That opposition will no doubt be recorded but will scarcely go to the lengths of a filibuster. Thus Hawaii's achievement of statehood during the 83rd Congress can be taken for granted; and whatever the mixture of motives, the event should be hailed with rejoicing.

Even if the 83rd Congress were to pass a statehood enabling act for Alaska, the mechanics of electing delegates to a Constitutional Convention, drafting a Constitution, ratifying it, would make the election of state officers, including Senators, for Alaska in 1954 impossible.

What puzzles and distresses Alaskans is that no word of encouragement was given to the Alaskan statehood cause by the President, who, when President of Columbia University, in September 1950, spontaneously espoused statehood for Alaska and Hawaii, saying in a Denver address: "Quick admission of Alaska and Hawaii to statehood will show the world that 'America Practices What It Preaches.'" No sooner had the Presidential message to Congress in February of this year been broadcast in Alaska than the Territorial House of Representatives, consisting of twenty Republicans and four Democrats, by unanimous vote wired the President in protest against his omission of Alaskan statehood. That message embodies the hope of Alaskans that before long the new Republican Administration will also give Alaskan statehood a nod, and that the Congress will then take the necessary steps to demonstrate that the good faith of the United States, in applying the basic American principle of government by consent of the governed, is not based predominantly on partisan considerations.



# New York and the Puerto Ricans

*Winifred Raushenbush*

*Drawings by William Gropper*

AS EVERYONE knows, New York City has more Irish than Dublin, more Jews than Tel-Aviv. Today it also has more Puerto Ricans than San Juan, the capital of Puerto Rico. During the last ten years, a quarter of a million natives of an overcrowded tropical island have transplanted themselves, in the first airborne migration in history, to the even more overcrowded island of Manhattan. And the migration is by no means over: the steady stream of new arrivals from the south is not abating, and, since Puerto Ricans are American citizens, there is no way in which it can be controlled.

New York, for over a century the world's most overburdened and, on the whole, most successful foster mother of immigrants, was startled to find when World War II ended that not only were Puerto Ricans coming in at La Guardia airfield by the thousands but that, once in New York, they showed no signs of scattering to other sections of the United States. The city itself was clearly their goal. Furthermore they refused to behave like immigrants.

Slowly New Yorkers have been forced to realize that these are the most exotic arrivals the city has ever had. Although predominantly of European stock, they are not wholly European: they are ex-colonials, who sometimes harbor a deep resentment against the United States, and they are not easily classifiable as to color. Among the city's 375,000 Puerto Ricans, at least 50,000 are visibly colored. More than 100,000 others have some small fraction of Indian or African ancestry. But because they are more white than anything else, these racially mixed Puerto Ricans

are classified as white by the United States census, and are accepted, with very few reservations, as whites on the island. And by their very presence in New York, they are constantly challenging the city's implicit patterns of segregation.

Most New Yorkers are gloomy about prospects for the great Puerto Rican migration. Many Puerto Ricans, on the other hand, are optimistic. Some, who have already successfully adjusted themselves to the city, even prophesy that the Puerto Ricans will be assimilated more quickly than the earlier waves of European immigrants who poured into New York prior to 1919. Improbable as this sounds, they may just possibly be right.

## II

AS ANY New York Puerto Rican will tell you, the reason why 39,000 Puerto Ricans arrived in New York in 1946 was that that was the year the price of a steerage airplane seat was cut to \$35. Until then the cheapest passage from Puerto Rico to New York had been via the immigrant steamer, *The Marine Tiger*, whose minimum fare was \$85.

Like a cloud of tropical butterflies, gaily dressed Puerto Ricans suddenly appeared in Manhattan's subways and busses, often traveling in family parties, especially on a Saturday or Sunday night. New Yorkers stared at them. The Puerto Rican men ignored this, the women looked defiant, and the children stared back with the gravity of Spanish courtiers. Today New Yorkers no longer stare, but they are quite aware that the Puerto Ricans have



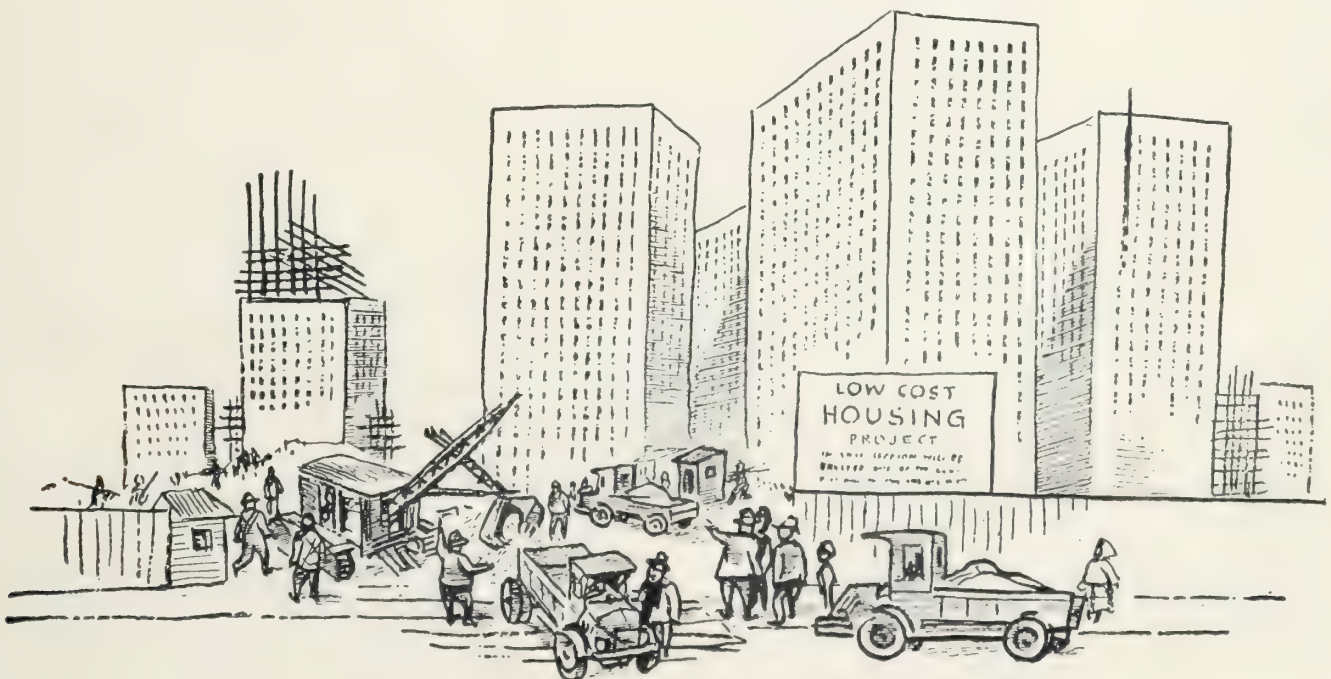
taken over much of their city. Spanish-language motion-picture theaters with South American movies have sprung up all over Manhattan; Puerto Rican groceries, which already number more than 1,500, have begun to appear in widely scattered neighborhoods.

Unlike earlier European immigrants, the Puerto Ricans have refused to stay put for at least a generation in any one section. From East Harlem near the northeast corner of Central Park, where they originally encamped and where there is a great Puerto Rican market at 110th Street and Park Avenue, they have flowed northward to 165th Street in the Bronx, southward along Fifth Avenue and Central Park West. Stunned by this mobility, one alarmed New York woman recently told a friend: "I don't know what we're going to do. The Puerto Ricans are only two subway stops away now!" There are eleven Puerto Rican colonies in Manhattan outside of East Harlem today, and they are also established in all the other boroughs. What is most significant about this situation is that the Puerto Ricans, like the Italians before them, tend to move not only as individuals but in groups, and since they have every shade of skin color from white to black, they keep jostling New York's housing pattern which is still, in the main, segregated. Yet this dispersion is as difficult to stop as the migration itself, for the thrifty segment of the colony, although not large, is buying and renting whole apartment houses.

WHEN they first arrived, the Puerto Ricans, like all migrants, expected that two plus two would make four: that to the amenities and pleasures of Puerto Rican life would be added the special charms of New York—wages at least twice as high as those in Puerto Rico, much free medical service, and dancing until four in the morning. The shocks, which came soon, were rude. And the first was the city's reaction to its new arrivals.

In a series of attacks in the press, climaxed by a chapter in *New York Confidential*, published in 1948, New Yorkers were given to understand that Puerto Ricans had "congenital tropical diseases," were tubercular, syphilitic, and took dope; that the men sent their wives and sweethearts to Chinatown to solicit Chinese men; that all Puerto Ricans were on relief; and that they were puppets of the Communists whose plane fares had been paid for by Vito Marcantonio and Moscow gold. (A Puerto Rican Public Relations Committee was eventually organized to combat these slanders.)

Meanwhile the Puerto Ricans were discovering that such housing as they could afford was appalling (in June 1952, seven Puerto Ricans were burned to death at 1101 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, a building that had been classed as a fire-trap since 1948), and that they frequently had to pay two to three times as much as other New Yorkers because they were Puerto Ricans. New York's Negroes, of







course, face a similar situation, and a bad state of affairs became worse as East Harlem Negroes and Italians began to complain that "the Puerto Ricans are taking away our homes." In addition, the bonus racket, from which many New Yorkers suffered during the war, was perpetuated and applied to the Puerto Ricans. A housing survey made by Puerto Rican and Negro members of the East Harlem Protestant Parish revealed that 119 of the families surveyed had paid their landlords bonuses totaling \$60,592.

Relations between Puerto Ricans, who often speak little English, and the East Harlem police, who seldom know any Spanish, have been bad for decades and have grown worse as the number of Puerto Ricans has increased. But the vigorous attempts the Puerto Ricans have made to bring instances of police brutality to the city's attention have so far been largely frustrated by the indifference of the New York press. When a policeman shot and partially paralyzed a Puerto Rican boy because he would not hand over his supposed crap winnings, the congregations of three East Harlem churches, with their ministers in black

and red robes, held a protest church service on the steps of the 23rd Precinct Station at 177 East 104th Street, but no other notice was taken of the event. When a plain clothes man shot and killed a 21-year-old wedding guest, Sergio Roderiguez, on Madison Avenue, his friends set up a sign: "Here a cop killed a Puerto Rican." But only one newspaper, the *New York Post*, mentioned the Roderiguez case, on which the Workers' Defense League has assembled a full dossier.

It is natural that Puerto Ricans should be angry about such insults and injustices. It is also true that many New Yorkers, including city officials, have reason to be worried about the Puerto Ricans. Relief has introduced a completely new element into the relations between a city and its migrants. In New York, relief is available as soon as need is established,

and in 1950 the city's bill for Puerto Rican relief was \$15,600,000. In 1952, 3.8 per cent of the city's population and 9 per cent of the Puerto Ricans were getting some kind of relief. This is not very high; but what might happen to both the newly arrived migrants and the New York taxpayer's pocketbook in the event of a recession makes city officials shudder. Robert F. Wagner, Borough President of Manhattan, told the 1952 Conference of Spanish-Speaking Organizations that the city must plan for this possible contingency now. And, subsequent to Eisenhower's inauguration, Rudolph Halley, president of New York's City Council, asked New York Senators Irving M. Ives and Herbert H. Lehman to aid in obtaining \$25,000,000 in federal funds for the city to help solve its "migrant problems."

Yet the situation, bad as it may seem on both sides, is actually an encouraging one. In other sections of the country and in other periods of American history, the relations between New York City and its 375,000 Puerto Ricans might easily have exploded into violence or become a chronic festering sore. What



is noteworthy is that nothing like that has happened here.

### III

WHAT has happened is that old lady New York has rummaged around in her bureau drawers, dusted off her etiquette book on how to get on with immigrants, and decided to whip up something fancier in the way of diplomatic relations than she ever tried before. What she has evolved is a triangular liaison between some of the top citizens of New York and representatives of both the New York Puerto Ricans and Puerto Rico itself. This is the Mayor's Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, which has recently added to its membership Chancellor Jaime Benitez of the University of Puerto Rico; Puerto Rican Secretary of Education Mariano Villarenga; Teodore Moscoso, Administrator of Economic Development; and Secretary of Labor Fernando Sierra Berdecia, who wrote the first play about life in the New York colony, a comedy, "The Night He Played the Joker," which was produced in 1950 by the Instituto de Puerto Rico.

The presence of such high-ranking Puerto Ricans on the committee indicates how anxious the Puerto Rican government is to do its share to keep the New York situation from going sour. The government is also, however, in a somewhat delicate position: some migration is necessary to solve Puerto Rico's severe overpopulation; on the other hand the government does not want to see the best of its skilled and semi-skilled workers drained off into the New York labor market when many of them are needed at home to carry out the island's huge industrialization program.

The Mayor's Committee has not, of course, solved all the problems of New York's Puerto Rican colony. But it has kept them from becoming inflamed. Although some problems, like police treatment of Puerto Ricans, have proved more stubborn than others, there seem to be no insuperable ones, no difficulties that time may not solve. A former president of one of the colony's important organizations, who has been in New York for over twenty-five

years, has said: "There is nothing that New York could do for the Puerto Ricans that it is not trying to do—nothing." This is an extraordinary tribute to the city. It also proves, perhaps, that Puerto Ricans are a realistic and reasonable people who do not ask for miracles. Recently the Puerto Rican government appointed Dr. Clarence Senior chief of the Migration Division of its Department of Labor, and partly as a result of his and the division's efforts, Puerto Ricans are now settling in various industrial cities of the American northeast and even in Western mining camps. This has decreased the proportion of Puerto Rican migrants who settle in New York from 98 to







80 per cent, but the number that arrive annually still remains high. Puerto Ricans like New York for many reasons, one of which is that it is comparatively near home. Home is Puerto Rico.

#### IV

A MAJOR consideration in the relations between New York and its Puerto Rican citizens has to do with the city's attitude toward the color problem. Using the distinction made by the United States census, 81 per cent of the Puerto Ricans are white, while 19 per cent are colored. But actually the situation is much more complex than this. Puerto Rico's population is a mixture of three stocks: the Arawak Indians of Central America; Europeans, mainly from southern Spain; and west coast Africans from Guinea, the Congo, and Angola. In some cases these stocks have been preserved intact. Ramon A. Mellado, describing the present color groups on the island, notes that there are "pure whites" and "pure Africans," but that the "pure Indians" had disappeared by 1880. There are also a great variety of blends be-

tween these different stocks, who belong to what José Vasconcelas of Mexico calls "the cosmic race of the Caribbean," and who vary in color from white to light yellow and *café-au-lait* to dark tan, coffee-bean brown, and true African black. Mr. Mellado divides Puerto Ricans of mixed stocks into two groups: "colored persons" and "whites with some Indian or African admixture, who are not identifiable."

It is the proportion of these different color groups, both in Puerto Rico and in New York, that is interesting. The "pure whites" of unmixed European ancestry make up about 10 to 12 per cent of the island's population, while another 19 per cent is "colored." This means that over the half the people on the island, and probably also in New York, are "whites with some Indian or African admixture, who are not identifiable."

New York's San Juan on the Subway is divided into three groups: well-to do, pure white, educated Puerto Ricans who have been settling in the city since 1898; the middle group who arrived between the wars, who are mainly employed in the merchant marine, the civil service, the garment industry, and the



export-import, hotel, and restaurant businesses; and the great flood of post-World War II migrants, who have caused much of the present tension. Most of them are industrious, responsible citizens, although often economically insecure; some are destitute and abysmally wretched; and a small minority are inclined to lawlessness and relief chiseling.

Among the top-bracket Puerto Ricans are such glittering stars as actor-producer José Ferrer, Graciella Rivera of the New York Opera Company, assorted intellectuals, and five men who are reputedly millionaires, although one of them laughs at the claim. "There are no Puerto Rican millionaires in New York," he says, "only lots of \$100,000 Puerto Ricans. It is so easy for the Puerto Ricans to make money in New York." (So far, Puerto Rican business men have made money mainly out of their own countrymen, but as grocery and delicatessen storekeepers, landlords, and factory owners, they are now beginning to do business with other New Yorkers.)

In climbing the economic and social ladder in New York, "pure white" Puerto Ricans seldom have difficulty in being accepted, provided that they speak English well. For the Puerto Rican of mixed ancestry, the situation is quite different. Light Puerto Ricans in particular, who are accepted as white by some New Yorkers and not by others and who have never before faced this particular kind of discrimination, suffer from a very special malaise.

**D**EPENDING on their characters, light Puerto Ricans, like light Negroes, respond to the situation in various ways. Some "pass," perhaps as Greeks. Some tell their children: "Never say you are a Puerto Rican," which shocks the colony as a whole. Some use deceit. When a Puerto Rican girl, studying in a Canadian university, married a classmate, the ceremony was held in Puerto Rico, but the girl's dark grandmother was not present.

Some Puerto Ricans practice what they call "courtesy lying." When an American asks them whether a particular Puerto Rican is "white," they say yes, even though they know he is a white of mixed ancestry. This seems to them defensible, because they are choosing between two possible alternatives: the North

American view, embodied in the legislation of some states, that a man who is one thirty-second or one sixty-fourth African is a Negro, which is like saying that a man who is one thirty-second Belgian is always and exclusively a Belgian; and the Puerto Rican view that a man who is rated as white by the census, and who is predominantly of European ancestry, is white. The latter seems to them the more civilized position.

However, the majority of light Puerto Ricans do not "pass," because this is contrary to both their tradition and temperament. Almost all Puerto Ricans say proudly that there is no race prejudice in Puerto Rico. While this is perhaps an overstatement, it is true that there is, in practice, almost no discrimination in respect to travel, public recreation, housing, church attendance, or burial. The rights which Puerto Ricans have enjoyed freely on the island, they do not wish to obtain by deceit on the continent. Temperamentally, too, deceit is foreign to them. "The Puerto Ricans," said a leader of the New York community, "are very sincere. They have pride and honor, and will kill for this, and they do not know how to be meek." At present, light and colored Puerto Ricans are accepting their situation with outward stoicism and inward rage and perhaps, too, with ultimate hope. For the fact remains that, despite their difficulties, the majority of Puerto Ricans choose to stay in New York. And they stay because they believe that New York's racial practices are getting steadily better and that future improvements will come fast enough to benefit them and their children.

During the thirty-five years since World War I ended, they have seen discrimination by employers, trade unions, the amusement business, beauty parlors, barbershops, department stores, and taxi drivers largely disappear. The State Commission against Discrimination backs them in getting jobs. Car cards in New York subways and busses constantly underscore the fact that the city officially opposes discrimination and favors equal opportunity. Discrimination in restaurants is crumbling. And the Puerto Ricans themselves are pushing back discrimination in housing. "Where we go, Negroes can go too," one Puerto Rican said enthusiastically. "We are really going to straighten out this city on the color question."



# Reading, Writing, and Religion

*Eugene Exman*

WHEN American booksellers added up sales figures for the year 1949 they discovered that four out of the five best-selling titles of non-fiction (excluding "Zoo" and Canasta books) were religious titles. Each year since then religious books have climbed to the shelf of the ten best-sellers of fiction and non-fiction alike. Last year, topping them all, was the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible, whose million-copy first edition not only set a record for size but even so wasn't big enough to go around. On February 22 of this year, The New York *Herald Tribune's* best-seller list had as its four non-fiction leaders: *A Man Called Peter*, *This I Believe*, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, and the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. Twenty-five years ago the book world would have looked with incredulity at such a record. Professor Halford E. Luccock of Yale recently went so far as to say, in *Publishers' Weekly*, that in the current interest in religious books we are witnessing "one of the most striking changes in feeling, mood, and taste which have occurred in centuries, [taking place] not as changes in literary trends have usually occurred, over a generation or half a century, but telescoped into a very few years."

Literary trend or no, the phenomenon of religious books ranking high in best-seller lists does make people ask, Are we in for a revival of religion? Not in my twenty-five years of religious-book publishing have I so often been asked as now, Who buys these books and why?

Before we answer these questions, let us

take a look at the figures for the sales of religious books as compared to the total output. The Department of Commerce figures for the years 1927, 1937, and 1947 afford a fair sampling. (In using these figures, the nearest thousand will be given and the term "religious book" will also include philosophical books and Bibles; otherwise fair comparisons are impossible. Both cloth and paper-bound books are included and a book is a book if it contains sixty-four pages or more.) What do the figures show?

In 1927, the year of Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry* and Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy*, 21,045,000 copies of religious books were sold, or 9.6 per cent of the total sale of 219,276,000 copies of books of all classifications. In 1937, a year made famous by Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind* and Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, the sale of religious books had dropped to 12,523,000 copies or 6.5 per cent of the sale of all books of 197,259,000. Came 1947, when *The Miracle of the Bells* and *Peace of Mind* led off the best-sellers, and the total for religious books jumped to 42,543,000, or 8.7 per cent of all titles, which totaled 487,216,000. The 1947 religious-book volume was more than twice the 1927 volume and nearly three and a half times that of 1937.

Here is a table showing the relation of religious-book sales to total sales for all the years for which comparable figures are available. No tabulations were made during the second world war and those for 1947 are the latest ones available.

*A glance at current best-seller lists will demonstrate the growing popularity of books with religious themes. Eugene Exman, who for twenty-five years has headed Harper & Brothers' religious-book department, gives his interpretation of the phenomenon.*



|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1925—6.1 per cent | 1935—4.7 per cent |
| 1927—9.6 per cent | 1937—6.5 per cent |
| 1929—8.2 per cent | 1939—8.0 per cent |
| 1931—8.5 per cent | 1945—9.9 per cent |
| 1933—6.7 per cent | 1947—8.7 per cent |

These figures show a peak reached nine years after the close of World War I; then a slumping off through the depression years; and again, since 1935, a gradual increase in religious-book sales as compared to the total output of hard-bound books (with the percentage down somewhat in 1947, as would be expected because of a vast distribution of technical books and G.I. textbooks).

IF IT seems to you—as it well may—that these percentage figures indicate no very remarkable increase, you must remember that they do not include as religious books a great many books that carry a religious and inspirational message. For example, more clergymen probably read and quoted from the one-volume Arnold Toynbee, and from Lecomte du Noüy's *Human Destiny*, than from any two out-and-out religious books published during the same period. In fact, the Reverend Louie D. Newton, one-time president of the Southern Baptist Convention with eight million conservative constituents, went so far as to say in 1949 that Toynbee's *Study of History* was "about the most religious book I have read in a year." There is no way of knowing how many of the 110,000 who bought a copy of *Human Destiny* during its first year of publication did so because it had been recommended by a clergyman; there is no way of knowing how many of the 450,000 who received a copy from the Book-of-the-Month Club—and found time to read it—were convinced again, or for the first time, of some of the claims of religion. But certainly to a great many readers it was a religious book.

What, after all, is a religious book? Technically speaking a religious book is produced by a religious writer, advertised and reviewed mainly in religious periodicals, and sold through religious book outlets to religious people. Would *Peace of Mind* be so classified by the U. S. Department of Commerce? Surely it wouldn't by the book trade. For booksellers it is "non-fiction" or "general." On the other hand, that Rabbi Liebman was a religious man and that he wrote the book for religious reasons, there can be no doubt. That it satisfied

the cravings of countless readers for spiritual food, there can also be no doubt. Certainly it was the book's attempt to bring orientation and spiritual equanimity—which are concerns of religion—that accounted for its sale within two years of 600,000 copies.

Furthermore, the statistics of religious-book sales do not include novels; and the large sale of many novels with avowed religious themes has been a striking phenomenon of the past decade. The year 1942 had three best-selling novels with such themes, *The Song of Bernadette*, *The Robe*, and *The Keys of the Kingdom*. The following year came *The Apostle*, the second volume in the Sholem Asch trilogy on Jesus, Paul, and Mary. Since then, we have seen the publication of such other successes as *The Miracle of the Bells*; *The Bishop's Mantle*; *The Big Fisherman*; *The Razor's Edge*; *Cry, the Beloved Country*; and Henry Morton Robinson's *The Cardinal*, which (in both cloth and paper editions) sold well beyond a total of half a million copies. Of these books by far the most spectacular in sales has been *The Robe* by Lloyd Douglas. Published in 1942, it was on the best-seller lists for thirty-two months, an all-time record for fiction. For a while this novel of the time of Christ was being printed in lots of 50,000 copies, with presses running continuously; its total sale is now well over two million copies and its estimated reading public more than ten million.

THESE people knew nothing about the discouraging first efforts of Lloyd Douglas in getting a novel accepted for publication. This clergyman-author wrote to me in 1928, shortly after his book *Those Disturbing Miracles* was published, to say that this book, like his earlier religious books, didn't seem to sell much beyond his own congregation and circle of ministerial friends; he wondered if he could get his religious message to a wider group if he put it in fictional form. What did I think? Mindful of the sales record made by another preacher, Henry van Dyke, who had had the same idea in writing *The Story of the Other Wise Man*, I urged him to get to work. In due course his fiction effort, entitled *Thirsty Fish*, came in for a reading. It was returned for revisions and again submitted. This time two of my colleagues also read it and we agreed it was not suitable for publication. A second New



York publisher also declined it. Finally it was accepted for publication by William Colby, a Chicago editor astute enough to see its possibilities and patient enough to get it properly reworked. The title was changed to *Magnificent Obsession* and Lloyd Douglas soon found his larger "congregation" of readers—and also kept his publisher's head above water during the depression years.

That book was followed by *Green Light*; then came *The Robe* and, in 1948, *The Big Fisherman*. In each of his novels, Lloyd Douglas exemplified in terms of characterization the struggle to find meaning in life. Whether or not his books will be lasting literature, he has become one of the best-known writers of his generation. In a list of best-selling authors in America from 1895 to 1944, compiled on the basis of number of books and number of times each book appeared on best-seller lists, he ranked fourth, and that rating was made before *The Big Fisherman* was published (top of the 1948 fiction list and next to top in 1949). Were such a study made now he would probably move up to second place, with Winston Churchill (the American novelist, not the English statesman) first.

The best of recent novels "with a purpose" is probably Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*. The Associated Press reviewer, William G. Rogers, writing early in 1950 about the previous year's undistinguished output of fiction, urged readers to go back to Paton's 1948 novel. Steadily, without the help of a book club or a big promotion campaign, this beautiful book has worked its way past the quarter of a million mark.

Not only fiction but juveniles as well have reflected the public's interest in religion. *One God*, by Florence Mary Fitch, *Small Rain*, illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones, and *A Child's Book of Prayers*, edited by Louise Raymond, are examples. Several able illustrators have done versions of the life of Jesus and such a definitely religious book as *Little Lost Lamb* by Margaret Wise Brown has won its way at all age levels.

**S**TILL another sign of the times which does not show in the statistics is the considerable number of writers who, after establishing their reputations with non-religious books, have turned to dealing with religious themes. Dorothy Sayers has moved

away from mystery stories to write religious essays and dramatizations of the life of Christ and of the formulation of the Nicene Creed. All of Aldous Huxley's books for fifteen years—especially *The Perennial Philosophy*—show how profoundly the basic assumptions of religion have affected Huxley's living and writing. To a greater or less degree this shift in emphasis has been manifest in the work of Evelyn Waugh, C. S. Lewis, T. S. Eliot, W. H. Hudson, Vincent Sheean, and Thomas Sugrue. Two sharply contrasting writers, Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Gray Vining, are also in this group: *Witness* and *Windows for the Crown Prince* are surely animated by a religious spirit. Especially noteworthy are the religious books of Gerald Heard, who turned from scientific reporting and anthropological writing in 1940 to publish *The Creed of Christ*. His genius consists not only in a vast erudition—H. G. Wells once said that Heard's mind was the best informed of this generation—but also in his spiritual synthesis of modern knowledge. He correlates the findings of the scientists, the psychologists, and the mystics.

One of the most impressive signs of the current boom is the increasing demand for the so-called inspirational book. Seventeen years ago when I contracted with Dr. Emmet Fox to publish *The Sermon on the Mount*, he prophesied that it would sell a million copies. I smiled indulgently, but soon that smile will happily be on the other side of my face. Books such as this never get on best-seller lists, but they move out in a steady stream from bindery to bookstore to bedside table. Or take the best-selling book ever published by Alfred Knopf, without benefit of book clubs, *The Prophet* by Gibran. Another "inspirational" book, it is a stock item checked regularly by that firm's travelers; no store would be without it. It is the joy of a publisher's heart, making up for the loss on many a new novel. It is the perennial found most frequently, perhaps, in a bookstore's religious book department.

Especially noteworthy is the growing interest in sermons. I have often told aspiring authors that sermons are to be heard, not read—unless, perhaps, to prime some other preacher's pump. But Peter Marshall's book of sermons, *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master*, was listed among the best-sellers for many months. More than a hundred and fifty thousand of the laity have bought it. And, confusion worse



confounded, this record breaks another publishing axiom—that posthumous books are hard to sell; Dr. Marshall died more than a year before the book was published. A current best-seller is Mrs. Marshall's biography of her husband, *A Man Named Peter*, a somewhat sentimental story of their married life, plus additional material taken from his sermons.

A 1942 best-seller was Harry Emerson Fosdick's *On Being a Real Person* and in 1949 his book, *The Man from Nazareth*, was distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Another established religious book author, E. Stanley Jones, published three volumes of daily devotions during the forties, one of which, *Abundant Living*, has sold three-quarters of a million copies. The growing interest in devotional books has brought forth dozens of books, one of the best being Thomas Kelly's *A Testament of Devotion*. The wide distribution of the books of another Quaker, Elton Trueblood, has made him "more often quoted than any other contemporary religious leader," according to the *Saturday Review*. And the nation's leading theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr, could know that his Gifford Lectures on *The Nature and Destiny of Man* were being read by university presidents as well as Main Street clergymen.

**T**HEOLOGY, once the queen of the sciences, is coming back into vogue, with non-churchmen even writing in to ask for book lists. A primer for these has just been published by Daniel Williams, *What Present-Day Theologians are Thinking*. Some of the most popular theological writing appears in *The Interpreter's Bible*. This million-dollar project is edited by George A. Buttrick and will consist of twelve volumes, of which four have already appeared. This commentary is written largely by clergymen who are, theologically speaking, not so far to the right as some of the seminary professors.

In the current swing of the theological pendulum to the right, vast numbers of inquiring minds are left inquiring. "Neo-orthodoxy" has tried to find authority in the Bible—not the Bible of the Fundamentalists, to be sure, but the one revelation of God. This Biblical theology is not likely to redeem the masses, despite the brilliance of Reinhold Niebuhr and his neo-Barthians. Their two saints,

Augustine and Calvin, lived as now in times of vast revolutionary changes when evil seemed to be a lap or two ahead of good, leaving fallen man far, far away from God. But a theology of despair—and ultimately of skepticism—be it ever so subtle, is not likely to win people's allegiance. Other Protestants seek an authority in a revived church and a spate of books on Ecumenicity shows eager and hopeful minds looking for union beyond denominational differences.

In the meantime people go to church not only for theological or authoritarian reasons but also because with others in corporate worship they find spiritual refreshment. They find it even in what Gerald Heard calls "ad hoc" churches like Alcoholics Anonymous. In fact the AAs comprise the most exciting modern movement in religion. After eighteen years they have 150,000 members in 4,500 groups in the United States and forty-one other countries. Their book, *Alcoholics Anonymous*, tells the story of the beginning and early history of the movement and is the best modern testimony I know of the power of religion to save sinners. Ever since Noah got drunk men and women have been dying of alcoholism. Now, in our quarter of the century, religion, medicine, and psychology have together diagnosed the disease and provided a cure. These men and women of AA have been deeply moved by a religious experience. For them God is not primarily a theological concept but a power in time of need.

**A**MONG the most popular authors of the past few years have been four Roman Catholics: Thomas Merton, the late Fulton Oursler, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, and Henry Morton Robinson—each with books whose primary appeal is to Roman Catholics or at least readers interested in Roman Catholicism. Here is an interesting phenomenon, worthy of careful examination.

Thomas Merton joined the Roman Catholic Church in November, 1938. Ten years later the story of his spiritual quest was headed for best-sellerdom. In fact, during Lent of 1949 *The Seven Storey Mountain* was selling at the rate of 2,000 copies a day with over 150,000 copies in print. This year, the sequel, *The Sign of Jonas*, describing his life in the monastery and his ordination as priest, is also climbing the best-seller lists. Why have



these autobiographies of a young intellectual who joined the Trappists brought paradoxical fame and fortune to him and his order? Is it because people are curious to know why men become monks—particularly in one of the most austere orders? Or are Merton's readers riding a groundswell of world-weariness and looking for a safe place to beach their boats? Or just expressing a normal interest in well-written autobiography? Actually Merton's vocation may be that of the successful writer rather than the anonymous contemplative; part of the appeal of these books lies in the candid way he projects this inner conflict onto their pages. "That many readers should regard the Trappist answer as the true and only answer of spirituality is the danger and possible demerit of the book," wrote another convert to Roman Catholicism of *The Seven Storey Mountain*, adding wryly, "Trappists should keep silent." But there is no dodging the fact that Merton has found a way of life which has meaning for him and in speaking with profound assurance is able to draw to his table countless thousands of the hungry ones. And who is not hungry at times? Even envious of a man who appears to have an inexhaustible supply of spiritual food?

Many commentators have tried to account for the big boom in sales for this kind of book. "Catholic culture in the United States," wrote the Reverend Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., literary editor of the Jesuit weekly *America*, "is showing every year more unmistakable signs of flowing over into creative literature." And Michael Williams, founder and for many years editor of that liberal Catholic journal, *Commonweal*, commented, "Catholicism in the United States has become perhaps the paramount factor in the worldwide work and influence of Catholic Christianity. . . . Catholic literature has now entered a veritable new epoch of significance and importance."

**T**HIS big boost in the distribution of Roman Catholic books is worthy of further comment. Frederic G. Melcher, editor of *Publishers' Weekly*, recalls that thirty-five years ago, when he was manager of W. K. Stewart's bookstore in Indianapolis, hardly a Roman Catholic book to laymen was sold, even though religious books were fea-

tured. "I couldn't sell a Thomas Aquinas in two years. Now see what Random House has done with their expensive two-volume set!" Fifteen years ago the late Eugene F. Saxton, a leading trade-book editor of his time, could say that there was little demand for Roman Catholic books except Missals and devotional books. In fact Roman Catholic books were then thought of as little black-bound books with gold edges. But not now. Roman Catholic books are printed and bound, packaged and promoted, as any trade book would be. They are better written, better edited, and often published by the big trade houses. More Catholic bookstores are in business and the steadily increasing number of religious book departments in general bookstores and department stores has helped the cause of Roman Catholic literature. So have five book clubs with Roman Catholic specialties. Most important, the Roman Catholic schools have been steadily adding to the stream of book-minded people not averse to paying three dollars for a religious book. Thus an increasingly literate and sophisticated laity has responded to books on the ancient faith when published in modern style and format.

The growing popularity of Roman Catholic books is interpreted by some as an indication of a swing to Rome. But while the statistics of the *Catholic Directory* do show a year-by-year increase in new members from outside the fold, these figures are exceeded, according to Protestant statistics, by those of converts to Protestantism. Statistics of church membership can never gauge spirituality but it is evident that membership in all Christian churches is growing at a faster rate in the United States than the over-all population. This growth, coupled with the steady increase in the number of those graduating from school and college, naturally widens the market for religious books in all categories.

One by-product of best-selling Roman Catholic books has been an increasing consciousness on the part of American Roman Catholics of their place in the sun. So much so that another best-seller of 1949-50, Paul Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, appeared to many Roman Catholics like a dark cloud along the horizon. Although Blanshard, a non-Catholic, denied that he was discussing Roman Catholicism as a religion,



and insisted that he was treating it only as an institutional and political problem, he was accused by Roman Catholic reviewers of fomenting prejudice. The very controversy his book aroused stimulated its sale, in spite of the fact that the power which Blanshard discussed was strong enough to keep the book from being advertised in some papers and necessitated its being sold only from under the counters of some stores. And now Blanshard has been answered by James M. O'Neill while another writer, the late Thomas Sugrue, in his *A Catholic Speaks His Mind*, has given a word of wisdom to all religionists, evincing more concern for the inside than the outside of the ecclesiastical cup.

**A**LTOGETHER, one can hardly take a long and careful look at the record of the book industry during the past twenty-five years and gainsay a growth in religious concern throughout the nation. To what shall we attribute this?

Ordinarily it is attributed to fear and frustration—the fear of war, and the frustration that comes from a sense of individual helplessness before the massive and arbitrary forces that seem to many people to rule their lives. But surely more than this is involved. For innumerable people, finding that the science which had seemed to offer them a material world of all good things could also release hell on earth, have lost their former faith in science, and now look elsewhere for an altar. Their search may not take them as far as a church and its clergyman, but they can browse in a bookstore without embarrassment or buy a religious book without making a public confession of faith.

In recent years, furthermore, science has affected faith in another way. Following Darwin, many scientists began to think of the paraphernalia of religion as outdated. But during the past twenty-five years some of the leading scientists have been writing books that show they find it intellectually possible to believe both in Galileo and God. Certain scientists who have also been philosophers, like Jeans, Eddington, Whitehead, Milliken, and du Noüy, have published new affirmations of belief in the spiritual nature of the universe. And this from the camp of the astronomers and physicists, whence men had once marched out armed with agnosticism and ma-

terialism! Of course, some of them are still marching as before, and naturalistic positivism as a philosophy is still reputable in the universities. Nevertheless those young people who have a natural bent toward religion need no longer feel that their studies lead them inevitably toward agnosticism. And as the intellectual climate changes, the faith and practice of the believer again can find a place in the sun.

Likewise, psychology in the past quarter of a century has helped the cause of religion. Freud, who had challenged religion, was in turn challenged by his pupil Carl Jung. This Zurich psychologist, writing in 1933 on *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, gave now oft-quoted testimony that the chief problem of all persons over thirty-five who came to him for psychological help was that of finding a religious outlook on life. At about the same time an industrial psychologist, Henry C. Link, took a long look at the failures and frailties of God-forsaking man and prophesied a return to religion. Dr. Link discovered, as did Fénelon more than two centuries earlier, that psychological insights were basic to religious living.

While most psychiatrists acknowledge the importance of religion it is likely that the majority of them still regard it as a therapy. "If you can believe in God, fine," they say. "If you can have a religious experience, fine. Don't concern yourself as to whether it is real or not—it will help you."

Yet any preacher worth his psychological salt these days has a book on counseling, and he may join one of the latest of book clubs, the Pastoral Psychology Book Club. *Peace of Mind* climbed to best-sellerdom because of this growing feeling that religion must have valid psychological insights. So did Norman Vincent Peale's *A Guide to Confident Living*, and when this Fifth Avenue preacher applied psychological insights to the solving of personal problems, many thousands were interested, bought his book, and pondered.

Or were they already pondering and thus felt that the book voiced their own conclusion? A publisher seldom knows whether an author is speaking ahead of his time or sensing the moment of precipitation for the common man's brew of thought. At any rate, during my twenty-five years of religious-book publishing I have observed that both scientists and



psychologists increasingly reflect the public's renewed interest in religion and add to it by the books they are inspired to write. I have seen religion again become a respectable field of inquiry, even though the agnostic may still point to crudities in the faith and practice of some believers.

**T**HERE is a further reason, I think, for this renewed interest in religion, beyond fear and frustration and beyond this new intellectual frame of reference. It results from the "one-world" consciousness that our century is moving into so rapidly. We are aware now, as mankind never before has been, of our close proximity to other races and religions. We are learning from them and absorbing some of their faith. The Hindus and the Moslems and the Buddhists are viewed with lessening antagonism and heightening appreciation, and their saints and seers are read for more than "comparative" interest.

This broadening horizon makes the job more difficult for the church that has built a strong creedal fence about itself. Two results can be observed. Either the fence is strengthened—there is a recrudescence of creedal affirmation—or else the gates are opened and the field expanded to absorb the new world view. In its growth the Christian church has often thus adapted itself to new cultural patterns. Perhaps it will in our century. But in the meantime many who are seeking a religious faith are unable to find it in institutional churches, and therefore turn to books that speak to their condition. They are, of course, small in number when compared to

the millions that are satisfied with dogmatic religion, but they are nevertheless a growing group of literate men and women who want a faith more commensurate with this new world view.

The shrinking globe has also brought us nearer to some of the great religious leaders of our day. The response of Americans to Gandhi in India and Schweitzer in Africa has been astounding in view of our presumed absorption in material things. When Albert Schweitzer visited America in the summer of 1949 he was welcomed by press and public alike—not as a tired, disheveled missionary to Africa but as one of today's truly great men with a vital message for a tired, disheveled world. His own books, biographies of him, and anthologies of his work have been for sale everywhere. In Schweitzer as in Gandhi, the world was sensing spirituality at its best and paying for the privilege of participating in it through the printed page.

"Ours is a generation," wrote J. Donald Adams in *The Shape of Books to Come*, "that is surfeited with facts and starved for vision." Writers like Dr. Schweitzer bridge the gap between facts and vision. That their books are being read is a highly encouraging fact. A religious editor who compiled an anthology of proverbs more than three hundred years before the Christian era also had something to say on this same subject. One parable he copied down reminded him of the time when his ancestors had been driven out of Jerusalem to be the displaced persons of their day. "Where there is no vision," he wrote, "the people perish."

### *Eh—?*

**I**N THIS age events move rapidly, and it is already evident that the Africa of the past is about to be wiped out. European civilization is there to stay. What will be the result? No student of history can have his doubts as to the answer. The white races will control the whole of Africa. The race question, which was once a problem here, will soon loom up in the new territory which Europe is seizing.

The whites who have invaded Africa will settle the question in one of two ways. They will either drive the Africans into reservations, and gradually exterminate them, as they have done in the case of the Indian, or they will reduce the blacks to a condition of practical servitude.

—Atlanta Constitution, April 12, 1896.



# *Elected Silence: Three Sonnets*

(In Loving Memory of William Rose Benét, 1886-1950)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

## I

THIS was my song, unsingable, unsung;  
Long put aside in grieving or in sloth:  
Such heaviness to raise the simple word  
(How well we knew, is likeliest unheard)  
The brain, the good gray dishclout, to be wrung.  
Brain split? Fatigue, or indolence, or both?  
But mute in midnight now, forgotten man  
(No phone will ring) his memory might plan.  
Yet (as you said) I was at whiles too clever  
In selfish craft and curious fashioning:  
Oh why, why did I ever  
Do anything but sing?

## II

Our time was late for singing, blessed Bill!  
We sang: we reeled our purple *qwertyuiop*  
As our gaffers would have pared a quill,  
Took *fin-de-siècle* by the forward top.  
Did sidekick duty in our Grub-street shop  
And ribbed each other plenty. You might say  
Something of mine was corn and sugar-pop—  
I cracked, *You* should know, William Prose Benét.  
We laughed, and loved us more. Too late for song?  
Sure, singing hath no age? Tremble lives long.  
I spoke you always as my Wilhelm Meister,  
Shy, and shyer yet, but never shyster.  
What 1900 japes and *bouts rimés*  
We had: but we were singing all the way.

## III

So . . . so . . . each poet has his secret faith  
That somewhere, somewhen, someone might arise,  
Might read him with unfashionable eyes,  
Critic uncrazed by momentary scathe,  
So skilled in loves or laughter and/or lust  
Dissects the formal flaky pastrycrust  
To our god-orchard deepdish fruit below. . . .  
And now no postage-stamp will let you know.  
We saw men in their universal blitz  
Tear our bicycle-boyhood world to bits,  
Yet also saw tree, ocean surf, and hill  
In the morn's morning measured fresh and new.  
My faith, such as it is (not much), dear Bill  
Is partly faith in you.



# After Hours

## *Did You See IT?*

THE season is almost on us when several hundred thousand of our compatriots will be pasting labels on their suitcases, consulting guidebooks, and embarking on planes and ships for the annual summer invasion of Europe. For many of them this will be their "first trip abroad"; for others it will be the first in a good many years; for a few sophisticates it will be their annual jaunt. But for all of them, or almost all, it will be a meal at the table of culture, a feast with a thousand courses from which they scarcely dare come home anything less than gluttoned.

I spent an evening recently with a friend of mine who devotes some of his time to advising prospective travelers on what art to see in Europe. He is, as they say, "connected" with a museum, and it is not unnatural that he should be sought out to give advice on how a traveler can best spend her time (it is more likely to be *her* than *his*) if, for example, she has three days in Spain. "I'm going to Barcelona and Madrid," she says; "what do I *have* to see?" The point is, of course, what does she dare *not* to have seen. What is the minimum number of cultural monuments she can get away with and still, when she comes home and faces a friend who has also been to Madrid and who asks, "Did you see IT?" can say that of course she wouldn't have missed IT for anything? My friend has discovered that when someone asks him if there is any particular monument in, say, Genoa, that shouldn't be missed and he says that there isn't, the comment is more than likely to be, "That's a relief. We have two days in Genoa; we can just rest."

Someone could perform a very useful service to travelers, it seems to me, if he were to draw up a list of the things not to see in Europe, with explanations of why a sophisticated tourist avoids them, or at least with the reasons he gives for avoiding them. It is true, for example, that if you can get to just one or two cultural monuments that are really rather tough to get to, or even just off the beaten track, and highly regarded by the *cognoscenti* (a good word to remember when talking about them, incidentally), you can skip as many museums such as the Louvre or the Pitti Palace as you want to. If for example you take an hour or so in Rome to look at the Etruscan pots and sculptures at the Villa Giulia, which involves very little footwork, you can skip the miles of Roman sculpture in the Vatican museum, and can make anyone who has trod those miles feel like a very unsophisticated traveler. Etruscan is *chic* these days; Roman antiquities are not; and besides everyone assumes you have been to the Vatican galleries anyway, especially if you are the sort who troubles to seek out the Villa Giulia. This suggests a technique for reading guidebooks. Look for a small museum that specializes in something exotic and go there. If it's exotic there isn't much of it, and it won't take you more than a few minutes. Then you can sit in a café and relax, confident that you have seen IT, or something better than IT.

There are a few things which anybody ought to be able to avoid but which too few tourists do. The first is the Lion of Lucerne. As a tourist sight it is merely a hang-over from the sentimental era of sepia photographs and plaster models that decorated the homes of fifty years ago. Another is Stone-



hence, unless you just like to look at rocks which some Druids took a great deal of trouble to move. A third is Guild Halls. England is strong on Guild Halls; some of them are very ancient, but I defy anybody to remember after seeing three Guild Halls which was which. It is like visiting so many high-school auditoriums. On my list of exempted sights I would also put battlefields, unless you are a military historian. A battlefield, unless it is a brand new one, is likely to be the best terrain to fight over, not the best to look at.

Cathedrals I find interesting up to a point, but a crypt is just a crypt unless you care more about damp masonry than most people do. Vergers of cathedrals always like to take tourists into crypts because it costs an extra shilling. The same applies to ramparts, dungeons, and the ruins of abbeys. One of each is interesting as a reminder of the romanticism of Sir Walter Scott, but when you have seen one you have seen IT. As a general rule it is just as well to leave to the archaeologists any building of which less than 30 per cent is still standing. This applies to the Forum in Rome. It can best be seen from the Capitoline hill by moonlight; it looks suggestive of the Power that was Rome, and the evening is cool, whereas by day the Forum is dusty and hot.

Poets' houses would go high on my list of sights to avoid. Most poets were too busy being poets to have cared much about the houses they lived in, and they are just houses in which the local historical society has gathered a lot of items they didn't know what else to do with. I include that of the Bard of Avon. The same goes for poets' tombs, statesmen's tombs, generals' tombs, and catafalques. The same also goes for crown jewels, which are usually good for one long low whistle but nothing more, and palaces of more than six rooms. The same also goes for the Mona Lisa, the most overrated picture in history.

Any such list could be extended indefinitely on the basis of personal prejudice and fashion. Each generation devises its own prejudices and enthusiasms for travel. I suggest that someone in our time write an exhaustive work called *Famous Sights Not Worth Seeing*. It would save a great deal of exhaustion for our generation, and would provide a very handy guidebook for the next generation of the things they ought to take a great deal of trouble not to miss. Taste is like that.

## Armory Show 1953

WHEN one of the teams of British industrial experts of the Anglo-American Council on Productivity came to this country in 1950 to study the "training of operatives," they found a sharp contrast with English practice. The handicrafts in Great Britain are taught largely by hand-tool methods, while here the various techniques—"sawing, planing, mortising, and even dovetailing and finishing"—are considered to be machine processes and are expounded as such in the schools. The British observers found this perplexing, and they so reported:

Some members of the team have doubts about whether as good an education can be obtained by using power tools in place of hand tools. . . . How far they encourage machine-mindedness to an undesirable degree—if, indeed, encouragement is necessary in the United States, where machine-mindedness appears to be inherent in the young people—is debatable. The difference in attitude in the two countries may be illustrated by the answer of one teacher to the question, "What do your pupils do later if they wish to take up woodwork as a hobby, since they have been accustomed in school to do everything with power-driven tools?" The answer, given quite simply, was, "They would, in taking up any hobby, first acquire the necessary machine tools."

This hidden rationale in the American repertory of talents has only recently received formal sanction. Back at the beginning of the postwar period, when a manufacturer of portable electric equipment named Black & Decker first put on the market a 1/4-inch drill intended for home use, the dimensions of the phenomenon on which the British later remarked were only dimly apparent. Within five years, however, Brown & Decker had sold a million of their drills, gaining ground-floor entry into an industry that at that time had no name. It has since acquired one, after a fashion, though perhaps for a multi-billion-dollar business the phrase is awkward and insufficiently dignified. During the third week in March it was nonetheless displayed in large letters over the 71st Regiment Armory in New York, announcing the first combined ex-



position by members of the new trade—the first “Do-It-Yourself Show” ever to be staged. There is even more to it than our British visitors bargained for.

Inside the Armory were the booths of lumber companies, wallpaper concerns, paint manufacturers, plywood suppliers, home-cosmetics vendors, makers of workshop equipment, inventors of useful gadgets for construction and repair, and such a miscellany of other entrepreneurs that the “do-it-yourself” category was stretched to its outer limits. Into the Armory came the anonymous and indefinable multitude who had brought this extraordinary industry into existence, the amateur builders of bookcases and garages, the amateur layers of asphalt and plastic tile, the tinkerers and weekend handymen from miles around New York. An army officer who runs the Armory said that he had never received so many telephone calls about an Armory event before it opened. “In all my eighteen years’ experience in giving trade shows,” said William S. Orkin, the man who organized this one, “I have never witnessed so spontaneous an interest by press and public.” Mr. Orkin has already received inquiries about the show from other cities and later in the year, conditions being favorable, he will put it on the road.

**M**R. ORKIN got the idea for a Do-It-Yourself Show from an article which ran in *Business Week* on June 14, 1952, which in turn took off from the experience of Black & Decker with their 1/4-inch drill. By the time *Business Week* got to it, however, the do-it-yourself business had already expanded beyond home workshop tools. No one had attempted, or has yet attempted—or, I hope, ever will attempt—to define what do-it-yourself does not include, but *Business Week* seemed to be using a workable definition of what it does include. The magazine discussed as many trades as it could find room for in which sales patterns had conspicuously changed, in response to demand, away from use by middlemen toward use by the ultimate consumer. If the product was changed, or a new product developed, to satisfy the self-helping customer—or if new methods of marketing were used to reach him—then the do-it-yourself trend was assumed to be at work.

This is a necessary distinction to make.

Home repair we have always had with us. The home-owner, as I think Mr. Dooley said, could always be recognized as he came out of the hardware store. There have always been hobbyists among us whose hobbies were their own houses, and there have always been husbands whose pride it was either to fix, or totally destroy, anything their wives broke. Mail-order houses have been selling hardware for years for use directly by the purchaser, without recourse to professional assistance. But this is something different. It is not merely an enlargement of an existing market but a radical innovation, an upset, a reversal of patterns in American domestic life. Consider the paint and wallpaper businesses, which have literally turned upside down. A decade ago the proportion of amateur to professional use was roughly one-third to two-thirds; today it has reversed. If the British were surprised by power tools in the home, what will they make of this?

What makes a development like this exciting, of course, is that no one planned it that way. Do-it-yourself has had no direction, no trade association, no organized stimulus, and barely enough advertising to keep up with the demand for information. The consumer has been leading it all the way, and he is still far out ahead. It is incredible what people, to coin a phrase, will do for themselves. Given the opportunity and sufficient incentive, they will even build their own houses (the magazine *Better Homes and Gardens* found that 22 per cent of its house-owning readers had done all or part of the work of construction). They will buy machines that used to be considered the private equipment of specialists, and if the machines are given added capabilities and simpler design they will buy still more of them. The manufacturer shrewd enough to reduce the size of plywood panels from the traditional four-by-eight feet, or the company at the Armory that was selling wallpaper in manageable fourteen-inch squares, merely satisfy cravings that already exist. The public is running this business, and running it ragged.

**Y**ou don't have to look very far to find out where the urge to do-it-yourself comes from. This has been a decade in which the number of households has multiplied while the number of people to service



them has declined. The technical means have been available to mechanize the work, but not the organization. "It may be," as *Business Week* said, "that the services have not yet found ways to lower their costs as production and some distribution lines—the supermarket for one—have done. Mass production only recently entered the home-building business. Whether it can ever find a footing in the services is a question." In other words, the individual attention that you would like to have from a carpenter or painter is not adaptable to assembly lines and large corporations. But I wonder if we don't make a mistake in looking for the familiar features of mass production rather than for its operative principle. Do-it-yourself may be the way that mass production of services, in the home, can best be made to work.

Look, for example, at what's happened to paint. The painter of interior walls and ceilings used to provide the personal touch by haggling with the housewife who stood over him with a collection of unmatchable samples, a familiar figure in the cartoons of domestic folklore. He had a minimum of standard colors and mixed them as little as he could get away with. The do-it-yourself painter is rarely able or eager to handle large quantities of oil-base paints in the professional manner, and—many annoyed matrons to the contrary—it is really skilled and difficult work. And so the mass production of paints has changed. More and more are made with resin or latex bases, so they can be diluted with water and (with the new latex ones) washed after they dry. More and more paint companies are providing a wider choice of colors so that less and less mixing has to be done. And more and more paint rollers are sold that enable amateurs who are baffled by brushes to put on a smooth and even coat. Mass production has been put to work here to serve greater variety and individualism, not less. Its use is made possible, as it wasn't ten years ago, by the mass market that the thousands of do-it-yourself customers now represent.

The hope is theirs, as well as mine, that the do-it-yourself market will never have boundaries put on it. Mr. Orkin's show at the Armory, as he was well aware, omitted many activities that could legitimately have been included—radio-phonographs that are assembled at home, cookbooks and processed foods

that make every kitchen potentially as interesting as a restaurant, and the washable clothing made of plastic mixtures that dry overnight and don't have to be pressed. But do-it-yourself is competitive with principles that involve personal service only as long as service is expensive, as our present full employment makes it. Where service is cheap, or if service were ever again to be cheap in this country, the incentive to do-it-yourself will be lacking, the large market will not be there, and the effort to serve it will not be made.

In the meantime, this period that *Business Week* called the "age of do-it-yourself" has shown that the grim forebodings about American "non-participation," the fear that we were turning into a nation of passive consumers of amusements, were largely unjustified. When television began to get out of hand, epidemics of non-participation were discovered in a particularly virulent form called "spectatoritis." This malady was going to reduce to relaxed imbecility the public that would rather stare at a TV tube for hours than attend meetings, read books, go square-dancing, or support causes. Self-reliance, we were warned, was a dying virtue; craftsmanship was vanishing; and the ability to entertain oneself was about to atrophy for lack of use. These phantoms, at least, have vanished.

In retrospect it appears that we need never have been so concerned. While the thoughtful commentators of the world of better letters were exercising themselves about the apathy of their audience, the audience was out in the garage building bookcases. While visiting productivity experts mused over the average American's disregard for handicraftsmanship, the average Americans were off buying power tools that no one had thought they could afford or operate. Where you find "non-participation" turns out to depend on where you look, and the generation that James Thurber called the Hiding Generation turns out to have had even more shy and self-concealing children. In apathy was their defense, in non-participation was their independence. Who would have thought it? Who would ever have imagined that so many people, so quietly and on their own, would so thoroughly take to heart Voltaire's injunction, in *Candide*, to go home and cultivate their gardens.

—Mr. Harper



# NEW BOOKS

## Lines of Communication

*Gilbert Highet*

### *Two Poets*

For Dylan Thomas  
Wildier than sleeping thought  
Volubler than the fiery hand  
Here pours a volume full  
Of spry visions caught  
In prickly promise.\*

I have always admired Cyrano de Bergerac  
Because he died fighting with a tree at his  
back

Shouting that no enemy would carry off his  
grand panache, or plume;

But after reading *The Private Dining Room*  
I also admire the grandfathers of the  
Baltimore poet,

Who—although she does not yet know it,  
And although to forecast her personal career  
would be rash—

Will always cherish (and vice versa) her  
grandpa Nash.\*\*

### *Mind-Forged Manacles*

**I**f a Dostoevski should appear in American literature, he would come from one of those spiritual and social half-worlds which appear between widely different levels of society—Madame Terentiev's fourth-floor apartment in *The Idiot*, the inn at Mokroe in *Karamazov*—and he would describe those agonies of doubt and despair which fall on men and women when their routine life has ceased to have significance, when all the standards they have known crumble and dissolve, when nothing survives but an individual surrounded by vague acquaintances

and ill-perceived enemies, uncertain even of his own continuous existence, and confused by memories of a set of creeds which have become meaningless and yet retain some emotional power.

This doubt and this despair are the subject of Richard Wright's new book, *The Outsider* (Harper, \$3.95), which is something very close to a Dostoevskian novel. Lonely, puzzled but constantly brooding, warm-hearted but impelled into savage hostilities, his hero lives and dies as a rebel against traditional morality, against social distinctions and divisions, against friendship and love, against organized law and organized rebellion, and against religion. His aim is to be free. He becomes an anarchic individualist. To all who love him and many who hate him he brings suffering and death: he dies alone, yet still not free, tormented by solitude and remorse. It is a moving story, for the most part expertly told. America (particularly colored America) is full of these lonesome wanderers, sad and dangerous men. Faulkner created another of them, the hero of *Light in August*, and we remember the book that opens "Call me Ishmael."

Still the novel has one major defect. After the rebel, Cross Damon, has been running wildly into darkness for some time, the Communists attempt to recruit him. Right away he understands nearly all their tricks. He actually outfaces a CP organizer, lecturing him for a dozen pages on the perversion of human ideals implicit in all totalitarian systems; and we see him recalling the heavy reading he has done in philosophy—Nietzsche, Heidegger, Jaspers, Husserl. At this point Mr. Wright is showing us the career and beliefs of a man who became a moral anarchist on profound intellectual grounds, after read-

\* Dylan Thomas, *Collected Poems* (New Directions, \$1.75).

\*\* Evelyn Nash, *The Private Dining Room* (Little, Brown, 150 pages, \$2.00).



*Is her hair  
black,  
brown, or  
red?*



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ing and meditating for many long years. But the story he tells us is different. His hero (when we meet him first) is a distracted, debt-ridden, heavy-drinking, lustful postal clerk, desperate to escape from the disasters his own lack of self-control has brought upon him. When the opportunity of escape is created by a terrible accident, he seizes it with astonishment and relief and goes on his way, killing and dodging like a rat caught in a henroost. We watch his agonies with understanding and even with sympathy, wishing he would sober up and straighten out; but when—only a week or two later—he emerges as a cool philosopher with his head full of Nietzsche and the answers to Lenin, we find the transition impossible to believe. It looks, in fact, as though Mr. Wright had written two different tales and then tried to blend them: one, the story of a poor incontinent man haunted by drink and desire until he would welcome any disaster as a relief; the other, an account of the adventures of a dispassionate intellectual who was educated into violence by the brutality and treachery of the Communist party until he revolted against it and became an existentialist. Both men are solitary and rebellious; the same man could have led both lives; but not in the same short space of time. Such violent developments take many years.

*"Curtsey while you're thinking what to Purr," said Alice*

THE publishing business is a mystery to me. It always has been. I can never see why some books get published at all; I can never understand why others are issued without being thoughtfully edited, their punctuation corrected, their faults of style removed or mitigated. Do you think some publishers are simply careless, or cynical? Surely not. Or are they merely despondent, like the Red Queen, who said that it took all the running one could do, to keep in the same place?

Gloomy reflections, these. They are inspired by a new novel from a reputable publishing house: *The Hour Awaits*, by March Cost (Lippincott, \$3.50). It is really painful to read it, because of its brutally insensitive misuse of language: mixed metaphors, clumsy polysyllabic phrases, harsh discords, errors in syntax. Consider these narrative sentences:

Her day stretched before her, boundless although not infinite, as space itself.

Beyond holding her hand absently, nothing of moment had so far occurred.

Crossing the hall with Captain Blondel—the clock struck eleven.

And this piece of evocative writing, which shows Miss Cost's unusual gift for choosing the wrong word:

She had returned to beauty. Already she could hear the liquid burbling of pigeons.

And this, from page 138, my favorite:

She sat like a sack, while aftermath infiltrated.

The conversations are equally crude. Try to imagine any human being uttering these words to any other:

"Upon life's shipwreck-scene you are a welcome example of the tub that rights itself and continues afloat."

Now, all this is only a selection of Miss Cost's malapropisms in English: there are others; she can also commit them in French ("jeune file") and in German ("Charlotte, that disgruntled Wiener"). Yet it would be less trying to read such stuff if it were not coupled with an astronomically lofty social tone. The heroine of the novel is an Austrian princess visiting London, *incognita*, in 1921. Her extreme refinement, her innate distinction, her calm dignity are constantly stressed. We are shown how royally she deals with rebellious underlings. The story (in so far as there is a story) tells how her affections turn from a cultivated but selfish intellectual to a dissolute but elegant nobleman. There is also something about an ancient love letter hidden in a secret drawer; and something about selling cheese to help the Family. But the love story and the assertion of aristocratic values are the chief themes. In their historical and social setting, both might have been interesting, even moving. However, the style of the novel is so affected and maladroit that it makes story, and characters, and themes all seem utterly false. *The Hour Awaits* is an alternate Book-of-the-Month-Club choice for April.



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**Hospital Europe**

**B**OOKS about sickness and hospitals never attract me. The unreality of the life of the sick, the malevolence and inexplicability of the misfortune which they are suffering, their concentration on a few relationships, the selfishness which they often develop, all repel me. Still, there have been some fine stories about hospital patients: Alverdes' "Whistlers' Room," Mann's *Magic Mountain*, and others. A new one is the Literary Guild selection for April: Ilona Karmel's *Stephania* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75). Long, controlled, well proportioned, perceptive, and subtly written, it is a remarkable piece of work for a young woman who was born in Poland, suffered bitterly in the German persecutions, and came to this country only four years ago. Some of the credit should go to the Harvard teacher whose course in creative writing she attended—although he would shudder at the sentence on the back jacket, "This novel was begun in 1950 while a student in Archibald MacLeish's writing course." But most of the book is clearly the result of her own long, thoughtful analysis of herself, of her bookshelf, and of her friends—no, her acquaintances. It promises well for her future as a writer.

It is a sad story: another of the many tales about wanderers and exiles which have come out of the wars and revolutions of our unfortunate time. In part, it is a study of a Jewish girl from Poland, who enters a Stockholm hospital with an ailment that appears to be curvature of the spine. She is operated on; she wears a cast for many months; the corrective process fails; she is dismissed as incurable. Also, in part, it is a study of the Swedish individuals whom she meets: prim nurses, authoritative doctors, genial attendants, and—much more important—the fat selfish fracture patient and the thin helpless polio sufferer who share her room. They try to understand one another, these three, helped or hindered by the others; they quarrel and sulk and encourage and discourage one another. At the end, they leave—uncured, but more resigned—to remake their lives. Perhaps that is a symbol of what we

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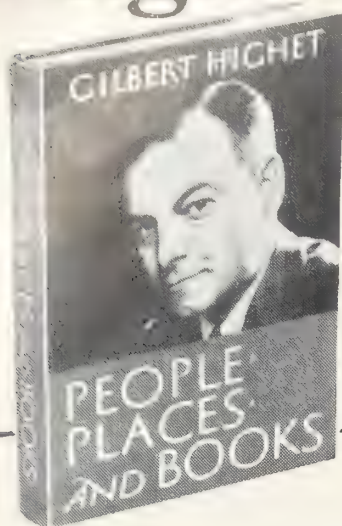


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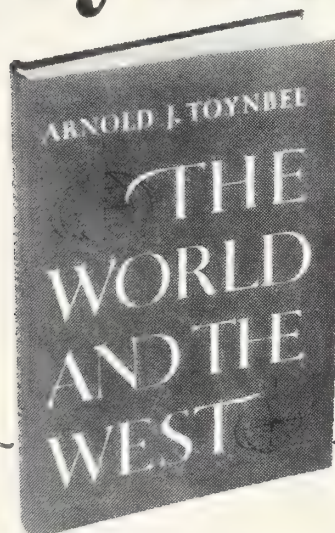
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

do as we grow older: we move from room to room, enduring the inevitable losses which are part of age—suffering an amputation or accepting a deformity, but still struggling on.

### *Escape to the Future*

NEVIL SHUTE is a competent writer, but he is an odd fellow. He came into notice during the second war, with some briskly written tales of adventure, not bangers but thinkers, real problems with real solutions. *Landfall* was particularly good; so was *Ordeal*; *Pastoral* was pleasant. Most of us recall *No Highway*, which was filmed with James Stewart and Marlene Dietrich. In that, there was a hero who got messages from the spirit world, although he was a competent scientist; and, now that we come to think of it, in *An Old Captivity* two modern youngsters bridged the gap of time, returning to the Norse discovery of America. Mr. Shute is evidently not only a scientist but something of a mystic.

Apparently he has abandoned his scientific career in Britain (where he was an expert aviation research worker) and moved to Australia. His own thought about this difficult change is working itself out in his books. Last year he published *The Far Country* (Morrow), in which an English girl migrated to Australia in bitter disgust with the cold-hearted officials of the Socialist state. Now he has produced a much fuller and stranger novel, *In the Wet* (Morrow, \$3.50), which shows much closer penetration into some aspects of Australian life; with some more mystical meditation on the future of Australia, and indeed of the whole British Empire and Commonwealth.

The book is tersely and vividly written; that is why it is worth considering. Mr. Shute can make us see straightforward people, pilots and secretaries and harried officials, just as they are; and he can deploy a long and complex story through their words and actions with a precision and economy which remind us that he was once concerned with the design of aircraft. Yet his story seems to me to be interesting nonsense. It is a vision of Australia in the future, in 1984 or so, after the third war—

when much of Britain is evacuated or depopulated. At that time (Mr. Shute thinks) the British Dominions will have taken up the slack by increasing their population, exploiting their unoccupied land, and improving their government by exchanging democracy for a new type of aristocracy (to be based on competence and experience). The present Queen Elizabeth appears in it as a gracious plump, elderly monarch, moving to the Dominions to escape the insults of left-wing governments in Britain. All this is far in the future; and yet many present conditions are accepted as continuing—aircraft are powered by oil-fuel, sexual ethics remain unchanged, no large groups of Asians have entered Australia, the relation between the United States and the British Commonwealth is little altered from today. Therefore the book, though briskly written, is an inadequate vision of the future. Because they can see only one thing near them which they feel must be changed, myopics are often mystics.

A gracefully written, gracefully illustrated book of short stories, *The Golden Apples of the Sun*, by Ray Bradbury (illustrated by Joe Mugnaini, Doubleday, \$3), disappointed me at the very beginning of the first story, about a dinosaur rising out of the depths of the sea to answer the call of a foghorn, was so painfully like one of Kipling's most famous fantasies, called (I think) "The Finest Story in the World," that I almost gave up reading. But the later stories seemed so brilliantly imaginative that I concluded the resemblance of that one to Kipling's tale was unconscious or coincidental. Mr. Bradbury writes fine lyrical prose; I hope he will venture on a longer story some time, and meanwhile I hope that poets will read this book of his.

### *Perspectives*

A FEW months ago I reviewed the first issue of *Perspectives USA*, a literary quarterly produced by Intercultural Publications for the Ford Foundation. The second issue, edited by Lionel Trilling, has now come in. It is much more interesting and various, although the prose essays have been reprinted from a delib-



NEW BOOKS

ately small area of American publishing, the "little magazines." There is a stunning article on Whitman's poetry, by Randall Jarrell; a group of delightfully witty poems by Cummings; and a meditation on America the Beautiful" by Mary McCarthy, who puts as much thought into a paragraph as most writers into 7,500 words. The paintings in this issue are well reproduced: they are by Arthur Dove, a strange and interesting explorer quite unknown to most of us. There is also a brisk protest by Richard Gibson against the idea that all Negro writers must write about the Negro "Problem"—a protest which is supported by Richard Wright's new novel reviewed above. Yes, a valuable issue.

In a similar format, the same publishers are putting out a quarterly called *Diogenes*, sponsored by the International Council for Philosophy and Humanistic Studies, edited in Paris, and designed to appear in our languages. Its purpose is to bring together the important achievements of the world in philosophical and critical thought, every quarter. This is a fine idea. Since 1914 the world of learning has been so disrupted that it is painfully difficult for people in one country to find out what is being discussed and covered elsewhere—except through correspondence, which is intermittent, and through laborious combing of dozens of foreign-language periodicals. There is a Swiss publication called *Erasmus*, which brings together reviews of thoughtful books in a dozen different fields from all over the world; but its material, being reviews, is limited, and the reader must make his own synthesis. *Diogenes* will help him in doing this. It contains a survey of the last half-century of European poetry, by Maurice Bowra; a brilliant discussion of recent discoveries in archaeology and history, by R. D. Lytton; a haunting exploration of the odd realms, the language of animals and insects, and the philosophical thought processes of children. Only the book reviews are too limited. Good luck to *Diogenes*. May it be less poverty-stricken and more cynical than its namesake, but no less intelligent, and no less independent.



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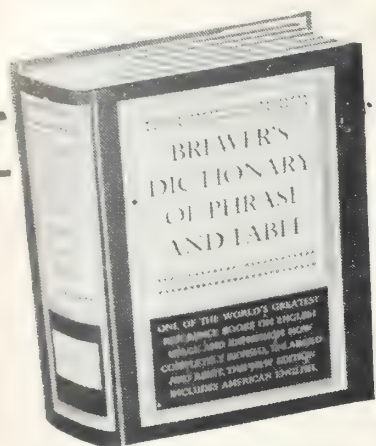
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**HARPER & BROTHERS**

Another of the superb art books produced by the Phaidon Press appeared in March: *Rembrandt*, with an introduction by Tancred Borenius (Garden City, \$8.50). He really was, as Mr. Borenius says, "one of the world's greatest artists." And yet, and yet . . . he was a sick man; a failure; he could have been greater; but why did he fail? In his early work there was a tremendous self-confidence. His great paintings are delights for ever: "The Man with the Golden Helmet," the astonishing series of Jewish portraits, the terribly revealing autobiography contained in his paintings of his wives and his selves. His technical ability was astounding, and continued to grow: this book shows how he could adapt a Mantegna Virgin and Child, and make it something more human and memorable. And yet, he never painted the rich and complete paintings which he could have created. Through all his mature work there is something unhappy and inadequate, as though he had much in his mind which he never put onto canvas. His later life, like his later pictures, contained only a little light, and vast confused areas of somber gloom.

### *Listening and Thinking*

**I**N THE realms of philosophy and the arts, many fine books have appeared this spring; and some duds. If you like music, there are several new studies of modern musicians. *Benjamin Britten* (edited by D. Mitchell and H. Keller, Philosophical Library, \$7.50) is a detailed analysis of that energetic composer's art and technique: it lacks only a single guiding thread; but perhaps that is natural, since Britten is still growing and changing. But Ravel. . . .

Poor Ravel: he faced and overcame a series of handicaps throughout his life. He was only five feet high, and frail. He had no gift for making money, he depended on his parents for many years, he remained a student at the Conservatory until he was thirty, but missed the Prix de Rome several times. He was outstripped by Debussy, overshadowed by Stravinsky, and neglected by some of the friends who formerly helped him. Toward the end of his

life, his brain was affected, so that he could not write or play music—a fate worse than Bach's blindness or Beethoven's deafness. Yet throughout nearly all his career he remained calm, civil, well balanced, and gay (I saw him once, playing for Maggie Teyte; and I still recall that suave svelte little figure with the face etched into the lines of an eighteenth-century intellectual: a Fontenelle of music, or a Voltaire.)

Now, sixteen years after Ravel's death, one more disaster has fallen on him. His life has been written by Mr. Victor Seroff, who has small sense of style and does not care much about musical craftsmanship. In *Maurice Ravel* (Holt, \$3.75) he describes the composer's social life, and goes into careful detail about such matters as his parentage (Swiss and Basque); but he tells us not nearly enough about Ravel's relations with Diaghilev, his breach with Stravinsky, his income, and his working methods. Nor does he explain in any detail how his music developed. Also Mr. Seroff's language reads like a poor translation. Can we imagine that the man who composed "*Jeu d'Eau*" would write "the bitter reproaches to my parents that they did not see to it that I had a profession by which to feed myself"? Doubtless we should be grateful to the author for the care with which he has investigated certain obscure points and for the industry with which he has compiled the bibliography. Still . . . poor Ravel.

It is a relief to turn to the calm, balanced, and penetrating essays of Mr. Roland Gelatt, whose *Music Makers* (Knopf, \$3.75) is a delightful survey of some twenty of the leading performers of our time—those stars and comets who dazzle us like Horowitz or dizzy us like Toscanini. Mr. Gelatt now ought to do a companion work on modern composers: his knowledge is extensive, and his style and taste are worthy of the subject.

The British Book Center in New York has undertaken to act as American publisher for a number of books which have actually been printed in Britain and imported here in limited numbers: they have a long and rather interesting list. Readers who are attracted to philosophical thought and in particular to close and careful



discussion of such problems as causality, space, and time, will profit from A. E. Taylor's *Elements of Metaphysics* (British Book Center, 5), the thirteenth edition of a standard work, clearly and sometimes eloquently written. They will also enjoy *Religion, Philosophy, and Psychical Research*, by the distinguished Cambridge don, C. D. Broad (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50)—a collection of papers ranging from politics to psychical research. Mr. Broad illuminates all his subjects with the cold, dry light of logic. These are books to keep, and often to reread.

### Con is tough

ON THE back jacket of Mr. Oakley Hall's *Corpus of Joe Bailey* (Fisking, \$4.50), the author is said to be more of a craftsman than Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Wolfe, and James Farrell; he is compared with Melville and Tolstoi, and his chief character is described as "the Tom Jones of the twentieth century." This is really unfair to Mr. Hall, and all. He has a good memory, and an accurate ear for banal conversation, but he cannot plan a story so that its episodes are built into a single memorable pattern (as Fielding and Tolstoi did); and he has apparently no particular view of life which could be compared to Wolfe's monstrous heroism and humor, not to mention greater men. His story is about growing up in California from 1888 onwards. Its main theme is that people are pretty confused because of sex, and economic ups and downs, and sex, and drink, and sex. It's rough. Tough, that's what it is, boy. Nobody in the book ever thinks, they don't worry. We might as well close down the University of California, because even the economics majors learn nothing about collateral and security and so forth. You know why?

He rubbed his jaw. It hurt where he had bitten him. "I thought you might want to go down to the library and study econ," he said. . . . Under her white turtleneck sweater he could see her small breasts. . . . He would never be able to keep his mind on econ now. . . .

Very funny, for a few pages. But then there are dozens of pages about eternity politics which contribute

nothing whatever to the story and are indescribably boring. Joe Bailey, we are told, becomes president of Omega Alpha (along about page 250). The frat does well in the rushing ("How many did you get?" "Twelve. We lost two to the Betas. We're really tough on undesirable rushees"); yet we never know why Joe bothered to go to such a boring and shallowly conventional club. We don't really know why he does anything. "He wondered why he smoked a pipe when he found no pleasure in it"; and also why he married the wrong girl and then committed adultery with another wrong girl. After all the shifts of perspective and purpose and all the sex and drinking, the normal reader begins to wonder whether Joe might not be weak in his mind. It is a familiar weakness; it usually wears off after the age of nineteen; but here, among the Omega Alphas, it goes on to the age of at least thirty. Can it be something in the air of California? a subtle deficiency, like the absence of iodine in water which induces cretinism? Can it be melodramatic exaggeration? Or has Mr. Hall been too eager to arrest his memories, to put them in the deep freeze, and then to display them to us in sanguinary fragments before giving them any intellectual and artistic coherence?

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

### FICTION

*The Heart Alone*, by George Howe. Two cousins, beautiful Amy who is secure in her family relationships, and Easter, younger, plain, and abandoned at the age of nine by her divorced parents, are brought up together by Amy's parents. Amy, who has everything her own way including the boy next door whom they both love, never gets over her jealousy—her feeling that Easter is a threat to her security—and treats her in a hot and cold fashion that in the end reaps its own bitter reward. Easter, on the other hand, develops a tough integrity and self-reliance which enables her to succeed where her cousin fails. . . . The atmosphere and characters in the fam-

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ily life in the big house in Providence around 1920 are recreated with style, though in the early chapters one wonders if a nine-year-old, who is the observer, would have seen so much. As the story develops the young people become, to this reader, less and less convincing, more and more unbending tools of the author's idea. But the situation is good enough to make one read to the end even when the good people become cloyingly good and the bad turn into real devils, justly punished. By the author of *Call it Treason*.

Putnam, \$3.50

***No Name in the Street***, by Kay Cicellis.

This novel by a young Greek girl has a dignified and worthy theme, really a double theme: the need of a group of young people who have been in the Resistance during the war, to cling together, barring out all strangers when the war is over; and the equally strong need of a young man who was not one of them to make his mark among them, to understand their longing for the lost Island of their youth before he goes off to another part of the world forever. Unfortunately the first part of the theme has been done many times in much more moving and convincing fashion. One feels that these young people in their orgy of togetherness, in their goings and comings on endless expeditions and café evenings, have very little importance either in or out of the Resistance, and their self-conscious, humorless soul-searchings fail to have the larger implications one feels the author intended.

Grove, \$3

***The Struggles of Albert Woods***, by William Cooper.

Here are the busy adventures of an ambitious social and academic climber (science) at Oxford. A light-hearted, satiric commentary on ambition, universities, and scientists that will leave the emotions quite untouched except for a little detached amusement.

Doubleday, \$3.50

***Kiss Me Again, Stranger***, by Daphne du Maurier.

Miss du Maurier's gift for the macabre is almost unmatched today.

Whether you read, in this collection of short stories, of the beautiful girl luring the garage mechanic to a kiss on a tombstone; or of the murder, beside a remote lake, of the family ugly duckling by his own parents (surprise ending); or of the night when suddenly the birds—ordinary land birds and great squadrons of gulls—become hostile and attack mankind systematically and with unrelenting persistence; or any of the other eight stories in the collection, you can be sure of a satisfying spine-chilling experience each time. By the author of *Rebecca* and *My Cousin Rachel*.

Doubleday, \$3.50

***The Plantation***, by Ovid Williams Pierce.

This is one of those novels that use the death of a man to reconstruct his life. Personally, I always find it a trying device. I am willing to believe that a young man has sacrificed his life and his only true love to take care of the family plantation in North Carolina. I am willing to believe that the same fate (unless he has more fight or more gaiety than the other) may lie in store for his stepson, now that the older man is dying. But since he is dying, and since the stepson scarcely appears at all, the reader is discouraged from any kind of eager identification with any of the characters. There is fine, evocative writing in the descriptive passages, and some wise soliloquizing on life and death by various persons in the cast, but not enough happens to give the story any real vitality.

Doubleday, \$3

## NON-FICTION

***Why Did They Kill?*** by John Bartlow Martin.

Nearly every week's news includes at least one major crime by teenagers. What drives them to it? Mr. Martin, who has children of his own, felt it essential that someone examine at least one of these crimes in minutest detail to see if light could be shed on the motivations and so prevent others. When on a Saturday night in September 1951, a nurse was brutally beaten to death in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and within a week three teen-age boys from nearby Ypsilanti had confessed to the point-

less murder, Mr. Martin felt that had found the crime he wanted study. With scrupulous care he questioned all those who could help him fill in the backgrounds of the boys, especially of Bill Morey who struck the fatal blows. He has set down his findings of the undramatic boyhood of the three usual middle-class boys so that one reads with mounting horror—the horror that comes from realizing that there but for the grace of God stands almost any boy in an urban community today. The book is a brilliant and illuminating study and an essential, if harrowing experience for all who are concerned with the mores and the problems of the young.

Ballantine (paper cover), \$3

Ballantine (hard cover), \$1.

***O Rugged Land of Gold***, by Martin.

This is a story of great courage and a woman in childbirth alone in the Alaskan wilderness in the middle of winter. A sudden storm sweeps away the young prospector, husband of the author, while he is off in their boat on a brief trip just before they are about to leave their mining camp for the winter. The wife, an educated city girl, six months pregnant, herself badly injured in the storm, knows that no one will come to help her part of the world before spring. This is her story of her fight against the elements and loneliness in the small cabin, and of the unattended birth of her daughter. It is a simple and unpretentious account, full of the stuff that drama is made of.

Macmillan,

***U.S.40***, by George R. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart has used inanimate objects as subjects for books before. Both *Storm* and *Fire* were of this genre, but those two were novels. This is a factual place-by-place story with photographs and text by the author and pictorial maps by Erwin Raisz, of the 3,000-mile highway that crosses the country from Atlantic City to San Francisco. It is geography, history, and folklore on a giant and dramatic scale, full of villages like one's own and places one has never seen but longs to see. A trip through the pages is a pleasant and rewarding journey even if you don't plan to take Route 40 in your



## NEW BOOKS

on car, and an absolute must if  
you do. Houghton Mifflin, \$5

**The Fabulous Fanny: The Story of Fanny Brice**, by Norman Katkov. Suppose it is impossible to write the story of an actress, especially a comedienne who has had a not-happy life, except in terms of "give the little girl a hand." Mr. Katkov has done a fine job of interweaving all her family, the two husbands who are still alive, and many other friends (Eddie Cantor, Polly Moran, Ben Hecht, George Cukor) piecing together what information he garnered with her own scattered notes for her biography. The trouble is that her clowning, like all her acting, was the most ephemeral of arts and quite indescribable. Those who saw it will never forget that it can never be made a reality to those who didn't. And though her personal life was unhappy—her life as the gambler Nicky Arnstein could be made into a pretty idyll by itself—it wasn't so much more so than that of lots of other people who didn't get the professional triumph to which it was due. After all, she was a huge success from the day of her first appearance in the Ziegfeld Follies in 1911 (Remember Baby Snooks?) It seems unlikely to make a Laugh-Clown-Laugh out of it. It is an American story of great success from poor beginnings with all the trappings of hard luck, sudden breaks, wild acclaim—mad and passionate decisions in personal life. All this Mr. Katkov has reported well. But the particular quality that made her what she was—her timing and a rather slap-sticky mentality permeates the book.

Knopf, \$3.95

## FORECAST

## in the Books

great events happen the publishers aren't far behind. And the book isn't over for them when it's sold in the news. They keep on giving it in perspective for years. For instance, in the news now is *Stalin—What?* coming from London in May. It is by Isaac Deutscher whose *Stalin: A Political Biography* was published in 1949. In the same month McGraw-Hill is publishing *Malenkov: The Man and Policy of the New Soviet*

*Premier* by Martin Ebon, who has been studying the life of Malenkov since 1946 and had his book nearly completed when Stalin died. On the other hand, Rinehart is backing up less recent history with *In the Workshop of the Revolution*, an eyewitness account of the Russian Revolution of 1917-21, by Dr. I. N. Steinberg, the last survivor of Lenin's first cabinet. Incidentally, Dr. Steinberg was never a member of the Communist party. The book will appear in October. Two other sidelights on modern history are being published soon. In May, from Harcourt, come *The Rommel Papers* edited by B. H. Liddell Hart; and in June, from Philosophical Press, comes *The Jewish Revolution* by David Ben Gurion, Prime Minister of the State of Israel.

## Biography

Biographies, those footnotes to history, are always in plentiful and most varied supply. In May Viking will publish *Recollections of André Gide* by Roger Martin du Gard, while Simon & Schuster in the same month expect to present *Bing Crosby's* autobiography, *Call Me Lucky*. Crowell, on May 25, will publish *So Noble a Captain: The Life and Times of Ferdinand Magellan* by Charles McKew Parr. In August Norton expects to have ready *Fletcher Pratt's* biography of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, while Scribner in September looks forward to *The Spirit of St. Louis*, by Charles Lindbergh—the story of his famous flight and of his life up to 1927; and to a full-length biography of Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower by Dorothy Brandon of the Washington Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune. . . . Two personal stories, not really biographies, are coming soon: In May another travel book by Justice William O. Douglas, *North from Malaya: Adventure on Five Fronts*. (From Doubleday.) And in June a most remarkable tale by one of four survivors of 135 who were set adrift in one lifeboat when their ship was torpedoed in the Indian Ocean in 1942. It is called *The Boat*, it is written by Walter Gibson, and Houghton Mifflin expect great things of this saga of twenty-eight dreadful and yet heroic days.

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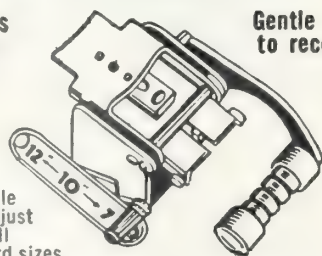
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# The New Recordings

Budget Fidelity

Edward Tatnall Canby

**Y**ou can buy a loudspeaker system for as much as \$700, and a beautiful thing it is, to look at and to hear. But don't, unless you have had enough listening experience to appreciate the niceties of tone—and to cope with the temperamental annoyances—which phonograph equipment on this scale of complexity will bring you. You'll find loudspeaker systems down in the \$50 range to beat the best in most standard home phonographs. Similarly with amplifiers; the best cost in the three hundreds but at \$35 you can surpass the in-nards of 99 per cent of home phonographs.

Value in phonograph equipment is not easy to pin down in subjective terms that make sense to each highly individual listener. Some of us are such inner musicians that we never notice a bad needle until the point breaks off, and we can enjoy Bach to raptures on a miniature radio. Such people are not likely to need the super-hi-fi equipment that others insist upon. Some of us, on the other hand, concentrate on the slightest indication of faulty reproduction and can't help it; we cringe at an incipient bad needle and we seldom enjoy music unless the listening equipment is safely beyond all reproach. That costs. There are gadgeteers who love to tinker and non-gadgeteers who hate to. You'll buy your hi-fi accordingly, and you'll choose furniture, or none, as your individual needs dictate.

Above all, you'll buy with the realization that the law of the geometric progression applies most dramatically to the cost of increased quality in phonograph equipment. Your first \$50 will bring far more than your second, and succeeding cash returns depreciate at a frightening rate. The very best costs a fortune—but luckily, by the same token the merely very good is a bargain.

And so it is wise to assume, if you've had no great experience with the new high-fidelity type of equipment, that the lower-priced items will do you proud—in the absence of goading comparisons, which are in

a sense highly misleading since we do not normally make comparisons of any sort in our day-to-day listening. (There is too much fuss about comparison tests these days. Living with your equipment is what matters, not lining it up against something that may or may not be superior!) Keep in mind that the very cheapest equipment of this sort outclasses in vital respects even the fanciest standard home phonographs, and at a far lower price.

**W**HAT low-priced equipment should you consider? There are three divisions in every phonograph system, here acquired separately: the record player with its pickup and motor, the amplifier to copy big electrical signals from tiny ones, and the loudspeaker to reproduce the sound. Radio tuners, TV, tape recorders and optional extras. Hi-fi equipment is still sold at net prices in these separate categories, but you may want your "system" ready-wired for quick plugging together and most will mount it in furniture of your choice, if you insist. Preselected "packages" may help you make your mind in the absence of better information. A further development is the complete hi-fi phonograph ready-assembled from standard components and sold as a unit, with the inner flexibility and low net cost of separate-unit systems. Don't confuse these with high-priced "custom" phonographs nor with some standard one-piece machines now being called high fidelity whatever the name will bring.

(Columbia's specially designed high-fidelity phonograph is the move toward bringing improved quality to the retail one-piece machine sold through regular local dealers. In its own field it classes competition with ease.)

The usual phonograph has a crystal cartridge of doubtful quality. The new systems use a magnetic pickup cartridge, which gives far better quality but, thanks to very low output, requires a pre-amplifier—which nowadays is built



## THE NEW RECORDINGS

into almost all separately sold amplifiers. The GE "Golden Treasure" is the stand-out value in two-groove magnetic cartridges, scarcely less good than the best. Still better, at a higher price, are the Audak Polyphase and the Pickering (which is now available in a double-groove model). You'll find that a diamond point, at least for microgroove, will save cash in the end as well as nerves and records. A sapphire lasts weeks, a metal point hours, but your diamond is good for a year or two, or even more.

Changers are good buys in the \$50 range, thanks to mass production. The rim-push type is easier on your discs than the center-change kind; Garrard and Webcor are now neck-and-neck leaders in this area and Garrard also has a manual player, with automatic stop, for under \$30. Don't get the changer models that have crystal cartridges—stick to magnetics. Changers come with a simple base for not much extra.

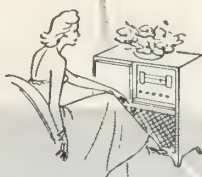
Is it worth buying an expensive amplifier for the heart of your system? Amplifier design has progressed so far that even the cheaper models offer literal faithfulness near the 99 per cent category, in vital electrical respects. If you insist on it, even a part of that last one per cent will cost astronomically. You need simple controls and flexible ones—two semi-irreconcilable factors—and, alas, intelligent control design is not necessarily a function of price. For most people the simple amplifiers have more than enough gadgetry on them. You should know that power ratings in watts are misleading; 20 watts is not twice 10 watts in terms of volume but only a insignificant boost in top loudness. At 20 watts you buy in effect not more over-all volume but more reserve for sudden peaks like drum beats, piano percussives, making for a truer reproduction of these semi-instantaneous transients.

The budget bottom line of home amplifiers, with somewhat curtailed controls, good to excellent quality, is in the \$35 range. Of these the Bogen PH (minus preamplifier) and new models from Newcomb, Masco, and others are similar. The basic low-

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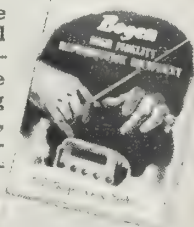


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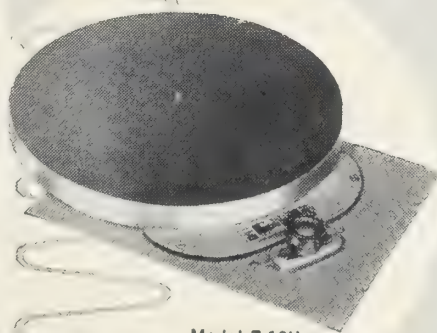


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## THE NEW RECORDINGS

priced category with more complete controls includes at about \$50 such much-used favorites as the Grommes 50PG2, Bogen DB 10-1, and competing amplifiers by Masco, Newcomb (a new design)—all inexpensively volume-produced and as near to one another in basic performance as keen competition can make them. Minor divergencies in switching, inputs, marking, etc., may be of importance in your plans.

If you plan to spend much more than this for an amplifier, you'll be wise to jump straight into the first-quality category starting at \$100 or more.

**T**HE loudspeaker, that critical point at which free electricity is converted to actual sound, is still the weakest link in any phonograph system. Distortion is much greater here than in any other component. Put your money, then, into a good speaker and a good enclosure to help it do its best in the low tonal range. Speaker quality, being imperfect at best, is a highly subjective matter and here you should make the most carefully considered comparisons you can manage. But remember that room acoustics play a tremendous role in the sound you hear; also, that the speaker sound represents the total effect of *all* components, from beginning to end of the system—you must account for all other factors and "freeze" the movables before you can judge the speaker for itself. Short-run tests are risky, too. The attractively brilliant speaker in the show room may actually have the most distortion and, later, produce the quickest ear fatigue in longer listening.

Paradoxically, you can get extraordinarily good listening from some bottom-priced 8-inch and 12-inch speakers in the proper enclosures. Among the 8-inchers I'd recommend the unusual Permoflux Royal Eight, at \$14, and the even better Wharfedale eight, at about \$20, both notable for extended bass. The 12-inchers are less critical and numerous models will do, among them the Jensen extended range (\$14) and the powerful GE S1201D (\$18).

Your minimum speaker enclosure for adequate tonal range is a solid-backed bass-reflex cabinet—not the usual open-backed box of the home

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## THE NEW RECORDINGS

radio. New alternatives giving lower and smoother bass response from the same speakers are the horn-loaded and R-J type enclosures. Unfinished wood models are a fine buy—rub them with furniture wax if you don't want to bother with stains and varnish.

For both eights and twelves the plain-wood R-J cabinets at about \$25 give remarkable bass in very small space. (Finished models of larger size cost more.) The Electronic Workshop (EW) modified bass-reflex cabinet, smaller still, also takes an 8-inch speaker, and does a good job at even less, about \$20. Up a notch in cost, the small Permoflux and Electro-Voice horn-loaded cabinets for 8-inchers (finished) also provide fine low bass, far better than any standard phonograph. Utility 12-inch bass-reflex cabinets, unfinished, run about \$20.

In the higher brackets there are many complete speaker systems, including cabinet; there are a few in the low-priced range. I would not personally choose the small triangular Lang-Baruch system, for the price, but the Lang-designed Kelton systems, from \$45 up and somewhat like the R-J in principle, give unusually sweet and clean highs though can't say quite as much for the low ones, which are somewhat boomy.

Cabinetry? A huge variety is available, plain, finished, and even in kit form. For simplicity and ingenuity look at the low-cost Cabinart line. There are major offerings in many fancier styles—but never, *never* buy any cabinet with an open-backed mounting for your speaker. Leave that for the old-fashioned phonograph.

**"Mr. President"—from FDR to Eisenhower, 1933-53.** Edited and narrated by James Fleming. RCA Victor LM 753.

One of the unforeseen blessings of the new magnetic tape recording process was the flexibility it gave us in the processing of older disc recordings. In disc form they could be used only as holes; copied onto tape they may now be edited—cut up and patched into new sequences—as easily as brand-new tape. The exciting documentary record, tape-recorded, presenting history in terms of the actual voices that made it, is an important result of this technique.

Columbia has already issued several

of the sort; RCA's new entry in the field, "Mr. President," actually goes far beyond the Presidents themselves and marks up several improvements over the Columbia technique. Mr. Fleming's comment is shorter and less frequent and it is less all-knowing in its tone. The vocal excerpts cover large new areas of interest, bringing back voices we have not heard for a long while in extremely well chosen short excerpts, sometimes no more than a couple of words—Huey Long, Alexander Wollcott, Ickes, Landon, Sinclair Lewis. The excerpts from the big men are newly culled and mostly unfamiliar. Fleming's technique allows the voices themselves to carry much of the continuity; often they pose and answer their own questions, following each other without intervening commentary, though some moments of confusion result. Most identifications are after, not before. Best sections: Dewey versus Truman and Steve versus Ike. The voices, from NBC radio files, are excellent in quality.

**Rimsky - Korsakov: Scheherazade (MG 50009). Berlioz: Roman Carnival Overture; Ravel: Pavane; Alborada del Grazioso. Debussy: Three Nocturnes (MG 50005). Borodin: Symphony #2; Stravinsky: Fire Bird Suite (MG 50004).** The Minneapolis Symphony, Antal Dorati (Mercury LPs).

Mercury's Olympian Series, featuring "Living Presence," has caused no small sensation among the hi-fi record fans for its recording excellence. Recorded with a single Telefunken, the current top-billing microphone, the sound is certainly stunning in its basic clearness and transparency and in the low distortion, and the repertory (as above) has clearly been chosen to offer spectacular orchestral noises.

I have only two reservations, speaking generally. Some of these (others are done with the Chicago Symphony under Kubelik) are less than ideal in the microphoning; the Stravinsky-Borodin disc, for instance, is somewhat distant, "narrow" in perspective, and overly dead. The finest mike cannot aid a faulty acoustical set-up. (Single-mike recording is tricky in the extreme and critically perfect results are hard to get every time.) More important, the performances by Dorati are beautifully accurate, utterly mechanical, and incredibly unmusical—even if no obvious clumsinesses nor distortions hit the ear. Once again—most people will enjoy, not Dorati, but the music itself, thanks to its own clearly expressed sense. If I had not heard better, I am sure I would enjoy it as well.

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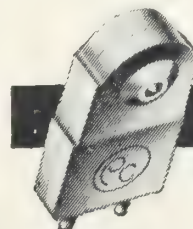
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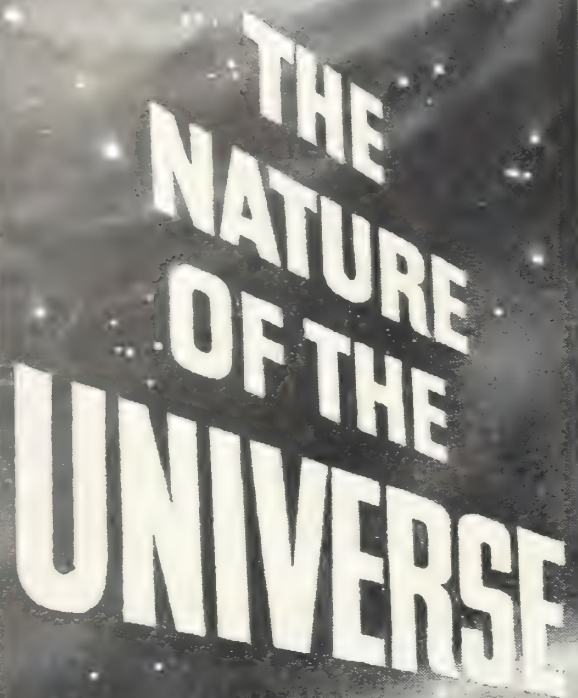
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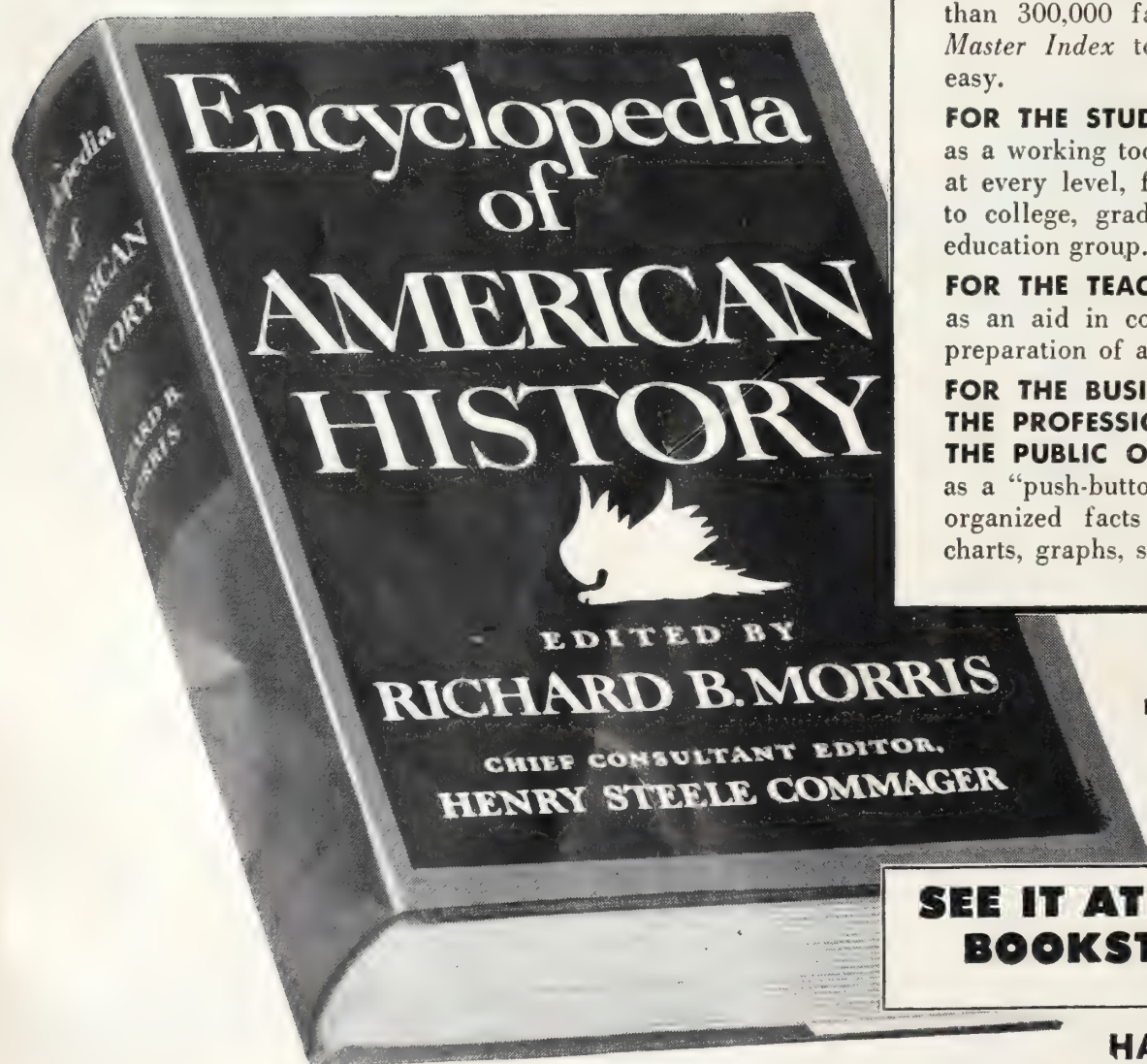
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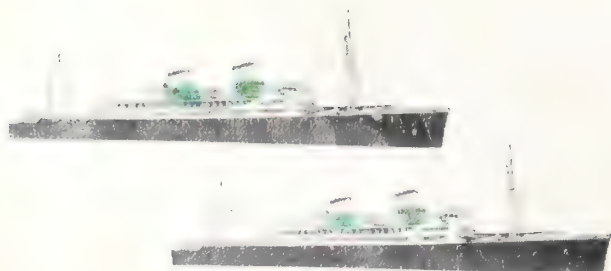
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by Orville Wright







Full or Levee Dress  
of Drum Major  
of The Gordon Highlanders  
in the Traditional  
Regimental Tartan

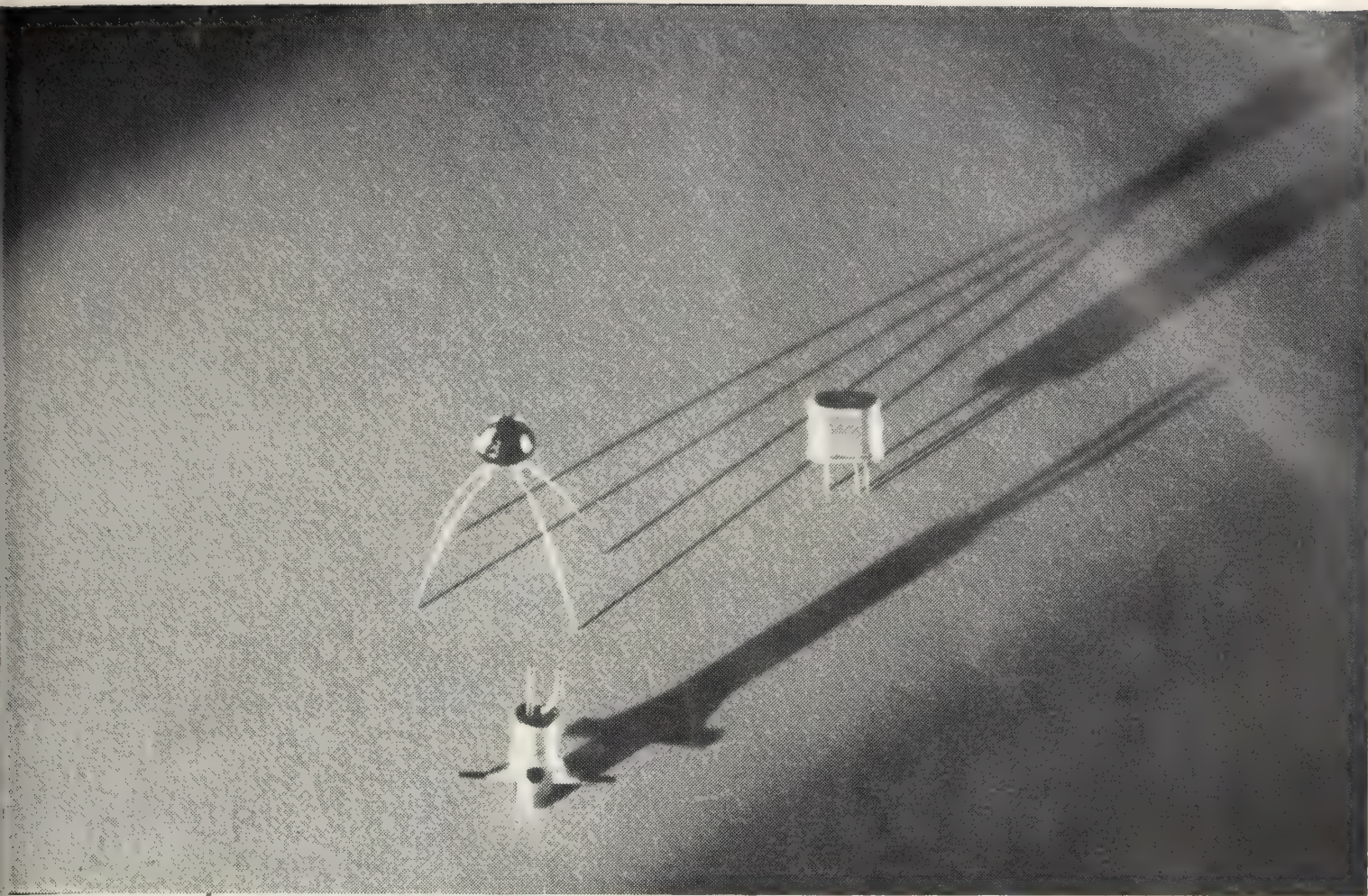
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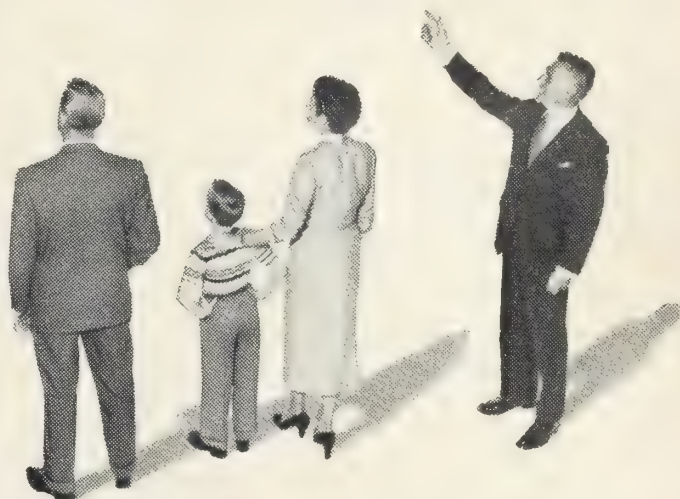




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on reasonable terms. These include makers of advanced equipment for defense, as well as radios, television sets, hearing aids, and a wide range of electronic apparatus.

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It is another example of the value of Bell System research in bringing you more and better telephone service.

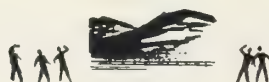
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Cover by Sam Norkin



# Personal & Otherwise

LAST month P & O was speculating about the reasons for the lag between invention and acceptance in the field of technology (as, for instance, between the invention of helicopters, air-conditioning, or television and their widespread use). Our point was that the lag can't be blamed altogether on economic conservatism, or suppression by big business, or any of the conventional scapegoats. Part of the trouble, we concluded, is "the mere difficulty of persuading the public that the invention really matters." And as an instance we quoted a letter from a veteran *Harper's* reader who remembers having watched the Wright brothers trying to fly their "kite thing" out at Dayton in the early 1900s. It was very interesting, she says, but at the time "it did not seem at all impressive."

Come to think of it, why should it have seemed so? It would have been asking a good deal of "the public" to have expected it to recognize in the Wrights' "kite thing" the forerunner of the planes which can now dump an atom bomb on Japan as easily as they dump a *Harper's* editor into Africa (see below, page 6).

Human beings themselves aren't very impressive in the early stages of their development, and few people who saw Confucius or Lincoln or Einstein muling and puking in his mother's arms can have supposed he would ever amount to much. If anyone did think so, it can only have been because the past history of the race had proved that similar squalling and unco-ordinated creatures occasionally did turn out uncommonly well. But there was no reason for the public to expect

anything of the Wrights' machine. Hundreds of such "kite things" had been monotonously inconsequential ever since Icarus. (By the way, can anyone tell P & O where to find any details about the wooden dove—or pigeon—said to have been invented in the fourth century B.C. by Archytas, the mathematician? My old *New International Encyclopedia* says the thing "could maintain sustained flight and was set in motion by 'hidden and inclosed air,'" which suggests that the idea of jet-planes isn't quite the novelty we had assumed it was.)

The Wrights themselves can have had only the dimmest notion that their invention "mattered" in the sense that it actually did. This is not to suggest that they did not take their achievement seriously. They certainly did, as one may discover from *Orville Wright's* account of "How We Invented the Airplane" (p. 25)—a document edited for this issue of *Harper's* by the Wrights' biographer, Fred C. Kelly, from a deposition Orville made during a 1920 lawsuit. But the long and patient experiments which culminated in the historic flights of December 17, 1903, were not undertaken in order to revolutionize warfare or transportation, nor to create one world. As Orville tells it, the Wrights' interest in flight had its origin in childhood toys, and the machines they built from 1900 on were the product of their interest in gliding and flying "as a sport." Even during the first World War when Burton Hendrick interviewed him for *Harper's* ("The Safe and Useful Aeroplane," in our April 1917 issue), Orville was still insisting that the plane was "the greatest sport yet





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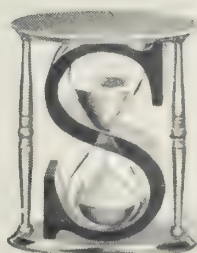
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devised." He talked also, of course, of its more serious uses—as a supplementary form of transportation and as a factor in war (which he thought would be almost impossible in the future since scouting planes enabled both sides to know all about each other's plans). But the interview ended with his prophecy that the day would soon come when "the aeroplane will be a great sporting and social diversion."

In other words, the inventor himself is quite likely to be unaware of the real significance of his invention. And if, as we suggested last month, it is probable that there are important inventions now lying fallow "simply because not enough people realize that they amount to much," the inventors themselves may be as much to blame as the rest of us.

**W**HAT we are up against, in this form of the "technological lag," is really the hiatus between the two kinds of invention: invention of things and invention of *uses* for things. We usually assume, of course, that things are not invented until the use has already been perceived. That's what we mean when we say that necessity is the mother of invention. According to this belief, for example, the evolution of modern society required railroads and factories and steamships; so Watt invented the steam engine. And if he hadn't done so, somebody else would have, because "necessity" required it.

In some instances it is certainly true that specific needs call forth specific inventions. Hence the simultaneous—or almost simultaneous—appearance of similar machines in many parts of the world. Hence also the willingness of governments and businesses to finance research laboratories. But by no means all inventions are purposive. The steam engine itself was originally a "useless" creation, for Hero of Alexandria had invented one in classical times, for the wholly frivolous purpose of mystifying the worshippers in the temple, and the engine which was fathered by Watt and mothered by necessity was really only a re-invention, so to speak.

The history of mechanics is, in fact, littered with inventions which were as useless as poems—machines which somebody rigged up just for the fun or the wonder of it. Take,

for example, the mechanical duck which Jacques de Vaucanson exhibited in Paris in 1741. This splendid automaton waddled, swam, beat the air with its wings, quacked, and even picked up grain, swallowed it, "digested" it in a tiny internal chemical laboratory, and thereupon produced mechanical bowel movements, to the delight of the members of the French Academy and the public at large. So far, however, not even the ingenious French have been able to invent any use for this emunctory duck, and de Vaucanson's invention still lies fallow.

Sometimes, of course, invention is the mother of necessity. Somebody invents something just because he happens to think of it, not because he or anybody else needs it. And then, having done so, he starts trying to persuade people that he has come up with just what they always wanted. If the invention really is pretty good, and the propaganda campaign is handsomely endowed, and the time is ripe, the project can succeed—witness chewing gum and television. But the heroes in these campaigns are the inventors of *uses*: the mother (I'm sure it was a mother) who first cured her son's bat-ears by pinning them back with wads of gum, and the fellows who "invented" the televising of roller derbies, crime investigations, and Chicago wrestling.

**W**HICH brings us to Africa. The trouble with Africa has been that, up till now, nobody has invented any use for most of it. That's why it has been lying fallow all this time, while less bountiful and less beautiful continents have been overexploited. One gets the impression, sometimes, that the only inventors who have taken a crack at it have been the explorers and conquerors, or those who were out to mine it for some commodity its own people set little store by—like gold, or diamonds, or anthropological data.

But whatever truth there may once have been in such an impression, all kinds of people are now cooking up new uses for the place, as we learn from *Eric Larrabee's* deceptively informal "The Afterglow of Empire" (p. 69), the second installment of his "Notebook on Black Africa." Thanks to the Wright brothers' invention, Mr. Larrabee was flown to Africa last fall as a member of a four-man team of observers sent out by the





# PORTRAIT OF A QUADRIMESTRIAL BONUS

Quadrimestrial = EVERY FOURTH MONTH; bonus = FREE to members of The Heritage Club.

THERE ARE three beautiful, beautiful books the portrait above. They have been out of print for seven years. That fact has made thousands of people unhappy. Many of these people have been advertising widely to locate copies of these books. So now it is our duty to make them happy, to learn that we are printing new printings of all three—and the reason for it to make you happy, too. For these are not only beautiful books, they are famous books. They are "fictionized biographies" of three of the greatest painters that ever lived. One is Irving Stone's story about Vincent van Gogh, *Lust for Life*. The second is Hendrik van Loon's classic story about Rembrandt, *R.v.R.* The third is Irena Jancovskij's *The Romance of Leonardo*. These justly-famous Heritage editions are beautifully illustrated from the works of the painters themselves! The illustrations are arranged so that they appear at the proper points in the stories of the painters' lives; and they are wonderfully reproduced, too: by three different processes!

NOW YOU MAY KNOW that the membership rolls of The Heritage Club are not often publicly opened to new members—so now is your opportunity.

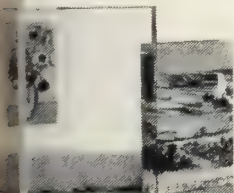
The Heritage Club distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not "de luxe," nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the world's leading typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, and printed by the leading printers on fine papers chemically treated to assure a life of at least two centuries, then handsomely bound and boxed.

And the members obtain these books for no more than they are called upon to pay for ordinary novels! Despite increases general throughout the book business, each member pays only \$3.65 for each book—or only \$3.28 if paying in advance!

YET, IF IT SHOULD HAPPEN that you do not desire to have any of these books, you are given a list of four dozen Heritage books in print—from which you are permitted to select substitution titles. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet you may obtain them at a bargain price.

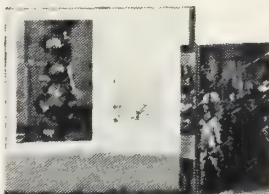
There have been book bargains before, of course, and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered to wise buyers of books.

You are invited to put this statement to the test. If you will fill out the coupon printed herewith, and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the completely descriptive Prospectus together with a circular more completely descriptive of the "quadrimestrial bonus." Also, one of the limited number of available memberships will be reserved for you until you have had time to study the Prospectus.



NOW WE are preparing new printings of these three books. They will be placed on sale in the retail book shops for \$11.85 per set, in the growing series called The Heritage Illustrated Bookshelf. But, because they were first distributed to the members of The Heritage Club, the directors feel that the members of the Club hold a kind of partnership with them in the plates from which the reprints are being made. So a copy of each book is going to be given to each member of The Heritage Club, to inaugurate a system of "quadrimestrial bonus" books: A FREE BONUS BOOK to each member of the Club every fourth month (that's quadrimestrial).

you obtain a membership in The Heritage Club at this time, and at this time only, you will share in the distribution of this bonus. And we emphasize the phrase at this time because The Heritage Club is just now preparing the Prospectus of the books for its new annual series, the Eighteenth Series.



YOU ARE invited to send for a copy of the handsome Prospectus which is now on the press. If you obtain a membership in The

Heritage Club at this time, you will not only obtain FREE BONUS copies of the three beautiful, beautiful books in the portrait above, you will also obtain: The Coronation Edition of *The Faerie Queene* by Edmund Spenser, illustrated with wood-engravings by Agnes Miller Parker and created at the Oxford University Press in England. You will obtain *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Edmond Rostand, with full-color illustrations by Pierre Brissaud, in a new and quite wonderful adaptation by Louis Untermeyer; and *Swann's Way* by Marcel Proust, with full-color illustrations by Bernard Lamotte; and *Nicholas Nickleby* by Charles Dickens, profusely illustrated by Steven Spurrier the famous English painter; and Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, magnificently illustrated on the spot by the famous French painter Edy Legrand; and *The Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, and *Silas Marner*.... These are only a few of the titles.



## Bonus Coupon

TO THE HERITAGE CLUB,  
595 MADISON AVE., New York 22

Please send me your new Prospectus, in which are described the books to be distributed to the new members in the coming twelve months, and also a circular descriptive of the new "Quadrimestrial Bonus." I understand that you will now reserve a membership for me, awaiting my formal application.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

HM-18





## Run For It!

"THESE WAVES KEEP COMING  
AFTER US, WHITEY!"



"THEY REMIND ME OF  
OUR MANY FRIENDS, BLACKIE,  
WHO ALWAYS KEEP COMING BACK  
FOR BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH  
WHISKY. THEY KNOW ITS QUALITY  
AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

# "BLACK & WHITE"

*The Scotch with Character*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF



THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Carnegie Corporation for a three months' visit, in the interests of international understanding. If you want to check up on Mr. Larrabee's record, you will find it briefly outlined in last month's P & O. Meanwhile we would only remind you that he is one of the editors of this magazine and the Secretary of the Committee on American Civilization of the American Council of Learned Societies.

Incidentally, the *Harper's* publication of Orville Wright's hitherto unpublicized testimony is one of the opening guns of the national celebration this year of the 50th Anniversary of Powered Flight. The executive committee of the Anniversary is headed by James H. Doolittle, and the participants, in addition to governmental and private groups, will include every citizen who wants to get in on the act. The cover drawing of the Wright brothers and their flying machine was made from photographs, by the designer and cartoonist, *Sam Norkin*, who has worked often for *Harper's* and other publications.

Fred Kelly, who edited Orville Wright's testimony, is the authority on this subject. He wrote *The Wright Brothers* (1943), a biography authorized by Orville, and edited *Miracle at Kitty Hawk* (1943). He is a former newspaperman, a writer of many books, and a resident of Kensington, Maryland.

### Ad Libitum

Speaking of the grand old ads, a *Robert L. Heilbroner* does it. "Where Are the Ads of Yesteryear?" (p. 92), reminds us of an advertising story which involves our now-defunct journalistic brother, *Harper's Weekly*. Back in the eighteen-fifties a brash and enterprising Scotch-Irish printer named Robert Bonner, who had bought a small New York mercantile paper named the *Ledger* and was converting it into a sensational popular weekly, developed some highly effective techniques of advertising which irritated his older and more "respectable" competitor. One of his favorite tricks was to fill a whole advertising column in a newspaper with a single reiterate



## P &amp; O

item, such as "Fanny Fern writes only for the Ledger," repeated over and over again in small type from top to bottom. It worked, of course, but it was irritating and "ungentlemanly," and Bonner was ridiculed and sneered at by those who considered themselves his betters.

While this was going on, the publishing house of Harper & Brothers announced that it too was going to start publishing a weekly. The four Harper brothers were solid and sober citizens, highly respected in the trade, and there was considerable joy among Bonner's enemies at the idea of his having to face such competition. This would put the noisy upstart in his place!

What was their surprise, therefore, when the *Times*, the *Herald*, and the *Tribune* suddenly appeared one day in 1857 with long half-column ads which read: "Buy Harper's Weekly—Buy Harper's Weekly—Buy Harper's Weekly—Buy Harper's Weekly—" and so on. Here were the most respectable publishers in town using Bonner's advertising technique! Perhaps it wasn't so bad, after all. And one by one book dealers and publishers took occasion to congratulate the Harpers on their "enterprise."

What the Harpers did not tell them was that they had been as surprised as anybody by the flamboyant ads for their new journal. For it had been Bonner himself who wrote and paid for them, and had his agent insert them in the papers. But they took the joke in good part, and said nothing, and it wasn't until some years later that the story was published. (The curious will find it in the chapter on Bonner in Matthew Hale Smith's *Sunshine and Shadow in New York*, published in 1868.)

Mr. Heilbroner was inspired to write his piece by looking over Julian Lewis Watkins' book, *The 100 Greatest Advertisements*, an anthology of famous (and occasionally notorious) ads, from which we have reproduced the illustrations accompanying the article. This subject is one about which a good many of our readers may have quite positive opinions. If so—if you have a favorite ad which is not mentioned in Mr. Heilbroner's text—let us know about it. Maybe someday in the future P & O can present a little bouquet of the favorite ads of



**The Barbary Tavern:** a modern version of an old-time waterfront cafe . . . friendly, Cabin Class meeting place on s.s. *Independence* and s.s. *Constitution*.

## Traditional American Friendliness



Take the warmth and friendliness for which Americans have been famous since Colonial days . . . put that spirit in the setting of a superb modern luxury liner . . . and you have the combination that is setting new records every year for travel on the Sun-Lane to Europe.

Every American comfort will be yours . . . climate control at the touch of a finger in your cabin, bedrooms that convert to sitting rooms by day, outdoor swimming pools for life and play in the sun . . . a cuisine worthy of the finest restaurant ashore.

And superb weather, too. From New York to Gibraltar 86% of the days are rain-free and temperatures average a mild 60° through Fall and Winter. You'll rest, relax, recuperate on the Sun-Lane to Europe.

See your Travel Agent or

### AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.



**INDEPENDENCE ★ CONSTITUTION** To Gibraltar • Cannes • Genoa • Naples  
**EXETER • EXCALIBUR • EXCAMBION • EXOCHORDA** To Barcelona • Marseilles  
 Naples • Alexandria • Beirut • Iskenderun • Latakia • Piraeus • Leghorn • Genoa



# Visit Canada's Colorful Eastern Cities



**It's fun**—crossing a friendly border—experiencing things that are new, colorful, different. This will be yours when you visit Ottawa, Canada's Capital, cosmopolitan Montreal (above), Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), Niagara Falls, romantic Quebec, historic Halifax and Charlottetown, on your trip "abroad" this year. Ask your nearest Canadian National office or Travel Agent about this, or the other Top Vacations listed. "We'll tell you where and take you there."



SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA

## Choose one of Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations



In Ottawa, Canada's Capital, stand the Peace Tower and Houses of Parliament (above). Eastern Canada's lovely National Parks, lakeland, mountain and seashore regions offer a wide variety of vacation attractions.

1. **Across Canada**—the Scenic Route to California or the Pacific Northwest, to New York or anywhere East.
2. **Alaska Cruise**—ten days, 2,000 miles of sheltered coastal sailing.
3. **British Columbia**—Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert. A magnificent marine and mountain playground.
4. **Eastern Cities and Laurentians**—history-book places, mountain lakes, brilliant autumn colors.
5. **Hudson Bay**—"Down North" to romantic frontiers, via Winnipeg.
6. **Jasper in the Canadian Rockies**—play, relax in mountain grandeur.
7. **Minaki (Lake of the Woods)**—swimming, motor-boating, golf in a northwoods setting. Wonderful fishing!
8. **Ontario Highlands**—land of lakes and streams; fishing; camping. Fine hotels, resorts.
9. **Provinces by the Sea**—beaches, seaports, historic cities.
10. **Romantic French Canada** (Gaspé and the Saguenay)—like taking a trip abroad.

Canadian National Railways Passenger offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, Passenger Department, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.

P & O

connoisseurs among *Harper's* readers

Mr. Heilbroner is a free-lance writer whose articles for *Harper's* have usually dealt with more sober aspects of economics and business such as "The Socialist Devils of England" (October 1951) and "The Fabulous Ford Foundation" (December 1951). He recently completed a book tentatively entitled *The Worldly Philosophers*, about the great economists, from Adam Smith to Keynes, whose theories have affected our lives. It will be published in the fall by Simon and Schuster.

### June Rarities

... "The Republican Prospects" (p. 34), as sized up by **Richard E. Rovere**, are scarcely less problematical this June than they were last, although the party has a victory under its belt and has made a number of moves on the Washington chessboard. Without any pretensions to being a seer, Mr. Rovere has the experience and sagacity to present the kind of analysis of things as they are on which the rest of us can exercise our political imagination.

He is the regular writer of the "Letter from Washington" in the *New Yorker*, a contributing editor of *Harper's*, and the author of a number of political profiles in the magazine, reaching back to 1941 with Vito Marcantonio and Thomas E. Dewey, and stretching into the preconvention campaign of last year with Truman and Taft. In between, he did an early analysis (March 1950) of a general who was then college president, summing up Republican prospects during what he already called "The Second Eisenhower Boom." His political writing and book reviews appear frequently also in a number of other journals including the *New York Times Magazine* and the *Reporter*. He has been in the past on the editorial staff of *Common Sense* and the *Nation*, and he was during 1949 and 1950 the chief book critic for *Harper's*. With Arthur Schlesinger Jr., he wrote *The General and the President* (about MacArthur and Truman).

As we go to press Mr. Rovere, who covered both the Republican and





## The Professor just had to get hep...

"Old Parse" they called him—and not just because he taught English, either. A lot of people had him marked down as just plain parsimonious. They wondered why he was always so worried about money, particularly since there was a well-founded rumor that he had come into a small inheritance.

But look at it his way.

Here he was moving closer and closer to retirement—with very little idea of how he'd get by.

His pension and social security would come to maybe \$3,000 a year, but what with a wife and house the very least he could get by on would be \$3,500.

True enough, with his inheritance and savings, he'd have about \$15,000 by then, but interest alone just couldn't make up the difference—and what would he do when the \$15,000 was gone?

Well, fortunately, some friend in "Economics" finally took Parse aside, told him that any number of high-grade bonds were paying better than 3%, while common stocks were yielding 5% or more. And wasn't it high time he learned something about investing? So he did.

He started by asking for our free booklet "*How To Invest*"—and wound up by requesting our Research Department to map out an investment program for a portion of his savings—one that could be expected to bring in \$500 or \$600 a year on the money he felt he could prudently put into securities.

And of course, we were glad to. Because we'll give any investor all the help we can—

Whether he has \$1,000, \$10,000, or \$100,000 to invest ...

Whether he'd like to know what we think of five stocks—or fifty ...

Whether he ever does business with us—or doesn't.

There's no charge for these services, no obligation either.

They're yours for the asking when you write—

WALTER A. SCHOLL, Dept. SW-21

**MERRILL LYNCH,  
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.



"Old Parse"  
they called him...



Democratic Presidential caravans last fall, is planning to take a trip from his home in Hyde Park, New York, out to Dallas, Texas, to receive an award for the outstanding magazine reporting of the 1952 campaign. This is the Southwest Forum Journalism Award, given jointly by Southern Methodist University and the Dallas Press Club.

•••**Helen Eustis**, author of "Good-bye to Oedipus" (p. 42), is a graduate of Smith College, the mother of one son, and the ex-den mother of seven Cub Scouts. She is the author of one novel, *The Horizontal Man* (1946), and a volume of short stories, *The Captains and the Kings Depart* (1949), and is at present working on a second novel which, she hopes, will demonstrate her indebtedness "to both literary and maternal experience."

**Robert Osborn** took on "Good-bye to Oedipus" with ardor, as his illustrations indicate. "A superb article," he called it, adding, "Such perception, such union of the touching, profound, and funny, and the prose love." Obviously, Miss Eustis' experience put him in mind of his own, for he is the father of two small boys, who appear on this page drawn by his hand. He wrote to P & O about family matters as follows:

I drive the two boys to school in the morning. Elodie and I join in wrestling them into their clothes and snow suits, etc. Elodie picks



Osborn & Eliot

Osborn's Young Bulls



# BUT CAN IT BE FOUND IN THE BIBLE?

People often indignantly demand that Catholics prove their teaching from the Bible.

The Bible is their "rule of faith"...and they argue that every man has the right and ability to discover for himself, by his interpretation of the Bible, what he must believe and do in order to be saved.

We do not question the sincerity of these people and we applaud all who strive earnestly to understand and observe the Scriptures. But—are they right in calling the Bible, privately interpreted, the sole source of Christian teaching?

"Hold the teachings that you have learned," wrote St. Paul, "whether by word or by letter of ours" (2 Thess. II:15). He refers to Christian teachings, some oral, some written...and demands that *all* be received.

Christianity did not begin with the Bible. It began with the coming of Christ. The Lord instructed His Apostles to "go forth...teach all nations"—and to insure that His truths would always be maintained, Christ established His Church, "...the pillar and mainstay of the truth" (1 Timothy III:15).

The last part of the Bible...written by St. John...was not completed until 60 years after the Crucifixion of Christ. There was no Bible in anything resembling its present form until nearly 400 years after Jesus had died on the Cross. And the widespread distribution of the Bible as we know it today was impossible until the invention of printing, some 1400 years after the Savior's death.

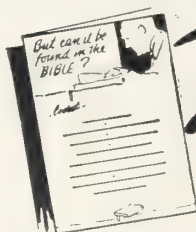


By what "rule of faith" did the millions of Christians live during those 1500 years?

The answer is, of course, that the teaching of the Church was the rule of faith for the Christian world. And St. Paul reminds us that Christianity

consists of "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" (Eph. IV:5). "God is a God of peace, not of disorder," St. Paul said further (1 Cor. XIV:33).

Yet today we have nearly 300 different religious denominations, all calling themselves Christian...all professing the Bible as their rule of faith...and all differing to some extent or another in their understanding of what the Bible means. Could Christ have left a "rule of faith" that would permit such confusion? Would He have left the interpretation of His Word to the fallible and changing judgments of men—when our very souls depend on a correct understanding and observance of the things Christ has taught us?



## Free

Because this question is all important...because it certainly does matter what a man believes...we invite you to examine the rule of faith of the first Christians—a rule that is still maintained by the Catholic Church. Because the Bible is God's Word, and because He gave it to us for a purpose, we invite you to see what this purpose is. We have an interesting pamphlet on the correct use of the Bible, and we offer it for the inspection of all who are sincerely interested in following the teaching of Christianity as Christ revealed it. Ask for Pamphlet No. 13-D.

S U P R E M E C O U N C I L

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS**  
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



P & O

them up at noon. I work here with the family, which works better than the New Canaan fathers leaving home each day for the entire day. This is much more the way Portuguese families live—the father is near all day long and this takes some pressure off the mother. I agree heartily with all H. E. says.

The most recent of several books by Mr. Osborn is his *Low and Inside*, published by Farrar, Straus and Young this spring.

...Stephen Becker's "Monsieur Malfait" (p. 53), is his third story in *Harper's*—and the first to grow out of his experience in France, where he is living now and where he and his wife spent some time after their marriage in 1947. One can hardly fail to recognize the personal note in the story, and it is no surprise to learn that the Beckers, whose son is just over two and whose daughter is just over one year old, live in a big stone house ("which will not be warm until September") in L'Isle-Adam, thirty-five kilometers north of Paris, on the Oise.

Mr. Becker is the author of *The Season of the Stranger*, a novel about China which Harper & Brothers published two years ago; he is at work on another, having set aside, because he was unsatisfied, one book completed in between. He has also finished a translation from the French, which will be out in the near future.

Paintings by Reginald Marsh, the artist who made the drawings for "Monsieur Malfait," hang in many major American museums, including the Metropolitan and the Library of Congress; and his frescoes decorate the Custom House in New York, the Post Office in Washington, and other buildings. Specializing in contemporary life subjects, he has been a war correspondent and has won a number of important prizes. As an illustrator, he recently made the drawings for the book by Alva Johnson, *The Legendary Mizners*, published by Farrar, Straus and Young. Mr. Marsh's successful career has been a solidly American one, but he was born in Paris and his feeling for the French subject of "Monsieur Malfait" is evident in his work.

...In an article published in this magazine five years ago, a great news-



## P &amp; O

erman, Gerald W. Johnson, set forth informally his views on the subject, "Great Newspapers, If Any." The newspaper, as he saw it, is contradictory, which is one way of saying that it is a very human enterprise. The newspaper is a social force. That is indubitable. It is also a manufactory. That is just as certainly true. Like the school, it purveys information, but its information, unlike that of the school, must be fresh, which is to say, it handles a product that deteriorates with unrelenting speed. The very conditions of its existence, therefore, are impossible of perfect fulfillment; for information to be sound must be slow, and to be fresh must be disseminated at high speed."

A magazine is every bit as much a human enterprise as a newspaper, as much a social force, as much a manufactory. But a monthly magazine has a different problem of timing, a problem with its special hazards and opportunities. Since the month's closing date is anything from four to eight weeks before publication, scoops which depend on speed are out of the question; but tips which depend on quality, timeliness, originality, and authority are in vogue. Frequently these come as by-products of the daily work of newspapermen, representing the extra effort for which the newspaper is paid, because of its emphasis on timeliness and speed, provide incentive for the writer.

digging up and exposing "The Case of Tax Collector Delaney" (p. 1). John Strohmeyer worked originally as a reporter for the Providence Journal-Bulletin; his article on the subject in this issue of *Harper's* resulted from a longer, more reflective look at what happened in that much publicized scandal. This is how the story came about, as Mr. Strohmeyer writes to P & O:

"We came by the Delaney story by accident. Early in 1950, the *Journal-Bulletin* and thirteen other papers around the country attempted to organize informally for the purpose of making a concentrated attack on widespread racketeering. Part of the bargain was that each paper make a crime survey in its own area and then circulate this report to all other papers in the group for the purpose of exchanging or



Cafe-Lounge Car for Streamliner Coach Passengers

TO AND FROM THE

## Pacific Northwest

● Fresh, wholesome foods served by thoughtful dining-car attendants . . . congenial company in Club or Lounge car . . . restful sleep . . . all make it a pleasure to travel by train—by Union Pacific.

Between Chicago and the Pacific Northwest ride the Streamliner "CITY OF PORTLAND" or the "GOLD COAST." From St. Louis - Kansas City, the Streamliner "CITY OF ST. LOUIS." Modern Pullman and Coach accommodations.

\* \* \*

Union Pacific rails follow the enchanting Columbia River Gorge for 200 miles on the way to and from Portland.

*Mail coupon* →  
for free Pacific Northwest booklet  
illustrated with color photos.

**UNION PACIFIC  
RAILROAD**

### UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Room 643, Omaha 2, Nebr.

I am interested in a train trip to the Pacific Northwest. Please send free booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Also send information about All-Expense Vacation Tours ☐  
If student state age \_\_\_\_\_ and special material will be sent.

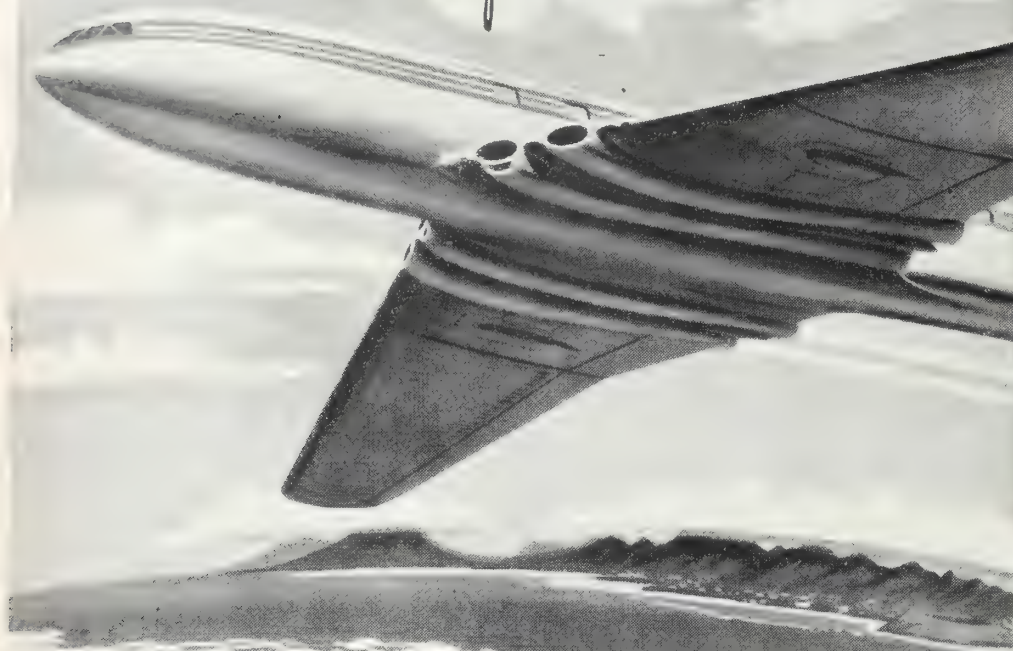




By land, by sea, by air...

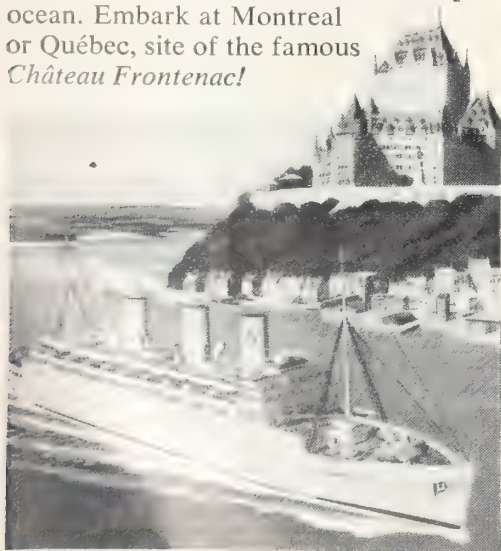
# CANADIAN PACIFIC

spans the world!



**New Empress Jet Liners** will bridge Hawaii—New Zealand—Australia at 500 miles an hour! Fly 1/5 round the world in 10 flight hours. Smooth and quiet! First leg, from Vancouver, B. C. to Honolulu, is *overnight* by Empress Super DC-6's. *Business in the Far East?* Fly the shortest, fastest service to Tokyo or Hong Kong!

**White Empresses** for the "landscape" voyage to Europe. They sail the great St. Lawrence River, save 1000 miles of open ocean. Embark at Montreal or Québec, site of the famous *Château Frontenac*!



**Canadian Pacific** trains show you great Canada, *land of vacations unlimited!* Picture-window views of French Canada, the sky-high Canadian Rockies and—Pacific gardenland! Every mile smoothed by Canadian Pacific service! And there's a fine Canadian Pacific hotel at every important train stop to give you real comfort.



Ask your agent about the world's greatest chain of service, linking England, Canada, Australia, the Far East...by ships, trains, planes, hotels.

# Canadian Pacific

Agents in U. S. and Canada

Canada is  
world-wide news!  
See it by  
Canadian Pacific

## P & O

matching leads. One day while I was rounding up material on New England crime, I discovered a confidential record of a million-dollar-a-year lottery operator. Some of the statements on this record first caused me to suspect that something was wrong in the Federal Internal Revenue organization in Massachusetts. From there, one thing led to another.

Mr. Strohmeyer's chance to review the case and its implications came this spring during the course of a nine-month academic stretch he has been spending at Harvard as a Nieman Fellow. Theodore Morrison, author of *Stones of the House* who conducts a writing course for the Nieman group, gave him some assistance with the article.

Mr. Strohmeyer started newspaper work at seventeen as a night reporter for the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania *Globe-Times*, while he attended college during the day. From 1943 to 1946, he served in the Navy, and emerged a lieutenant (j. g.) after duty on subchasers in the Caribbean. After the war, at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, he earned a Master's Degree and won a Pulitzer Traveling Fellowship which he used in Europe. He settled down on the Providence *Journal Bulletin* in January 1949, to specialize in crime and corruption investigation. His stories in that field have won three prizes in the annual Associated Press News Contests for New England.

...*Mary Deasy's* "No Month but May" (p. 78) was sent to *Harper's* from Cincinnati, the author's hometown, where Miss Deasy returned to live last winter after ten years of wandering about the United States. Her earlier stories in this magazine were postmarked Urbana, Illinois; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Pasadena, California. Perhaps the new story goes back to childhood interests, for Miss Deasy has admitted a youthful fondness for horses herself.

She studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and received Bachelor's Degree in piano. The latest of her four published novels we understand she has practiced on "exercise novels" also—is *Devil Bridge*, which Little Brown brought



## P &amp; O

at last fall. Her stories have appeared in a number of magazines and have been reprinted in anthologies of the best.

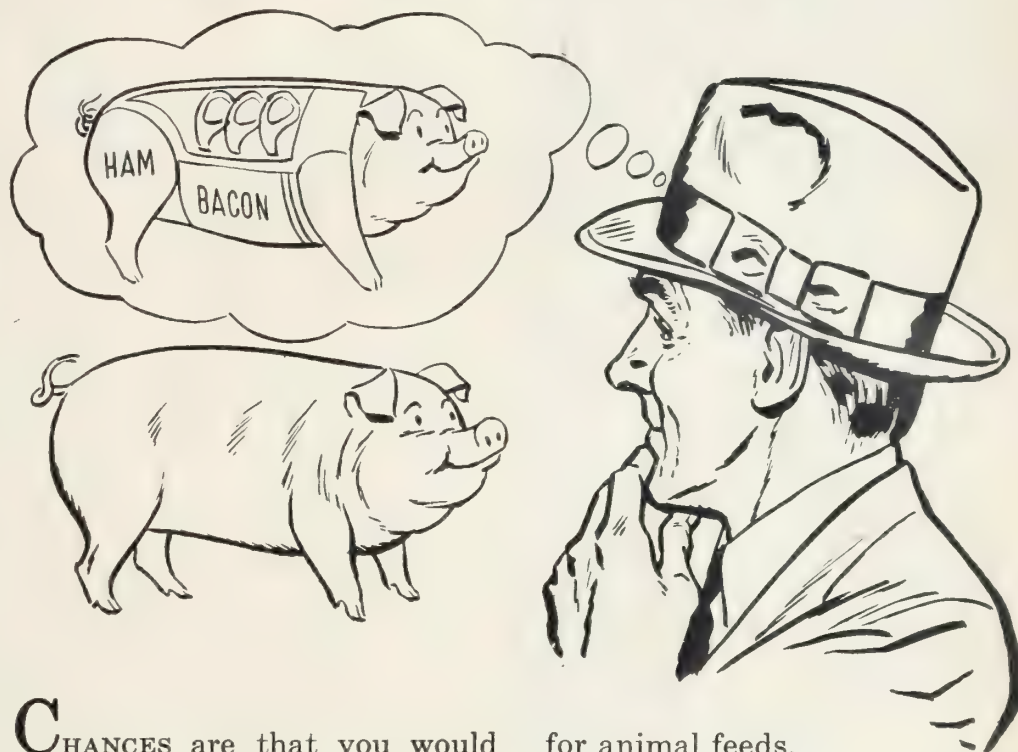
**Byron Goto**, whose drawings illustrate "No Month but May," is one of the artists exhibited at the New Talent show of the Museum of Modern Art this past winter. His work has been shown frequently since 1948, in Santa Fe, Chicago, Denver, Milwaukee, and other places. He was born in Hilo, Hawaii, and studied at the Art Institute of Chicago (where he received a Master of Fine Arts Degree in 1951) and in France. He now lives in New York with his wife and son.

••When **George May** returned as an American correspondent to Budapest in the fall of 1948, at the start of his "Forty Months in Red Hungary" (p. 85), he was particularly well trained to understand what he saw. An old "Balkan hand"—born in the Balkans, a correspondent here before the war, speaking Hungarian and Romanian fluently—he had friends all over the map, including many whose names appeared often in headlines and some whose names still survive in current news from Behind-the-Curtain. By the time he left, he did so mainly in the conviction that he might himself become a tempting prize as a "confessing" Western reporter at a Communist purge trial.

Mr. May's jobs in Hungary, as he points out in his article, were several: correspondent for the London *Times* and Reuters New Agency, and stringer for *Time-Life*. He is now in the United States again, working on a book about his recent stay in the Balkans. Mr. May first came to the United States in 1938 and, during the war, he served this country in the Office of War Information.

We asked Mr. May about an Associated Press report from Vienna, dated April 14, which said Hungarian border guards had been tearing apart the famous Arlberg-Orient Express in the past few days. Under the supervision of Hungarian political police, the report stated, railway cars had been going through each compartment, knocking on walls, removing pictures and mirrors, searching behind the upholstery, and even unscrewing light bulbs.

# Would you save money on pork if you bought a WHOLE PIG?



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From a 240-pound porker you would get about 100 pounds of the more popular cuts:

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You'd get about 20 pounds of cuts you buy infrequently, if at all—such as tail, feet, neckbones, spareribs and salt pork.

You'd get a whopping big pailful of lard—35 pounds of it—which you could buy at the store for less per pound than the hog cost per pound.

The remainder—a full 90 pounds—would be waste—of absolutely no use to you. But to the meat packer it is the source of many valuable by-products—from glands for medicines to bone meal

for animal feeds.

The money he gets from these by-products helps to cover the costs of turning the pig into pork, converting it into store-size cuts, smoking hams and bacon (expenses you'd have to add to the price of the pig).

Does that help you understand the meaning of the saying that "the meat industry doesn't make money, it saves it?"

## Did you know

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Oh yes, said Mr. May, they did the same thing when he came out.

... "Cherry Tree" (p. 41) is the first poem *Harper's* has published by *Peter Kane Dufault*. Mr. Dufault, who co-piloted a B-24 out of Italy in World War II, has been at various times a house painter, tree surgeon, and newspaperman. Currently he is real-estate editor of the *Mamaroneck Daily Times*, a Westchester County, N. Y., paper.

Mr. Dufault writes verse and entertains here and there with guitar and folk songs. The Dobbs Ferry Players, a professional community theater, were planning to produce a prose play of his this month. Spring plans for summer productions being as flighty as they are, we can only hope this one stands up.

*Jan Struther* wrote "Westbound Voyage" (p. 91) on a recent return to the United States from her native England. Besides the well loved *Mrs. Miniver*, Miss Struther has written a number of volumes of verse and essays, among them *A Pocketful of Pebbles*.

*Robert Berkowitz*, author of "On a Sonnet Written Past Fifty" (p. 60), a veteran of the Okinawa campaign, is under thirty himself.

### Beans, Cabbage, Tomatoes . . .

**I**F YOU are interested in sowing seeds of democracy in a remarkably fertile soil, either individually or through your club or church or Scout troop, we suggest you consider the appeal of the "Seeds for Democracy," whose drive is running now and will continue through September 21. While you are planting your own garden, you might like to contribute some vegetable seeds for Filipino farmers, housewives, missionaries, teachers, and schoolchildren. The co-sponsors of this drive to collect and transport seeds to the Philippines, where vegetation is lush but the soil happens not to be well suited for seed reproduction, are the American Women's Voluntary Services and the Committee for Free Asia. Since the beginning of this program in 1950, Americans have contributed more than 2,000,000 individual packages for free distribution. Here are the basic facts about the plan:



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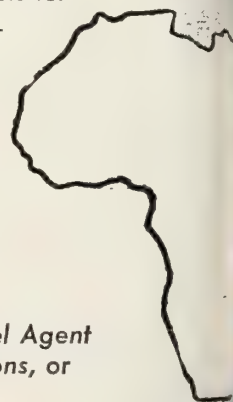
Below the Sahara are some 80 strategic raw materials. Here, also, a tremendous industrial development is under way and markets for heavy and consumer goods are growing constantly. Investigate the possibilities for your business.

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## P &amp; O

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**Where to send:** SEEDS FOR DEMOCRACY, San Francisco, California.

**How distributed:** Seeds are received, sorted, and crated, by the Committee for Free Asia, and shipped to their representatives in Manila.

**Further information:** Ask at any local chapter of the American Women's Voluntary Services; the AUVS SEEDS FOR DEMOCRACY Campaign Headquarters, Third Avenue and El Camino, San Mateo, California; or SEEDS FOR DEMOCRACY, Committee for Free Asia, 105 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

## A Machine to Fly

ON MARCH 24, 1928, Orville Wright wrote to Senator Hiram Bingham a letter which illustrates well a point we were making above: that the Wrights took their invention seriously. It was, however, the following letter reveals, the scientific aspect of the work which mainly interested them, not the stunt of flying:

"A good many people [Orville wrote] do not seem to grasp the difference between the first man-carrying flying machine and the first man-carrying machine to fly. There may be a big difference. Our pride was in producing the first man-carrying flying machine rather than in producing the first man flight. Wilbur and I did not take nearly so much pride in the fact that we were the first to fly as we did in the fact that we were the first to have the scientific data from which a flying machine could be built. I have never thought for an instant that I was entitled to more credit than Wilbur because I made the first flight. There were thousands of men who could have taken our 1903 machine into the air for the first flight; but I believe there was no one else in the world at that time beside Wilbur and myself that had the scientific data for building a machine that would fly."

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# LETTERS

## *Silent Generation—*

*To the Editors:*

On behalf of myself and several of my fellow-students at Union Theological Seminary, I want to thank you for making available Thornton Wilder's "The Silent Generation" [April]. How clearly he has spoken for us! We hope that his words receive careful attention from all who are engaged in the task of "educating" this generation. Truly, most frequently the churches and the universities are "echoing galleries for outdated attitudes and sentiments." . . .

I do not wish to imply that our theological schools are free from the implied indictment in Mr. Wilder's article, but we have at Union at least one mind that sees clearly the existential situation. Dr. Paul Tillich, in his recently published book, *The Courage to Be*, said: "The anxiety which, in its different forms, is potentially present in every individual becomes general if the accustomed structures of meaning, power, and belief, and order disintegrate. These structures as long as they are in force keep anxiety bound within a protective system of courage by participation. . . . In periods of great change these methods no longer work. Conflicts between the old, which tries to maintain itself, often with new means, and the new, which deprives the old of its intrinsic power, produce anxiety in all directions." These words seem an additional relevant commentary on Mr. Wilder's excellent article.

LARRY A. JACKSON  
New York, N. Y.

and Steinbeck—to mention just a few. As a working girl trying to save for the future, I could never have purchased these masterpieces in cloth-bound editions.

Surely even our Congressmen must admit that a lack of literary discrimination on the part of the American reading public would not be remedied by any Act of Congress.

HILDA M. HINZE  
Madison, Wisc.

*To the Editors:*

I was deeply shocked at the article in your April issue by Bernard DeVoto. In view of the high character of your magazine, I was disappointed in the stand you apparently are taking on the matter of the publication and sale of obscene literature. . . .

I am a mother who, having become aware of the multiplying hundreds of trashy books available at the nearest book stand, has taken time to read carefully the Committee report so lightly esteemed by Mr. DeVoto. I have in addition read the excerpts from sixty-eight of the most salacious of the books. . . .

Just as I would not sit peacefully undisturbed if I saw my small child wandering near a bear-trap or a rattlesnake, so I am not inclined to merely sit and hope that my child will avoid all contact with the invitations to evil learning so universally and boldly displayed. . . . I am comforted that the Congress of the United States has seen fit to interest itself in this matter and I fervently hope that its Committee will continue to function until the right solution is found. . . .

MARIE H. MEARS  
Washington, D. C.

volume, the fifth in a series of seven being issued by this press, was published late in April. The series is edited by Wesley F. Craven of New York University and James L. Cate of the University of Chicago.

I was impressed with the manner in which essentially the same story is told by Mr. Coughlin and Messrs. Craven and Cate, each writing from a different perspective and each using different documents. More than that, Craven and Cate have added one more important bit of information concerning the first atomic bomb drop: they have explained, for the first time, the apparent discrepancy between (1) the fact that the actual order for the drop was dated the 25th of July, one day *before* the Potsdam Declaration and two days *before* the apparent rejection of the Potsdam terms by the Japanese; and (2) the widely publicized statement that the decision to make the drop was not taken until *after* the refusal by the Japanese of the Potsdam terms. The apparent inconsistency has been resolved in a letter from President Truman to Professor Cate of January 12, 1953, in which Mr. Truman said:

In your letter you raise the fact that the directive to General Spaatz to prepare for delivering the bomb is dated July 25th. It was, of course, necessary to set the military wheels in motion, as these orders did, but the final decision was in my hands, and was not made until we were returning from Potsdam.

MORTON GRODZINS, Editor  
University of Chicago Press  
Chicago, Ill.

## *Those Paper-Backs—*

*To the Editors:*

My personal thanks to Bernard DeVoto for his case against the "Censorious Congressmen" [April]. I am proud of my collection of "pocket-size paper-bound" books by such authors as Tolstoi, Tarkington, Wodehouse, Bemelmans, Caldwell,

## *Japan's Surrender—*

*To the Editors:*

Just before reading William J. Coughlin's "The Great Mokusatsu Mistake" in *Harper's* for March, I had completed reading the page proofs of Volume V of *The Army Air Forces in World War II*. This

## *Stately Homes—*

*To the Editors:*

The temptation is great to offer many comments on Miss C. V. Wood's interesting article, "England Country Houses," in the March issue.

Although probably not in the same degree, a somewhat similar story is unfolding in this country.



## LETTERS

is a story which should be told. This time, however, I shall limit myself to pointing out to your readers that there is an American National Trust, much newer than its English counterpart, seeking to stem the tide of destruction of sites and buildings significant in American history and culture. Moreover, it has just worked out a reciprocal agreement with the English National Trust, and during 1953 all its members will be admitted free of charge to the country houses and other structures administered by the Trust in England, Wales, and Northern Ireland.

Membership in the American National Trust is open to the public and further information will be cheerfully given upon application to the address below.

FREDERICK L. RATH, JR., Director  
National Trust for Historic  
Preservation

712 Jackson Place, N.W.  
Washington 6, D. C.

## Happy Ending—

To the Editors:

I was much relieved to read Captain J. Y. Cousteau's "Sea Monsters and Sharks at Eye Level" in your February issue. It was interesting to note the experiments in octopus dancing Captain Cousteau's helper undertook. The experiments take the horror from the uncomfortable fate that seemed to be awaiting the main character in "Another Solution," a story whose author I don't now remember in one of last year's *Harper's*. [It was Gilbert Highet.—The Editors.]

Your faithful readers will, no doubt, be similarly gratified to think of this character as very much alive in fact, and waltzing somewhere on the bottom of the blue Mediterranean with his diffident and backward partner.

SHIRLEY K. SIKES  
Leonardville, Kan.

To the Editors:

It suddenly occurred to me the other evening while reading Gilbert Highet's column in the most recent *Harper's* that, in him, you (and we) are blessed with one of the most iterate, candid, and succinct reviewers writing today. I've not before encountered a critic who could



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## LETTERS

weigh so accurately the merits and shortcomings of a particular book and render judgment in so few and such well-chosen words.

In these days when verbosity and obscurantism seem the necessary symbols of office for anyone undertaking the position of critic, when one must find at least *one* nice thing to say of a new work—though it might be completely worthless—just to avoid offending the publisher and thereby jeopardizing a source of advertising revenue, Mr. Highet is a champion for clarity, brevity, and honesty. I hope he remains in the lists for some time to come.

JOHN R. BURKE, LT. USN  
Washington, D. C.

## Four Stars for Us—

To the Editors:

In re Bodecker on Baedeker ["Three Stars for Baedeker," April]:

From twenty years' experience with the literature in our "tonsonial saloons," I should like to offer the following conclusions:

- the phrase is uniquely descriptive
- Baedeker agreed
- he then brought his own reading material
- Mr. Constable discovered this
- overlooked telling us
- but mentioned the fact to Mr. Bodecker
- who never overlooks a chance to plug a client.

R. W. ROE  
Sacramento, Calif.

To the Editors:

"Three Stars for Baedeker" to be sure. And three more for Bodecker. (Was there ever a better illustration than the no-extra-payment Bedouin-assist one on page 83?) And a whole constellation for the April issue from cover to cover.

J. BLANKFARD MARTENET  
Baltimore, Md.

## Answering Mr. Bain—

To the Editors:

I am sorry that I did not have an opportunity until now to reply to the letter by Mr. Herbert B. Bain, publicity man for the American Dental Association, which appeared in your May Letters column.

# Advice on CAMPS OR SUMMER SCHOOLS

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## LETTERS

Presumably Congressman Delaney would have complained if my carefully checked article had distorted the report of his committee. He has not done so. In a recent letter, Mr. Delaney writes me that "The mail from all over the United States has been tremendous on the subject of fluoridation of the water supply, and almost entirely opposed."

Obviously, if I am "irresponsible" so are the members of the Delaney Committee and the authorities whom I quoted. All of the latter have done substantial research in dental caries and/or the systemic effects of fluorides in nutrition. These highly qualified scientists may—or may not—be amused to learn from the ADA that their adverse opinions about fluoridation have been "refuted" long ago.

Fluoridation is not even remotely comparable with either chlorination of water or pasteurization of milk. Many of the ADA's own members have been outraged by Mr. Bain's irresponsible smearing of the opponents of the fluoridation program.

As to the present status of the program, I quote *Business Week* for March 21, 1953:

"The fluorine bandwagon seemed ready to roll through every waterworks in the country. Now all of a sudden the brakes have been slammed on hard. . . . Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Cleveland have all taken a look at fluoridation, then decided to do without. . . ."

JAMES RORTY  
Flatbrookville, N. J.

### Toynbee and the BBC— To the Editors:

Your editorial information on the articles by Professor Toynbee which appeared in your March and April issues did not mention the fact that these articles originated in this year's Reith Lectures given by the BBC. I think, with the exception of one or two paragraphs, your articles are the same as the broadcasts.

These lectures have an interesting history. The first series was given in 1948 by Bertrand Russell, and every year the Reith Lectures have made a serious contribution to the realm of thought. . . .

T. O. BEACHCROFT  
London, England

## Is there a new approach to sports?

Each week 5 million Americans walk softly upon springy green grass, beating a small white ball, or the turf beneath it, with a big stick. Golfers, of course.

What leads these people to devote so much time to a ritual which superficially could be labeled anything from arrested development to dementia? Why does nearly every healthy, sensible American embrace *a game*? That is what HOLIDAY hopes to answer in what we optimistically also hope is a new approach to sports.

HOLIDAY editors, gamers all, seek to plumb somewhat more deeply than the usual "how to," "who won," and "what's new." We've tried to analyze the appeal of sports to mind and soul as well as to body. The result is an entire new series of articles on golf, tennis, baseball, fishing and other recreational activities from sailing to gliding.

The first, an article by Herbert Warren Wind, presents the fine fabric of golf. Uniquely, we think. It appears in our June issue.

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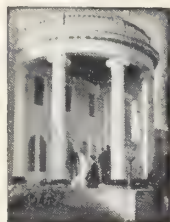
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# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

# How We Invented the Airplane

*Orville Wright*

Edited by Fred C. Kelly

*Orville Wright, as a witness in a lawsuit, made on January 13, 1920, an important deposition in which he told, step by step, how he and his brother Wilbur invented the airplane. Heirs of a man named John Montgomery, trying to show that he had a patent claim, had brought suit against the United States Government. The Montgomerys lost their case; but the suit served a useful purpose, for it caused Orville Wright to give his best detailed account of the process of invention that lifted man into the skies on wings. His statements in that deposition are now brought together by Fred C. Kelly, author of The Wright Brothers, the authorized biography. Here—with omissions but otherwise without revision—is the story in Orville Wright's own words, with occasional explanatory notes by Mr. Kelly. This year is the semicentennial of the airplane, for the Wrights made their first flight on December 17, 1903. As the anniversary approaches, we are glad to present this document to the general public for the first time.—The Editors.*

OUR first interest [in the problem of flight] began when we were children. Father brought home to us a small toy actuated by a rubber string which would lift itself into the air. We built a number of copies of this toy, which flew successfully. . . . But when we undertook to build a toy on a much larger scale it failed to work so well. The reason for this was not understood by us at the time, so we finally abandoned the experiments. In 1896 we read in the daily papers, or in some of the magazines, of the experiments of Otto Lilienthal, who was making some gliding flights from the top of a

small hill in Germany. His death a few months later while making a glide off a hill increased our interest in the subject, and we began looking for books pertaining to flight. We found a work written by Professor Marey on animal mechanism which treated of the bird mechanism as applied to flight, but other than this, so far as I can remember, we found little.

In the spring of 1899 our interest in the subject was again aroused through the reading of a book on ornithology. We could not understand that there was anything about a bird that would enable it to fly that could not



be built on a larger scale and used by man. At this time our thought pertained more particularly to gliding flight and soaring. If the bird's wings would sustain it in the air without the use of any muscular effort, we did not see why man could not be sustained by the same means. We knew that the Smithsonian Institution had been interested in some work on the problem of flight, and, accordingly, on the 30th of May 1899, my brother Wilbur wrote a letter to the Smithsonian inquiring about publications on the subject. Several days later we received a letter signed by R. Rathbun, assistant secretary.

Among the reprints of the Smithsonian sent to us and mentioned in the letter was the *Problem of Flying and Practical Experiments in Soaring*, by Otto Lilienthal; *Story of Experiments in Mechanical Flight*, by S. P. Langley; and, I think, a paper by Pettigrew, as well as a copy of Mouillard's *Empire of the Air*. We sent for copies of Chanute's *Progress in Flying Machines*, Langley's *Experiments in Aerodynamics*, and the *Aeronautical Annuals* of 1895, 1896, and 1897. On reading the different works on the subject we were much impressed with the great number of people who had given thought to it—among these some of the greatest minds the world has produced. . . . But the subject had been brought into disrepute by a number of men of lesser ability who had hoped to solve the problem through devices of their own invention which had all of them failed, until finally the public was led to believe that flying was as impossible as perpetual motion. In fact scientists of the standing of Guy-Lussac, the great French scientist and engineer, and Professor Simon Newcomb, one of the greatest of the American scientists and mathematicians, had attempted to prove that it would be impossible to build a flying machine that would carry a man.

After reading the pamphlets sent to us by the Smithsonian we became highly enthusiastic with the idea of gliding as a sport. [*They did not then expect ever to go beyond gliding.* F. C. K.] We found that Lilienthal had been killed through his inability to properly balance his machine in the air. Pilcher, an English experimenter, had met with a like fate.

We found that both of these experiments had attempted to maintain balance merely

by the shifting of the weight of their bodies. Chanute, and I believe all the other experimenters before 1900, used this same method of maintaining the equilibrium in gliding flight. We at once set to work to devise a more efficient means of maintaining the equilibrium. . . .

THE first method that occurred to us for maintaining the lateral equilibrium was that of pivoting the wings on the right and left sides on shafts carrying gears at the center of the machine, which, being in mesh, would cause one wing to turn upward in front when the other wing was turned downward. By this method we thought it would be possible to get a greater lift on one side than on the other, so that the shifting of weight would not be necessary for the maintenance of balance. However, we did not see any method of building this device sufficiently strong and at the same time light enough to enable us to use it.

A short time afterward, one evening when I returned home with my sister and Miss Harriet Silliman, who was at that time a guest of my sister's in our home, Wilbur showed me a method of getting the same results as we had contemplated in our first idea without the structural defects of the original. He demonstrated the method by means of a small pasteboard box, which had . . . the opposite ends removed. By holding the top forward corner and the rear lower corner of one end of the box between his thumb and forefinger and the rear upper corner and the lower forward corner of the other end of the box in the like manner, and by pressing the corners together, the upper and lower surface of the box were given a helicoidal twist, presenting the top and bottom surfaces of the box at different angles on the right and left sides.

From this it was apparent that the wings of a machine of the Chanute double-deck type, with the fore-and-aft trussing removed, could be warped in like manner, so that, in flying, the wings on the right and left sides could be warped so as to present their surfaces to the air at different angles of incidence and thus secure unequal lifts on the two sides. . . .

We began the construction of a model embodying the principal demonstrated with the



paper box within a day or two. This model consisted of superposed planes each measuring five feet from tip to tip and about thirteen inches from front to rear. The model was built and, as I remember it, was tested in the latter part of July 1899. . . . I was not myself present. . . .

*[Experiments with this five-foot apparatus, more a model glider than a kite, were confined to one day. One of the myths about the Wrights is that they made many experiments with kites. Orville, as a youngster, made and flew many small kites just for the fun of it, and sometimes gained spending money by making kites for other boys; but that was long before he and Wilbur became seriously interested in attempts to fly. F. C. K.]*

According to Wilbur's account of the tests, the model worked very successfully. It responded promptly to the warping of the surfaces, always lifting the wing that had the larger angle. Several times . . . when he shifted the upper surface backward by the manipulation of the sticks attached to flying cords, the nose of the machine turned downward as was intended, but in diving downward it created a slack in the flying cords, so that he was not able to control it further. The model made such a rapid dive to the ground that the small boys present fell on their faces to avoid being hit, not having time to run. . . .

We felt that the model had demonstrated the efficiency of our system of control. After a little time we decided to experiment with a man-carrying machine embodying the principle of lateral control used in the kite model already flown. From the tables of Lilienthal we calculated that a machine having an area of a little over 150 square feet would support a man when flown in a wind of sixteen miles an hour. We expected to fly the machine as a kite and in this way we thought we would be able to stay in the air for hours at a time, getting in this way a maximum of practice with a minimum of effort. In September of 1900 we went to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, and there assembled the machine, most of the parts of which we had made at Dayton.

*[From the United States Weather Bureau reports they had found that Kitty Hawk was one of the windiest places in the country, and that during September the wind averaged about sixteen miles an hour. F. C. K.]*

IT HAD two superposed surfaces measuring eighteen feet from tip to tip and about five feet from front to rear. The surfaces were spaced five feet apart and were connected at the extreme forward edge by six upright posts, and at about one foot from the rear edge by another row of uprights or struts. The struts were connected to the surfaces by means of flexible joints. The ribs were made of thin strips of ash, slightly bent near their forward extremities. These ribs were bound to the forward spar on the spar's upper side, so that the spar and curvature given to the ribs produced a [wing] curvature of about one-eighteenth to one-twentieth of the chord, [the straight-line distance from front to rear edge of wing]. The spars were enclosed in a sheath formed by sewing a strip of cloth over them, resulting in the elimination of all sharp angles or corners. The ribs were enclosed likewise.

Both the forward and the rear rows of uprights were trussed by wires much like the Chanute glider. The machine thus had two systems of rigid trusses laterally; but, unlike the Chanute machine, it was not rigidly trussed from front to rear. On the contrary, a flexible cable was connected to the upper surface at the extreme outer upright in the rear, passed diagonally downward through a pulley on the lower surface at the outermost forward upright, thence across to a pulley in a corresponding position on the lower plane on the opposite side of the machine, and then diagonally upward to a connection to the upper surface at the outermost rear upright. Another flexible cable was attached to the upper surface at its forward edge at the outermost upright on the one side, passed diagonally downward and backward and crossing the first-mentioned flexible cable to a pulley at the rear of the lower surface, then across to a pulley at the rear of the lower surface at the opposite side, and then up to the connection of the forward upright to the upper surface. A cradle in which the operator lay was connected to the cable running along the forward edge of the lower surface, so that when the cradle was pushed to the right the upper rear corner of the machine was pulled downward and forward and the corresponding part on the opposite side of the machine was allowed to move upward and rearward. In this manner a heli-



coidal warp was imparted to the surfaces.

The horizontal rudder, or elevator, was attached to a framework about four feet forward of the lower main plane. This elevator was pivoted about one-third back from its front edge. To the forward edge of the elevator were attached two springs which extended horizontally forward to the framework which supported the elevator. The rear edge of the elevator could be raised or lowered by means of two arms extending from the operator and connecting to the rear edge of the elevator through links. Thus when the rear edge of the elevator was raised, the springs referred to prevented the front edge from moving downward to a like angle, and as a result a curvature was given to the elevator on its upper side. When the rear edge of the elevator was moved downward a curvature on the under side was produced. . . .

We attempted to fly the machine as a kite with a man on board a number of times, but were successful in keeping it up only when the wind was about twenty-five miles or more an hour. It failed to perform in lifting as had been calculated from the Lilienthal tables of air pressure. However, when flown in the strong winds, it responded promptly to the warping of the wings, so that the side with the greater angle would rise above the side with the lower angle and the machine would go sidling off toward the lower side, but the low side was brought up again by reversing the angles of the wing tips.

We also made a number of tests of it flown without an operator in which we attempted to measure the lift, the drift, and the center of pressure.

Before leaving camp for the year we carried it to the Kill Devil Hill, four miles from Kitty Hawk, and made about a dozen free flights, gliding down the side of the hill on the air. . . . The experiments were concluded near the end of October. . . .

## II

**A**LTHOUGH we were highly pleased with the performance of the machine, in so far as lateral control was concerned, we were disappointed with its lifting ability. We did not know whether its failure to lift according to the calculations made previous to our going to Kitty Hawk was due to the con-

struction of our machine, or whether the tables of air pressure, at that time generally accepted, were incorrect. As a result we wrote to Mr. Chanute soon after our return from Kitty Hawk, giving him an account of the experiments just made, and asking his opinion as to the cause of the failure of the machine to lift, according to calculations. He suggested that it might have been due to the peculiar shape of wing curvature which we had used, and recommended that if we took up experiments again we use ribs having the curvature used by Lilienthal. . . .

In order to try to satisfy our own minds as to whether the failure of the 1900 machine to lift according to our calculations was due to the shape of the wings or to an error in the Lilienthal tables, we undertook a number of experiments to determine the comparative lifting qualities of planes as compared with curved surfaces and the relative value of curved surfaces having different depths of curvature. This was done by mounting the two surfaces to be compared at the extremities of the arms of an acute V-shaped structure made of wood. The V was pivoted on a vertical bearing at its point, the V lying in a horizontal plane. The surfaces were mounted vertically on the V, with their lifts opposed to each other. In this way we attempted to determine which had the greater lift by the amount one surface could push the other from the normal position. The surfaces while so mounted were exposed to the wind. The experiments were so crudely carried out that close measurements were not possible. But the results of these experiments confirmed us in the belief already formed that the accepted tables of air pressure were not to be altogether relied upon.

It was for this reason that we decided to increase the size of the machine of 1901, as well as to make the ribs and wings of a deeper curvature fore and aft. The 1901 machine was assembled at Kitty Hawk or, rather, near the Kill Devil Hill, in July 1901. The structure was very similar to that of the previous year. The method of imparting a helicoidal warp to the wings used in 1900 was used again in 1901. The area of the wings was increased from 165 square feet of the 1900 machine to 290 square feet, the wings having a spread of twenty-two feet, and a chord of seven feet. The depth of curvature of



the wings was increased to one-twelfth of the chord, the deepest point being about 33 per cent back. . . .

This machine was tested a number of times in free gliding flight and also as a kite. In the gliding flights the fore-and-aft stability or control of the machine did not seem to be as good as that of the previous year. This we finally suspected was due to the difference in the curvature of the wings of the two machines. We also found that where the machine of 1900 continued to increase in speed as we glided down certain slopes of the hill, the 1901 machine did not do so. This seemed to indicate that the machine of 1900 was able to glide on slopes of less angle than the machine of 1901, and was therefore dynamically more efficient. The lateral control of the new machine appeared very effective. As a result of these experiments we soon decided to reduce the curvature of the wings, which we did by a system of posts and wires about midway between the front and rear spars.

These intermediate posts also served to prevent the ribs and wings from taking a deeper curvature due to the air pressure upon them. It had been found that the curvature of the wings was constantly changing during flight. The machine as thus modified was flown a number of times in gliding flights and as a kite with and without an operator on board. A number of measurements were made of the machine flown as a kite to determine the lift and the drift at various angles of incidence. The results obtained did not agree at all with the estimated values computed from Lilienthal and other accepted tables of air pressure. . . .

As we gained in proficiency in handling the machine in gliding flight, we began to encounter occasionally a phenomenon which we had not foreseen. Sometimes in warping the wings to recover lateral balance, it was found that the wing having the greater angle would at first tend to lift, but at the same time it would lose speed as compared with the opposite wing having a smaller angle of incidence. As a result the machine would begin turning a sharp circle, which generally resulted in a forced landing with the machine skidding outward on the ground. From this phenomenon we were led to the

discovery that the relative velocities of the right and left wings of the machine bore a very important part in lateral equilibrium, a fact apparently never before considered by any investigators. I may state that in some of the flights just related, the wing having the larger angle and the lesser speed had a less lift than the other wing with the small angle and the greater speed.

The measurements of lift and drift, which were made in this year and the year before, I believe, were the first that were ever made upon a full-sized model; and I believe these were the first adequate tests that had ever been made as to the accuracy of the accepted tables of air pressures.

We made a great number of measurements of the machine used as a glider. We accurately measured with a clinometer the angle of the machine's descent. With a Richard hand anemometer we measured the velocity of the wing at the height from the ground, when possible, at which the flight was made. The time during which the machine was in free flight was measured with a stop watch. The distance of the free flight over the ground was also measured. In many flights the speed of the machine relative to the air was measured by a man running beside the machine holding an anemometer in his hand. From the angle of descent as measured with the clinometer the ratio of the total lift of the machine to its total resistance can be easily and accurately computed. . . .

Several hundred flights were made [in 1901]. I do not know the exact number. The flights ranged all the way from fifty feet to nearly four hundred feet in length. Quite a number were made of a distance of three hundred feet or more.

CHANGES in the arrangement of the spars were made several times during the series of experiments, the most important of which was produced by changing the length of the brace wires, so as to produce a curvature in the spars from wing to wing. The spars at the center of the machine were raised three or four inches above their extremities at the wing tips. The spars when the machine was first assembled were straight, the diagonal brace wires in each section being of equal lengths.

We had found in the free flights that when



the wind entered the machine from one side or the other at an angle to the longitudinal axis of the machine, the wing on that side from which the wind was blowing received a greater lift, thus causing a disturbance in the lateral equilibrium of the machine. By giving the wings a curvature from side to side this disturbance was avoided, because the air entering from the side met the surface of the wing on that side at a smaller angle of incidence than it met the surface on the opposite wing. This, however, tends to produce a machine with unstable equilibrium laterally. While the equilibrium is disturbed less from side gusts, the machine tends to lose its own equilibrium when it slips sidewise on the air, but under the peculiar conditions existing on the Kill Devil Hill [partly the hill's convex surface] we found the advantages of the drooped wings more than overcame the disadvantages.

All the books and papers which my brother and I had read in which there was any reference to the travel of the center of pressure had taught that the center of pressure was approximately at the center of the surface when it was exposed at right angles to the wind; and that this center of pressure moved forward as the angle of incidence was decreased. We had built both the 1900 and the 1901 machines assuming this to be well verified. Our elevator was placed in front of the surfaces with the idea of producing inherent stability fore and aft, which it should have done had the travel of the center of pressure been forward as we had been led to believe. We found, however, that these machines were anything but inherently stable fore and aft. In our 1900 experiments we had even found the inherent stability much improved when we tested the machine by gliding it down a hill loaded with a small sack of sand with the trailing edge of the main plane forward and the elevator trailing behind. [*In short, they flew it backward, F. C. K.*]

Doctor Spratt and Mr. Huffaker [then staying at the Wright camp] both suggested that there might be a rearward travel of the center of pressure on the curved surfaces at the small angles of incidence. We later demonstrated this fact by flying one of the surfaces alone as a kite. When the surface was exposed to the wind at large angles of incidence the pull on the flying cords was upward and when ex-

posed at small angles of incidence the pull was downward. In the first case it was apparent that the center of pressure was in front of the center of gravity, and in the latter case behind the center of gravity. This clearly demonstrated that the center of pressure moved backward at small angles of incidence. . . .

### III

OUR experiments of 1901 were rather discouraging to us because we felt that they had demonstrated that some of the most firmly established laws, those regarding the travel of the center of pressure and pressures on airplane surfaces, were mostly, if not entirely, incorrect. At first we had taken up the problem merely as a matter of sport, but now it was apparent that if we were to make much progress it would be necessary to get better tables from which to make our calculations. In September we set up a small wind tunnel in which we made a number of measurements similar to those which we had attempted to make earlier in the year. The earlier measurements had been made in the open air, where it was difficult to determine the exact direction of the wind. The new measurements were made inside of the tunnel, through which a blast of air was forced. The new experiments were conducted with much more care than had been the first, but still they were not entirely satisfactory. We immediately set about designing and constructing another apparatus from which we hoped to secure much more accurate measurements. In this instrument the lift of the surface to be measured was balanced against a pressure created on a screen by the flow of the air through the tunnel. This enabled us to make very accurate comparative measurements of the lift.

We also designed and constructed another instrument for measuring the ratio of the lift to the drift. This utilized an idea which had been suggested by Dr. Spratt. During the following three or four months after October 1901 we made thousands of measurements of the lift, and the ratio of the lift to the drift with these two instruments. We measured the lift of square planes and rectangular planes of different aspect ratios, in order to determine the effect of the aspect ratio [ratio



of width to span] on the lifting qualities of the plane. We also made measurements of a number of similarly curved surfaces having different cambers to determine the effect of camber on the lift and also on the drift.

We also measured these curved surfaces to determine the effect of aspect ratio on their lifts and drifts. We measured a number of surfaces superposed with gaps ranging from one-fourth of the chord to one and one-eighth times the chord. We measured a series of surfaces having a regular camber like that of a sector of cylinder, [and] having different depths of curvature, as well as a great number of other surfaces having the greatest depth of curvature forward of the center, and some with the greatest depth back of the center. . . .

We decided to build another machine basing it upon calculations to be made from our own tables. We decided to attach a fixed vertical vane in the rear of the main plane, which we thought would maintain an equal velocity of the right and left wings when the wings were warped to different angles. Our tables made it apparent that we would secure a higher dynamic efficiency in the machine by using surfaces of smaller camber and of greater aspect ratio.

We went to Kitty Hawk in the last week of August 1902, and began the assembling of a machine embodying the changes which I have just mentioned. . . . While this machine was being assembled, we made measurements of one of the surfaces flown as a kite, and found that the pull on the kite strings, in proportion to the load carried, was less than that of the surfaces of the 1901 machine. This was in accordance with the estimates which we had made from calculations based on our own tables. These measurements were taken when the kite strings stood in a horizontal position, so that only the drift of the surface was measured.

The assembling of the machine was completed about the 19th of September, when we began making glides with it. . . . In the first flight we found that the machine was able to glide with a much smaller angle of descent than either of our former machines. The first glides made with it, but which were not entirely free, led us to think that the lateral control had been improved by the addition of the fixed vertical vanes in the rear. In these first tests the wing with the larger angle would

rise, while the opposite wing was depressed.

This machine was assembled with the spars straight from tip to tip, but as these first tests showed the same trouble that we had had with the 1901 machine when the wings were straight, on the 22nd of September we altered the truss wires so as to arch the surfaces from tip to tip, making the tips at least four inches lower than the center. We also made the angle of the surfaces at the tips greater than the angle at the center of the machine. We found that the trouble experienced before with a cross wind turning up the wing it first struck had been overcome, and the trials seemed to indicate that with an arch to the surfaces laterally the opposite effect was obtained.

LATER, when we began to make free flights with the machine, we found that when the wings were warped, first with the larger angle on one side and then on the other, the machine descended the hill rolling from side to side. But later in some of the flights, when the machine was allowed to slide a little to one side or the other as the result of one wing being at an almost imperceptibly lower height than the other, we found that the fixed vertical vane, instead of maintaining an equal speed at the two opposite wing tips, as we had expected, as a matter of fact did just the reverse, and caused one wing to be checked and the other one to be speeded up. This was due to the fact that when the machine began sliding laterally a pressure was created on the fixed vanes on that side which was toward the lower side of the machine and the side toward which the machine was sliding. The increased speed of the high wing gave it a still greater lift, and the decreased speed of the lower wing produced a lesser lift upon it, with the result that the lower wing dropped and the higher wing went still higher. When the wings were warped in an attempt to recover balance, with the low wing having a greater angle of incidence than the upper wing, a still greater drag was produced upon the low wing, with a result that its speed was further decreased and the speed of the higher wing was increased. These flights ended usually with disaster to the machine in what is today called a "tail spin." . . .

Our first change in the machine, as the result of our experiences in these flights just



mentioned, was to remove one of the vertical vanes in the rear of the machine. By doing this we hoped to remove at least a part of the disturbing effect of the vanes when the machine was sliding slightly sidewise. We found that this only slightly mitigated the evil influence of vanes. After a good deal of thought the idea occurred to us that by making the vane in the rear adjustable, so that it could be turned, . . . to entirely relieve the pressure on that side toward the low side of the machine, and to create a pressure on the side toward the high wing equal to or greater than the differences in the resistances of the high and low wings, due to their different angles of incidence, all of the good properties of a vane in the rear would be secured without any of its bad properties. But this was going to add one more burden to the operator. He would now not only have to think, and think quickly, in operating the front elevator for maintaining the longitudinal equilibrium, but he would also have to think so as to operate this rudder . . . to present its surface to the wind on that side which is toward the high wing, or the wing having the smaller angle of incidence.

While this change to make the vane adjustable was being made, the idea came to us of connecting the wires which operated the rudder to the cables which operated the wing warping, so that whenever the wings were warped the rudder was simultaneously adjusted, . . . to produce a pressure on that side of the rudder which was toward the wing having the smaller angle of incidence. [*Later the Wrights found it desirable, through the experimental stage, to operate the wings and rudder separately.* F.C.K.]

With the machine as now constituted we began a long series of gliding flights. The disastrous experiences which we had had when the fixed vanes were used now seemed to be entirely avoidable. In fact, in the seven or eight hundred gliding flights that were made after the adjustable rudder was installed, not once did we encounter the difficulty we had experienced with the fixed vane. . . .

Pressure on and-aft control of the 1902 machine proved very effective, so that when at last we felt that the problem of lateral equilibrium had been entirely solved, we began to turn our thoughts to the construction of a machine to be driven with a motor. To provide for the installation of motor, propellers, etc., we thought a more rigid structure at the center of the machine would be useful. As a result we decided to rigidly truss the upper and lower planes of this 1902 machine in all excepting the outermost panel at each end. This was accomplished by putting in fore-and-aft stay wires, running diagonally from the upper end of the forward upright posts to the lower end of the corresponding rear posts, and from the upper end of the rear posts to the lower end of the corresponding front upright posts. In this manner we provided a rigid structure in the three center panels. Before this modification was made, in warping the wings, the upper and lower surfaces were drawn into diagonal positions with reference to each other. With the new form of trussing, the front edges of the upper and lower planes were maintained parallel to each other, so that only the rear edges of the outer panels at either end of the machine could be adjusted up and down for the purpose of securing different angles of incidence at the two opposite tips.

All of the later flights made with this machine in 1902, as well as the early flights made with it in 1903, were made with the wings trussed in the manner just described.

#### IV

THE flights of 1902 demonstrated the efficiency of our system of control for both longitudinal and lateral stability. They also demonstrated that our tables of air pressure which we made in our wind tunnel would enable us to calculate in advance the performance of a machine. Before leaving our camp at Kitty Hawk we began the designing of a new and larger machine to be driven by motor. . . .

Immediately after our return from Kitty Hawk in 1902 we wrote to a number of the best-known automobile manufacturers in an endeavor to secure a motor for the new machine. Not receiving favorable answers from any of these, we proceeded to design a motor of our own, from which we hoped to secure about 8 horsepower. When the motor was tested it gave more power than we had anticipated. It developed a little over 12 horsepower and weighed about 160 pounds, without magneto, water, or oil.



We next proceeded with the construction of the parts to be used in this first power machine, and while we were doing this we began an investigation of screw propellers. At first we hoped to be able to procure a theory of the reactions on a screw propeller from works on marine engineering, but we soon found, after examining the few books we were able to secure in the Dayton Public Library pertaining to marine engineering, that water screw propellers at that time were not based upon theory but almost entirely upon empirical data. We had thought that we could adopt the theory from the marine engineers, and then by using our tables of air pressures, instead of the tables of water pressures used in their calculations, that we could estimate in advance the performance of the propellers we would use. When we found we could not do this, we began the study of the screw propeller from an entirely theoretical standpoint, since we saw that with the small capital we possessed we would not be able to develop an efficient air propeller on the "cut and try" plan. As a result of this study we developed a theory from which we designed the propellers which we used in this 1903 power machine.

These propellers had an efficiency of over 66 per cent, an efficiency, I believe, rarely exceeded by the marine engineers, and never approached by any of the aeronautical investigators up to that time. . . .

**W**E WENT to Kitty Hawk the latter part of September 1903, and after a few days spent in establishing camp and in erecting a building in which to assemble and house our new machine, we began the work of assembling. The wings of this machine had a spread of 40 feet 6 inches, and measured 6 feet 6 inches fore and aft. [*The total area was about 500 square feet. F.C.K.*] While in general the structure of these wings was similar to that of the previous gliding machines which we had built, yet a number of changes in design were made, among which I may mention that of the ribs and the covering of the surfaces with cloth. Instead of using thin strips of ash, bent to the desired curvature, as had been used in the earlier machines, for the new machine the ribs were made by [sawing] a piece of ash, with a cross

section of about three-eighths by one-half inch, . . . from one end to within a few inches of the other, inserting blocks of wood between the two halves of the strip and gluing and nailing them in position. . . . Through this structure we secured at the same time great strength and lightness. Ribs of this type are used in practically all flying machines of today. The cloth was stretched over both the top and bottom sides of the spars and ribs.

These, I believe, were the first double-surfaced planes ever designed or built. . . . The control of this machine was the same as that of the 1902 machine. Like the 1902 machine in the later part of the season, the central portions remained fixed, while the outer portions of the wings were adjusted to different angles of incidence. . . .

The first attempt to fly this machine was made on the 14th of December, but through a mistake in handling it at the start the machine was broken slightly, so that repairs had to be made before another attempt could be undertaken. Five men from the Kill Devil Life Saving Station were present when this test was made. . . . The next trial was made on the 17th of December, in a wind blowing 20 miles, and four more flights were made. The first of these covered a distance of about 100 feet, measured from the end of the track, and had a duration of about 12 seconds. The second and third flights covered about 175 feet, and the fourth flight 852 feet. This last flight had a duration of 59 seconds.

These flights started from a point about 100 feet to the west of our camp. The ground was perfectly level for a mile or two in every direction excepting those toward the big and the smaller Kill Devil Hills. The ground was level in the directions toward these hills for a distance of a quarter of a mile.

The first of these flights on the 17th of December . . . was the first time in the history of the world that a machine carrying a man and driven by a motor had lifted itself from the ground in free flight.

Witnesses of this flight, besides my brother and myself, were John T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, A. D. Etheridge, from the Kill Devil Life Saving Station; W. C. Brinkley, of Manteo; and Johnny Moore, a boy from Nags Head, North Carolina.



# The Republican Prospects

*Richard H. Rovere*

IN HIS first White House news conference, President Eisenhower spoke of the party of his choice as "these Republicans," and attempts were made to read deep meanings into what was surely an inadvertency of speech. So far as the President himself is concerned, the use of the third person could not have had much significance. He belongs to the Republican party, and the Republican party is where he belongs. He is a man of the right by instinct and conviction; his admiration for the business community seems to exceed that of Herbert Hoover and Senator Taft. If he spoke of the Republican organization as something apart from himself, the logical explanation is that he is a newcomer not only to party leadership but to politics generally. He has seen a lot of strange faces in the last year, and it is understandable that he should think of them as "they" rather than "we."

Yet the meaningless remark points to a meaningful circumstance. Whatever his own conception of himself may be, Eisenhower is not a Republican President in quite the sense that his predecessor was a Democratic President. Truman's party put Truman in power; Eisenhower put Eisenhower's party in power. It may be true that just about any Republican could have been elected last year. There were voters who wanted change for the sake of change and would have supported Taft or Warren or MacArthur or even Homer Ferguson on the Republican ticket. But it is almost certainly true that no other candidate

could have achieved a majority comparable to Eisenhower's. Millions voted Republican because he was the candidate; they voted for him and not for his party.

Even with his six-million majority, Eisenhower barely managed to bring in a Republican Congress—Republican by seven votes in the House and in the Senate by the solitary, tie-breaking vote of the Vice President. Had another candidate headed the ticket, the Eighty-third Congress would in all likelihood have been organized by Democrats. (In a post-election article in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, Senator Taft, while frank to admit that he could not have commanded Eisenhower's popular vote, argued that he could have brought in more Republican Congressmen. The case he presented was interesting but far from convincing.) To what would appear to be a critical number of voters, it is the President who has the mandate, not the Republican party. In the public mind, unlike the Presidential mind, the identification of Eisenhower and his party is far from complete.

More than the differential in the popular vote supports this view. Back when no one knew for sure whether General Eisenhower was a Republican or a Democrat—when, in fact, all of his views on public questions were a matter of speculation and mystification for most people—poll after poll showed him running far ahead of every other candidate. He was the people's choice on either ticket. His indeterminate status, the uncertainty over what, if anything, he actually believed, was

*In sizing up the accomplishments of the new Congress and Administration in Washington, Richard H. Rovere analyzes the current political alignments in the light of what the Eisenhower victory may mean for the future of the Republican party.*



in its way an asset. Traditionally, we turn to military men when we want, or think we want, flexible, disinterested, uncommitted leadership. The soldier is brought into politics when the politicians are behaving badly, when the parties are faction-ridden and dominated by narrow political minds. The people turn to a general not when they wish a particular kind of politician in office, but when they don't want any sort of politician to be in charge. If the general has no known views, so much the better; to a nation suspicious of ideas, the lack of them is often seen as evidence of integrity; there is a vast popular confusion over the distinction between the nonpolitical and the unpolitical. (Actually, Eisenhower has never been either nonpolitical or unpolitical, but, luckily for him, the impression that he was nonpolitical got around, and it is the impression that counts.)

THESE facts bear heavily on the Republican party's future. Had it been returned to power on the customary terms, as it was, say, in the elections of 1896 and 1920, one could state the problem very simply. Its future, in that event, would be determined by the way it fulfilled its historic role—that of the party which represents the business interests of the country and manages the government in such a way as to promote the freedom and growth of those interests. When Harding succeeded Wilson, this was clearly what the country had in mind. It was what Harding meant by "normalcy," and the people wished to get back to it with him. They were eager, as Coolidge was, to press on with the American business of business. The discovery, at the outset of that period, that some Republicans were not single-mindedly devoted to the public welfare made little difference. The public welfare was a pretty hazy concept, anyway; what really mattered was the private welfare. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover were elected by pluralities far more impressive than Eisenhower's—as against Eisenhower's 10 or 11 per cent, they had 28, 30, and 18 per cent respectively—and until the second part of Hoover's term Congress was safely and often overwhelmingly Republican. There were few ambiguities in the election returns of those days. The country was quite certain that it preferred Republicans to Democrats.

In certain respects, this present period does resemble that one. There were sections of the Eisenhower movement—one thinks, for example, of the millionaires and would-be millionaires of the Southwest—that seemed to want little more than freedom from governmental restraint. There has indeed been an enormous growth of conservative sentiment, a renaissance of the business spirit, in this country in the past five or six years—alongside, though not necessarily related to, a growth of out-and-out reaction. But by and large the Eisenhower movement was not based on conservatism or reaction or dreams of avarice and black gold but on fear and uncertainty about the state of the union and, further, on the belief that in General Eisenhower the country had a man who, regardless of where he stood on this foreign issue or that domestic one, was capable of providing vigorous and honest leadership. The fears, which centered around communism and corruption, may in large measure have been synthetically generated, but they had, nevertheless, a genuine existence in the minds they assailed. And the hopes and promises that General Eisenhower was felt to embody were no less genuine, nor would they be if tomorrow they were proved to have been without foundation.

The search for precedents leads back not to any Republican period but to the period of Democratic power that was getting under way just twenty years ago. Although Franklin Roosevelt was, in the public mind, more closely identified with the Democratic party than Eisenhower is with the Republican party, and although he carried in huge congressional majorities, his election resembled Eisenhower's in that the country was not voting for a party or a program as much as it was expressing dislike of the recent past and confidence in an imposing human being. It was Roosevelt and not his program (unless his program is thought of merely as the categorical assertion of government responsibility for the general welfare, by then a rather vivid concept) that moved the voters. They replaced Hoover, a symbol of ineffectuality, with a man who, without really having said very much, somehow gave them the good feeling that he could master the situation. Eisenhower and 1952 have a great deal in common with Roosevelt and 1932.

The election of Roosevelt did not signify



a mass conversion to Democratic principles, any more than Eisenhower's election signified a mass defection. It was a prelude to conversion, though. It was the months and years following the election of 1932 that saw the actual formation of the coalition that governed the country until January of this year. The coalition did not bring the Democrats to power in the first place; power was what made the building of it possible. Some of the leading elements in the coalition—organized labor, for example, and the Negro militants—had played hardly any part at all in the 1932 revolution. The trade unions were politically insignificant in those days, and the Negroes were mostly exercising the Fifteenth Amendment in favor of the party that wrote it. But Roosevelt's election gave the Democrats a chance, and they used it brilliantly.

## II

THE election of Eisenhower gives the Republicans almost the same kind of chance, and there is every reason to suppose that with good management and just a small amount of luck they can build as formidable a series of political alliances as the Democrats built back in the thirties. If they are as astute as the Democrats were, they will pry loose whole sections of the Democratic coalition and incorporate them into a Republican coalition. The Democrat who voted for Eisenhower last year was not by that simple rebellious act converted into a dependable Republican. But a voter who has broken with his party once can do it again, and every disturbed Democrat is at least a potential Republican.

There are signs that the Republicans are going earnestly about the job of building their new coalition. They are presently making, for example, large efforts to complete the job of breaking the Democratic hold on racial minorities. In a discussion of the Democrats and their possible future in *Harper's* for March, John Fischer explained how this hold had been weakened over the years by the falling off of immigration and by the workings of time, which brings death and cultural assimilation; what time and the immigration laws have not done to the Democratic city machines that served the immigrant masses they have done to themselves by sloth

and corruption. It is perfectly true that the minorities, by which we nowadays mean English-speaking members of second- and third-generation ethnic groups, cannot be cultivated on the old terms by the urban organizations which once served as employment brokers and helped to sustain human pride by offering kindness and warmth. But there are other ways of cultivating the minorities. For so long as the Soviet empire holds together, the issue of "liberation," which the Republicans exploited so skillfully last year, particularly among people of Eastern European extraction, will be a valuable one. A certain risk to our diplomacy is the cost of using the issue, and "liberation" is a slogan that can backfire if it remains no more than a slogan for any considerable period of time, but for the present and the near future it is a potent political device, and the Republicans have it all to themselves. If they cannot actually be the angels of deliverance, they can at least manufacture halos for themselves by keeping alive, by means of congressional investigations, the already widespread belief that the Communist empire was built by Communists and Democrats at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam.

They can also awaken ancestral memories in the nearly assimilated minorities. A measure is to be introduced in the Eighty-third Congress, by Republican sponsors as yet unchosen but certain to come from states where the payoff will be large, to liberalize the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act and to authorize several hundred thousand non-quota immigration visas for refugees. The McCarran-Walter Act received more support from Republicans than from Democrats, and it was passed over the veto of a Democratic President, but its authors were Democrats, and it became law when the Democrats were in authority. There is some doubt as to whether the proposed Republican measure can be got through the present Congress, but if it can, credit for it will be entered in the Republican account, where it can be made to do immeasurable good.

Ethnic consciousness and xenophobia are declining in the United States, but they are a long way from being dead. There are no longer, as Mr. Fischer pointed out, friendless, penniless, ignorant newcomers to be cheered and fed and made to feel at home; they have



been replaced by their children, who have been moving out of the slums for years and in many cases out of the laboring class altogether. But their movement inside American society is a form of migration, and it has its own problems, which, as it happens, the Republican party is well equipped to deal with. Becoming established in the middle class and settling in predominately Anglo-Saxon communities, these people face some of the same difficulties their parents and grandparents faced in entering a new and strange society. Hostility is encountered among those who are already established; a new set of conventions must be learned and mastered; political representation must be fought for. In encouraging this new migration, and in helping along the new migrants, there can never be the kind of rewards the Democratic machines got for their services earlier in the century, but there are rewards all the same. So simple a thing, for instance, as making more frequent the incidence of names like Dworshak and O'Konski and Cerano and McCarthy (repeat, *names*) in lists of Republican officeholders could strengthen the party enormously. In this particular matter, moreover, it could perform a service for the entire country, for if Republicans can match Democrats at this game, then the day will be clearly in sight when this whole nonsensical business of ethnic representation will disappear from political life in this country.

**I**N THIS early stage of Republican power, the party is obviously trying to unfasten every detachable and semi-detachable part of the Democratic coalition. It is bidding for the sympathy of labor, Negroes, farmers, small business, states-rights Southerners, and just about everyone else this side of Prohibitionists and Greenbackers.

In time, of course, some of the less promising of its enterprises will have to be given up in order to allow the pursuit of the more promising ones. It appears fairly certain that labor will have to be left to the Democrats. It is most unlikely that the appointment of a union steamfitter to the President's cabinet and a relaxation of the harsher provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act will bring over from the Democratic coalition any sizable part of the class-conscious labor vote. Individual workers,

great numbers of them, can be brought into the Republican camp by appeals addressed to them in their roles as consumers, taxpayers, veterans, or members of racial and religious groups; great numbers were brought over in the last election. But that part of labor which regards the voting machine as an instrument of collective bargaining is not likely to make any lasting alliance with the Republican party—not unless the Republicans break their ties with big business, and this is as unlikely as it would be foolhardy.

It seems probable that the Negro vote, too, will in the end be left to the Democrats. There is very little in theory that argues against the re-establishment of the Negro-Republican alliance, and there is a lot of history arguing in its favor. Although Eisenhower got very little of the Negro vote last fall, most colored communities having been more nearly solid in support of Stevenson than they had ever been in support of Roosevelt or Truman, a firm anti-segregation policy could almost certainly win back millions of Negro votes. If there is an increase of Southern power in the Democratic party, that could be handily used by the Republicans to encourage the return of Negro voters.

Winning back the Negroes, however, would mean forfeiting much of what the Republicans gained in the South last year. As matters now stand, Governor Shivers of Texas is duly grateful for the Republican policy on offshore oil, and Senator Byrd of Virginia is full of praise for Republican frugality. But an emphatic Republican espousal of the Negro cause would drive these men back on their pasts in a hurry. If President Eisenhower, whose commitment to racial equality is a deeply felt one, does not appreciate this basic fact, the party managers certainly do, and when the time comes for making fundamental decisions on strategy, it will almost certainly find them more disposed toward strengthening their present alliance with conservative Southerners than toward reviving the old one with Northern Negroes.

**B**Y ALMOST any appraisal of the weights and balances in American politics at the present time, this decision would be mandatory. It would be agreeable for the Republicans to have the Negro vote, but it isn't essential. The 1952 election dispelled



the myth that Negroes hold the balance of power in the large Northern states. It showed that a strong Republican candidate could win with both the Negro masses and the class-conscious workers against him. To be sure, it also showed that he could have won without the South. But the new Republican strength in the South holds enormous promise for the party in the future. If the party could merely hold its own in the North and achieve the status of an established minority party in a half-dozen Southern states, a status comparable, say, to that of the Democrats in Minnesota or Iowa, its prospects would be extremely bright.

This is now a clear possibility. It will, of course, take time for the Republicans to set up local organizations, but there is no doubt that it can be done. There was nothing freakish about Eisenhower's 1952 vote in the South. The election was uncomplicated by the religious issue that led several Southern states to break with the Democrats in 1928. Adlai Stevenson's views were less offensive to Southern conservatives than Harry Truman's had been. Eisenhower made only the usual concessions to Southern opinion. In contrast to his victory elsewhere in the country, his victory in the South was as much tribute to the party as to its candidate. Unlike the Northern voter, the Southern voter could not avoid an identification of Eisenhower with the Republican party. And all the evidence now suggests that Southern voters, those at least who are susceptible to conservative appeals, suffer no anguish in casting Republican ballots. Virginia elected three Republican Representatives. A few weeks ago in Georgia, where the Democratic organization stayed with the ticket last year, two young Republicans led the field in a county election. In a remarkable speech in Columbia, South Carolina, a short while after the election, Governor Byrnes urged state Democratic leaders to continue their alliance with the Republicans in "the uncertain future" and to put no faith in the word of Southern Democrats, presumably such men as Senator Russell and Representative Rayburn, who had supported Stevenson. Byrnes said that it was a matter of indifference to him whether in the long run the conservative Democrats retained their political identity or were absorbed by their traditional antagonists "either under the name of the

Republican party or under a new name." All that did concern him, he said, was that co-operation continue.

### III

THE gains the Republicans have already made in the South are an example—in a sense, really, the ultimate demonstration—of what E. E. Schattschneider calls "the nationalization of American politics." This is a development closely related to the growth of federal, as opposed to state and local, authority and of American power in world affairs. It is nowadays positively bromidic to point out that the world has become smaller in the twentieth century, but a great many people who have been saying this for years have not been correspondingly aware of the shrinkage of that part of the world that is the United States and of the fact that national issues now dominate our thinking. This does not mean that we are no longer moved by a congressional candidate's appeals to local pride and local greed, but it does mean that we are tending more and more to form our judgments on the basis of issues that are not primarily sectional. A good, though grim, illustration of this is the effectiveness of Senator McCarthy's interventions in senatorial contests outside Wisconsin.

Even those who profess a principled belief in states rights and in the decentralization of power are likely in spite of themselves to think and act primarily in terms of national policy. Thus, a Democrat like Governor Byrnes can, in the very course of making a fervent states-rights argument before a gathering of presumably intransigent anti-federalists, plead for the putting aside of such provincial concerns as the welfare of their own party in their own state, urging them instead to serve what he regards as the cause of truth and enlightenment through a working alliance with the national leaders of the Republican party. The matters that truly concern Governor Byrnes are matters of national policy; "states rights" is merely an incantation, a phrase which suggests a particular outlook on certain national issues. One does not for a moment call the Governor's integrity into question by saying that if the values and institutions he wishes to protect can be served by federal statute and federal policy, we could



be sure that he would look with favor on the federal approach. Can anyone imagine him objecting to a federal statute *insuring* segregation?

The thing we all sense, whether or not we acknowledge it, is that politically we are at last one nation. Our social cleavages have not disappeared—some have widened menacingly in recent years—but they are all national cleavages. Our minds have taken the same course that power has taken, and we now vote our views on national policy, with the consequence that it is no longer possible to detect very many regional trends in election results. None of us should have been surprised, as a great many of us were, when last year's Republican trend prevailed in a Democratic fortress like Rhode Island. We should have known that if it was to prevail anywhere it was pretty well bound to prevail everywhere, and the difference between 1952 and previous elections was that this trend toward the uniformity of trends caught on in the South, our last stronghold of regional politics—but a stronghold no longer.

The challenge to the Republicans, then, is to build the first truly national coalition in American history. In the South, the procedure, though difficult to carry out, is simply one of political mechanics and organization. The party's job there is to provide Republican leadership for those Southerners who already think as Republicans. Elsewhere, the job is to hold and strengthen those groups, the racial minorities (exclusive of the Negroes) and the ever-growing numbers of Americans who regard themselves as members of the middle class whether or not they in fact belong in that category, that last year began to break away from the Democratic coalition. For as long as anything resembling today's prosperity continues, this should not be too burdensome a task. Though the Eisenhower movement encompassed millions who could not fairly be described as reactionary or conservative in their basic outlook—large numbers of them, obviously, had voted Democratic in previous elections—its strongest elements were distinctly conservative. The base of this group can be considered broadened. As the New Deal won a following by constantly emphasizing the conflict between the business interests and the public interest, the party of business can, in this exceptionally favorable period,

enlarge its following by emphasizing and encouraging the growth of the American middle class and of a middle-class community of interest with business.

#### IV

**B**UT even if the Republicans take advantage of all the possibilities offered by the South, by the changing status of minorities, and by the desire for stability that is a normal consequence of prosperity, they will still face the largest political job of all—that of securing for the party as a party the popular mandate that now belongs to the President as an individual. For the fact remains that while there was a clear movement toward Republicanism last year, and one that prevailed almost everywhere, it was not a very powerful trend. The course of the current was unmistakable, but there was nothing torrential or galvanic about it. Only the President had a really safe margin.

Of all Republican opportunities, the greatest lies among those Americans responsible for the margin between the Presidential and congressional votes. It is the opportunity to fulfill the hopes of the large and crucial group of voters who were happy to turn over the executive branch of government to General Eisenhower but were manifestly reluctant to turn over the legislative branch to his party. The problem of winning them cannot be stated in terms of setting up new party organizations or of manipulating old instincts and prejudices. This is not to say that these voters are moral philosophers who have transcended habit and instinct, but it is to say that a great and apparently growing number of Americans attempt to exercise their suffrage on the basis of what they regard as a rational estimate of the needs of the republic. Having decided to cast out the Democratic Administration, these people are all potential recruits for the Republican coalition, but they are still a long way from being reliable members of it. At this stage, they are potential Democrats, or re-converts, as well as potential Republicans.

The thing that will win and hold them for the Republican coalition is a performance by the Administration that will persuade them of the wisdom of the support they gave it. President Eisenhower made some large and glit-



tering promises in his bid for their favor. Doubtless only the incorrigible dreamers among them expect early delivery on any of the promises; doubtless only a few expect that he will ever be able to deliver on all of them. Presidents Roosevelt and Truman held the confidence of independents for a great many years without redeeming anywhere near all the pledges they had made. But to hold its independent supporters, an administration must in a broad and general way live up to the standards it has set itself. If the Republicans show no signs of proving equal to their own ideals, their coalition will in time disintegrate.

**C**AN the Republicans meet their own challenge? At times one wonders how they can possibly avoid success. They appear to have just about everything on their side. Money is still one of the basic raw materials in politics, and the Republicans, now that they have the wealthy Southerners with them, have just about all the money there is. The disparity between Republican and Democratic resources—approximately two to one, according to reports on last year's campaign—is now so great that new federal legislation may be needed in order to keep political competition alive in this country. Such legislation is unlikely to come out of a Republican Congress.

Because big money is almost solidly Republican, Republicans control the mass-communications industries. Newspapers are overwhelmingly favorable to the Republican side; so are the big-circulation magazines. Recalling what the press did whenever any mischief came to light in the Truman Administration, and comparing that with the almost total blackout on the early examples of Republican waywardness, one has the eerie feeling that the one-party press may shortly put an end to the two-party system. The affair of C. Wesley Roberts, the Republican National Chairman who was involved in a sharp deal to sell the state of Kansas a property already deeded to it, became known to newspaper readers only when Mr. Roberts left Washington. The impression given the public was that Republican justice was swift and even-handed. The fact that the party leadership was bitterly torn by the Roberts case, the fact that no word of disapprobation came from the

White House or any of the field headquarters of the Eisenhower Crusade, the fact that Mr. Roberts had not agreed to resign until his arm had been twisted almost to the breaking point—all these were adroitly concealed.

But if we assume that political competition will somehow survive all of this, then one can foresee certain large obstacles standing in the way of Republican success. Before the Administration can fulfill the hopes of those who put it in office, it will have to win the support of the Republicans in Congress and of some of its executive appointees. To date, it has had very poor luck in doing so. Far from making the way smooth for the new President, the Eighty-third Congress is giving every sign of becoming a two-year Donnybrook. As I write this, the President is involved in what appears to be a losing battle for his own budget and tax programs. It appears certain that he will have to fight to keep the level of armaments up to what he regards as necessary. Time that should be going into the implementation of his foreign policy is being spent in fighting off Senator Bricker's attempt to amend the Constitution with a view to taking foreign policy out of the President's hands. Meanwhile, House Republicans have tried to euchre him out of his discretionary authority in the field of tariffs, an authority that is essential to his effective direction of foreign policy. Senator McCarthy is conducting a brilliant campaign against the State Department and the Mutual Security Administration. He has already forced the Secretary of State to abandon our major efforts at psychological warfare, which was to be the keystone of the new Administration's foreign policy. In the domestic field, the Secretary of Agriculture has set himself up as the leading opponent of the farm program the President ran on. The Secretary of Commerce, by forcing the head of the National Bureau of Standards to resign because the Bureau had not been sufficiently responsive to "the play of the marketplace," exposed the Administration to the charge of stooging for gyp artists and of playing politics in a field that the Democrats at their worst never sought to enter, a field, in fact, which only Communists now regard as political. The Secretary of the Interior has replaced the distinguished head of the Fish and Wildlife Service with a public-relations man from the paper industry. As Robert Bendiner has



pointed out, the impression given is that the Republican idea of a scientist is a man who tears and compares cigarettes on television.

It is too early to assume that the confusions and frustrations of this period will characterize the Administration throughout its stay. It may very well be that General Eisenhower has a plan for bringing order out of the present chaos. So far, though, his Administration has shown no signs of being in control of the situation and very few signs of understanding it. But if it is not understood and mastered soon, if the Republican party proves unequal to the job of controlling its chronic obstructionists, then it is hard to see how the Republican coalition can endure at all, much less gain reinforcements. Instead of being on the verge of a period in which the Republicans will be as clearly the majority party as the Democrats were in the thirties and forties, we may merely be going through a brief Republican interlude comparable to the interludes provided by the Cleveland Administrations in the half-century of Republican hegemony that

followed the Civil War. Already the news has come out of Washington that the Democratic strategy in the 1954 congressional elections will be to run on a We-Like-Ike-Better-Than-the-Republicans-Do platform. This plan will be notably advanced by the selection, as successor to the unfortunate Mr. Roberts, of Leonard Hall of New York, whose voting record as a Congressman reveals opposition to practically everything the President stands for.

It is hardly credible that the Republicans will allow the Democrats to get away with this kidnaping strategy, but in order to prevent it they will soon have to begin supporting their own Administration, thereby completing the identification of the President with the party whose candidate he was and whose leader he supposedly is. Otherwise the Democrats will be able to lay a perfectly valid claim to the support of millions of Americans who voted for Eisenhower. It would be ironic indeed if the people who benefited from last year's Republican gains were Democrats.

## *Cherry Tree*

PETER KANE DUFAULT

SO MANY May-baskets  
Sheaped in her arms—  
how could millennium-s  
deflower her?

Yet as you ask it  
down the wind storms  
epithalamion's  
gentlest shower—

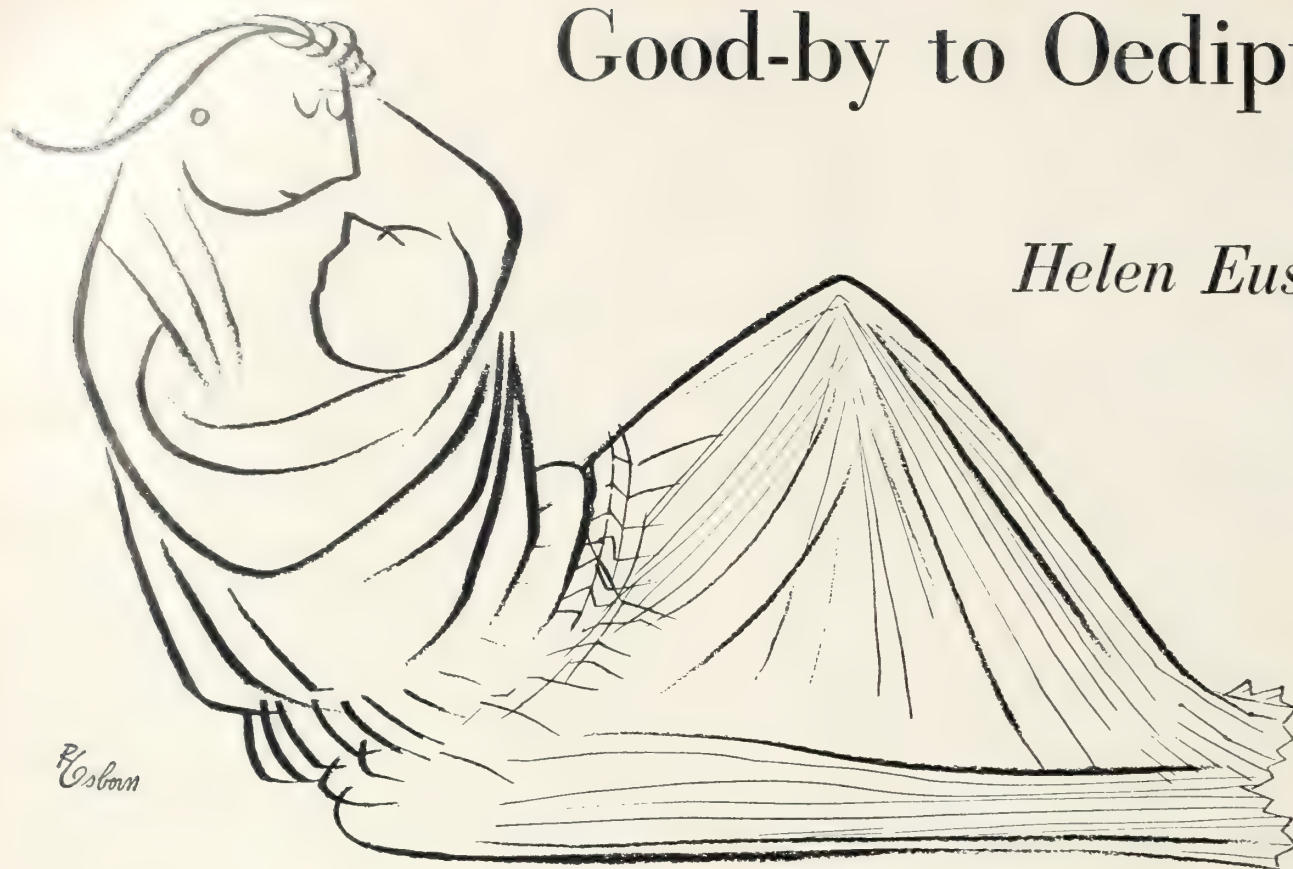
flaking enamel  
on lazuli noon,  
whiter than sunniest  
cloud-inlay; whiter

than that enchased marble  
petal the moon  
no time will wrest  
and no wind scatter.



# Good-by to Oedipus

*Helen Eustis*



AT SOMETHING before three o'clock, we would park the cars on the gravel apron and sit in them smoking, looking through a newspaper, filling out a marketing list, or chatting with the mother in the next car. Through the school windows we could see the heads industriously inclined; outside against the brick wall, a few bicycles leaned like patient steeds tied to a hitching rail.

From where we were, we could not hear the final bell, but we could see the response to it: the sudden rising, bustling, emptying of rooms; the back door opening to the stragglers who preceded the rush—a first-grader with only one sleeve of his jacket on; two sixth-grade girls convulsed with arcane giggles—and after them, the mob.

Out they would pour, not two by two as from Noah's Ark, but male with male, female with female, aged six to fourteen, more or less. With a practiced eye, I would sort out the males for size (too big—fifth or sixth grade; too small—first or second), so as to corral my carload before it disappeared over the hill, for a last informal scrimmage. . . . And

the same thought came always to my mind: *The running of the bulls.*

The girls were otherwise—the girls were something else again—but mine was a boy, as were my other passengers; it was the boys I watched. They came leaping, yelling, hitting, falling, laughing, occasionally weeping; looking uncouth, angelic, bedraggled, hangdog, or business-like, descending on the more or less subdued creatures who had given birth to them like a troop of satyrs racing down the slope of Olympus. Male—my God, they were male!—with a strangely absolute phallic beauty emerging from their childhood bloom and incompleteness. There was about them the suspense and excitement of the breathless moment of *just before*—just before the wave breaks, just before the rain falls, just before the lips meet to kiss. It comes later to girls, in the freshness and perfection which is soon after puberty and just before womanhood, but for boys, it is in their pre-adolescent years. Already a few of the twelve-, thirteen-, and fourteen-year-olds had begun to moult their bright feathers, to look sheepish and dimmed.

*Pictorial Comment by Robert Osborn*



SOMEWHERE between seven and nine it erupts, this cataclysm of male assertion—I date it for myself as third grade. Once I heard a teacher say she had rather teach any other than third grade, and I knew why. When I had finally collected my crew into the car, by means of stentorian threats and yells, I would drive slowly away from school with the lot of them hopping like jumping beans, howling like banshees, throwing things out the windows, blowing gum bubbles—(why, oh Lord, must bubble gum *smell* so pink?)—and swearing. Third grade is the great period of the discovery of the drama of the four-letter word. Out of the innocent era of,

Inka bink,  
A bottle of ink;  
The cork fell out  
And you stink!

burgeons that fine salacious glee which may find its fruition in the aesthetic efforts of a Norman Mailer, a James Jones, or simply in the vocabulary of the United States armed services.

Frequently I would consider stopping the car to give a short biological lecture on the actual meaning of *That Word*. But meaning was not the issue. To them, the significance was kinetic, not semantic, like a firecracker, a stink bomb, or itching powder. So I would wait for the linguistic excitement which had been suppressed all day in the classroom to subside; if in due time it did not, I would threaten to make the next one who said *It* get out and walk. Sometimes one did.

"You can talk any way you like when you're by yourselves," I would tell them. "You can say philoprogenitive or antidisestablishmentarianism for all I care. But I'm a Lady, and I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT!"

Naturally they had not been unaware of my prejudice in this matter. Otherwise what would have been the fun in saying *It*? They would giggle. Once they seemed safely subdued, I may have giggled myself.

Then I would deposit them at their various stopping points (praying God and exhorting them that the door not be opened before the car stopped), and all afternoon they would go charging around the neighborhood on their various businesses.

"Hey Gordie, ya coming over?"

"Listen, you *had* your turn—give it to me!"

"Mom, can I charge a candy bar at the store?"

Loud bang of cap pistol. "You're dead!"

"I am not—you never even nicked me!"

"Ah gee, how can we play if you won't be fair?"

Toward sundown, the atmosphere would grow either more quarrelsome or quieter as appetites waxed and energies waned. Then, as the light faded and the automobiles began to show headlights, back doors would open; beings with cheeks as red as Christmas tree ornaments, with a fine crystal trickle descending the upper lip, with muddy jeans and muddier shoes, would enter another world. A warm bright world with a smell of things cooking in it. A world of,

"How many times do I have to tell you to wipe your feet?"

"Hang your coat and cap in the closet, please."

"I want you to wash those hands *right now*, with your sleeves rolled up, and *not just to the wrist!*"

Also, a world in which one sat next to a comfortable creature and was read aloud to until Daddy came home, a world of cookies, chocolate milk, and Mercurochrome, being kissed and tucked in bed. . . . A woman's world. . . .



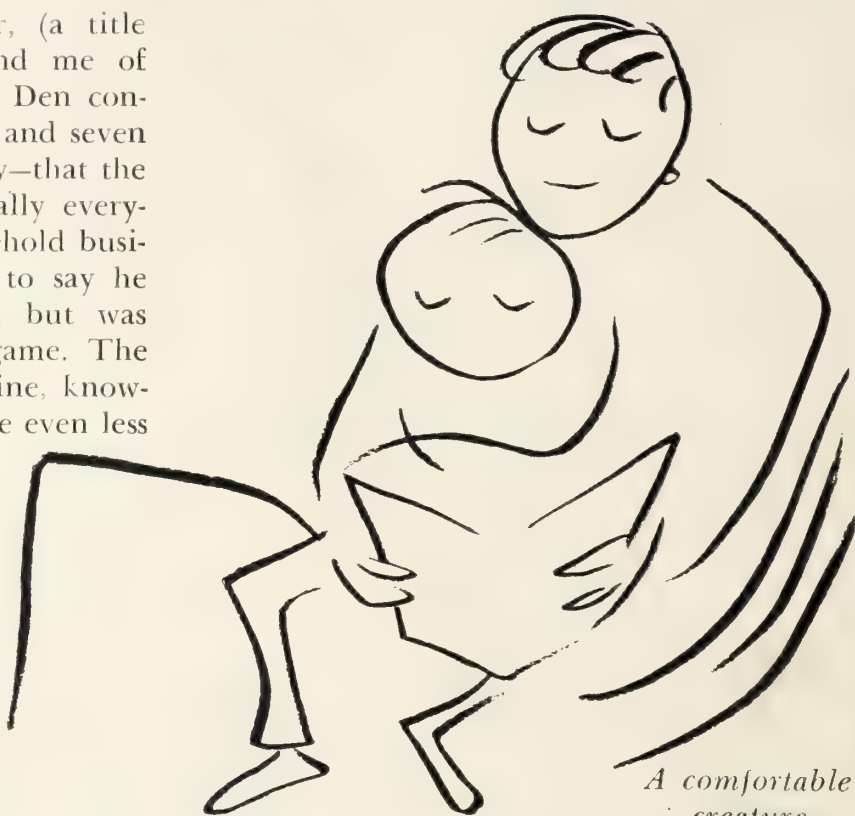
Running of the bulls



**I**N FOURTH grade, it was Cub Scouts, and I found myself a Den Mother, (a title which never failed to remind me of Romulus' and Remus' wolf). My Den consisted of a Den Chief, a Den Dad, and seven Cubs. The books said not to worry—that the Den Chief would manage practically everything while I went on about household business, but more often he phoned to say he regretted his inability to attend, but was called to a high-school basketball game. The Den Dad was a miracle of discipline, know-how, and support, but was available even less frequently than the Chief. That left me alone with the Cubs who were, respectively, a Bad Boy, a Bright Boy, two Cut-Ups, a Disorganized Boy, a Sensitive Boy, and my own.

It was the Bad Boy who turned out to be my mainstay. When the Den Chief didn't show up, he knew how to do all the things I couldn't figure out from the manuals. He fetched and carried and hit other people over the head if they interrupted. He really was a Bad Boy in other places and at other times; I believe that my patent inefficiency and equally unconcealable weakness for Bad Boys roused him to unexpected heights of chivalry and compassion. The two Cut-Ups had one simple aim, which was to break up any situation which evidenced elements of harmony. When there was general disorder, they were in the first rank of virtue, shushing the others ostentatiously. The Bright Boy always knew a better and more complicated way of doing whatever was being done and insisted on telling it. As for the Disorganized Boy, my feeling for him began in exasperation and ended in affection when it dawned on me that he was not, like the Cut-Ups, an *agent provocateur*, but simply a child who never got anything right the first time, and who had hit upon the camouflage of pretending he had done it wrong on purpose. The Sensitive Boy was an old friend; my own and I wordlessly evolved an agreement to act as if we didn't belong to each other during Cub meetings, which worked, on the whole, remarkably well.

Together, the lot of us accomplished very little. The Den Chief directed some backyard ball games in the grand old tradition of the unjust umpire. When the Den Dad could



*A comfortable creature*

come, he put them to doing gymnastics—handstands, cartwheels, tip-ups, pyramids. (The Disorganized Boy always managed to be at the bottom of these last, so that they collapsed.) We made some kites which wouldn't fly. Various individuals passed various achievement tests, thereby reaching the rank of Wolf or Bearcat. We made trips to local points of interest—a trap rock company, a state police station, an animal farm. . . . The boys were sometimes interested, sometimes bored, sometimes on the brink of revolution, mostly resigned. To them, as nearly as I could make out, the whole business was simply another of those cages grownups were always putting them into for indecipherable reasons. To me, it was a wild combination of nightmare and delight: the nightmare of *Can I Manage Them?* the delight, simply the boys—Bad, Bright, Cut-Ups, Sensitive, and my own alike.

**B**ECAUSE (if my experience and that of some of my contemporaries is not so isolated as to have no statistical value) the famous Oedipus Complex is by no means a one-way affair. If, as they emerge from babyhood, sons fall in love with their mothers for a while, so do mothers fall in love with their sons. And when I say "in love," I do mean



something which comprises sexual feeling—not sexual desire, but rather what is almost a sense of worship for the emergence of this other sort of being which is so necessary and dear to one's own kind. Sandwiched between babyhood and adolescence, boys exhibit a startling masculinity which is unsurpassed at any other time in their lives. The toughest Marine cannot seem as male as a ten-year-old boy sometimes does—because the boy is free to make all the promises of manhood without being called upon to keep them until that distant future day when his physical and psychological growth will have enabled him to do so. During this heady time, fantasy intermittently overpowers reality; there are moments when the pre-adolescent boy not only pretends to be but *is* King Arthur, Robin Hood, Hercules—and moments when his mother (herself not immune to the stimulus of dreams) believes he is too.

Yet it is just when his masculinity is making its appearance in this glamorous and untarnished form that the boy is caught in what is mostly a woman's world. He returns from a school where women teachers are likely to outnumber men to a home from which his father is absent most of the day. Had he lived in a period when part of education was apprenticeship to a trade, should he live on a farm, were he to attend a boys' school, this would be less true. Today, he is more likely to be growing up in a situation in which things are otherwise. Like it or not, we live in the world in which the Industrial Revolution happened; for the moment, at least, its results include a pattern of life which places fathers mostly in offices and factories, mothers mostly in homes. So it is Mom who rules the roost for the boy—has to—and the negative aspects of her regime have been stressed until mothers are subject to moments of fear with their growing sons which equal that awful first moment of being alone with the first born. As terrified of doing wrong as they are confused as to what is right, they listen to muddled echoes of the redoubtable Dr. Freud, the fractious Mr. Wylie, the misogynistic Mr. Faulkner, and anticipation of failure can freeze them to pure paralysis.

And a major factor in their fear is that adoring love for their man-children of which I speak. A mother, feeling delighted affection for her daughter who is growing into woman-

hood, can confidently draw her into an orbit of feminine thinking and activity. Confronted with that first overwhelming evidence that her son is growing into a man, the mother who has any awareness, sensitivity, or honest wish for his healthy maturity finds her desire to draw him close instinctively countered by the stabbing prayer, "Oh God, teach me when to leave him alone!"

**W**HEN to leave him alone is indeed the question—far simpler, even if more painful, to leave him entirely alone—but she cannot and must not. First, he needs her love as much as ever, in spite of needing it with a difference; second, he is still an unformed and incomplete human being for whose inadequacies of judgment it is her responsibility to compensate so long as he is in her care. Literally, he has not yet sense enough to come in out of the rain; he cannot be turned loose with a .22; he must be prevented from smoking clandestine cigarettes in the tinderbox of a barn; he must occasionally wear galoshes and underwear, take medicine, and wash; all of which acts he will respectively commit or evade if allowed to get away with it.

Long before this pre-adolescent time, of course, a mother must have learned the use of the words *No* and *Don't*, at least for the simple necessities of keeping her son from being run over by automobiles, from turning the handles of the gas stove, from venturing into water over his head before he has learned to swim. What is new to her is the recognition that now there are many things to which she must *not* say No in order to keep this wild but wonderful individual whole and growing. Which are these things? She is not at all sure. Her own childhood may have in-



*Den Mother*



cluded baseball, tree-climbing, pants, and an abhorrence of dolls; she may have been the biggest tomboy on the block—but she was never a boy. Though she can guess something of what it is like, the rest is silence. How can she find out? She reads books on child psychology, she consults her husband—and still feels baffled. Too often she resolves her indecision by jumping to the conclusion that, except for the more obvious prohibitions and exhortations about rubbers, tooth-brushing, and roof-climbing, she will now treat her son like a grownup.

What happens to the child who is treated as an adult is that he gets fresh—becomes impertinent, disobedient, whiny, and a pest. Nobody enjoys him much any more, beginning with himself. Even to his loving mother he sometimes gives a stiff pain in the neck. But if she has read a book—oh, almost any book about children's behavior written after World War I—she knows that this is because he feels anxious and insecure. Therefore she controls her impulse to warm his tail and send him to bed without supper; she treats him, instead, with monumental patience and slightly forced

demonstrations of affection. Daddy, who comes home from the office pretty tired, in need of a drink and some peaceful home life, is likely to be less long-suffering. He may even raise the possibility of cracking down. This causes the hair of Mother (who has read about the effects of authoritarian behavior) to stand right up on end. She now begins to compensate to her son for his father's hard heart—she not only treats him like an adult, but lets him treat her like a child. When the mood strikes him, he may without hindrance say, "Shut up!" or, "Give me that!" or, "Oh, you don't know anything!" to his mother, and often to other adults as well. In the neighborhood, he becomes not only disliked, but well disliked.

THE vicious cycle in which children are turned into grownups and grownups into children can end with all concerned in the hands of a psychiatrist unless common sense, nature, and/or the grace of God intervene—which (thanks to good luck rather than good judgment) was what happened to me and mine.

We were well into the gambit: I was treating my son like a college professor of fifty-five (he was seven); he was treating me like an unwanted orphan of three (I was older); my husband was grumbling; I was waking and tossing in the night, wondering what the unconscious sources of our son's anxiety and insecurity and his parents' resultant misery could be when things simply got so bad that self-preservation set in.

After one of our long disagreeable days, we came out of a grocery store, my son and I, and I observed a puddle, a good three feet ahead.

"Don't step in the water, please, dear," said I.

There was a considerable pause for the announcement of intention; then in went his foot with a splash.

There was no pause at all before I whacked him on the ear as hard as I could.

Ensued a series of bellows of rage and pain, preceding me to the car like a fanfare of trumpets. I followed them unmoved, the thought rotating fiercely if ungrammatically in my mind, "It was him or me—him or me!"

Before this, of course, I had lost my temper and behaved in a manner which I hasten to recommend to no one. The difference was



*King Arthur  
Robin Hood  
Hercules*





*Mom rules the roost.*

that now I did not apologize, soften, or make it up. That day and the next I was curt, cool, aloof, and What I Said Went. And once started, I didn't dare stop, because suddenly the house was heaven! Like a miracle, I had a terribly nice child, who said *please* and *thank you*, did as he was told, and acted as if he liked both me and himself.

*Why?* I kept asking myself. *Why? Do you have to be horrible to them? That can't be the answer!*

But the answer came to me in a day or two, by indirection, from my son himself. I had put him on the kitchen stool with a towel around his neck, and was cutting his hair. Sometimes the scissors would tweak, and I could see him grimace. Then he would announce, "I'm not crying, Mom! You notice I'm not crying?"

I noticed, all right. Previously, haircuts had been such signals for hysteria that I had thought, *Better myself who gave birth to this monster than some poor overworked barber!* But the New Mom only replied, "I wouldn't brag about it if I were you. I'd be ashamed of having been such a crybaby before."

He was not satisfied. "You know *why* I'm not crying?" he demanded.

"No," I said, breaking down a little, "why not?"

"Because I know that if I cry you'll get mad, and boy! when you get mad, you really get mad!"

And he turned his head to give me a look—not of apprehension, fear, or abjectness, but of such relief and love that my heart turned absolutely molten and I had to kiss him then and there.

Because it was apparent from his eyes, his face, and everything that had happened in the last two days that what had been trou-

bling him, what had made him anxious, insecure, miserable, and obnoxious was the fact that he *was* a little boy, not an adult; I *was* an adult, not a child, and the way I had been turning things around would have been enough to drive anyone crazy!

**I**N THIS year of our Lord, children who are treated like adults we have always with us, filling us with pity, terror, or righteous indignation as the case may be—for I have never seen a child treated as an adult who filled anyone with joy, any more than I have seen a child who seemed to thrive on being treated like a baby, or being told untruths of other kinds. It is simply *not true* that children are adults (or adults children) and anyone who behaves toward a child as if he were grownup is acting a lie—as well as laying upon the child a burden of responsibility which he is not yet ready to bear.

Yet the mother who treats her boy too much as a man does not have the conscious goal of confusing or overtaxing him, whatever the results may be; the mother whose behavior toward her child is what is known in the trade (educational and psychiatric, that is) as "permissive" does not set out to turn him into an offensive brat who rouses antagonism in the breasts of all whom he encounters. Instead, she has had two perfectly valid aims in mind. In treating him as an adult, she means to express toward her son that respect for individuality which she rightly believes to be due him as a human being. In permitting him impertinence and disobedience, she confuses the license for these with the freedom to experience and sometimes express the normal and necessary emotion of anger. . . . Only, just as surely as the tyrannical Victorian parent is said to have



*He gets fresh.*



done in an opposite way, she has forgotten that respect and justice must be two-way streets.

*Honor thy father and thy mother* sounds like a one-sided commandment until one considers how difficult it is for the child who does not do so to honor himself. Like adults, children want to be proud of the government under which they live and can stand anything better than indecision and anarchy. A boy in particular will feel honored by a degree of just severity—he takes his parents' demands on him as a mark of belief in his growing power to meet those demands. Indeed, the Scylla which drives many mothers to the Charybdis of overpermissiveness and overestimation of their sons' maturity is the fact that boys will accept even injustice if it sounds authoritative enough, simply because they so deeply fear the appearance in adults of those weaknesses and uncertainties which they feel in their own unfinished selves.

As early as pre-adolescence, boys have begun to sense that society is going to make demands on them as men which it will not make on their sisters as women. Without being able to articulate what those demands are to be, boys still feel the evidence of them; out of that sense comes their surging need for whatever will help them to grow strong enough to meet their futures. They seek the company of men, without which they can never learn to become men themselves; then, because the pattern of their culture forces them to live more than ever before in the

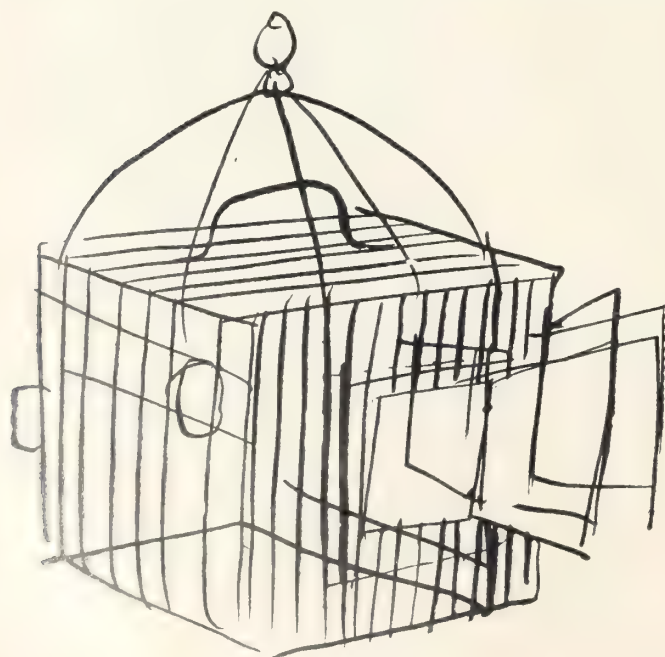
company of women, even more than before they need to find a strength and firmness in their mothers which will support their own need to grow strong.

FOR all these reasons, mothers of boys have the trickiest of channels to sail. They must be strong—but not overpowering. They must be loving—but not overprotective. They must be grown-up with a recollection of what it means to be a child; female with a sense of what it might feel like to be male. And they can only be some of the right things some of the time; they can't avoid the major boners and minor falls from grace which are the occasional lot of all parent-kind.

On the other hand, mothers of boys have a lot of fun which they could never otherwise have had. Through the magical sympathy and empathy which extends the identity of the mother into her child, there are moments when they can actually know the experience of what it is to be a boy. If they keep their ears open and their mouths shut, they are treated to delectably voyeuristic glimpses of a secret all-male world. If they are themselves sufficiently mentally arrested, they are afforded some of the best laughs of their lives by the terrible jokes they may hear—for there is nothing so convulsively contagious as the laughter of little boys. And (with intermissions for normal behavior) they live in the company of gods and heroes, by whom they are worshipped, whom they, in turn, adore. . . .

For me and mine, the end of the idyll is very much in view. He is on the turn, now, like milk just ready to curdle. His feet get longer and his shoulders broader every time I look at him; one day I will turn round to find that he has crossed the threshold of the mysterious cavern of adolescence, where, if I know what is good for both of us, I had better not try to follow him. Without half trying, I could get as sentimental about the impending transition as the mother of a bride, divided between feeling, "But I don't *want* to lose him!" and, "Oh Lord, have I done everything all right?" But in reasonable moments I know that all there really is left to say (with as stiff an upper lip as I can muster) is:

*Ave atque vale*, King Arthur, Tom Sawyer, Robin Hood, my particular Oedipus Rex!





# *The Easy Chair*

## The Visual Instrument

*Bernard DeVoto*

I HEARD a woman say of a book, "It looks awfully lifework-y." So does the book I am writing about this month. In a more leisurely age such a magazine as the *North American Review* could devote fifty pages to appraising an important addition to our cultural estate. Since I have only four, I will merely try to state its importance.

A check-list of the author's earlier writings shows more than thirty titles. Here are three representative ones: "The Behavior of Certain Hydrophilic Colloids in Liquid Ammonia," "Relationships Between Melting Points, Normal Boiling Points, and Critical Temperatures," and "The Electrical Conductance of Sols and Gels and Its Bearing on the Problem of Gel Structure." To quiet his scholarly conscience, I add that in two of these he had collaborators and that I have not read them. I would expect to find them lively and, relatively to my limitations, clear. For he writes simply, vigorously, and gracefully and his style has served him well in two books that are far removed from his professional specialty. So has something else which that specialty requires, the ability to think in terms of complex dependent variables. Both should be regarded as indispensable to the writing of history.

The author is Dr. Robert Taft, a professor of physical chemistry at the University of Kansas. Dr. Taft has several times, by letter, saved me from making asinine mistakes in historical matters but I have never met him. I judge that he is a reticent man and that he has an itching foot and a strong affection for the American countryside. For such men historical research in distant collections provides a happy rationalization. The same temperament enlivens the editorial page of the quarterly *Transactions* of the Kansas Academy of

Science, of which he is, as he says, "editor, proofreader, office boy, and janitor." A typical editorial will be a nostalgic piece about the years when Kansas was a paradise for hunters of buffalo and antelope, or a note on the grasshopper plagues, or a reminiscence of the state highways which quotes Irving Cobb's admirable couplet, "I shall sing a few stanzas / A-touchin' on Kansas." The charm of such an essay is enhanced by its being sandwiched between one colleague's report on the genetics of Lysenko and another's monograph on "The Ecology of Grassland Utilization."

While Dr. Taft was reading one of Frémont's reports, he found himself wondering, as a chemist, about the "first use of photography in the exploration of the West." He soon learned that there was no book which would tell him, that in fact the whole area in which the question existed had been ignored by historians. Ever since then he has been exploring previously-uninvestigated portions of history. For six years, with so far as I know little or no time off from his professional duties, he did the enormous research for his first lifework-y book, *Photography and the American Scene*, which was published in 1938. In that book as in the one that has just been published practically none of the data had been touched on by anyone in any connection. This meant that he had to make himself not only a specialist in the field but a pioneer in the subfields it must be broken up into, and in many fields that were only distantly related to it but could not be ignored. For one man to produce two books so original and fundamental, so entirely without predecessors, so comprehensive, so authoritative, and I may add so delightful—surely this is one of the most remarkable scholarly achievements of our time.



THE first book is a history of American photography down to 1890, the first half-century, but it is a good deal more too. It gave American history a new department. What is more important, it gave history a new instrument, both for research and for interpretation; without the visual instrument, I have said elsewhere, history is blindfolded, whereas with its help immensely rewarding things can be learned. But the book has a still greater importance. Dr. Taft evidently thinks of it as what we used to call social history but it transcends the specialties. It is organic, history of the whole and in the round, history in many dimensions and on many levels of significance, rich with interrelationships each of which enhances the others. One's understanding is extended and deepened—understanding of American life as a reality, of the American people and their experience in the past.

I have been precise in the paragraph just above, for what it says is true in even greater measure of the book which Dr. Taft has just published. In 1946, eight years after the first one, the *Kansas Historical Quarterly* published the first of a series of articles which continued to appear at intervals until 1952 as "The Pictorial Record of the Old West." Dr. Taft had moved on from the photographer to the pictorial artist, and these articles became the basis of his new book, *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West*,\* an even finer and more valuable work than its predecessor. Those who know the articles (which command a high price on the old-book market) must be told at once that although most of their substance is reproduced in the book, the book is much more inclusive and Dr. Taft has achieved a synthesis which makes it almost independent of them.

Here a tendency of reviewers and some historians to classify by compartment necessitates a parenthesis which I grow a little tired of making. Dr. Taft deals with the West, a pretty capacious West since it begins at the Mississippi, but his book is not sectional history. Above the level of monographs about local detail, not much that deals with the West till after 1900 can be purely sectional history. The history of the West is to a high degree national history because the occupa-

tion of the West was so fundamentally and intricately a national experience, because national economic and political interests were so involved in the West, because the West stood for so many important things in American thought and emotion, because the West was for so long and in so many ways a complex symbol of American expectations, hopes, dreams, fantasies, and illusions. Most of the content of Western history has national significance. So does most of the response to the West. And not only what happened in the West but how Americans everywhere felt about it is significant, nor can the realities be dealt with unless their misconceptions and fantasies are taken into account. Here one cardinal importance of Dr. Taft's book is self-evident. The artists he deals with gave the American people graphic images of well over half their continent—factual images in place of abstract concepts and trustworthy images in place, very often, of vague, or distorted, or wholly false images. If the meaning of the West in American history must be derived in national terms, we begin to define the importance of his work when we note that he brought this invaluable instrument to the study of that history literally for the first time. He had no predecessors.

Dr. Taft is very little concerned with aesthetic values. Most of his characters are humble artists, most of them mediocre, some quite bad. Surely, however, John Mix Stanley, Henry Farny, Charles Graham, and William Leigh are worth any art critic's attention, and surely the work of such illustrators as Joseph Becker, William Rogers, Paul Frenzeny, and Jules Tavenier is art under any definition. (Bodmer and Catlin are excluded because their interest was ethnography, Moran, Bierstadt, Bingham, Ranney, and Eastman partly because studies of their work are available and partly because they do not fit the time scheme.) What Dr. Taft seeks out is a "pictorial record of the past." Artistic merit is incidental; he asks of photography, drawing, and painting alike "an authentic record of our past life." He uses pictures primarily as historical documents—and they have been so little used by historians that every chapter he writes has something new, striking, and fundamental to say. One can foresee literally no end to the use of the instrument when historians come to master it. Sometimes

\* Published by Scribner's, \$8.50.



pictures will be the best documents available to history, frequently they will be the only ones.

**B**UT a picture, any picture whatsoever, is not only a record, it is a psychological document too. The graphic arts can be made to disclose not only the exterior facts—in Dr. Taft's book the Western topography and landscapes, trades and businesses, equipment and tools and methods and techniques, innumerable supplementary circumstances—they can also reveal how persons, classes, or perhaps a whole people responded to the exterior facts. Prepossessions, implicit assumptions, involuntarily expressed attitudes help a historian to chart patterns of belief and value, even to some extent social institutions. A national romanticism affected a good deal that happened in the United States toward the end of the nineteenth century; the canvases of Frederic Remington and Charles Schreyvogel not only document it, they go a long way toward explaining it. Romanticism about the West has been continuous from the beginning; for a realistic reaction from it, look at William A. Rogers. Henry Worrell's drawing, "Naturalized," unconsciously discloses a good deal more about the white conquerors than about the Indian it is lampooning. Farny's "Sound of the Wire" is a striking comment and Blumenschein's "Advance of Civilization" is a historical theorem.

The average academic historian disdains the instrument because pictures are neither annals nor archives—and still worse, the element of imagination enters in—and the average academic art critic will have no truck with art's basements and sub-basements. Sometimes irritation with such attitudes shows through Dr. Taft's urbane prose. In one passage he wonders what picture has been most viewed, commented on, and discussed by Americans—and surely if that question can be answered much can be learned about those people and their past. He tentatively nominates two renditions of the same subject, John Mulvany's "Custer's Last Rally" and Cassily Adams' "Custer's Last Fight." His account of them is one which any American historian would be glad to have written. Following it, he asks whether these pictures, admittedly worthless as documents of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, may not be

important as documents of American emotion and American culture. And is it unimportant to history that so many people have seen them, or that so many people responded to them as they did? And if they are closer than Chinese art to American life as it was, rather than deplore that fact should not both history and aesthetic criticism undertake to determine what it means?

The amount of labor that has gone into the book oppresses one who has served time in the same wasteland, where you are fortunate if 2 per cent of the work you do proves useful and a tenth of that proves usable. Dr. Taft has produced a vast yield and the constantly amazing fact is that almost all this harvest is brought to historical awareness for the first time. True, the borders of the field have been crossed in a number of places but not often by people who regarded accuracy as a virtue and never to any deep penetration. A half-dozen notes about the Pacific Railroad Report that add up to about twenty pages are, by main force, a monograph in themselves. They include a detailed bibliography of editions and check-list of illustrations, with due attention to variants. There are biographical sketches of the artists on the various expeditions in the Survey, and lists of the pictures they made for other government reports. There are excellent summaries of events not only on these explorations but on others which the artists took part in. There are illuminating incidental bits about personalities, Indians, problems of printing and the reproduction of pictures, about many related things. Why has not this job been done before? Why have Abert, the Kerns, Ives, similarly well known people and their associates, not to mention obscure ones, had to wait for a chemist turned art historian? The answer is twofold: before Dr. Taft few considered the job important and no one qualified himself to do it.

And the railroad surveys are only one item. Dr. Taft has done a similar job for other government expeditions and their artists. Everybody who has written about the West of 1845-1890 has known that the field was important and almost untouched; everybody but Dr. Taft, who has now done the work, found it too difficult and tiresome for his taste. And apart from the explorations, the notes contain many bibliographies, some of



them dealing with matters far removed from pictures, which orthodox historians, professional and amateur, had simply neglected to make. There are as many biographical sketches of artists as Dr. Taft could assemble, and few things could be harder to get than such information about ephemeral illustrators who worked for periodicals that died a long time ago. Well, here it is; and it is here because, as the notes say every so often, it cannot be found "in the usual biographical directories [or] encyclopedias of American artists." The notes occupy just less than a hundred and fifty pages and so amount to a sizable book in themselves, a book of scholarly aids and accessories that will be invaluable from now on. But this supplement is also history in itself and frequently delightful. Go to the notes for Mrs. Frank Leslie arousing the awful wrath of Rollin Daggett in the *Territorial Enterprise*, an army officer committing piracy on a Missouri steamboat, artists just missing being massacred at stage stations or murdered in a brawl of tracklayers.

ONE must think of the book, in fact, as three books in a single set of covers, though the three are in perfect register and cannot be separated from one another. The basic one is Dr. Taft's running text, which sets out to report on what artists and illustrators made of the West during half a century. A page of *Harper's* would hardly suffice to list the rich variety of its topics: mining rushes, towns, diggings; Indian war, villages, reservations, hunting, dances, folkways (and an agency barbershop); emigrant trails, white-tops, stage coaches; the Cattle Kingdom, cow towns, herds on the trail, stampedes, cowboys; sod huts, saloons, land offices; Denver, Cripple Creek, San Antonio, Great Salt Lake, in a memorable picture Acoma; nameless towns some of which are now ghosts baking in the plains sun or freezing in mountain winter; the Golden Spike, excursion trains, emigrant cars, migratory harvest hands, sooners, sight-seers, gamblers, millionaire sportsmen, frontier peddlers, scavengers of buffalo bones. This is only a sampling and even so it ignores the narratives, the personalities, such revealing perspectives as the quoted dithyrambs about Custer and his end written by Walt Whitman—it leaves out all the perceptions and illuminations that a fine

historical intelligence has embodied in the text. It is followed by ninety plates which excellently reproduce work by thirty-five artists. They are integral with the text; they are not only a registration of factual detail but also revelation, comment, interpretation.

The third book is the one that interpenetrates and leads on, conferring wider significance on the other two. It relates the West in the last half of the nineteenth century to the United States as a whole and to earlier and later American history. It is American history—newly enriched. Sometimes an important innovation in history comes from outside accepted fields of study, or from some powerfully original mind within them; one thinks of Henry Adams, James Truslow Adams, James Ford Rhodes, Walter Webb. The novelty bewilders for a time, it may be rejected or dismissed as trivial. But those who reject the new instrument begin to use it and those who are bewildered by unaccustomed points of view find themselves, perhaps unconsciously at first, making use of the widened and deepened understanding they have acquired. Quite certainly Dr. Taft has written that kind of history: his book is as full of now unwritten ones by other men as a milkweed pod is full of seeds. It is history on the highest level, many-dimensional, a permanent widening of our historical consciousness.

As for Western history, for nearly twenty years an unorganized movement has been extending its content and radically changing its approaches. When another Turner or Paxson sets out to construct a generalization about the place of the westering frontier in American history, he will have at his disposal many fundamental things that his predecessors had to do without: whole categories of experience, new and different and more realistic theories and ideas and points of view. At the hands of such men as Walter Webb, Henry Nash Smith, Wallace Stegner, Joseph Kinsey Howard, Dale Morgan, George Stewart, and a good many others, Western history has been so changed and enlarged that the next Turner will produce a revolution in historiography. No one will have had a more important part in producing that revolution than Dr. Taft. But it is more important that he has given all history, not merely one of its specialties, an invaluable instrument.





# *Monsieur Malfait*

A Story by Stephen Becker

*Drawings by Reginald Marsh*

THE moving-truck had left and was somewhere between us and Paris and the tools were in it, hidden beneath a tarp or behind someone else's baggage, and we had four crates, nailed and screwed, and an old stove-in trunk nailed together for this one trip, all stacked in the new front yard and no way of getting any of them open; the only implements in the new house were knives, forks, and spoons of tin or aluminum or whatever the whitish metal is that bends so easily. Both infants were screaming, and it was a cold November first with a fast, smooth-edged wind slicing in at us, and my wife had nothing to say to me, because of the accident to the tools. I would have given all the impedimenta, the four crates and the trunk, the five-year accumulation of books and clothes and manuscripts, and my wife and the two kids, all, to be in Cuba or maybe Ceylon, down where the equator is, where your wardrobe is a bathing suit and sandals, where you pack to go away by slipping the coconut knife into your waistband, where the breeze sings only at high noon when the heat would be unbearable without it. I had never been to Cuba or Ceylon: I was in the north of France and I was ferreting at my pockets for the key—so we could go in and build a little fire and huddle

around it all night and they would find us in the morning anyway, like a tableau at the wax museum—when the bell rang brightly at the front gate.

Whatever it was, it was bad, I supposed; trouble; interference; maybe a man from the electric company with a bill for the previous occupants and a long argument for me; and the kids were still crying and their noses were running, and I knew what I would say to him: that he could take his electric company and his France where tools get lost and the sun never shines, and give them back to the Gauls; I moved toward the gate; and if he objected to this I would lay him out in the gutter and keep walking until I reached Ceylon, and the wife and kiddies could eat grass and sleep in the old people's home, waiting for me.

I opened the thick, barred, wood-and-iron gate, and saw him for the first time.

He could not have been much under eighty, I thought immediately; his face, under a richly filthy gray cloth cap, was an arabesque of wrinkles: fine wrinkles like the trace of cobwebs, coarse wrinkles like old scars, grooves down each cheek like brands; the nose was dark and puckered and criss-crossed like a withered bump on a last year's potato; his



mouth could have been another wrinkle, with no red, no pink, no brightness at all in the lips; and the brown eyes, sunk back under a scored and pleated brow, were barely alive.

My anger was gone. There was a drop at the end of his nose; I wondered whether it would freeze before the wind dislodged it.

All I could see of his clothes was a patched, too-large suit jacket over a black knit, torn and run sweater; a pair of black-and-gray corduroy pants which had once, I thought, been brown; and a pair of dusty, dry, cracked army shoes.

He could not have stood more than five feet five inches erect, but he was not erect; he was bent forward stiffly, so that I thought at first he was bowing. His head came to the level of my biceps; from there he squinted up at me, like a beggar in some oriental city peopled only by dotards. Wind spiraled out of the gray sky, scudded over the empty lot across the street, curled around him, struck me. I remembered stories people had written in the nineteenth century about opening the wrong door or taking the wrong path, and finding yourself back in the medieval world, in a central Asian Paradise, in a South American Hell. He was the guide. If I turned around, my wife and children would be gone, the house would have disappeared; there would be only a flat freezing plain, studded with rocks, and here and there a wrinkled face staring out at me.

"I'm Monsieur Malfait," he said.

"Yes?" I said.

The kids were still wailing behind me. He leaned sideward to look at them. The wrinkles altered. He chuckled. "Kids," he said. "I like kids."

"Yes. They're likable sometimes."

"All the time," he said.

There was a silence, except for the wind.

"I came to fire the furnace," he said.

"Ah," I said. "You're Monsieur Malfait."

He nodded.

"Come in." I closed the gate after him. He was introducing himself to my wife and shaking hands. I had forgotten to shake hands with him, so I did now. Then he turned to shake hands with the boy, who was twenty months old and had just learned how. The girl was eight months old. He smiled at her. Both kids were quiet now, watching him. His right hand was cramped, arthritic probably,

and with skinny fingers so that you might be shaking hands with a turkey.

"Unpacking," he said. His voice was gravelly and remote, and the words dragged out slowly, as though he had to force them up a long way; as though he had formed the thought while young, and his voice had had to come to you through all the years.

"We were," I said. "But I left the tools on the moving-truck. That's all nailed down." I gestured at the crates.

He nodded. The twisted right hand went into the pocket of his jacket, and came out holding a screwdriver. "This ought to do it," he said. "I have no hammer. I have a saw in the basement if it comes to that."

"Well." I took it from him. "Thank you. This will do it, all right."

"A handy thing, a screwdriver," he said.

He seemed to gather himself, and took a step forward. We felt the effort behind it. "I'll get the fire going," he said. He shuffled back toward the basement door. At the corner of the house he glanced back. The kids were keening again.

"Everything will be all right tomorrow," he said.

I could have sacked him for that, before he started. Maybe if we had not needed a fire, not had a strange furnace to manage; maybe if he had not produced the screwdriver, I would have. Instead, I smiled. He nodded again and turned the corner.

HE AND I had a conference the next day. It was gravely and formally conducted. I sat on the next-to-last of the basement steps; he stood in front of me, leaning awkwardly on the baker's shovel he used in emptying the cold furnace. I offered him a cigarette; he accepted; I took one for myself; before I was able to produce a match he had gone to the furnace, slipped a sliver into his new fire, and returned, bearing flame.

We disposed of the weather rapidly: it was cold and would turn colder. Next, the furnace: well constructed and the chimneys clean, the draft excellent; but the firebox itself a bit small for so large a house.

"That's not too serious," I told him. "We've already decided not to heat the upper story."

He approved.

"All we do there is sleep," I said.

He approved again. Now he reminded me



of an idol, carved deliberately and with great reverence to represent the wisdom of age; we, the seekers, set our problems before him; he, the knower, approved the wisest of our fumbling choices.

"You shouldn't sleep in a heated room," he said. I nodded, awaiting more.

"It produces congestions," he said. "Also you feel brutish in the morning."

"Good," I said. "Then there's no problem."

"No problem," he said.

We went directly to business then: he would come every morning, shake down the furnace, sift the ashes, take them outside, build a new fire, and leave a full scuttle of coal near the furnace. He was to keep the bigger clinkers, the fused ash-crusts; they were used in road-mending, and were worth a few francs. I would work with him the first few days; at his age one might be laid up occasionally, now in winter, and I would learn the routine, in case he missed a morning. If he had not appeared by eight-thirty, I could consider that he was sick. But he did not think it would happen.

I could pay him daily or weekly.

"Which would you prefer?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "It doesn't matter. If you pay me daily I'll always have a little. But I will miss the sensation of having a large amount at one time."

I threw in my lot with the Sybarites: he would be paid weekly.

Now that business was behind us, we had another cigarette. He brought more flame, again in his right hand. Now I thought of Mucius Scaevola, as flame and lame hands came together in my mind; and Van Gogh and John Jay Chapman; and was annoyed with myself, with him: why should he remind me only of others? Why should he be nothing, of himself? He was a man like others, with a particular history; some day, later, I would ask him about his life.

"The food garbage is collected on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays," he said.

Reluctantly, I came back to this world.

"Tin cans are collected separately, the first Wednesday of each month."

"Just once a month?"

"There are only two thousand people in this town," he said. "More than once a month would be an administrative waste."

Roundly rebuked, I nodded. He went on:

"There will be occasional electrical failures, and in winter the water mains may freeze, if the cold is severe enough. These incidents should not worry you. Lay in a supply of candles."

"I will."

We paused then, and smoked. He seemed to have dried up, withered a little, pulled back into himself; the fire roared behind him and the basement was warming up; he leaned sadly on the baker's shovel, the wrinkles around his lips bunching and smoothing as he drew and exhaled smoke. A grimy flannel rag was tied around his neck; I could not remember whether he had worn it the day before.

"I'd better go now," he said. "I also work in other places."

"I'll give you a week in advance," I said, "counting from yesterday."

"In advance?"

I gave him the money. He held my hand a long time. I thought his eyes were wet. That was sentimental. They were rheumy eyes anyway. On his way out he turned back once, and told me, "In spring I do the gardening."

THERE are two national jokes in France, outside of Paris. I had known one of them for a long time, and I learned the second during that first week. The one I knew ran like this: there are many people present, and one of them is asked if he is from the Midi. The Midi is the south of France, and also means twelve o'clock noon. The proper answer is, "*Midi moins le quart*," which means a quarter to twelve noon, and therefore that the man is from Toulouse or Valence or maybe Figeac, some place not really on the Mediterranean. They all heard it half a dozen times the day before, and they have heard it three times now today; but the laughter is unfailing, unflagging, and epic. After enough times, you laugh yourself; not because the joke is funny, but because it is so inevitable, inflexible, inexorable: the laughter is almost hysterical.

I learned the second of the pair when Monsieur Malfait forgot his saw, and came back for it just after noon. I was at the furnace, shaking it down before I fed it another scuttle of coal. He came in behind me. We shook hands, because I had not seen him that morning. He watched me work.



"That won't draw," he said, when I had finished the shaking-down.

It was impossible to be hurt or annoyed. You could only be patient. I stood the poker against the wall.

"Why not?"

He took up the poker and speared the bright coals. The poker stopped dead. He leaned on it. It would penetrate no farther.

"That's the bottom of the furnace," I said.

"No," he said. "That's the *croûte*." *Croûte* is the word for those heavy crusts that form when burnt coal fuses, which would stop the draft, all right. It also means the crust of a bread; *casser la croûte*, to break the crust, means to have a snack, to eat.

He broke up the fused clinkers. Then, squatting, with the glare flickering on his wrinkles, he said, "*Faut casser la croûte trois fois par jour*," and began to chuckle.

I laughed politely. He went on chuckling, now a little louder; he did not look at me, just stared off at the wall, chuckling, his face bobbing in the firelight; went on chuckling, with the poker still in his hand; chuckled implacably, while a drop began to form at the end of his nose, while the room fell blank and silent around the chuckle; until the low, incessant, invincibly mirthful gurgle taught me what I had not at first seen: that this was the second French national joke, outside of Paris.

ALL the citizens knew Monsieur Malfait, and had discovered, even before meeting us, that he worked for us. Soon the butcher would ask after him, and the baker and the wine seller; their manner made me think that he had spoken of us, probably with tentative approval. It was like being introduced to a stuffy-seeming club by one of the oldest members, and then finding it casual and cheerful and not so stuffy once you were in it. Occasionally when the four of us went shopping together (one of the unexpected gifts produced by the furnished house was a large baby carriage) we saw him ahead of us, shambling, his saw over one shoulder; after five or six painful slow steps he would stop, look up, nod or speak to someone, shift the saw a little, then go on. When we overtook him, the boy, who had by now commenced to assist regularly at the fire-building, would recognize him, and call, "Mafé, Mafé!" Monsieur Malfait would stop, wait for us, greet us

again with all the momentous formality of the morning's previous meeting, comment on the change of the weather since nine o'clock, and then smile and nod while we took leave and moved away from him. It was like stopping to say hello to the mayor: people would see, and would know your importance.

When he did miss a morning, the effect was one of shock. The furnace itself was no trouble—I had discovered very early that there was no need for him to come at all, really; the fire could be banked at night—but his absence gave the day an aspect of grave irregularity, as though all clocks were stopped, all shops closed, the world in abeyance. And then we worried: he was old, close to eighty, did heavy work; the cold was intense, fuel expensive; he might be lying anywhere, hungry, freezing, immobilized. . . .

The first time it happened he rang, finally, at noon. I found myself beaming at him. He smiled sheepishly, and rocked from one foot to the other, looking away from me.

"We were worried," I said.

"Did you have any trouble with the fire?"

"No."

He rocked back and forth some more. He did not have his saw with him. Then he dug into a pocket and produced a slip of paper.

I read. The wind flapped the paper double. I held it with both hands: The community announces with sorrow the death of Vallon, Louis, fish and game warden, deceased piously in his seventy-first year. Funeral at. Mass will be said at. Your presence invited. Printed by G. Loret Establishment.

"That's a shame," I said. "A friend of yours?"

He nodded. "We were together in the war. The second one."

The second war. Then he was counting from the Franco-Prussian war.

"Also," he said, "they always ask me to distribute the *papillons*."

*Papillons*. Butterflies.

"These are called butterflies?"

"Yes. He died last night and they had them printed up, and then they came at seven this morning and said they wanted them distributed immediately. I thought you might not mind. But I had no time to come and warn you."

"It's all right," I said. "That part of it doesn't matter. But Monsieur Vallon must





certainly have been an important man."

"He was. He had the Croix de Guerre. He and I went through the whole war together. He was a brave man and everybody knew him."

"I'm sorry."

"Try to come to the funeral."

"I'll try."

"There will be the cortege first. Down the Grand'rue."

I nodded.

"I'll go now," he said. "If the fire is all right."

"The fire is fine. My sympathies."

"Thank you." He rocked again. "You paid me for today."

"That's all right. We can talk about it some other time."

"I'll do an extra hour in the spring."

"Forget about it."

He nodded. We shook hands. He hobbled away.

**T**HE next time we had fair warning. He had come and gone early, but he returned just before noon. It was a bad day; the cold lay iron-heavy on us under a dull, flat, pearl-hued sky. He was not embarrassed about coming into the house. The boy shook hands with him. They exchanged a *bonjour*.

Monsieur Malfait drew another sheet of paper from a pocket. "For tomorrow," he said, handing it to me.

It bore the letterhead of a veterans' organization. The officers were listed. Except for Monsieur Malfait's name, the letter was printed, not typed.

The annual banquet would be held tomor-

row, in Paris, at headquarters. For the benefit of the older members and of those on pensions, a truck would make the rounds, covering all *chefs-lieux* and towns of more than two thousand in the Seine-et-Oise. The following timetable would be strictly adhered to.

"The truck comes at eighty-thirty," he said. "I can be here at seven if you want." His face was anxious, fully wrinkled.

"No," I said. "Take the day off. You don't want to rush things. And then you'd have coal dust all over you."

"That's what I thought," he said. Some of the wrinkles smoothed. "It's just once a year."

"It must be a big organization."

"It is. But not everybody comes to the banquet. The younger men don't come."

"From the last war?"

"No. This is only for veterans of the second war. But some of them are young and have other things to do." He smiled. "It's a good banquet. They do things right."

"What kind of outfit were you in?"

"In the war? Artillery. I was at Verdun. Vallon got the Croix de Guerre at Verdun. You remember Vallon."

I nodded.

"Vallon missed the banquet," he said. "Vallon liked to eat. He always liked to eat. He was a bad game warden because he liked to eat. He ate rabbit all year." Monsieur Malfait was still smiling. "In the war he got into trouble once. He stole a pig. He was young and wild."

"You must have been about the same age," I said.

"No. I was about ten years older. I was mature when he was stealing pigs. I kept him



out of trouble. I knew how. I had three children then. Grown children."

"You must have grandchildren by now," I said.

He laughed. It was a genuine laugh, the first time I had heard the sound from him. "I have great-grandchildren," he said. "Four of them. I have three children and ten grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. And one grandson died in the last war."

"That's a big family," I said.

"A pleasure," he said. "A big family is a great pleasure. You'll have one. You'll see."

I saw myself, briefly, surrounded by great-grandchildren.

"Well, maybe," I said. "Anyway you enjoy yourself tomorrow."

"Don't worry," he said. "I will. Thank you for the day off. That will make two days I owe you."

"I'll keep track."

"Good." We shook hands. "I'll see you the day after tomorrow."

He would not let me accompany him to the gate.

HE WAS late once, just before Christmas; he arrived at eight forty-five, caught me in the furnace room, and refused to let me go on working. "Shameful," he muttered, as he sawed wood. "I tried very hard to be up early. There was a time when I had no difficulty. I would tell myself the night before that I had to be up at a certain hour, and at that hour I would be awake. Now if I have a drink the night before, I lose all control."

I smoked a cigarette and listened.

"We had the finals yesterday of the *belote* tournament," he said. "I am an old expert at *belote*. I formerly played with Louis Vallon as my partner, and we were practically unbeatable. Now I have a new partner, Blot, Alphonse Blot. The doorkeeper at City Hall. And even with a new partner I am practically unbeatable."

The log he was working on fell apart. He stacked the pieces behind him and took up another. His twisted hand held the saw-hilt perfectly. I thought the sawing must have been responsible for the deformity.

"Then you won?"

"Yes," he said. "We won. But what a battle. For the first time in the history of the

tournament there was a tie match in the finals. We went into the last hand forty points behind, forty-two to be exact, and at the end both pairs had one thousand twenty-six points. A tie is very rare in a game of one thousand points."

"What happened then?"

"We played it off. Another full match of a thousand points. They wanted to play one hand, winner take the match. I refused. One hand is not enough. So we played the match. We won by two hundred points." He chuckled. "A case of wine and free admission to the cinema for the next year."

"Not bad," I said. "Have you won often?"

"Every year but nineteen forty-eight and nineteen fifty," he said. "We had bad luck those years."

He was astonished when I told him that I did not know how to play *belote*. He described the game. It was not difficult, he said. What was difficult was to play each hand perfectly. His superiority lay in his playing of the hands. The game sounded familiar. It was the French variant of a Hungarian game called *klabriasch*. So now I knew how to play *belote*. Maybe next year I would enter the tournament.

THE rotten weather hung on. People said it was the worst winter in memory. When it did not snow, it rained cold rain. The river rose. Houses on the bank were flooded. It was bad all over France that winter. One-fourth of Bordeaux was inundated. The Paris quais were under water. Lyon had a great problem with both the Saône and the Rhône. Everywhere new records for cold were established. People talked about nothing else: the floods and the cold. The season was compared to winters past—there had never been one like it; and to winters future—there would never again be one like it. Monsieur Malfait blasphemed every morning, but, we thought, without conviction, as though winters in the eighteen-seventies had been real winters, and these modern seasons lacked force. He had never that I could see added clothing to his original November outfit, nor did he ever appear cold; he moved always at the same cramped slug's pace, his bare hands out of sight in his deep pockets. Through the worst of the cold, he did not miss a day.



Late in January, on a morning only slightly less cold than most, he called up to me from the basement. I went downstairs. The fire was high and the furnace room was clean.

"I have a favor to ask you," he said.

"Go ahead."

"Can I come late tomorrow? Maybe about eleven?"

"All right. Another banquet?"

"No." He rubbed his nose with the sleeve of his jacket. His eyes were bright. "I have to go to City Hall. About a wedding."

"Well, sure," I said. "A wedding is important. It's all right."

"It doesn't happen often," he said.

I laughed. "No."

"It will probably take a couple of hours. I could be here by ten-thirty."

"It doesn't matter. By ten-thirty the fire will be made," I said. "Might as well forget about tomorrow."

"That's true," he said.

There was a pause. I felt that I had not given the occasion the importance it deserved.

"Who's getting married?" I asked him.

He hesitated. "Ah, yes," he said. "Who's getting married. Well." He began to rock again from one foot to the other. "I guess I am," he said. "I guess it's me."

"You?" I said. "You?" And then quickly, to cover up, "Congratulations. Congratulations. That's wonderful news. Tomorrow?"

"Ah, no," he said. "Tomorrow is for the banns. Eleven days from tomorrow." He was not looking at me, and I could see that he was glad to be working on the technical side of the event. "Eleven days."

I was trying hard to control the question, but was sure that I would never know if I did

not ask it now. The best way to handle the problem would have been to congratulate him again and go on upstairs. But I could feel the question pushing me. There was no staying it. It was all a little too much.

"Is it . . . is it the first time?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Certainly."

Now there was nothing I could say. "Well. The bridegroom."

He nodded.

"Then the wedding will be a week from Saturday," I said.

"Yes. But at five in the evening. I won't have to miss a day."

"Well," I said. "Maybe you'll want Sunday morning off."

"What for?" he said.

I was caught. I saw how silly I was. A complete fool. "You may want to fête the occasion Saturday night," I said.

He thought about that. "It's an idea," he said.

"You let me know," I said.

"All right."

Then he did not speak, or move, so I said, "Congratulations again."

"Thank you," he said. He picked up his saw. I wondered what he would wear for the ceremony. I had never seen him without his cap.

He went up the steps to the door. On the top step he turned to look down at me, gnomelike.

"You know how it is," he said. "The allocations go up. My pension goes up. I just found out."

"It's good to get married," I said. It was all I could think of.

He shrugged. "It may be. But I'm a little





old for all that." Then he was gone, and luckily: I was beyond thinking of more responses.

He was married on the first Saturday in February, at five in the evening, and the day of the wedding the weather came warm. I was not among the guests, but could not be offended: he had certainly wanted a simple ceremony. All that day snow melted, icicles dripped, slush ran; the sky brightened, not to blue, not yet, but away from gray, almost to yellow.

At five o'clock I was at the window, looking off toward the church, listening to the birds. The boy was beside me, looking out over the low sill. A dog went by.

"Chien," he said.

"Chien," I said. "*Monsieur Malfait se marie.*"

"*Mafé Mafé,*" he said.

In a couple of weeks we might start gardening.

**H**E MISSED one more morning, about three weeks later, only a few days ago. I expected to see him at noon, and wondered what it would be like this time: a meeting of the rod-and-reel club, or the wine-tasters' association, or maybe the inauguration of a new oven at the bakery. Noon passed, and no Monsieur Malfait, but it did not matter; the day was warm, the sky had finally turned blue; the furnace would be useless in a week. He was probably sitting somewhere with his back to a tree, smelling springtime

and cursing work. It was all right with me. Only the boy missed him, and said, "Mafé," a couple of times.

Then the afternoon mail came, and I went out to pick it up, and there was just the one slip of paper, folded double.

I picked it up, the butterfly, and held it with both hands, and read: The community announces with sorrow the death of Malfait, Auguste, man of all work, deceased piously in his eighty-third year. Funeral at. Mass will be said at. Your presence invited. Printed by G. Loret Establishment.

So I stood there in the sunshine feeling strange, thinking only that he was gone now and had been here yesterday; yesterday: was I cheerful with him? Did we joke? Did we shake hands? Thinking then of all I knew about him; not much: born in the first war, veteran of the second, survived the third; played *belote*; many friends; liked jokes; three children, ten grandchildren and one dead. four great-grandchildren; married; had hated the winter and waited for spring, and now the waiting was over.

He had not been there for us, once; and then he was: no homely wisdom, no moral lessons, no eternal verities; just there, a being, a life, and we were different because of him; and now he was not here again, but we would remain changed.

That was all I knew about him; and in the spring, he did the gardening.

The sunshine seemed a little silly then, so I went back into the house.

## *On a Sonnet Written Past Fifty*

ROBERT BERKOWITZ

**H**ow well the old protest so much  
The last love as sublime,  
And aging still to aging each  
Protest again in rhyme,  
Who young disdained a need for such,  
Who grown old have the time.



# The Case of Tax Collector Delaney

*John Strohmeyer*

ONE hot June afternoon in 1950, my city editor and I dropped into the office of Denis W. Delaney, U. S. Internal Revenue Collector in Boston, to ask him several questions. First, what about rumors that a notorious millionaire racketeer was paying only a small income tax? Delaney expressed surprise at this report; he said he'd look into it. Then we decided to confront him with a totally unsupported rumor: Was it a fact that Delaney himself had listed \$10,000 of income beyond his salary on his own tax return for 1949?

The portly collector leaped from his chair. He whipped out a handkerchief and mopped beads of sweat from his bald pate. Then, folding the handkerchief, he answered quietly, "Yes, that's true." But he gave no explanation. We went back to the office and decided to investigate the tax collector.

Delaney had been for years an influential man in the federal patronage system of the Boston Democratic machine. In many respects he was an archetype of the system. He had been a poor boy and had risen to his position of responsibility by that well-known device—"my own bootstraps." He had been a leader in the Church and often had lent his Irish tenor voice to charitable functions spon-

sored by different religions. He went to work wearing a Chesterfield and a Homburg; he drove to town in a Cadillac.

He was also a man whose life was marked by several spectacular brushes with the law. When the country-wide internal revenue scandal did break, it began with Delaney. But when the government sought to put him in jail, that was a different matter. Delaney translated the case against him into a controversial constitutional issue.

The task of finding the source of that unexplained \$10,000 which Delaney listed on his 1949 income tax return beyond his regular salary began with a trip to Lawrence, Massachusetts, a Merrimac River textile city in the north central part of the state. At the end of the week, a new light was shining on Delaney's rags-to-riches story and some strange things were unfolding.

Delaney left Lawrence High School to join the Army in 1917. This much was certain. On his return he worked in a haberdashery store in Hanover, New Hampshire, site of Dartmouth College. This is the period of his life which he has described as "spent at Dartmouth." Nearly all the Boston newspapers have at one time or another attributed a Dartmouth College education to Delaney and

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some have conferred various degrees on him in their news columns. The Boston *Traveler* once spoke of him as "educated in Lawrence public schools, Boston College, Lowell Institute, Boston University, and the University of Bordeaux, France," adding, "He holds degrees in science, engineering, and law." I put in telephone calls to all the above named American institutions—including Dartmouth—and found that Delaney never enrolled in any of them. As for the University of Bordeaux, its records had been destroyed in the war.

In 1927 Delaney left "Dartmouth" to return to Lawrence. He began a contracting business with his brother, William J., and opened a small insurance agency. The next phase of Delaney's life was complicated by some trouble with the law, according to the Treasury Department's own record. The incident was later described by Treasury Undersecretary Edward H. Foley, Jr., as follows, in testimony before the King Subcommittee:

The files of the Massachusetts State Board of Probation revealed a record of charges involving larceny against Delaney entered July 1, 1933, and dismissed September 8, 1933. Although the record indicates that Delaney was placed on probation in connection with this action and that the said probation was dismissed on September 8, no satisfactory explanation was obtained for the apparent inconsistency.

The Delaney brothers' contracting business caved in during the early nineteen-thirties and Delaney filed a petition of bankruptcy in March 1934. Late in 1950 I asked the clerk of the Federal District Court in Boston for a look at the record. The files on the case were missing. An internal revenue agent who later looked for the same files told a congressional committee that the entire file on the bankruptcy matter disappeared from the Federal District Court in Boston, although there was an entry on the docket.

With all of his businesses lost beyond repair, Delaney went to work for the government. First, he was hired as a WPA laborer. That lasted for several weeks. A friend spotted him in a ditch one day and gave him a job in the office. He had found his niche. Delaney advanced from job to job in the WPA until he became state administrator near the end of the program.

Early in 1944, without ever having been successful in business and with no training in income tax matters, Delaney was made head of the Massachusetts Internal Revenue office, a division that handles about two billion dollars in federal taxes each year. While he may have had some professional shortcomings, he had something else of importance—according to Foley's testimony his application had the solid political backing of Senator Walsh, Majority Leader of the House McCormack, and Congressman Lane, a cousin of Delaney.

MORGUES of Boston's newspapers give the impression that Delaney took to his new job with the zeal of a substitute quarterback. He frequently showed up at public functions, regularly issued gentle warnings to taxpayers around March 15, and loaned his name to many charitable fund drives. In fact, the newspaper accounts of his charitable activities were numerous. Ironically, it was this phase of his life that caused Delaney his first grief after he took over the tax office.

One day late in 1947 an investigator from the House Appropriations Committee dropped in at the Boston tax office to find how recent budget cuts were affecting office efficiency. The government man pulled out a file cabinet drawer and saw a pile of loose money lying at the bottom. The currency—\$1,911.17 worth—was identified as belonging to a March-of-Dimes drive which had come to a successful end more than six months before, with Delaney as chairman. Delaney said he had no idea how the money got into the internal revenue file.

That discovery set off a full-scale congressional hearing. When the March-of-Dimes files in the tax office were ordered shipped to Washington, they were "tampered with en route and some of them even had been removed," according to Representative Canfield (R-NJ), a committee member. "The record is not a pretty one," Canfield declared during the inquiry.

The hearings indicated, among other things, that a possible organized program for soliciting political funds was in operation in the tax office. After the inquiry ended, evidence was handed over to the Civil Service Commission and some twenty-two Civil



Service underlings were charged with violation of the Hatch Act. When the Boston tax scandal broke nearly four years later, the Civil Service Commission suddenly announced suspensions for most of the twenty-two.

Many thought that the March-of-Dimes inquiry spelled the end for Delaney. But not Congressman McCormack, who was then one of the most powerful men in the House. He called the investigation a "political smear." The congressional committee nevertheless turned its evidence over to Attorney General Tom Clark for possible criminal action against the tax collector. Clark delegated the case to William T. McCarthy, now a federal district court judge, who was then U. S. District Attorney in Boston. Three months later, in the spring of 1948, McCarthy reported his findings. Delaney was "negligent" but not guilty and no grand jury action would be necessary.

## II

ALL summer long in 1950 the Providence *Journal* tried to find some hint of who paid Delaney that \$10,000. Contacts close to the inner operations in the Boston tax office were cultivated and soon the word spread through nearly every department that the Providence newspaper was investigating the collector. Several men in the Boston tax office offered to help, many of them simply to spy. But all tips and suggestions were welcomed and that's how I got the name of Maurice V. O'Toole, an earnest, red-faced Irishman who had been an employee of the Internal Revenue Bureau for fifteen years. In 1948, while assistant head of the Worcester tax office, O'Toole had tried to collect income taxes from a million-dollar-a-year lottery operated by a bookmaker with connections. Shortly afterward O'Toole was transferred out of Worcester and sent to Framingham without even time to clean out his desk.

O'Toole appealed to Delaney, he said, but instead of sympathy he received a full-scale investigation of his own activities. O'Toole weathered the inquiry but the transfer stuck. He knew then and there that his days of advancement in the Internal Revenue Bureau were over.

By the end of the summer of 1950, the search for the man who had paid Delaney

\$10,000 began to narrow down to three lawyers. Each seemed to have had unusual success with the tax bureau on matters of lien lifting and tax compromise. One night I received a tip that one of the lawyers had attempted to shake down a Worcester industrial firm that was in tax trouble.

I called O'Toole the next day and asked him to meet me during his lunch hour in Framingham. We chatted casually for about twenty minutes in a small alley behind the square. There was no note taking, no exchange of papers—simply conversation on matters not more serious than the geography of Worcester. A few weeks later O'Toole was fired.

Four charges were handed him. Three dealt with "absences from work" involving long lunch hours, stops for coffee, and the like. Such allegations, if true, are handled ordinarily by reprimand or, at the most, suspension without pay. The fourth charge specified that O'Toole had given government secrets, undescribed, to "John Strohmeier, a reporter of the Providence *Journal*," during a meeting in Framingham.

O'Toole promptly demanded public airing of his charges but no one would grant him one. Finally he was invited to defend himself against the charges at a private hearing arranged before Daniel Bolich, assistant commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington. O'Toole took the trip to Washington at his own expense and pleaded his case for four hours before Bolich. At the end Bolich patted him on the shoulder and said, "Okay, kid, everything will come out all right."

O'Toole never heard from Bolich or the Treasury Department again. Bolich, who received some notoriety in the scandal investigations as the man who wore \$30 shirts, is now awaiting trial on income tax evasion. O'Toole got a job on a farm.

A few nights after the O'Toole incident I visited a Boston tax office employee at his home to talk about a black market case that one of the lawyers under suspicion had been handling. He was extremely guarded at first but then decided to talk frankly.

"What the hell," he said, "I was yanked off the case and no one has gone after the taxes since then."

A few days later I put in a call to the tax employee and got a chilly reception. "You



almost bagged me," he said. I got the hint.

These incidents brought our investigation to a halt, and we had still not reached the core of the situation. David Patten, my managing editor, made the next decision. "Forget the story," he said to me in February 1951. "Go to Washington and see if we can interest a congressman in this thing."

To Washington I went and there I found two very receptive people—Senator Estes Kefauver and Senator John Williams. Within days both men made a request to the Treasury Department for a copy of Delaney's income tax returns.

It was March 1951 when David A. Kelleher, head of the Treasury Intelligence in the Boston area, gathered Delaney's tax returns on his desk to send to Washington. But before he did he took a long, hard look at the \$10,000 item on the 1949 return. Then he sent along a recommendation for an immediate investigation of Delaney.

A competent special agent named Dominic Ierardi was assigned to the job. Within three months he cracked the mystery of the \$10,000 wide open and discovered enough suspicious activity to enable the government to bring more than a dozen charges against Delaney. A report was handed to President Truman and Delaney was fired. The evidence against him was narrowed down to the strongest cases and in August of 1951 nine indictments, six for bribery and three for filing false tax certificates, were returned against Delaney by a federal grand jury.

### III

**I**N WASHINGTON the news of Delaney's firing caught the interest of Adrian W. DeWind, capable counsel for the King Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee, which was investigating the Internal Revenue Bureau. For some time he suspected that the major weakness of the whole federal tax collection system lay in the politically-appointed internal revenue collectors. He noted that the Boston case fitted in dramatically with suspected situations in collectors' offices in St. Louis, New York, California, and elsewhere, though these had not yet publicly erupted.

DeWind decided then to bare the whole collection system to the public and Congress.

Special Agent Ierardi was interviewed at closed sessions and he told the whole Boston story. But one major problem with respect to Boston remained. Delaney was under indictment and there was no precedent which defined the committee's right to hold a public hearing on the activities of a man awaiting trial. DeWind considered this but decided that the Boston story was an invaluable part of the national picture. He ordered the hearings to start.

Delaney declined an invitation to appear and, as expected, protested the public inquiry on the grounds that it would endanger his right of a fair trial of the charges against him. The Justice Department also privately made a last-ditch attempt to put off the hearings until Delaney's trial was over. It did not want its evidence against the collector prematurely disclosed.

In mid-October 1951 a packed hearing room in Washington heard the King Committee unravel the mystery of the \$10,000 item on Delaney's 1949 tax return. Three Massachusetts business men, who had been tracked down by Ierardi, told the story. Each testified that he had been in serious tax difficulty with the government in 1949. Each said he was visited that year by a New Yorker named Daniel Friedman who purportedly ran an insurance firm known as the Estate Research Bureau. The insurance angle was largely Friedman's excuse to get his foot in the door, they testified, and he was pictured as a "tax expert" recommended by Delaney.

Maxwell Shapiro, president of the Shapiro Woolen Company of Boston, gave a vivid account of the operation. Shapiro, who owed the government about \$142,000 in back taxes, testified that on April 21, 1949, Friedman and Hugh Finnegan, brother of the St. Louis collector, walked into his office.

Shapiro: "They said they could straighten out my tax liability."

DeWind: "What else did they have to say?"

Shapiro: "I asked, 'How do you know about my tax liabilities?' They said, 'Well, we just came down from a friend of yours.' I said, 'Who is that?' They said, 'Mr. Denis Delaney.'"

DeWind: "What did they tell you they could do for you?"

Shapiro: "They felt they could shave it [the \$142,000 tax bill] down to \$40,000."



Shapiro said that Friedman asked for \$5,000 on the spot and for \$5,000 more in a few weeks. With that, Shapiro testified, he went into another room to call Delaney to see whether the collector vouched for the men. Shapiro said that Delaney assured him they were "okay" and that it was "all right to give it [the money] to them."

DeWind: "Did Mr. Delaney identify who these people were to you?"

Shapiro: "He told me that they were in the tax business in New York and that Hugh Finnegan was a brother of a friend of his who was tax collector in St. Louis."

DeWind: "Did he say anything else about Mr. Finnegan in St. Louis?"

Shapiro: "Well, he told me in our conversation—he said: 'Mr. Finnegan is scheduled to take the place of Mr. Schoeneman [the Commissioner of Internal Revenue] and he is going to be head of the collectors.'"

Shapiro testified that he paid Friedman \$5,000 before he left and that the New Yorker returned a few weeks later. Again Shapiro called Delaney and again he made a \$5,000 payment, according to testimony. All action by the government to collect his taxes stopped, the witness said, until his case was discovered in the investigation of Delaney in 1951.

The two other business men, Louis Hellman, president of the Acorn Clothing Company, of Boston, and Morris Boorky, an officer of the Massachusetts Steel Treating Company of Worcester, testified to similar sudden visits by Friedman, talks of insurance and tax difficulties, payments of fees. Testimony showed that Friedman collected a total of \$20,000 from the three men and that \$10,000 of this was turned over by Friedman to Delaney. This was exactly the amount of mysterious income that the collector listed on his tax return in 1949.

SEVERAL other aspects of Delaney's activities were developed in the hearings when Ierardi took the stand. The special agent testified that he looked for Delaney's 1946 tax return but could not find one. In its place, he said, was a duplicate for that year date-marked January 28, 1949. On checking the collector's 1948 return, Ierardi continued, he came across an unexplained item of \$4,000. When he put this up to Delaney, he said, the collector remarked that it was the

result of a good day at the races. Delaney explained, according to the testimony, that he won \$2,500 that year by collecting a win bet on Assault in the Kentucky Derby after that horse galloped home a \$21 winner. Ierardi pointed out that Citation won the Derby in 1948 and paid less than \$3.

Next, the special agent described a vacation that Delaney took in 1948. Newspapers reported that year that Delaney, who had championed many a March-of-Dimes drive, had himself come down with a "touch of polio." (It developed later, in testimony by his own doctor, that he was suffering from undue nervousness caused by obesity and an undiagnosed heart disease.)

Delaney spent the summer in the Gretna Green atmosphere of Seabrook, New Hampshire, living in a \$1,500-a-season cottage, the inquiry developed. A seashore concession operator who was in tax trouble with the government footed the \$1,500 rental and electricity bills, and that \$1,500 gift never found its way onto any of the collector's tax returns, Ierardi told the committee. Other witnesses later testified that the concession operator managed to get a favorable review of his tax case with Delaney's assistance.

It was much the same story when Delaney went to buy an automobile, testimony showed. He bought a Cadillac for himself and a new Chevrolet for his wife at a fraction of their retail costs, the hearing disclosed. The dealers who gave him the bargains turned out to be men in tax difficulty.

On the last day of the hearings, Edward H. Foley, Jr., Undersecretary of the Treasury, was called as a witness. He was confronted by several questions with a single theme: Why did the government permit a man like Delaney to become Collector of Internal Revenue?

Foley said he wasn't sure. He was away on military leave when Delaney's appointment came up. But he read generously from the government's record on Delaney.

The Treasury knew, he said, that Delaney had filed a petition of bankruptcy and furthermore there was some doubt that he had been discharged from bankruptcy at the time his appointment came up. Foley added that the government also was aware that two charges of larceny had been brought against Delaney back in 1932, but the importance of this was



apparently diminished because no clear records on those arrests could be found.

"The only available records covering this incident [the larceny arrests] are ambiguous," Foley read from the report. "They show no plea, no conviction, but they show that Delaney was placed on probation."

DeWind then confronted Foley with a signed document. It was a statement sworn by Delaney at the time of his application to the effect that he had never been "arrested, summoned into court as a defendant, or indicted, or convicted . . . or placed on probation."

#### IV

THE King Committee hearings had created the hottest copy in Boston since the Brink's robbery. All the leading papers sent special writers to cover the inquiry and their efforts had been played under large, black headlines. The Boston story also received heavy play in national newsmagazines. Syndicated writers used it frequently to bring into sharp focus the picture of general corruption.

Such was the atmosphere that prevailed as the day of Delaney's trial grew near. C. Keefe Hurley, a prominent Boston attorney, was to defend Delaney. He used the avalanche of publicity to ask for two motions: (1) to dismiss the indictments; (2) to continue the trial.

Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., a highly regarded jurist, was to hear the case. He denied the motion to dismiss but granted two continuances. It was clear that he was apprehensive about the effect of the publicity. He knew his actions would some day be questioned. Finally he set January 3, 1952, as the date for the trial. This was roughly five months after the indictments were returned and about two months after the hearings ended.

"My own impression, which may be entirely erroneous," Judge Wyzanski reasoned, "is that so long as the political election has to be conducted, no one can say that any particular month between now and then is better than any other month."

Trial day dawned cold and clear. The fifteenth-floor courtroom at the Boston federal building overflowed. Not a few of the on-lookers were staunch friends of the collector. More than once, as the trial progressed, a

prominent figure in Boston politics or business would march out of the pews at recess to shake Delaney's hand; apparently for the benefit of the people in the jury box. But the evidence appeared to be stacked high against Delaney.

Shapiro, Boorky, and others trooped to the witness stand and repeated their stories, within limits of admissible evidence, just as they had done before the King Committee. But the big blow to Delaney's chances was the appearance of Daniel Friedman as a willing government witness.

In quiet, hard-bitten tones, Friedman testified that he had come to Boston with Hugh Finnegan for the purpose of getting an introduction to Delaney. After Finnegan did the honors, Friedman said he arranged to get a supply of "contacts" from Delaney and an agreement was made to split the fees half and half. He identified the checks that he had written to Delaney. He admitted that Delaney had given him information regarding delinquent tax cases.

Delaney, looking thinner and all of his forty-five years, made a valiant bid in his own defense. Tears ran down his cheeks at times as he retraced his early boyhood of digging ditches and living in cheap apartments. It had been the supreme moment of his life, he said, when as a newly-appointed tax collector he went to Washington for a conference with the late President Roosevelt. It was an experience he would never forget.

"I tried to do just what the President asked me to do," he said. "I tried to be kind, courteous, and considerate."

Then Delaney described his meeting with Friedman and Finnegan on that April day in 1949. The conversation was about the insurance business only, he said, and he agreed to help Friedman find clients. But, he added, Friedman was worried because he did not have a license to sell insurance in Massachusetts.

"Isn't there some way you can endorse this check so that it will look as if it came from the construction and engineering business?" Delaney quoted Friedman as asking. "I said," Delaney continued, "I can endorse the check 'Denis W. Delaney Co.'" The ex-collector then explained that he began to receive several checks from Friedman during 1949 and that he wanted to ask him to whom he had



sold insurance, but Friedman would generally brush him off with, "Don't bother about that now."

**D**ELANEY'S explanation carried considerable impact. The courtroom buzzed and people nodded in sympathy. It was conceded that he had made an impression on Boston. If the trial came down to the point of choosing between the story of an Irishman or a Jew, Delaney was as good as rescued. Besides, Delaney was a home-town boy, while Friedman was an out-of-stater. John H. Mitchell, the government's capable attorney, was aware of the odds.

Mitchell laid a well-hidden mine when he cross-examined Dr. Louis Glazer. The doctor had been called by the defense to show that Delaney was in an upset mental state during much of 1949. Dr. Glazer testified that although he was on a full-time staff at a hospital, he still took a personal interest in Delaney and attended him at his home.

Mitchell: "And I presume you charged him for those services?"

Dr. Glazer: "No, sir."

Mitchell: "You are certain, Doctor, that you made no charge for medical services you rendered to Mr. Delaney in 1949?"

Dr. Glazer: "I have no outside practice, sir."

When Delaney was turned over for cross-examination by the government, he was questioned about his relations with Dr. Glazer.

Mitchell: "Did you pay any fees to Dr. Glazer during the year 1949?"

Delaney: "No sir."

Mitchell reached for a document on his desk. Hurley leaped to his feet to forestall the move. Both lawyers went to the bench. Two recesses were called but few people dared give up their seats. Finally the bench conference ended and Judge Wyzanski told Mitchell to go ahead and introduce the document.

It was Delaney's 1949 tax return. One of the deductions listed on it read:

"Medical expenses, Dr. Lewis Glazer, \$825."

When Delaney was ordered to explain it, he pleaded self-incrimination. His credibility was cracked. A few moments later Special Agent Ierardi shattered what was left. His investigation had disclosed, he testified, that Delaney had withheld \$1,048 from the Arch-

bishop Cushing Charity Fund in 1949 and had transferred the money to his own checking account. When Ierardi asked Delaney about this during the investigation some two years later, the tax collector said it appeared that he "owed" the bishop some money, according to Ierardi's testimony.

It was clear now that even a Boston jury would not believe Delaney. The deliberation was relatively brief. Delaney was found guilty on all of the six counts that remained and a few days later Judge Wyzanski sentenced him to two years in prison and imposed a fine of \$10,500.

## V

**D**ELANEY appealed the conviction. Eight months passed. Then, on October 18, Delaney was a free man again. The Federal Circuit Court of Appeals sitting in Boston vacated the conviction on the grounds that the prejudicial atmosphere created by the congressional committee investigation of Delaney had deprived him of a fair trial.

Judge Calvert Magruder, who wrote the unanimous decision, was obviously much aroused at congressional committees and the excesses to which some had gone, and the case gave him a chance to express his feelings. Unfortunately, many think that he picked the wrong case and the wrong committee in which to call attention to the problems involved in congressional investigations.

Judge Magruder felt that the committee should have either held closed hearings on Delaney or put off the hearings altogether until the trial was over. He noted that Delaney's character was entirely blackened by the publicity arising from the public inquiry and that testimony ranged far beyond matters relevant to the pending indictments.

There was no difference, he said, between the prejudicial publicity resulting from the activity of the United States through its legislative arm—the congressional committee—and publicity resulting from material which might be fed to the press by the prosecutor—the Justice Department. Therefore, he ruled, if the committee refused to put off the hearings or even hold closed sessions, it was the duty of the government, under the sixth amendment, to put off Delaney's trial until the effects of the publicity had passed away.



Delaney greeted Magruder's verdict with a statement that it made him feel better than he had felt in a long time. But the opinion seemed to split the legal experts several ways, and scores of copies of the ruling were studied by constitutional lawyers around the nation.

Stanley S. Surrey, Harvard law professor who served as an adviser to the King Committee, was not convinced that the courts should regard an investigating committee as, in effect, having the same status as the Justice Department for this purpose. They "have different functions to perform," he said. "While it would be clearly improper for the Justice Department to release the facts on Delaney before his trial, the committee in carrying out its proper functions really had no alternative. It had to inform the public and Congress on the conditions in the tax collection offices in time to make legislative recommendations and put them before Congress before it adjourned. Had the committee held off the hearings because of the Boston matter, the internal revenue reorganization bill would never have passed and you probably would have had no improvement in the tax collection system to this day."

Professor Surrey thought that the King Committee had used more than ordinary caution in dealing with Delaney. The Boston collector could have been subpoenaed, he said, and he probably then would have had to resort to a plea of self-incrimination if he did not desire to testify. This would have put him in an unfair situation. The committee therefore "invited" Delaney instead and he could have submitted questions to any of the witnesses who testified, Surrey explained.

The *Harvard Law Review* canvassed the university's constitutional lawyers and found considerable sympathy for the decision but few of the experts would go along with the judge's view that a congressional committee had interlocking responsibilities with the Justice Department.

One gets the feeling that no one wanted to quarrel with the upper court's thesis that the publicity engendered by the hearings should be considered in ascertaining whether Delaney's trial would be a fair one. Yet few wanted to agree with the opinion completely. The big difficulty, it appears, is that the record shows that the lower court jurist,

Judge Wyzanski, carefully considered the whole problem of prejudice before setting Delaney's trial date.

Though Judge Magruder states that the trial judge erred in setting such an early date for the trial, there is nothing in the opinion to show that Judge Wyzanski's judgment on the facts was in error. Few of the experts were willing to say what they would have done differently had they been in Judge Wyzanski's shoes.

THE net effect of the opinion is that it places a new obstacle in the path of congressional committees as to holding public hearings on the activities of an individual under criminal indictment. It is the first clear ruling on this issue and Judge Magruder indicated in his opinion that it might be well for the Supreme Court to speak on "this vexing subject." Many in the legal world thought that it would. But, surprisingly, the Justice Department announced that it would not appeal the decision. This was apparently the Justice Department's way of getting in its private licks against congressional committees.

While the Appeals Court decision saved Delaney from going to jail, it had no bearing on his guilt or innocence. The government announced that it wasn't giving up but would try him on the same charges again some time in the future. Meanwhile, new troubles have greeted Delaney. In January he was indicted for filing "false and fraudulent" federal income tax returns which allegedly underestimated his income by a total of \$2,974 in 1946 and 1949. No date was set for the trial.

The chips are stacked high once more against the ex-tax collector. But around Boston Common some people are inclined to view this dimly. The word is that "Dinny will do it again."

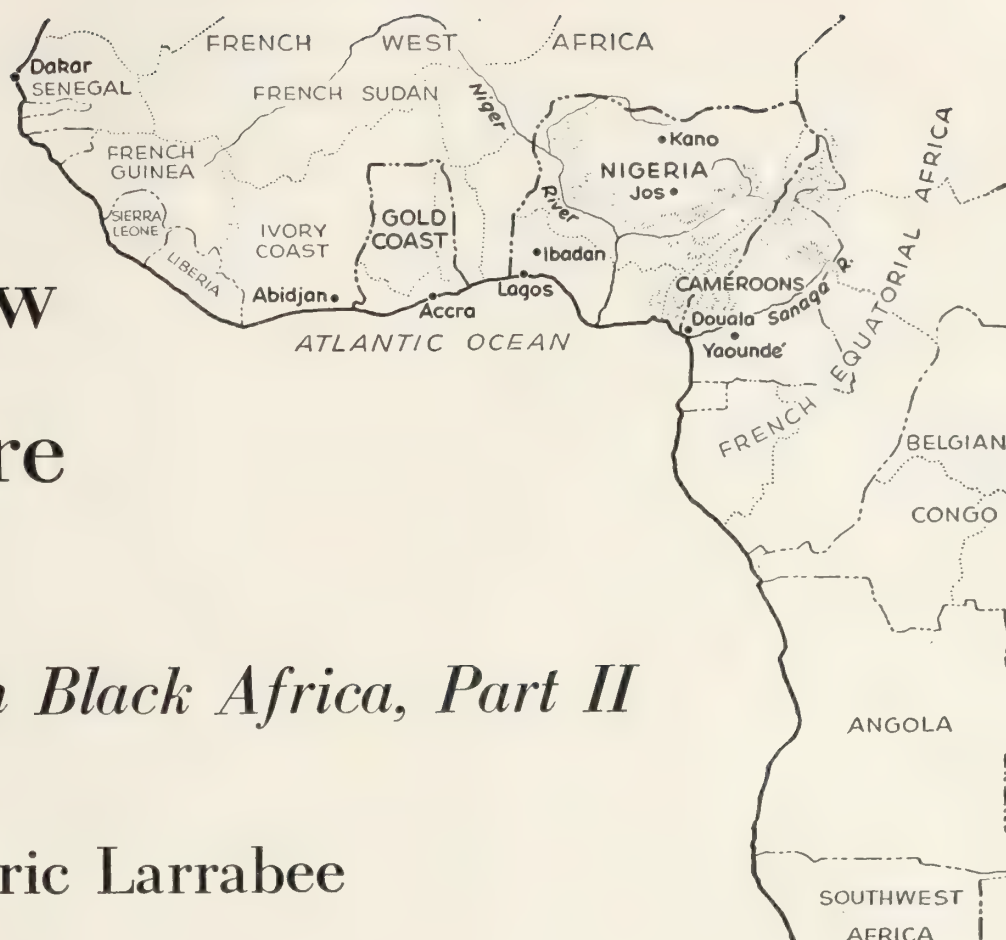
Whether Delaney ever serves a day in jail is unimportant. His story has been laid before the public. It took a mournful case such as his to win for the American people some definition of the rights of an individual who has been called before a congressional committee. And perhaps his story poses a warning to a new Administration that now has the task of filling responsible federal jobs all over the nation.



# The Afterglow of Empire

## *Notebook on Black Africa, Part II*

Eric Larrabee



**A**LONG THE BEND OF THE WEST AFRICAN seashore, north of the Equator and south of the desert, lie the territories that are furthest from colonialism of all those on the Dark Continent. Here the ancient names—Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, Slave Coast—recall how far a distance that is. Yet here, bordering the Atlantic, the hot and humid rain forest was long the worst obstacle that Europeans encountered in centuries of imperial expansion. “Sailor beware the Bight of Benin/Few come out of those who go in.” This was the White Man’s Grave, where the Africans’ secret weapon—the mosquito—prevented West Africa from ever being “colonized” in the sense that North, South, and East Africa were. European contact here has been with traders and missionaries, not with permanent settlers, the land-hungry farmers whose presence elsewhere in Africa is the first condition of racial bitterness and violence. Here the white man never came to stay. “We

don’t think of this as our country,” said the wife of a British district commissioner, a woman who has lived in Nigeria for almost thirty years. “We’re here to do a job, and when it’s done—or when the Africans no longer want us—we’ll go home without any fuss.” Now, as a result, West Africa is moving toward self-determination at a rate that inescapably if somewhat unfairly sets the pace for other “non-independent” African areas. What happens in West Africa in the next few years has greater import for Africans and Europeans both than what is happening now in Kenya or the Union, for West Africa is an image of what the future might be like. Not everyone in South and Central Africa welcomes it. “We have an antipathy to the way West Africa has developed politically,” said a Northern Rhodesian mine superintendent whose own racial views were moderately enlightened, “but you’ll have to form your own opinion on that.”

*Mr. Larrabee, an associate editor of Harper’s, made a three-month trip to Africa in the fall of 1952 under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation. This second installment of his “Notebook on Black Africa” will be followed by another later in the year.*



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MOST EUROPEANS IN AFRICA LINE UP, SOONER or later, on one or the other side of a single issue. Nearly all of them like the African, or say they do. Many of them say, and I think they mean it, that they love the African. But a great many love the African as he is, or as he was ten, twenty, fifty years ago. They describe the "unspoiled" men and women of the villages as noble, honest, moral, self-respecting; the "Westernized" city-dwellers as unreliable, pretentious, vulgar, and sexually unrestrained. This an English educator in the Gold Coast called the "Lugard fallacy," after Lord Lugard, the first High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria; but it is a view still widely entertained. Many spokesmen for Western civilization are uncertain even now that the Western way is appropriate for Africa. "I sometimes think," said another educator, in Nigeria, "that the best thing we could do for this country would be to put a wire fence around it thirty feet high, and go away and leave it alone." When we had earlier asked an agricultural administrator in the Sudan what he thought of the process of "rural urbanization" that was taking place in the Gezira cotton scheme, he had said: "It's a good thing, if progress is a good thing. I'm not so extreme as some people who would rather keep this country a sort of anthropological museum, but I must say a Dinka man or girl going stark naked is a magnificent sight. It's a pity to put pieces of dirty cloth on them."

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TRANSLATION FROM A THEME, WRITTEN BY a West African girl in a French school, one of their most gifted students, and quoted in a French guidebook:

I remember the old days, the days of festival, the festival of Tabaski. . . . In the evening I was dressed like a queen. Gold medals in my black tresses, tan coral pearls at my throat, feet stained with henna in my golden slippers, there I was on the town, looking for compliments.

Toward three o'clock there were drums. What an emotion was awakened in me by these dances in which I was myself a dancer! . . . Light, supple, I threw myself among my sisters. Strange power of the drums,

where music is movement; movement, music. The blood boiled in my veins. I leaped, I danced. . . . I was eight years old, and I cried: "Drums, oh drums! Carry me away!"

Then, one day, came the priest, came school, came the end of my free and simple life. My brain has been whitened, but my head is black; my inviolable blood has remained pure, pure as the sun, pure of all contact. My blood has stayed pagan in my civilized veins, and at the sound of the black drums it rises in revolt. Always I want to dance, to dance always, to dance again. . . .

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SINCE WEST AFRICA IS AT SUCH A DIFFERENT stage of its history from its neighbors to the east and south, its preoccupations have far less to do with the colonial situation elsewhere than they may seem to at first. From the point of view of the British in the Rhodesias, Belgians in the Congo, or Portuguese in Angola, West African troubles can be used to prove that the West African experiment with self-government is unsuccessful. The upheavals that periodically occur in territories where the British are "soft," according to the Belgian way of thinking, are evidence that you must be "hard." If you insist on training Africans in England to be doctors and lawyers, trades that Europeans will not employ them at and Africans cannot afford to, then you do nothing but create a class of frustrated intellectuals, a forcing-bed of political agitation. If you promise Africans the moon of self-government, say the Belgians, then there comes a moment when you have to renege, and then—Mau Mau, Jomo Kenyatta, the night of the long knives. Whatever truth there may be in this, it has little to do with West Africa, where such a turn of events is far back down the trail. The dilemma that Nigeria and the Gold Coast are in, now that they are within an ace of dominion status, belongs to another level of discourse. It is a compound of difficulties that the Belgians too, in their turn, will someday have to face. For example:

(1) *Palaver*: The African tradition of government is one of endless talk around the campfire, a democracy of eloquence. Often the chief has power only to sum up the sense of the meeting, and if he cannot do so the talk goes on, and on, and on. Hence the



Africans take to parliamentary institutions with great enthusiasm but sometimes with curious results. When Kwame Nkrumah, the African prime minister of the Gold Coast, first began to frame a program for his overwhelming majority in the legislature, the leader of the tiny opposition made a speech accusing Nkrumah of dictatorial methods. He said the Prime Minister was unfairly using his numerical majority to ram through laws, instead of observing African custom and talking things over democratically with those who disagreed.

(2) *Corruption*: Within African memory, authority and wealth have always gone together, and to the African voter it seems natural that politicians should be rich. In the exuberance of discovering wealth and freedom simultaneously, therefore, many of the rising representatives of West African aspirations have not yet developed—to put it mildly—a strict sense of political morality.

(3) *Eggheadism*: Many West African politicians naturally come from the educated urban class. Sometimes, on receiving authority, they become more annoyed with the “backwardness” of their rural fellow-countrymen than were the colonial administrators they replaced. Side by side with the new governments, the civic machinery of the tribes and their paramount chiefs continues to exist, and often the two conflict. Many European colonial officers have long believed that African self-government can be achieved only by granting responsibility at the tribal level, but now—in eagerness to “Westernize” as rapidly as possible—the educated Africans who come into power often feel compelled to tear down their own ancient institutions.

These are the growing pains of sovereignty. They are anything but agreeable to watch for the Europeans who have risked the future of Africa on the proposition that they will not last for long. They lend a nervous, hypersensitive tone to a transfer of control from white hands to black which would hardly be effortless in the best of circumstances, but they also make life in West Africa by far the most stimulating that any African can enjoy. For men like Kwame Nkrumah there is no way ahead but on through and out the other side, and for those who make the crossing successfully the prize will be the knowledge that no one has been there before them.

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A JUNIOR ADMINISTRATOR IN ONE OF THE British areas was indiscreet enough to tell a story that was never meant for non-British ears. He and his wife had attended a dinner for the lieutenant governor, at which that eminent dignitary had unbent to them both. “You, my dear,” he said to the lady, “have not been out here long enough to know this, but toward the end of your eighteen months’ tour of duty, when your husband’s temper is short and he seems a little snappish, remember that it’s not the climate—it’s our beloved Africans.”

## II

THERE USED TO BE AN EXTENSIVE mythology about the African climate, but it is gradually breaking down. World War II, which changed so much else in Africa, put the finishing touches to it—DDT, the antibiotics and new antimalarials, and the excuse of wartime emergency to relax European pretensions. One British lady who had known Nigeria before the war told of returning after it was over, leaving her eighteen-month-old daughter behind in England. On the boat there were dozens of children, and she remembered thinking they would all be dead in a week. When she landed at Lagos and came down the gangplank in her sun helmet, jodhpurs, and mosquito boots she was astonished to see people everywhere bare-headed, in shorts and sandals. Before long she sent for her daughter. Today outrageously uncomfortable clothing is much more likely to be worn by Africans who grew up thinking of it as a badge of rank. Several Europeans told us that they themselves would dress much more sensibly if they weren’t afraid the Africans they dealt with would be insulted.

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THE HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE FRENCH Cameroons, M. Soucadoux, sat in his darkening office on a late afternoon in Yaoundé and expounded the doctrine of his administration. We had wondered at the exceptionally high caliber of French personnel in the Cameroons, which are among the least well-known of African territories, and here was one explanation: they have an exceptional boss. Like his



opposite numbers in other French areas, M. Soucadoux occupies a white wedding-cake *palais* and works in a short-sleeved, open-necked bush jacket at a wide, imposing desk, with a semi-circle of low, soft chairs in front of it. But instead of haranguing us from behind the symbol of his dignity, M. Soucadoux sat off to the side of it in a small, straight-backed chair, holding upright a close-cropped head like Erich von Stroheim's and unfolding his beliefs in sonorous, cadenced French—a living embodiment of what he called “the positivist, if you like, the Cartesian, spirit.”

M. Soucadoux's domain, like the brightly-colored stamps that memory associates with it, is triangular, one corner resting on the ocean at the right-angle turn in the West African coast. Out through this tip funnel the riches of the interior, making the port of Douala—rather than Yaoundé, further inland—the Cameroons' leading city. Douala suggests nothing so much as a sophisticated cow town, a place of spirited sloppiness, at first glance as commercially wide open as Texas, at the second a culture capital and center of chic. “This,” said the high commissioner's delegate who runs the port, “is not a city, it is a *chantier*, a workyard,” and money flows in Douala at a rate that should not disconcert Americans hardened by Houston and Dallas. In Douala, too, some portion of it goes to support the arts: a well-stocked bookstore, a phonograph-record shop with a wide selection of African music, and—until recently—one of the most highbrow clip-joints for curios and *objets d'art* in Africa (the shrewd proprietress, having made her pile in tourist-type ivory and ebony, has returned to Paris with her own excellent collection of masks and bronzes). Here in Douala—sitting, drinking, and passing the time of day on the sidewalk arcade in front of the main hotel—M. Soucadoux's French bureaucrats and traders, bankers and engineers, carry on for *l'esprit cartésien* in the company of the best-looking, best-dressed European women to be seen for thousands of miles in any direction.

At the same time, however, Douala is a conspicuous example of urban overcrowding among the Africans, with cities within the city of shacks whose corrugated metal roofs look barely able to withstand the pounding tropical rains. (And it rains often in Douala; not far away, on the slopes of the mountain

range that separates French Cameroons from British, it rains thirty *feet* a year.) The contrast between European enterprise and African underprivilege is not lost on M. Soucadoux, a man of good will and a developed sense of paradox. “Sometimes,” he said, “I dream that I have been given *la baguette de fé*, a magic wand, and may go through this country waving into existence schools, and roads, and hospitals—but then I awake, and it is not that easy.”

One does not always confer a favor, M. Soucadoux feels, one certainly does not teach the positivist spirit, by making free gifts to a people who do not know their worth; only by becoming aware how much European sweat is needed to create European wealth will the Africans learn to work and become economically creative themselves. Yet it would not do, M. Soucadoux thinks, to import into Africa a white proletariat of artisans; they would be a good example for commercial purposes but bad for social ones—“especially,” he added, “their women.” At the Cameroons' largest construction project, the hydroelectric dam at Edéa, the workmen are mostly Italian—a compromise that we marveled at, since it gets the work done, furnishes the good example, but leaves the French free for the higher things of life.

Curiously enough, the French system works. They have a suave self-confidence about French civilization which enables them to assume that any African who absorbs it becomes, for all practical purposes, a Frenchman. Though they may remain socially distant and are at times administratively arbitrary, they seem more able than other colonials to convince the African that their distinctions are not *racial*, and that any African who chooses to may accept the one unattached gift it is in the power of French authority to bestow: a French sense of style.

In the Cameroons the marriage of French with African manners and spirit is an unusually happy one. Walking the sparsely-paved streets of Douala with an educated African, I heard him tell a story about what happened at Edéa dam, a version that officialdom would no doubt have construed as anti-French—how at first French laborers had been sent down from Paris but had turned out to be mostly janitors and gardeners, not masons, and how the administration had to close down



the dam for months "*pour étudier la question*"—yet he told it in a thoroughly French manner, indicating a far deeper conversion to French ways of thinking than either he or M. Soucadoux might have thought. Not only in Douala, but at stations along the railroad to Edéa or in the DC-4 that flew us to Yaoundé, we saw Europeanized African men and women of striking charm and cultivation—especially women. Women are by and large the conservative sex in Africa, and they often lag a generation behind their menfolk. Not here, however. African women are extraordinary in their own right, but add French clothing, French cosmetics, and French sanctions for flirtation to their own natural talents along these lines and the results surpass belief.

The women of Africa have not yet risen, unfortunately, to the height of M. Soucadoux's luncheon table, where we sat later discussing the American Presidential election (news of it had just come through) and attempting to defend American foreign policy against the sharp, polite attacks of the high commissioner's able young subordinates. There were many courses, two wines, and the meal had been announced by a spotlessly white-coated African's thunderous announcement, "*Monsieur le haut commissaire est servi!*" At the head of the table, M. Soucadoux, now and then permitting himself a tight smile, exercised his prerogative of speaking philosophically. "One thing," he said, "I ask you to remember. Long ago, even in the days when Stanley was here, the African had a word for the white man, which meant 'a little animal with a long tail.' It was easy enough to kill him but there were always more behind. So when you go walking down the streets here, whistling, with your hands in your pockets, never forget that your every gesture carries behind it the full weight of Occidental culture—and you would not be half so happy if it didn't." And soon we all removed serenely to the living room, for coffee, brandy, and cigars.

THE FRENCH, PARTICULARLY IN BRAZZAVILLE (French Equatorial Africa), are beginning to experiment intelligently with tropical architecture, but in this respect also they are unique. For somewhere in the colonial character there is a streak of masochism, or at least

a conviction that life in the colonies *ought* to be uncomfortable. Many Europeans have a way of making themselves at home in the tropics only up to a point, and then leaving out at the last minute one little thing that might make all the difference—like ventilation, or plumbing. You have the feeling that perhaps they want to retain the atmosphere of camping out, roughing it, in response to the scale of reverse snobbery—or Big Gamesmanship—in which highest credit goes to the man who has been furthest out "in the bush" for the longest time. Consider the matter of cross ventilation. In West Africa the humidity along the coast is fearful, but rarely is the heat any worse than a good scorching summer day in Washington or New York. There is nearly always a breeze somewhere if you can only get hold of it. For such climates there is a rudimentary technique of ventilating rooms and hallways into one another so that the air can get through the building, and there are many kinds of louvered doors that will permit this if a room has windows only on one side. Nonetheless, nowhere in Africa that we stayed was one single hotel cross-ventilated. So much for the triumphant technology of Western Man.

IN THE BRITISH AREAS OF WEST AFRICA THE business of running hotels, where the government does not run its own, is left largely in the hands of Syrians and Greeks who are magnificently indifferent to Anglo-Saxon notions of service and sanitation. We got on good enough terms with one of them to tell him that he operated one of the lousiest hotels we had encountered. "I know," he said, "isn't it terrible," and he laughed and laughed.

### III

JOS, ON THE NIGERIAN PLATEAU, IS WHAT the British call a "hill station"—a place of high, dry air to flee to from the coastal wetness. The landscape of Jos is volcanic, with knob-like hills of granite boulders sticking up from the gently rolling grassland. On top of one of them is the government-operated hotel, incomparably the best in Nigeria, if not in all of Africa. Unfortunately it was occupied, when I got to Jos, by a UNESCO conference (subject: "The use of vernacular



languages in primary education where English is the second language"), and I was assigned instead a hut, a round little house with a grass roof, at the Army Leave Camp further down the hill. Life was less luxurious, but worth it, for at the Leave Camp there was a great variety of people who, like myself, had little to do with the Army.

Two of them were civil servants who were sitting, one night, in the Leave Camp's bar, arguing about the civil war which they expected to take place in Nigeria when the British left. One of them was a Scotsman, the other a Sassenach, representing North *vs.* South in a larger context than Nigeria, but both were thoroughly convinced the issue was one Nigeria would have to resolve. One consequence of the system of "indirect rule" initiated by Lord Lugard (British administration conducted through the existing authority of chiefs and emirs) has been that power is artificially stabilized and obsolescent governing machinery kept in motion beyond the time when it might naturally have fallen apart. Unless African custom has been more profoundly changed by the British than the British themselves believe it has, the day of reckoning could be bloody; the parallel that quickly comes to their minds is Pakistan. It is unpleasant for the British to suspect that in pursuit of "fairness," nursing along the indiscriminate hothouse growth of *all* political aspirations, they are acquiring a reputation for pulling out of colonies just before the outbreak of violence.

"The trouble with us British," had said one of the educators who was attending the UNESCO conference, "is administrative: we can handle an infant people and we can handle a mature people, but we can't handle an adolescent people—and that's what we're stuck with now." The British colonial officer, that is, has been used to thinking of his charges either as children or as fiercely romantic warriors, sometimes both at once. As the warrior mentality loses caste and conviction, and as the child mentality begins to grow up, the British imagination falters before the prospect of a hideously unmanageable society of decadent nobles and bumptious upstarts. Hence the use of "detribalized" as a derogatory term for the New African, the semi-educated and self-conscious zoot-suiters of the towns who have escaped from clan and family

rule. Hence also the accentuated tendency of each Britisher to identify himself with the locality in which he works, and to become furiously partisan about its past glories and present aspirations. After listening to the arguments that result, a parliamentary secretary who came down from London in 1948 made a remark that is still being quoted: "If the Nigerians were to pull out of Nigeria tomorrow, there would be civil war among the British in a week."

Such was the warfare, at any event, that the two Britons at the bar were carrying on. Each was defending the characteristics popularly ascribed to the two regions—north: Moslem, brave, intransigent, dedicated to the manly virtues at any cost; south: pagan or partly Christian, pliant, adaptable, enthusiastically engaged in Westernizing itself. Historically speaking, the pattern of conquest all along the West African Coast has been north to south. Whether the desert horsemen could have carried Islam farther toward the sea than the edge of the rain forest became an academic question when the Europeans arrived in force, but the northerners like to think they could have; they can claim at least that they were never enslaved by the British but merely came to terms. Now they feel the waves of history rolling in on them the other way, as up out of the south comes commerce and governmental control—and the crowd of little southern clerks who have learned to add, to type, to think in ways that are useful to Europeans. As one Englishman had said in Kano, the big city of the north, "If we ever take the train out of here, the next one after will carry every Ibo and Yoruba in the place."

This, the Scotsman was maintaining, is to the northerners' credit. They are a proud people, the Hausa, and capable of amounting to something. They have guts, and if anything makes sense in this world it is that "we" (meaning the Anglo-Saxons) should stay friends with people who can help us fight. Fundamentally it is just a question here in Africa of who is going to starve, he said. The most terrible thing in the world is that "you" (meaning the Americans) are starving Europe, forcing country after country to give up its territories elsewhere in the world, and leaving nothing but trouble behind. We (meaning the British) should never have got out of India; the Dutch should never have got out of



Indonesia. "Aye, if you force us out of Africa it is the people at home in England who will starve," and here in Nigeria they will tear at each other's throats. The northerners want us to stay, the Scotsman argued; they don't go in for the foolishness about self-government that goes on down in Lagos, and as long as they have the voice in the government they have now, we *will* stay.

True enough, the southerner agreed; he had been in India during the riots, "and if you think it was a gay business, you should see children tossed up in the air and caught on the ends of spears—oh jolly funny, that." But this Scottish bravado isn't what makes things happen. The northerners want the British to stay, the southern Englishman thought, because they know how badly the North needs support. He was not an old man but much he had seen in life depressed him, nothing so much as himself, a spectacle in slow decline. "Do you know what is wrong with us?" he asked. "We have lost our integrity, and these people know it. Ask yourself," he looked around the bar, "ask yourself in your heart of hearts, isn't it true?" In such times as these mere bravery was not enough. He had seen it happen. "If you want to know what side is going to win out anywhere you have only to ask one question: where are the rifles hidden, where are the machine guns, *where are the spare parts?* You and I know where they are in this country, and who's learning to use machine guns. Your gallant Hausa can have all the gallantry there is, but they haven't got the spare parts, and that's all that matters."

"Aye," said the Scotsman, "but the people who have the machine guns haven't the courage to pull the trigger."

Afterward we walked out into the moonlight, on the way back to our grass-roofed huts, and the southerner asked me if I would write this all down when I got back to the states. I said I didn't know, that it was hard to find a middle ground between the two irresponsibilities of writing nothing at all or of writing too much on the basis of two brief acquaintances.

"I will tell you a story," he said. "Once, when I was in India, I was an officer in an organization you may have heard of called the Bengal Lancers. A movie company from Hollywood came to us wanting to make a film,

which you may have seen, and there was a fearful row about it. They had a perfectly clear idea of what they wanted, and we had an equally clear idea of what we wanted. It wasn't until three or four years later that I realized we had both been right.

"Good night," he said.

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IN LAGOS, IN NIGERIA, THERE ARE TWO CLUBS; one, the Island Club, is racially mixed, and every month it holds a mixed dance. I was taken to one by a Nigerian, Ernest Ikoli, Nigerian representative of the *London Times* and "dean" of Nigerian journalists. Ikoli is past middle age, with two white cotton-balls of hair about the ears that make him look like Uncle Tom. ("That's what some of the young firebrands call him now," a British official had told me. "Uncle Tom—but it is a brave man.") He was born in Brass, on the seacoast at the outer edge of the Niger delta, in the days when Nigerian nationalism was not so politically privileged as it is now. "I belong to the group of pioneers," he said. "I lived in the time when the Governor's proclamation was law." Now there is a new generation in Nigeria, "who take too much for granted," and the job of "infusing a sense of history into them, to keep the balance," is Ernest Ikoli's. "I tell them," he said, "nineteenths of what you have here is the result of the white man's effort." Brave words, too; for in the Nigerian press of today this is little short of "imperialism."

There are some twenty newspapers in Nigeria edited by Africans, more than in any other country in Africa. No one is quite sure how many there are at any moment, since most are flimsy efforts—smearily printed with a hodge-podge of old and broken type—and few are financially stable. But the real weakness of the Nigerian press is the same as its strength: politics. "Apart from the *Daily Times*, all are propaganda sheets." (The Lagos *Daily Times*, now a subsidiary of the London *Daily Mirror*, is the oldest in Nigeria; its first editor was Ernest Ikoli.) The largest chain of papers, five in all, is owned by Dr. Nnamdi Azikwe, president of the leading political party of Nigeria and a man often greeted by crowds that shout, "aZIKwe, aZIKwe," when he appears in public. Politics and journalism, parallel paths in British West Africa, are the



smoothest roads to success—a messy state of affairs, but all of it very brave.

"We are different from other parts of Africa," Mr. Ikoli observed. "We are the only people who can claim to be purely African. If we fail, we fail. The main burden is on us, now that outside help is secondary. This country and the Gold Coast may influence the whole course of events in Africa." Mr. Ikoli was consciously speaking for quotation. "The Nigerian," he went on, "is a fellow with a lot of common sense. That's the secret of our success—not only the men but the women. The future of this country is assured, because of the common sense of the people. All the British can do now is make use of it."

The Island club was filling up with a crowd of men and women, black and white—laughing, shouting, arms around one another's shoulders. Among the non-Britishers were business men, Syrian and African merchants, and above all Nigerian politicians—real, live ministers of the government. This has been the most startling change in Ernest Ikoli's lifetime—that there should be African ministers! "I think I must pay tribute to the English people," he said, "for the way they've responded. It isn't easy, to take instructions from black ministers, and they're doing it very cheerfully." Ernest Ikoli is no simple Uncle Tom, however. "I'm very pro-British," he says, "but they've got no imagination; they're too damn stupid. To be very honest, they've done a fine job of work. I tell them—they know I'm in favor of them—that there are a lot of things they could have got away with, except that they're so damn stupid."

I asked Mr. Ikoli if he would try to answer a question for me that I had asked in many parts of Africa: Do many Africans know what it is that Europeans say about them most often—that you can never really understand the African mind—and if so what do they make of it? He thought a moment, but not more than a moment, before replying: "The average African tries to please. When a white man asks him a question, he thinks, 'I wonder what's in the back of his mind?' and he tries to tell him what he thinks a white man wants to hear, in his own self-interest. If the European has any imagination he will know it is nonsense. If you are an African, you don't want to ask any questions. You want to see the way the white man behaves, to his chil-

dren, his servants. I don't think the African mind is different from any other mind."

Mr. Ikoli left early, needing his sleep, but I stayed on far into the morning to watch the dancing, the drinking, the most free and easy-going relationship between the races I had seen. "The whole place is pulsating," he had said, and it certainly was in the Island Club. I met some of the ministers, held disjointed conversations with the British public-relations officer and his American wife, and tried to strike up an acquaintance with a bright and brittle-looking white woman who was sitting at the bar next to an African with a lively and delicately modeled face. She wanted to know why I was in Africa. I said many Americans thought it was about time they learned something about the place. She said she thought that was pretty damned patronizing of us, and despairing of an otherwise beautiful friendship I asked her if she could answer the question I had asked Mr. Ikoli. "Yes," she said, "I can. Many Africans *do* realize that Europeans can't understand them, but"—she glanced toward the man at her side, who had turned to talk to someone else—"the knowledge is obstructed in their minds by something more important, and that is the African inferiority complex. Many of them still believe, you see, that the white man *is* better than they are, and it will be a long, long time before we are rid of that." Shortly she turned her head away, signifying that the conversation had ended.

#### IV

THE PLACE TO FIND RACE RELATIONS AT their best is likely to be the broadcasting studio. In every one we visited the atmosphere was one of relaxed and informal teamwork, apparently an outcome of the fact that here, as virtually nowhere else, the African has a skilled intellectual job to do which the European cannot do. Shows must be written and scripts must be read in the vernacular, by Africans. The Europeans get them, they train them, and then they make them the priceless gift of genuine responsibility. They *have* to, for how many white men could tell the difference if sandwiched in between the news items was a subtle appeal to raise the red flag of revolution and start slitting throats?



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IN ACCRA, THE MAN TO SEE ABOUT GOLD Coast music was supposed to be Philip Gbeho. He was said to be out at the University College at Achimota, but the day we went to Achimota he turned out to be in Accra, teaching a class at the British Council, so I came back into town early hoping to catch him. The British Council is a semi-private, semi-governmental organization that serves a purpose somewhat like that of the U. S. Information Service, a combination of propaganda and cultural good works. Its office in Accra is a U-shape of low, rambling buildings, in a grove of trees, on the edge of the beach by the ocean, where the air is thick with moisture. In a courtyard between the two arms of the U, I found Mr. Gbeho and his pupils, a dozen or so, about half and half, African and British.

"Anyone who claims to understand African music," Mr. Gbeho had written in the *Accra Daily Graphic*, "must know how to dance, how to sing, and how to play the drums. . . ." His method of teaching is to make people make the music, and he had them at it when I arrived—some playing a kind of two-tone double cow-bell, some rattling large gourds with strings of beads around them, some beating small drums and some larger, while he himself had the biggest drum of all, the master drum, deep-toned and loud. He would begin by setting a rhythmic pattern for the cow-bells, having them practice it, adding a pattern for the gourds, another for each of the different drums, putting them together, and finally coming in himself with a solo that played against all the other beats at once. For the few moments his students were able to keep this up it was quite a show. But sooner or later he would shout at them to stop. "When you make a mistake you don't hear it, but just remember you're *killing* me!"

In the group were two or three British men from the Achimota faculty, three or four British women, two young and very good-looking African women, and a varying group of young African men who arrived and departed as the class continued. The British were being conscientious about appreciating the local arts, and in a curious way so were the Africans. They were obviously educated folk who had passed through the period of disdain

for their own "folklore" and on to something else.

"The time I feel is now come," Mr. Gbeho had written, "when we should no longer believe in the old doctrine to say African music culture is bad." The two girls were especially self-conscious, but they were enjoying themselves and later on in the afternoon, as it grew dark, one of them even got up and began hesitantly to dance.

This was only the fourth or fifth class they had held, and Mr. Gbeho was still trying to impart the basic African rhythms. They are not syncopated, in the jazz sense, but rather rhythmically complex—multiple rhythms, abruptly shifting from one to another and back, with subtle accents and variations. It does not sound at all like jazz, or like anything the Western ear is used to, for there is no underlying one-two-three-four to hang on to. Mr. Gbeho, for practice, was having them walk around in a circle, patting their chests with their hands, two beats with one to three with the other, three beats with one to four with the other, or playing a form of African patty-cake that takes a sudden reversal of emphasis in the middle to make it come out right. "Any child can do this!" he would say. "An illiterate drummer out in the bush can play these things in his sleep. What's the matter with you people?"

Mr. Gbeho knows perfectly well, of course, what is the matter. He is, as he says, "musically bilingual"; he has studied music in London and is himself a church organist who "does not condemn Western harmony." He straddles the two worlds, not an easy thing to do. After the class was over we talked for a few moments before he had to leave. "With the impact of Western civilization," he said, "we are losing almost everything. I agree that some of our culture will have to be allowed to die, but it is not fair to lose the music, because so much of our culture is connected with it and because our rhythms, compared to yours, are thousands of years ahead." It was the most hopeful thing I heard an African say, and his music lesson was the most hopeful sight I saw: a semicircle of whites and blacks together, around a large black man in a white T-shirt and blue shorts, pounding out on the drums of his people a definition of what can be lost and what can be saved, his eyes round and glowing.



# No Month but May

A Story by Mary Deasy

Drawings by Byron Goto

IN THE early morning, with the aqueous September dawn spreading outside the windows of her room, she heard Frankie at the door, asking cautiously if she wanted to get up and go over to her brother Clint's, so that she could ride down to the station with him to meet the train her father and his new bride were coming in on from Louisville; but she lay still and pretended that she did not hear.

"Miss Marcy—" Frankie's voice came again. "You hear what I tole you? Your daddy's comin' home this mornin'—"

She lay there with her eyes shut, and after a minute Frankie went downstairs again, muttering something beneath her breath. Marcy opened her eyes and looked at the three brass monkeys outlined dimly across the room on the cluttered top of the chest of drawers.

"I'm not going anywhere," she said. "If they want to come here, they can come, but I don't have to go down and meet them."

She closed her eyes again and thought for a while about her father and Helen Sears, and then she went to sleep again, and when she woke up it was full morning outside the windows. She could hear Frankie's voice from around in the side yard, singing: "*Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. . .*" It was her worrying song. Coming now through the fresh morning air, though, it had an almost cheerful sound.

Marcy found her tan breeches and a clean pair of socks and a sweater, and got dressed and went downstairs. Her boots were still on the side porch where she had left them when she had come in the afternoon before. She did not put them on till after she had eaten breakfast, padding around the kitchen in her socks. Frankie had made muffins, and she ate them cold, with a glass of milk and a dish of stewed prunes that she found in the refrigerator. While she was eating she stood at the

window and watched Frankie's broad black serious face as she hung out the wash in the yard. It had cleared since early morning, and the sky was blue; there was a wind whipping out the clothes that were already on the line.

She finished her breakfast and put on her boots and went outside, letting the screen door slam behind her. Frankie looked around when she heard the door.

"Where you off to now?" she called over to her. "Don't you go out of sight; your daddy and Mis' Sears'll be here any minute."

"She's not Mrs. Sears any more," Marcy said. "She's Mrs. Butler. You'd better remember that, Frankie."





"You better remember it yourself," Frankie said. "What kind of way was that for you to do—not goin' down to the station with Mr. Clint and his wife to meet them? You wasn't asleep when I called you this mornin'. I know you. You was foxin'."

She bent over and picked up a sheet from the wicker basket on the ground beside her. Marcy came over and stood beside her as she straightened the sheet out on the line.

"I didn't want to go down to the station," she said. "I was scared."

"Scared?" Frankie said. "Scared of Mis' Sears? You known her ever since you been knee-high to a duck. You ain't scared of no Mis' Sears."

"You know what I mean, Frankie," Marcy said. She watched Frankie put a handful of clothespins between her strong white teeth, and take them out one by one as she pinned the sheet on the line against the wind. "You're scared too," she said. "So's Heman. So's William. You're scared she's going to civilize us."

Frankie laughed high, taking the last clothespin out of her mouth. The laughter gleamed a little too brightly on her face.

"Civilize us," she said. "Well, I reckon we can stand some civilizin'. Way you goin' around here anyway, lookin' like a wild Indian instead of a young lady sixteen years old, it wouldn't do you no harm at all."

"I don't want to be civilized," Marcy said. "Neither do Heman and William. I asked them. Heman says he's not going to work anyplace where he has to watch his manners and the way he looks. He says he'll quit first."

"Hu-uh!" Frankie said. "'Heman says—' Let me catch him." She flapped a towel out and pinned it on the line. "I ain't traipsin' to no new job for that man's foolishness."

"Maybe it's not foolishness," Marcy said. She picked another towel out of the basket and handed it to Frankie. "You and Heman and William are better off than I am, anyway," she said. "If it's not foolishness, you can quit any time."

She stood there watching Frankie's face, which was half-frowning now against the sun as she moved out of the shadow of the house.

"You ought to be ashamed to talk like that," Frankie said. "Mis' Sears, she never give you no call to talk that way. What makes you think she goin' to come in here like a

rampagin' tiger? She never acted like that before, all the years she's been comin' round here, and she ain't goin' to begin at it now."

"I hardly ever saw her in a dress before the wedding," Marcy said. "She looks a lot different from the way she does in her breeches."

"Dresses don't make no difference," Frankie said. "Dresses or pants, it's the same person underneath."

"She'll make you walk chalk," Marcy said. "You wait and see. I'll bet you she has sit-down breakfast for the whole family every day in the week. You won't get away with muffins and what's left in the icebox the way you did this morning."

Frankie turned around, putting her hands on her hips.

"There was a good breakfast on the table for whoever come and got it at seven o'clock this morning," she said. "Trouble ain't with who's fixin' the meals around here, trouble is with who's eatin' them."

She went back to hanging up the wash again. Marcy put her hands in her breeches pockets and drifted away slowly toward the stable behind the house. The half-grown tiger-striped kitten ran up to her, and she said, "Hello, cat," and picked it up, and walked on into the stable with it.

**I**NSIDE the stable Heman was cleaning out old Major's stall. Marcy went over and stood at the stall door, watching him, holding the kitten on one arm and patting Major's nose with the other hand. Heman looked around at her. "You goin' for a ride now, Miss Marcy?" he said. "Your daddy and his bride'll be home along about now."

"They won't be home for a while yet," she said.

"You want me to saddle old Major?"

Marcy looked up at Major. "Major doesn't want to go out this morning," she said. "Besides, I want to ride Belle Butler."

Heman shook his head. "Your daddy don't like for you to ride that mare," he said. "She's skittery as a rabbit. A mare like that ain't no ladies' horse."

"Helen rides her," Marcy said.

The kitten squirmed in her arm and she let it down, watching it run off toward the door of the stable.

Heman grinned. "Your daddy's bride, she ride most anything," he said. "She got good



hands and a good head. She know how to handle that mare as careful as if she was a case full of dynamite."

"I'll be careful too," Marcy said.

She started back toward Belle Butler's stall. When she came up to it Belle looked out to see who it was, and then stretched her neck over the stall door, snuffing at Marcy's pockets.

"I haven't got anything for you this morning," Marcy said. She reached up for the bridle that was hanging outside the stall and began to push open the door.

"You better let me do that, Miss Marcy," Heman said, coming up behind her.

She watched him putting the bridle on, Belle with her ears flat, stubborn, sidling off with little dancing steps as he talked to her in reproving grunts.

"Why do people get married, Heman?" she asked him after a minute.

Heman came leading Belle Butler out of the stall. He passed Marcy, grinning.

"It's the way the Lord made them, I reckon," he said. "Folks gits lonesome."

"Is that the reason you married Frankie?"

He laughed, going off toward the harness-room. "I reckon. You ask her about that."

She followed him into the harness-room.

"Is that the reason Father got married?"

"Like as not. Your mama been dead a long time now."

"I'm not lonesome," Marcy said. She followed Heman again as he went out of the harness-room with the saddle. "I've got you and Father and Frankie and William," she said. "I'm not lonesome."

"You'll git lonesome too in your time," Heman said. He grunted as he lifted the saddle and settled it on Belle Butler's back. "You'll git you a sweetheart too."

"William's not married," Marcy said. "I don't think he's lonesome either. He hasn't got a sweetheart."

Heman laughed out loud. "He got a sweetheart all right," he said. "Where you think he off to every Sunday afternoon? Don't you tell him I tole you, though."

He tightened the saddle-girth and shortened the stirrups. Marcy leaned against the wall silently, watching him.

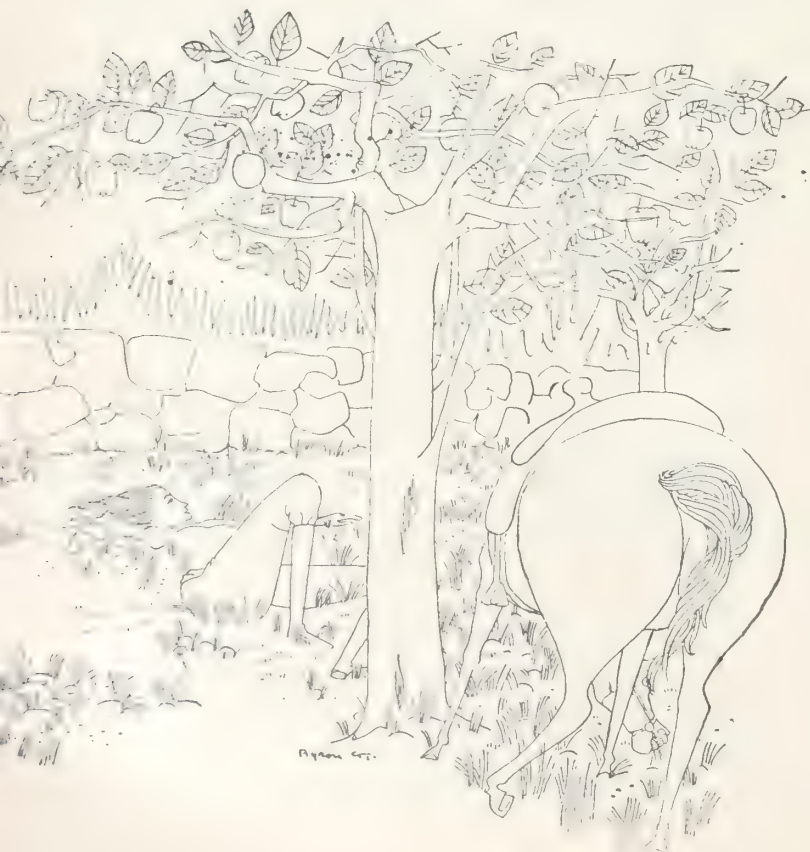
"All right now, Miss Marcy," he said to her.

She came over and he held Belle Butler's bridle while she got into the saddle.

"You want to be careful, now," he warned her again. "Your daddy don't want to come home and find you with no broken bones."

MARCY settled the reins in her hands and let Belle start off toward the stable door. They clattered out through the yard at a fast trot, Marcy hearing Frankie's startled voice calling angrily to her from beside the house, but she did not stop, only waved her hand as she passed. At the road she reined Belle in for a moment, but the way was clear and they went across, Belle walking sedately on the asphalt, then, as Marcy's heel touched her side, heading down the long, tree-shaded lane across the road at a smooth fast canter. Marcy felt happy. She had left the house behind, and the people who lived in it, and the need to think about them. The sun was climbing, and the whole countryside was warm now with September sun, and she could smell the ripe smell of the coming harvest-time all through the air.

When they came to the end of the lane she reined Belle in again and sat for a moment looking out over the sunny fields on both sides, trying to make up her mind which way to go. Belle tossed her head at the delay, lifting one foot and then another, impatiently. When Marcy gave her her head again she stretched her neck out and went like the wind. The trees went wheeling by and the breeze





blew fast and little clods of earth flew backward where her hooves came thudding sharply down. They came to Browster's Lane, and Marcy pulled Belle in, or she would have gone dashing across and over the low stone wall into the field where Mr. Browster's Holstein cows were staring at her in slow suspicion.

Marcy slid off then, laughing at Belle, who was snorting and stamping because she hadn't wanted to stop, and tied the reins to a low branch of one of the apple trees that were growing beside the lane. She picked an apple for herself and one for Belle, and after they had eaten them she stretched out in the shade and looked up through the heavy branches of the trees at the sky. She lay there till she began to think again about her father's getting married and Helen's coming to live at their house. As soon as she began to think of that she jumped up, and untied Belle Butler's reins, and found a stone to stand on, and after trying three times got Belle to keep still long enough so that she could mount.

They started down Browster's Lane at a walk. The sun was almost directly overhead now, and Marcy knew that her father and Helen would have arrived home long ago, but she did not want to go back yet. They came by the Browsters' house, Belle walking nervously, jerking at the reins because she wanted to go faster; and then all at once, as they passed the clothesline just inside the fence where Mrs. Browster had hung her Monday wash, a sheet flapped out before the wind, and Belle went sideways like a shot, so that the next minute Marcy was flat on her back in the lane, while Belle went clattering off at a gallop toward the road.

Mrs. Browster came running out from the house as Marcy sat up.

"Oh dear, Marcy," she said, "are you hurt?"

Marcy got up. "No," she said. "Thank you, I'm all right."

"That Belle Butler," Mrs. Browster said. "Making believe she was scared of that sheet. She's just looking for the excuse to do some devilment. I saw the whole thing from the kitchen." She helped Marcy brush off her breeches and sweater. "You'd better come on in and phone your folks," she said. "They'll be upset when Belle Butler turns up home without you. Mr. Browster can drive you over after lunch. We're just about ready to sit down."

"I hope she gets home all right," Marcy said. Looking down the lane, she could see nothing but the dust settling slowly under the bright noon sun.

"Don't you worry about that," Mrs. Browster said. "She's got more sense than a Christian, when she wants to use it."

She and Marcy went in at the gate and up the walk to the kitchen door. Mr. Browster was at the sink, washing up.

"Hello, Marcy," he said. "Where did you drop from?"

"I fell off Belle Butler," Marcy said. "Right outside your house."

"I don't know of a better place that you could have picked," Mr. Browster said. He was laughing at her.

"You go on out in the hall now, Marcy, and phone your folks," Mrs. Browster said. "Your father and Helen got home this morning, didn't they?"

"I suppose so," Marcy said. "I haven't seen them yet."

She went out slowly into the hall and picked up the telephone and called the Butler house number. Frankie answered the ring. Marcy could hear the angry click of her tongue over the wire as she recognized her voice.

"Child, where on earth you gone to all morning?" she said to her. "Don't you know your daddy and Mis' Sears are home?"

"I'm over at the Browsters'," Marcy said. "I'm going to have lunch here. I fell off Belle Butler in the lane."

Frankie's perturbed voice crackled in her ear. "My stars! There's nothin' but trouble out of you, and that's a fact. What's your daddy goin' to say when he hears about this? He told you you come to grief if you keep on ridin' that mare."

"I'm all right," Marcy said. "You'd better send Heman or William out looking for Belle Butler, though. She might not want to come right home."

"You come right home yourself," Frankie said. "My stars! Your daddy goin' to hit the ceilin' when he hears about this."

"I'll be home after lunch," Marcy said. "Mr. Browster is going to drive me over."

SHE put the receiver down while Frankie was still talking, and wandered out into the parlor. Mrs. Browster was old-fashioned tidy, and the room wasn't like the liv-



ing-room at home, all cluttered and comfortable and shabby. There were lace curtains at the windows, and a Brussels carpet on the floor, and the furniture stood stiffly against the walls, which were decorated with framed samplers that Mrs. Browster's grandmother or great-grandmother had made. Marcy stopped in front of one of them and read the faded embroidered letters, set in a garland of cross-stitched roses:

My days were strawed with flowers and  
happiness,  
There was no month but May.

It was quiet in the room with the tall clock ticking slowly in the corner, and the bright September wind blowing soundlessly outside the closed windows, swaying the clematis vine gently back and forth. All at once Marcy felt so lonesome that she couldn't bear to stay in there any longer by herself. She couldn't bear the lonesome sunshine and the lonesome ticking of the clock and the lonesome silent breeze outside the windows. She went back quickly to the kitchen again.

There was fried ham for lunch, and butter beans, and Saturday's home-baked bread still firm and moist with the good milk and butter that had gone into it. Marcy sat between Mr. Browster and Mrs. Browster at the lunch table.

They talked about Helen and Marcy's father: "That's the smartest thing your daddy's done in a long time," Mr. Browster said, "to marry a fine woman like Helen Sears"; and Mrs. Browster said, "It'll be nice for you, Marcy," and Marcy said, "Yes."

"None of the Butler men," Mr. Browster said, joking again as he looked up from under his big eyebrows, cutting his ham, "ever knows what he wants till it walks right up and says 'How d'ye do' to him. You take your daddy now, Marcy. Your granddaddy Butler raised the best standardbred horses in Ohio, and I'll bet your daddy wishes right well he was doing that too, instead of spending his good time of life in law offices and courts, fussing over this one's alimony and that one's damages. But there was no telling him that twenty years ago. By Harry, I'll bet Helen had to pop the question to him, or he'd still be sitting there in his chair of an evening, wondering what it was he was missing out of life."

"That's a fine way to talk now," Mrs.

Browster said, shaking her head; but she was smiling too.

Marcy looked at the two of them sitting across the table from each other. They looked solid and contented and as full of a mutual placidity as the black-and-white Holsteins in the field outside. It made her feel lonesome again to watch them.

"Marcy, you're not eating enough to keep a bird alive," Mrs. Browster said.

"I'm not very hungry," Marcy said.

She sat looking out through the open doorway at the Browsters' fat white clothes blowing on the line.

When lunch was over Mr. Browster drove her home. Mrs. Browster went out to her garden first and cut a bunch of asters for Marcy to take back for Helen, and Marcy held them on her lap in the car. There were so many of them that they kept spilling off on to the floor. Mr. Browster took her all the way in at the drive, and back to the yard behind the house, so that she would not have to carry them far.

SHE went in at the back door. Helen was sitting in the kitchen, talking to Frankie. When she saw Marcy come in she said, "Marcy Butler," and shook her head, and began to smile.

"I hope Belle Butler got home all right," Marcy said. She looked for someplace to put the asters.

"No thanks to you," Frankie said. "I don't know which one of the two of you is the undependablest." She came over and took the asters from Marcy. "Give me them flowers now," she said. "You got leaves and truck all over my clean floor already."

"Where's Father?" Marcy said to Helen.

"He had to go into town. He was a little upset that you didn't come to meet him, Marcy."

"I overslept," Marcy said, looking at Frankie. "Didn't I, Frankie?"

"I reckon you did," Frankie said.

She put the asters on the drainboard of the sink and went into the cupboard to find a vase for them.

"Come on upstairs with me," Helen said. "I've got something for you from Louisville."

Marcy followed her out through the dining room into the hall and up the stairs. They went into the big bedroom that had always



been Marcy's father's. There was a long box lying on the bed.

"Open it, Marcy," Helen said, sitting down at the foot of the bed.

Marcy opened the box. Inside, beneath layers of tissue paper, there was a white dress. She held it up to herself and looked into the mirror. It was the prettiest dress she had ever had.

"I hope you like it," Helen said. She smiled at Marcy a little doubtfully. "Your father said you wouldn't. We had quite a discussion."

"It's beautiful," Marcy said. She stroked the material with her hand. "Of course I like it," she said politely.

Helen looked at her rather ruefully. "Ned said you'd rather have a new pair of boots," she said. "Or a new saddle. Or just a new kitten."

"I've got a cat," Marcy said. "This is beautiful, Helen. It really is."

She said she would try it on as soon as she was cleaned up, but first she wanted to go back to the stable and see if Belle Butler was all right.

"She likely cut through the Pownolls' old place and got herself full of burrs," she said. "Father won't like it if he comes home and Heman hasn't had time to get them out."

She went downstairs again and out through the kitchen to the yard. Frankie was out there, taking down the things that were dry from the line.

"Don't you be thinkin' up no more fibs for me to swear to," she called to her, as she passed. "Next time I ain't goin' to blacken my reputation for you."

"I won't do it again," Marcy said, turning around but continuing to walk slowly backward toward the stable. "I didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings."

"You'd ought to thought of that before you went back to sleep this morning," Frankie said.

Marcy turned around again without answering and went on into the stable. There was no one in there, and she went back to Belle Butler's stall and pushed open the door and went inside and looked at Belle's legs.

"You had a fine time for yourself, didn't you?" she said to her. "Look at you now. There's an hour's work on you if there's a minute."

She put a halter on Belle and brought her out of the stall and got a currycomb and started to work. After a little Heman came in and they talked to each other while they worked. Then she had to go out to the field behind the stable and watch the two new colts for a while, and then she had to stop by old Major's stall, and she hadn't even noticed the way the shadows were lengthening outside toward late afternoon till she heard her father drive into the yard.

"I've got to go now," she said hurriedly, to Heman. "Here it must be almost dinnertime, and I haven't even started to get cleaned up."

She ran across the yard and caught up with her father just as he was going into the house. He looked around at her.

"Hello," he said. "If it isn't Marcy. I thought you'd gone over to board with the Browsters."

"I came back," she said. "They haven't got such a nice house as ours."

He put his arm around her shoulders and hugged her as they went inside.

"I don't have to ask you if you've been a good girl," he said. "I know you haven't. The next time you go out alone on Belle Butler, though, I'm going to have something to say to you."

"She did it on purpose," Marcy said. "The little devil." She stood in the middle of the kitchen, smelling fried chicken and biscuits. "Oh—I'm hungry!" she said. "I'd better go up right away and wash."





SHE went upstairs and shucked off her boots and breeches and changed to a blue cotton dress. The box with the new white dress was lying on the bed in her room, but she couldn't stop to try it on now. By the time she came downstairs Frankie was already beginning to put things on the table, and Helen was bringing in a bowl of asters to set in the center. Her father was standing in the doorway, talking to Helen. When she saw her father and Helen there together Marcy felt the same way she had when she had watched Mr. Browster and Mrs. Browster together at lunchtime. She felt the way she had felt in the quiet parlor, with the lonesome sunlight falling through the windows, and the clock ticking lonesomely in the corner, and the faded brightness of the sampler hanging lonesomely on the wall, saying:

My days were strawed with flowers and  
happiness,

There was no month but May.

The three of them sat down at the dinner table and ate Frankie's fried chicken and her big fluffy biscuits. Outside the sun was going down, and the fall evening chill began to come in the air. Marcy's father got up and turned on the electric lights. They made the room seem smaller and more shut in on itself against the twilight. Marcy always loved the first feeling of fall, the coziness of the house, light and warmth snugly caught in the mesh of rooms; but this evening she did not want it. She did not want the summer's ending and the quick dusks coming and the long quiet evenings to spend inside.

They had an apple pie for dessert, and then, while her father and Helen were still sitting at the table over their coffee, Marcy excused herself and drifted out into the kitchen. Frankie and Heman were having their dinner out there, and she saw them sitting close together, laughing, looking lazy and happy with the day's work behind them. They glanced up as she came in, but she walked right on through the kitchen to the side porch, and took her old gray sweater that was hanging behind the door, and opened the door and went outside.

It was chilly out there with the wind still blowing and the sun gone down, and she pulled her sweater on as she walked. She saw the tiger-striped kitten running toward

her like a shadow across the yard, and she stooped down and picked him up and held him securely in her arms. There was an old whitewashed bench standing beside the lilac bushes in the yard. Marcy went over and sat down on it. She could see the squares of light that were the dining-room and kitchen windows, and sometimes, when the wind was quiet for a moment, she could hear Frankie and Heman talking and laughing in the house.

The kitten squirmed in her arms, but she held him firmly. She held him up and looked into his furry face.

"You and I, cat," she whispered to him, "we're going to stay exactly the way we are. Do you hear me, cat? *Exactly* the way we are."

The tiger-striped kitten looked at her out of his solemn, inscrutable eyes. It was lonesome out there in the deep dusk, with the fall wind blowing and the first leaves just beginning to drop from the trees.





# Forty Months in Red Hungary

*George May*

IT WAS like home-coming, my return to Hungary in the fall of 1948. Many of the railroad stations were still gutted shells, but the platforms were freshly graveled, and in the dining rooms one could get a soul-satisfying portion of *gulyás* and *halaszlé*, the paprika-charged fish soup that only a true Hungarian can endure. In Budapest's narrow Váci Utca, where dead horses had lain less than four years earlier, the *boutiques* now dispensed chic at a modest price. The wrecks of the great hotels on the Danube had been cleared, and in the new outdoor cafés a fresh crop of joyous and carefree jokes was harvested daily. The Communists were already busy breaking up the rival parties, but one could still speak freely. And when, with a pretty Foreign Office guide, one drove out into the country, he found the enormous estates of the great landed nobility split up, and the new smallholders talking of what they would do with the proceeds of the next crop. "I think I should be able to manage a new little house in the fall. Right there!"

It is a measure of the road that has been traveled by Hungary since 1948 that when I finally left Budapest last year, I had to make arrangements with a British diplomatic courier on the train to keep an eye on me, lest I be abducted by the Secret Police. Many of my closest friends had been arrested. The Hungarian language had acquired new odd-sounding words to describe the degrees of acute emotional stress induced by fear. In the cafés on the Danube, Secret Police raiding squads had begun to check the identity cards of the visitors. In the heart of Váci Utca one night I counted thirty-seven nationalized, and

abandoned, shops. Food had become scarce, except for the plushy restaurants and night clubs catering to the new Red aristocracy. The old Nazi camps had been revived, and Western diplomats estimated that one adult in ten had been under arrest at one time or another since 1945. Kangaroo courts began to be held in the factories to intimidate the workers into greater exertion. And such accustomed terms as "social democracy" and "liberalism" now acquired the odor of courtroom and prison.

I know this sounds melodramatic, but when the Arlberg-Orient Express came to a halt in the beleaguered city of Budapest I was tempted to kneel and kiss its soiled steps—a piece of the decadent, imperialist, and much freer world.

In all, I had spent forty months in Hungary as a newspaperman. As the press corps kept shrinking, my duties grew. At the time of my departure, I was serving as a correspondent for the *Times* of London and for Reuter's News Agency, apart from "stringing" for the London *Daily Express* and *Time-Life*. All these, however, were relative sinecures. For I could no longer interview any responsible officials—or even irresponsible ones; my friends had been warned not to see me; and when I did get a news item, I had to weigh it against my freedom. Was it worth filing?

I do not know why I had been spared for so long. My guess is that the Communists wanted to keep a press channel open to London. It is, however, a commentary on life in a Satellite state that over our noon coffee we could matter-of-factly discuss the latest arrest of some Party dignitary, and

*Mr. May's recent safe departure from Hungary has made him, he writes, "the last American or British newspaperman to have worked in the four Satellite countries in East Europe and survived." He was also one of the last Westerners to leave Hungary.*



consider our own suitability as prisoners to be used as "Wall Street" witnesses against the newest "traitor."

THERE were other elements of unreality, even by the odd standards of Central Europe. The Balkans had been my stamping ground before the war. I was born there, worked there for Western publications, and had come to feel at home in Bucharest, Belgrade, or Budapest. I was accustomed to the atmosphere of intrigue in this world, the operations of its Secret Police, its intensity about things political and, withal, its easy-going ways. But nothing in my recollection matched, for instance, the case of Edith Martin, the corpulent and jolly correspondent for the London *Daily Worker*. Edith was born a Hungarian, took part in the abortive Red putsch of 1919, escaped, and was interned in Austria. There, she met and got to be on first-name terms with the men who now govern Red Hungary. Edith went on to become a British citizen, and eventually ended in Budapest as a reporter, painting the new regime in the brightest colors known to communism. Then, in the best neo-Balkan manner, something happened. Mrs. Martin found herself barred from the Rajk trial. Wise in Communist ways, she promptly reserved space on an airplane headed for London via Prague. I saw her shortly before she was to leave, and she seemed in high spirits.

A week or so later, her relatives in London asked the Foreign Office to find out why Mrs. Martin had not arrived. The Foreign Office inquired. Budapest said she had left; Prague reported she had never reached there. My own discreet inquiries indicated that Mrs. Martin had never boarded the plane. Her apartment had been searched by the Secret Police, and her landlord, a bookseller, had been arrested. To this day, London keeps inquiring, and Budapest courteously promises to investigate. The London *Daily Worker* loyally never mentions its missing correspondent. The Red lady has vanished.

But Edith was not alone. Eugene Szatmary, the veteran correspondent for the International News Service, was picked up in the middle of the night. When his wife, a former movie star, telephoned some of us for help, she too was taken away. When we sought information at the Foreign Ministry, the un-

couth spokesman warned us to file no reports of the arrest. Szatmary, I happened to know, had been "fingering" by a Secret Police agent planted in our tiny foreign press corps, a man complete with Italian press credentials.

There were other signs of surveillance. An automobile with four men began to park near the house. When I protested to the Foreign Ministry, the car vanished, but an outpost was established in an apartment across the street. And time and again, when I visited some restaurant or night club, a waiter would warn me conspiratorially that another customer at the bar was "tailing" me. What made it piquant was that all waiters had long ago been screened by the Secret Police "because we cannot allow irresponsible persons to work in places where secrets may be spoken aloud."

## II

THE death of *Gemütlichkeit*, of carefree coffee-drinking on the Corso, of free-wheeling talk and ribald jokes, and of a million urban and rural dreams, came with the trial of László Rajk. Though he will never know it, Rajk supplied the turning point. Communist intrigue, of course, had begun the day the Red Army marched into Budapest, bringing with it a skeleton force of Comintern agents and police experts. A magnificently brazen speech delivered by Boss Mátyás Rákosi last year described step-by-step how the Communists destroyed all the rival parties and took over power. Rákosi himself called it "salami tactics"; a slice here and a slice there until the whole sausage was gone, and it was too late. But even when I arrived in Hungary in 1948, the Communist operations were well concealed.

Having eliminated all their rivals, the Communists held an election in May 1949 and, of course, won it. Rajk, then one of the Party's Big Four, was among the "beloved leaders" elected by a heavy majority. A few weeks later, this dashing hero of the Spanish Civil War and the wartime Hungarian underground was in prison as, among many other heinous things, "a Titoite agent."

Rajk's end, figuratively speaking, took the whipped cream out of the strong, black *espresso*, and sent Secret Police agents on a man hunt in the upper brackets of the Party



and the Army. Russian officers, for the first time, began to march ostentatiously up and down Váci Utca in droves, as if to advertise the presence of Soviet troops in Hungary. Mass meetings at factories and offices began to pass resolutions, "Rope for the Traitors!" And when one called the interurban exchange, the sweet-voiced telephone girls responded, "Death to Rajk! What number do you wish?"

Rajk had his neck broken by a hangman, after a trial at which I heard him confess an incredible variety of political and criminal sins. And, as if his death was the long-awaited signal, things became tough all over. Russian taskmasters began their mass visitations to Hungary, and their colony along Bajza Utca became a ghetto-in-reverse in the heart of Budapest. Somebody coined the phrase, "We're eating our tomorrows." And so today's diet became a succession of lean years. Former Nazi concentration camps were reactivated, and many of my friends and acquaintances vanished, to reappear a year or more later, with grim tales of arrest without charges, and of internment at the discretion of the camp chief.

I remember driving by the Kistarcsa camp, some fifteen miles from Budapest, and recognizing a lawyer I knew well among the prisoners digging ditches along the road. We both began to raise our arms in greeting, but neither of us completed the gesture. It would have done neither of us any good. Officials I knew disappeared from their desks, and even their secretaries, surprisingly, could not remember their ex-bosses' names when I telephoned the next morning. In two horrible weeks, Secret Police trucks picked up thousands—some put it as 40,000, others at 50,000—of "undesirables" in Budapest, and at short notice shipped them to remote villages. When the publicity abroad began to hurt, an official statement explained it was just a thousand-odd "former aristocrats and Horthyite officers." But whoever issued this statement was obviously malinformed. For among the deported thousands many were my friends, and they were either intellectuals, such as doctors or lawyers, or dispossessed small shopkeepers. Most of them were aged. Their apartments—the china, the kitchen pots, the rocking chairs, and the sons' first toys—were handed over the next day to deserving

Party members, Police agents, and "shock workers." For weeks thereafter, the Communist press was filled with reports of how delighted the new occupants were with the family silver or the thick comforters they found in their new premises. In Rákosi's language, the last slice of salami had been cut.

THE process was not as simple as a mere redistribution of apartments, or the hanging of potential waverers, or the tightening of belts. The Communist program was complex, and its range ran all the way from vaudeville to a truly spectacular expansion of heavy industry, of which I hope to write in a subsequent article. Not the least important item in the program was—and is—Russification. Forgotten is the day when one of the Party's up-and-coming "Young Turks," Géza Losonczi (since arrested), reproached the Budapest Opera for its overemphasis on Hungary's own Béla Bartók and its indifference to the "immortal works of the Russian masters." In the year 1953 no such appeals are heard—or needed. Somewhere between 80 and 90 per cent of all the plays and movies shown in Hungary are Russian, and attendance at them is often made compulsory to certain groups of workers or employees. The Soviet movie, "The Party Card," for instance, has been running for a couple of years because practically the entire Hungarian Communist party of 860,000 members and candidates has been required to see it.

The children scream in glee watching the Soviet puppeteers (Aladdin is now a deserving textile worker, oppressed by his capitalist boss). When "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is launched on a highly successful run, Miss Harriet Beecher Stowe is helped out by an obscure Russian woman-playwright, who has introduced a new revolutionary hero, deflated Uncle Tom to a meek, Bible-reading secondary figure, and added a narrator. In the new prologue and epilogue, *he* explains that Simon Legree is really a Wall Street villain, true today as he was in the age of slaves. "Do you, children, wish to side with Simon Legree or with the camp of peace, led by the Soviet Union?" And the adults, of course, can enjoy the equally subtle "Wild West," in which a Missouri haberdasher, with the help of Big Bosses, tries to revive Nazism in



the United States, until he is sent into a precipitous flight by the American "toiling masses." This masterpiece, I hardly need add, is also by a Russian playwright, and any criticism of it in the Hungarian press is utterly unthinkable.

Whatever the season, Hungary is visited by an unending stream of Soviet scholars, technicians, model farmers, Stakhanovites, dancers, and generals, come to inspect, instruct, or reproach. Russian ballet masters come to teach Hungarian ballerinas to dance at the modest fee of \$1,800 a month (an average worker earns \$60). A man named Maksimenko comes to show bricklayers how to lay bricks more quickly, if not necessarily more solidly. Tikhonov, the Russian author, makes a five-day survey of Hungarian literature, and then drafts a hefty blueprint for Hungarian writers. A woman Stakhanovite who invented cleanliness in Soviet factories comes to Hungary to launch a movement named after her. A Stakhanovite railroad engineer comes to show that freight trains can pull heavier loads faster—and does prove his point by canceling all stops but one and ruining his locomotive. And when a Soviet dignitary arrives, the streets leading to the railroad station are cleared of all traffic a few hours in advance, and normal business comes to a halt at the offices of the poor, overworked Secret Police.

What makes the Russian pressure felt is not so much these visitations, or the plays, or the mandatory idolatry, as the imprint they leave on the nation's creative powers. With the new composers busy scribbling countless "Odes to Stalin," there has been almost no original music written in Hungary since 1945. Plays and novels are crude imitations of Soviet works, and a few—very few—original works of fiction and criticism have been subjected to obscene attacks in the press. When a Soviet art show comes to Budapest, and thousands are marched to see it straight from work, the Hungarian painter is quick to take the hint. For the next six months, all paintings not only deal with identical themes, but, for the sake of "Socialist realism," employ identical figures placed in identical positions. And for the obtuse artists who still do not catch on, the Party publishes a list of "recommended" themes, including such pearls as "Capture of a class enemy trying to escape

from Hungary" and "Hungarian workers greeting enthusiastically a Stakhanovite mission from the Soviet Union."

### III

ALONG with Russification marches the "Hate the West" campaign. An outsider cannot even imagine its scope or vigor. Its most extreme expression is the incredible mass meetings of protest against "American germ warfare" or "American barbarism." At one such gathering, I heard an orator describe how American soldiers had carved an unborn child out of the womb of its pregnant Korean mother. But such horrors are only the jazzed-up part of a sustained campaign whose purpose is to produce hatred for the West or, at the very least, weaken the bonds which still hold millions of Hungarians to their Western heritage.

This spring the Communist "peace offensive" has modified the campaign; it has not altered it. But before Moscow decided to play at peace, the Communist press let no day pass without adding fuel to the anti-Western fire. It might have been a report on lynchings in the United States, or the charge that Colorado beetles had been dropped on Czechoslovakia by American planes, or the headlined discovery of yet another major espionage-cum-subversion plot by Wall Street agents.

As one of the very few Americans in Hungary, I was especially vulnerable. Old friends sent word to me surreptitiously that they could no longer afford to be seen with an American. Others were picked up by the police, questioned, and released with the warning to see "the American journalist" no more. My maid was periodically summoned to the Secret Police for interrogation, and her boy friend was temporarily purged from the Party because he was seen entering an American's home. When a friend's automobile became stalled in a downpour one night, a taxi-driver told us, "I'll give you just one push. If it doesn't start, I quit. It isn't healthy to be seen helping Americans." And even at the Foreign Ministry, where I was well known after three odd years of daily calls, I was kept waiting downstairs for "proper identification," while the Russian correspondents whizzed in and out.



There is no doubt that the poison is infecting countless minds. Many youths are bitterly anti-American; many adults begin to doubt the West. The only saving factor is the universal and profound hatred for the Russians. In a small town on Lake Balaton once, I saw the widely-publicized Soviet movie, "Meeting on the Elbe." A piece of savage propaganda, it showed the Americans as near-monsters, and the Russians as modern-day Socialist saints. I was genuinely alarmed by its effects on the Hungarians until I talked to a woman who had also seen it.

"Don't worry," she said. "Along with hundreds of other women I used to hang out of the window and bang on a frying pan whenever the Soviet soldiers came to loot and rape. It'll take more than a film to persuade me it was Americans and not Russians who took twelve suitcases of loot out of my flat."

#### IV

**R**AKOSI's "salami tactics," Russification, the anti-Western campaign—all these are also integral parts of a subtle and comprehensive pattern of terror. Terror is more than just the arrest of your neighbor or the disappearance of a friend. It has become a way of living and thinking. A sense of insecurity and fear have become its main components, and the Hungarians have even invented new words to describe the elements of terror—words such as *csengőfrász*, or bell fever, which stands for the butterflies one feels in the pit of his stomach when the doorbell rings at midnight. As they do about everything else, the Hungarians invent jokes about terror. But the jokes are hollow. At the offices, there is near-hysteria at month's end, when the "socially unacceptable" receive their dismissal slips. In factories, it may be a decree suddenly lowering pay or raising the "norm" of production or exposing sabotage. And aged pensioners—as thousands of them have found out—may wake up one morning to discover themselves shorn of their pensions as "class aliens." If one does not dread arrest, he fears being fired arbitrarily, or being shifted to another locality, or acquiring a bad, "anti-social" reputation. *Csengőfrász* has many facets and many qualities, and all of them are fearsome.

Once, I was privileged to attend a meeting

of office employees devoted to "revolutionary vigilance." It was an exercise in venomous denunciation. One after another, men and women rose to denounce their colleagues for living in sin, dressing too well, living too comfortably, or consorting with "class enemies."

Denunciation is the cornerstone of terror. The West generally assumes that the Secret Police is the sole instrument of surveillance. The fact is that it is merely one of at least seven such agencies, and some observers think there may be ten of them. The agencies overlap and often compete. But they do achieve their objective of blanketing every private life.

The agencies I know come in two sizes. Above are the Secret Police, the Control Board (which is interested mainly in economic transgressions), the Party's own Intelligence (manned by probably one Communist in ten), and, finally, the Army Intelligence, whose curiosity frequently transcends military matters. Below them come the "mass" agencies—huge, unwieldy, and forming, in effect, vast bodies of snoopers, volunteer and otherwise. These include the "Social Controllers," the "Tenants' Committees," and, oddly enough, Hungary's 27,000 "Peace Committees."

It is these agencies whose members will strike up a conversation with a stranger, denounce a grumbler in a queue or a listener to a "Voice" broadcast, or pay a social visit to a suspect's apartment of an evening, to see how he lives, what he eats and reads, and what indiscretions he may utter in the deceptive safety of his own home. The mass of information, gossip, and rumor—one cannot even guess its volume—ends eventually in the Secret Police and Party dossiers.

How do the informers feel about their work? Perhaps nothing has dramatized the answer for me as much as a talk I had with a young woman assigned by the Party to spy on her colleagues at the office. We sat above the Danube, and the woman wept.

"I didn't want to spy on my friends," she said. "So I went to the six girls in my office and said to them, 'Look, the Party wants me to submit weekly reports about what you do, say, and think. Let's get together, and figure out a report that won't hurt you, and would still show me vigilant.' Well, guess what's happened? We wrote a few of these reports,



and then the girls began to avoid me. Soon the word spread around that I was a Party informer. I know what will happen next. Someone else in my office will report *me* to the Party, and I'll lose both my card and my job."

The young woman was a better prophet than a spy. Before I left Budapest, she was out of both the Party and her job. Since dismissal from the Party is noted also in the "Work Book," without which no new job can be obtained, she was unemployed for nearly six months. The last I heard of her, this educated woman was carting bricks on a construction project.

## V

**W**HAT is the public mood in the face of terror and scarcity? Are the people ready to rebel? What are the possibilities of "liberating the enslaved peoples," of which so much was heard during our Presidential campaign?

One must start with the resentments. These, I feel, are general and boiling. Even the young people, on whom the Party rests heavy hopes, are sullen. Not long ago, the War Minister reported that members of the Communist Youth League accounted for most disciplinary offenses in the army, and most cases of absenteeism in the coal mines. As for the adults, their resentments cannot be concealed. The angers find expression in a variety of ways, from scribbling anti-Red remarks on washroom walls to outright sabotage.

Most of the resentments are rooted in little things. Having stood in queues myself, I know how the housewives feel about the regime when bread is short, and milk and fats are nearly unobtainable. The salaries and wages are pathetically low (an average monthly wage will buy a shoddy suit, or twenty-two pounds of lard—if lard were available). The quality of goods is dropping steadily, and the Communist press periodically opens its pages to outraged customers whose shoes lasted a week, or whose suit had one arm longer than the other. Housing is short, and the new building is assigned to "shock workers" or coal miners.

But it is the intangibles that generate the greatest resentments—the sense of insecurity, the fear of arrest or denunciation, and, as

much as anything else, the contempt for the domestic Communists and hatred for Russia. Never, in all my years in Central Europe, have I seen nationalism as virile as it is today under Red wraps. In every satellite country, nationalism and patriotism have been proscribed as cardinal sins. In their stead, the Communists have striven to produce a new hybrid. As one of Rákosi's biographers put it, "Patriotism for a Hungarian is loyalty to the Soviet Union." But the hybrid is still-born. Though the notion is officially denounced, nearly every Hungarian I know is a passionate nationalist, and everyone dreams of Russia's collapse or even a world war that would free his country. When a U. S. Navy "Privateer" was shot down over the Baltic by Soviet planes a couple of years back, I recall, a tremor of hope ran across Hungary. People laid in stocks of food and, in all seriousness, made plans to welcome American troops expected to enter Hungary from the direction of Vienna. It remained to me to throw some icy water on this talk. But hope is there, and it leads people to listen to BBC and the "Voice," circulate the morsels picked up on these broadcasts, and, at times, engage in quiet, individual bits of sabotage.

And yet, despite this widespread restlessness and anger, I have never found any signs of an underground, and I do not believe one does—or can—exist. There undoubtedly are small and isolated groups engaged in undercover work. But because of the very thoroughness of the machinery of terror, these bands must remain small and isolated. The moment they begin to spread out, they will be detected and destroyed. What does exist is a vast mass of people opposed to the regime and to Russia, and basically friendly to the West. It can become an active underground only in a major crisis, such as war or collapse of authority in Moscow.

I am convinced that a popular rebellion in the Satellite countries (perhaps with the exception of Albania) is impossible today, and any encouragement from the West can only lead to tragedy. The Communists may be hated, but only dynamite—or an upheaval in Moscow—can dislodge them. Until then, the Hungarians are doomed to short rations, police surveillance, fear, resentments, hope, and Stalin's deathless prose at twenty forints the compulsory volume.



## *Westbound Voyage*

JAN STRUTHER

**W**HEN it comes to leaving a world which you have made  
It is necessary to destroy it a little during the journey  
To avoid the death of the heart.

You are given the statutory seven days:  
Everything must be done in the proper sequence  
But the order must be reversed.

The first day, you look back upon your world  
And see that it was good. You rest, gathering  
Strength for the de-creation.

The second day, the last-created things  
Are the earliest to go: the boy, the spaniel,  
And the old woman on the stair.

The third day, the fishes and the birds:  
The peacock in his pride, the skylark rising,  
The trout in the upland stream.

The fourth day, you quench the mild sun,  
The penny moon, and all those constellations  
That belong to a northern sky.

The fifth day, roll up the fretting seas,  
The flowered rocks, the hand-tented wheat-stooks  
And the grass bright as baize:

The sixth day, the firmament is doomed—  
That small sky whose marriage with gray waters  
Gave birth to so much green.

The seventh day, darkness and light must go:  
The short summer darkness, soft as a moleskin,  
And the long, the long light.

This is the worst of all. Boy, dog, and bird  
Will stay in your exiled heart: but how to recapture,  
In the other world, that long, long summer light?



# Where Are the Ads of Yesteryear?

*Robert L. Heilbroner*

LET me begin by stating that I am a devotee of advertising. Its social significance, or its cultural insignificance, doesn't faze me a bit. I am not one of those who deplore the Human Wastage of the profession, nor do I view with alarm its gentle prevarications. The caricature of admen as hucksters amuses me, but doesn't raise my blood pressure a single notch. I just get a tremendous kick out of watching the advertising brain knock itself out in a bid for my patronage.

Nevertheless, I have a bone to pick with the trade. I don't think advertising packs the wallop it used to. Maybe the trouble is in me: maybe I'm older and more jaded and no longer the susceptible quarry I undoubtedly once was. But I think there's more to it than that. I have a feeling that advertising doesn't come at you the way it once did—that it doesn't take you by the lapels, back you into a corner, and leave you stupefied, glazed, and as pantingly acquisitive as it did in the good old days.

There was a time, I am convinced, when a copywriter who couldn't sell an icebox to an Eskimo wouldn't have been worth his \$17.50 a week.

That was back in the days when people still thought cultured pearls were only worn by uncultured people. So some hero composed this masterpiece for the Técla Pearl firm, and in exactly thirty-five words and five figures wrote what I consider to be an absolute rockcrusher of an ad:

## A \$10,000 Mistake



CLIENT for whom we had copied a necklace of Oriental Pearls, seeing both necklaces before her, said: *Well, the resemblance is remarkable, but this is mine!*

**Then she picked up ours!**

**T E C L A**

**398 Fifth Avenue, New York**  
*10 Rue de la Paix, Paris*

The man who wrote that could have signed up Carrie Nation as a Woman of Distinction.

Or take this one. It sold the most dreary and intangible of goods: learning piano by mail. It did it in a closely-packed page of print from which not one cliché of the English language was omitted. But the effect? Well, read it and judge for yourself:





## They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

Arthur had just played "The Rosary."

The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were certain that I couldn't play a note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no," Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . ."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

*Then I started to play.*

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal "Moonlight Sonata." I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound.

I played on, and as I played, I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer.

That, to me, is advertising. I *am* the guy at whom they laughed, and the prospect of Arthur slinking out of the room (I'll bet he never played "The Rosary" again) is my personal triumph. The starry-eyed girls, the breathlessly hushed guests—why, it's *me* they're clapping!

Yes, those were the days when an advertis-

ing man was a poet. A commercial poet, of course, for it was sheer larceny what his verses did to you.

You picked up a magazine, you saw the picture of a tender young woman, her fingers raised to her parted lips, you noted her tear-touched happiness, and then you read with her this unbeatable note:



# To Peggy—for marrying me in the first place...

for bringing up our children—while I mostly sat back and gave advice.

for the 2,008 pairs of socks you've darned.

for finding my umbrella and my rubbers  
Heaven knows how often!

for tying innumerable dress ties.

for being the family chauffeur, years on end.

for never getting sore at my always getting  
sore at your bridge playing.

for planning a thousand meals a year—  
and having them taken for granted.

for a constant tenderness I rarely notice  
but am sure I couldn't live without.

for wanting a good watch ever so long...  
and letting your slow-moving husband  
think he'd hit on it all by himself.

for just being you... *Darling, here's your  
Hamilton with all my love!*

*Jim*

I'll give you a moment while you blow your nose. Please note that Hamilton is mentioned but once, at the very end. But who could stop reading sooner? Some sixty-odd people wrote to the company just thanking them for running the ad at all.

**D**o you want to know what all these ads had? One thing. A love for prose—pure, rich, beaded prose. They didn't sell cigarettes in those days with the purchasable hauteur of a society matron; they sold 'em with "Not a Cough in a Carload"—at least until the Federal Trade Commission made them stop. They didn't sell cars with dyna, hydra, torque, and flyte; they sold them with a picture of Walter P. Chrysler leaning purposefully on a fender and saying to you, "Look at All Three!" (The Plymouth dealers were mobbed.) When they sold handkerchiefs they didn't give you this stuff about Father's Day; Weber and Heilbroner ran an ad which simply said, "We traveled 2,000 miles to save you 65 cents." When B. Altman's wanted to get rid of some corsages they did it with this superlative full-page spread:

We believe there are at least 500 men in New York who love their wives—and want to give them flowers for Easter. So we've provided 500 old-fashioned bouquets. . . . ready now and packed in beautiful boxes. They're just inside the Fifth Avenue entrance . . . all at one price, and that one price very easy to afford.

Who could resist?

They sold a memory course with the unforgettable picture of one middle-aged man advancing to meet another and saying, "I remember you. You're Addison Sims of Seattle." They sold an etiquette book with a picture of a bewildered girl, ill at ease in a swanky restaurant amid the shiny napery and the French menus: "Again She Orders—'A Chicken Salad, Please!'" And they punched that one home with this subhead: "*Are you conscious of your crudities?* . . . Would you use your fork for your fruit salad or a spoon? Would you cut your roll with a knife or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork?" (Two million people were sufficiently conscious of their crudities to buy the book.)

Social taboos? They mowed them down with ads like this one for Odorono:

## *Within the Curve of a Woman's Arm*

A frank discussion of a subject too often avoided

A woman's arm! Poets have sung of its grace; artists have painted its beauty.

It should be the daintiest, sweetest thing in the world.

And yet, unfortunately, it isn't always.

And a hundred others—slogans hammered from the gold. Ask The Man Who Owns One; B. O.; The Skin You Love to Touch; You Press the Button—We Do the Rest; Even



Her Best Friend Wouldn't Tell Her. They did their Trojan bit for Packard, Lifebuoy, Woodbury, Kodak, and Listerine respectively.

That for me was advertising at its peak. It beguiled, it tickled, it intrigued, it *sold*. That was the prose that made America sit up and take nourishment from Campbell's Soup, that made its sinks sparkle with Sapolio, that launched a thousand million ships of Ivory Soap, that stacked Dr. Eliot's shelf from here to the moon, that awakened America first with a whisper and then with a shout, that made it reach for Luckies instead of sweets.

ARE those days gone forever? Sometimes I fear so. I emerge from the Christmas issue of a magazine which had weighed on my lap like a telephone book and I feel bothered and bewildered, but definitely not bewitched. I read the insides of match-book covers and the outsides of delivery trucks, the one-inch ads that furtively hawk the Secrets of Life, the two-inchers that tell you how to build your own kennel, the six inchers that extol cantilevering devices for all the parts of the human body that need cantilevering, and when I'm all done, damned if I can remember who's selling what.

Worse than that, I feel I am being positively unsold by ads which seize on the macabre and the bizarre in an effort to arrest my roving eye. I resent being sold a necktie by the scabrous device of peeking under a man's beard to see one. My thirst for bitters is not whetted by sadistic little cartoons of what happens to people who don't use them. My liking for shirts is offset by a deep-seated distrust of a Cyclops.

And then so much advertising is such a bore. I am tired unto the death of beautiful girls drinking beer. I am weary beyond belief of cars, all two city blocks long, and all souped up to travel at dangerous speeds. I am immune—utterly immune—to the meaningless superlative and unconvinced by the inconclusive comparative (They're Milder . . .). Isn't anyone ever going to *sell* me a cigarette again, instead of telling me that it's less irri-

tating (which implies that it's still somewhat irritating)? How long must I listen to business men telling business men to believe in the business system? Down how many alimentary canals must I wander with Dr. Schnurrbart of the Wiener Schnitzel Institute?

Is the end product of the advertising imagination no more inspiring than the gimmick? Are my children to believe that the alphabet runs ABCLSMFT?

I'm not quite reduced to a state of despair. Good prose has been pretty near clubbed to death, but it's still breathing. There was a Lever Brothers ad comparing margarine to you-know-what that was so persuasive it actually got me to trot around to the store and try their product. There are the jaunty penguins smoking Kools and the mouth-watering Guinness ads; the clever ones for *Holiday*; the brocade of Gimbels' prose ("Big, bargain-y Gimbels' sprawls right out at the hub of the universe"); the wanderlust-creating travel-to-England ads; the brilliant brevity of Modess (Because . . .); the Bache & Company financial ads ("Don't be a two percenter"); the continuing good humor of the Burma-Shave jingles.

Good advertising is getting scarce, but it's still around. So stand back, you copywriters, and give prose a little air. Give us back those wonderful meat-axe ads. Away with the precious, the pallid, and the paltry. As a parting shot, to remind you of the incomparable power of the properly chosen word, let me recommend to you this, perhaps the greatest of all advertisements. It appeared in a little box in the London *Times* of 1900. A few lines of type, no pictures, no women, no coupons, no gimmicks, no rhymes, no tinsel. It pulled answers from all over England:

Men wanted for Hazardous Journey. Small wages, bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe return doubtful. Honor and recognition in case of success.—*Sir Ernest Shackleton.*



# After Hours

## *Bird Songs for Your Living Room*

ON A peculiarly dreary afternoon early this spring I toted some albums of phonograph records to the midtown Manhattan apartment of a friend of mine whose record-player is better behaved than mine was at the moment, and settled down for a couple of hours of listening. What I heard could hardly have seemed less probable in that place and at that time. For the apartment was in every way urban; the scene outside the window was not only urban but unbecomingly so, it being one of those dismal days when even the handsomest skyscrapers looked unwashed; and what the record-player was bringing me was rural to the last degree—the warblings of thrushes, the laughter of loons, the piping of tree frogs. For the records came from the Albums of Bird Songs recorded by the Albert R. Brand Foundation for the Laboratory of Ornithology at Cornell, and released by the Comstock Publishing Associates of Ithaca, New York.

An interesting idea, this, of putting on tape the performances of some of the most effective vocalists of our countryside. It was curious to note which birds seemed to record well and which didn't. The mocking-bird and cardinal and bluebird came off superbly, I thought; some of the thrushes much less well. I listened with some astonishment to the recorded song of the olive-backed thrush; for instance: was the actual song always as thin and reedy as this? Had the enchantment, to me, of that upward spiral of tentative notes been dependent upon its association in my mind with the remoteness of New Hampshire mountain slopes in August, or with the white mist hanging over a glassy Connecticut pond on an early morning in May? The common robin, on the other hand, did so handsomely that I decided that only the familiarity of his song

dulls us—except perhaps when we first hear it in spring—to the fact that he is one of our finest performers.

As to the practical value of these albums to the student, or would-be student, I was a little uncertain. I doubted if many people could turn on, let us say, the record on which the rose-breasted grosbeak did his stuff and then go out into the woods and spot that particular noise reliably. And this would be all the harder if the song was one which varies a great deal from individual to individual, as in the familiar case of the song sparrow. (I once knew a song sparrow whose particular variant I recognized year after year when he returned to our neighborhood each spring.) But the albums should be handy if used as a writer ordinarily uses a dictionary—not before he uses a word, but afterward, to see if his hunch as to its meaning was correct. If, for instance, you weren't sure which species of water thrush you had been hearing by the brookside, you might be able to come home and turn on Part 5-A of Album 2 and find your question answered. For this purpose I'd recommend the albums to anybody who is headed for a summer holiday and would like to sharpen his ears for the orchestra of the woods and fields.

But it was as evokers that these records seemed to me most astonishing. On that dank New York afternoon I found that they transported me to an absurd variety of places: to upland ledges with fifty-mile views (the white-throated sparrow); to sandy paths under southern pine trees (the cardinal); to somnolent afternoons in hot July woods (the red-eyed vireo); to wide April meadows (the bobolink and meadowlark); to snowy door-yards (the chickadee). And as for the whip-poor-will's endlessly reiterated incantation—which the recording captured in all its richness of tone—this not only removed me from



the walkups and parking lots of Manhattan, but put me to bed in a country room, with the window open upon an otherwise unbroken stillness, and left me wondering, as I had wondered in the small hours of a hundred nights, how any creature not haunted by a compulsion to warn us of something desperate could be so articulate and yet so unvarying.

The Cornell ornithologists have been at this recording job for years now, I understand, traveling inordinate distances season after season. To collect the particular sounds they want they use a parabolic mike—a bowl-shaped thing which looks something like an extra-large electric heater, and can be tilted in the direction of the bird they want to select as a performer. So far they have produced two albums of American Bird Songs, a single disc of Florida Bird Songs, an album of toad and frog recordings called *Voices of the Night*, and a new record—which I haven't yet heard—called *Music and Bird Songs*. I'm glad to hear that three more albums of long-playing discs are to come in the not too distant future. Let's hope that a lot of people have a chance to educate their ears with this series.

### *Closed House*

I HAVE no idea what percentage of the population is migratory in the summer-cottage sense of the word, but there are a great many otherwise sensible people who maintain some sort of "place in the country." It may be a cabin buried in the pine woods or a shack on stilts with a lake lapping at its porch or a bungalow on a sand dune or it may be something more elaborate than these. There are a good many families who have bought old farmhouses on the verge of collapse and who by gigantic effort have managed to keep them from falling down around their heads. Paradoxically some of us believe that this schizophrenic approach to life is essential to our sanity. In order to put up with the routine lunacy of city life we must counterbalance it with what often seems to be the lunacy of the great open spaces.

There is no moment when the lunacy seems clearer than in the early spring. All winter long an inevitable erosion has been going on—not only physical but personal. In the part of the country where I prop up a farmhouse we have some near neighbors who live there all

year round and who keep an eye on the place for us. Every spring my wife puts in a long-distance call to tell them we will be arriving pretty soon and would they please air out the place and take a look to see if there is any cooking gas left in the cylinders. "How has the winter been?" my wife asks, and the answer is usually, "Not too bad." Then she asks if the house is all right. The answer is always, "I guess *so*," which in New England can mean either a flat "yes" or a "yes, but . . ." and there the conversation usually ends. If my wife presses on, however, it goes something like this: "Well," the neighbor says, "it's been kind of damp here." That means that the cellar is flooded and the road is mud up to the hub caps. "And we had a little wind," which means that at least one of the old big trees has blown down, possibly against the house, that the whole place is strewn with broken branches, that some shingles have been ripped off the roof, and hence there has been a leak that has brought down the plaster of the living-room ceiling. If my wife asks, "How have you all been?" the answer is also, "Not too bad," which may mean that everybody is fine or it may mean, as we find when we get there, that old Uncle Ed who handles the RFD mail route skidded his car into a snowplow and spent the winter in the hospital, that Ma's rheumatism has been so bad that she doesn't get out of bed any more, and that the kids all had mumps one after the other. There is just no telling.

THE owner of a summer place doesn't want to believe that life goes on when he isn't there to see it. But inside the snug house with its shutters closed against the shrapnel of winter, there has been a continuous carnival. Squirrels have been scampering among the rafters and inside the walls; mice have been happily devouring the glue in the backs of books and digging nests in the upholstery; spiders have been spinning webs in the china closet. A cake of soap left carelessly exposed has been gnawed by sharp little teeth. Poisonous mouse-seed carefully put in dishes in strategic places is scattered abroad—evidence that it has been enjoyed but unfortunately no evidence that it has been effective. With half of one's mind one hopes that the mouse-seed didn't work and that the winter tenants have had a snug and happy



time. With the other half one resents the amount of time that it takes to drive winter out of the house. It has settled, damp and musty, in every corner. The sun that bursts through the opened shutters falls on a powder of dust; the fresh breeze that sweeps in through the open windows meets a cold, still wall of air that took possession some months ago and that moves out grudgingly. It is a skirmish in the continual war between the proud owner and the proud house, between the man who avoids the rigors of the country winter and the winter's insistence that he shan't quite get away with it.

But the city to country migration goes on all the same. If the winter plays its tricks on the summer invaders while their backs are turned, the spring is their friend. It seems little enough trouble to shore up the retaining wall and pile up the broken branches if the sun is warm on the back of one's neck and the tulips are doing their bit to be perky. Who cares, now that Uncle Ed is back on the mail route, whether the frost did go too deep, or the weather was damp? Least of all the migratory "summer people." Give us a few days and we'll look as though we had lived here all our lives. At least we'll look that way to ourselves. Uncle Ed, of course, knows better, and so do the mice.

### *Benny Rides Again*

**H**ISTORY will record that in the spring of 1953 they came down out of the hills. There had been a time of dryness the like of which no man remembered; but suddenly all was changed, scattered though they had been to the four corners of the wind, turning an honest dollar where it could be turned. They had thought their time was up. George had put his tenor sax away entirely, and taken to house-painting in Los Angeles. Teddie, when last heard of, was traveling with a trio in Chicago. Charlie, Willie, and Gene were in Europe, where the audiences still remembered, and they got back just in time. Ziggy and Israel, one in Hollywood and the other in New York, were jobbing it around, studio work, or what there was. So was Vernon. Al was studying trumpet with a teacher who had been in the Philharmonic. Clint was playing chamber music on the coast, with emphasis on the recent works of Darius Mil-

haud. Helen had married, gone out of sight completely, and when she turned up for rehearsal in early April the charming girl with her was her teen-age daughter.

As I sat watching them warm up it occurred to me that you could collect photographs of these faces and never guess what they did, or what they had in common—ordinary, miscellaneous, diversified. Even the boss, may his name never be forgotten, could pass you by on the street in his covert-cloth coat and his Cavanagh hat and leave you only the feeling you had seen that smile, those glasses, where, oh where, before. But put them together, fifteen years after or whenever, tap out two bars with your feet as the first chorus takes off, and you would never be mistaken. This time it wasn't exactly the same outfit, not that it ever was, as far as the individuals in it went. The faces used to change, even when the music didn't, and there were new ones there this spring. But it was still the band, the best band—as the song says—in the land, and it was still Benny Goodman's.

They started in Manchester, New Hampshire, and broke every record of the house, for attendance or gross, on a rainy night. According to an unofficial police estimate compiled on the spot by Mr. George Avakian, a close student of the popular song, about three-quarters of the crowd were kids—who packed the hall shouting "Go! Go! Go!" as is their wont these days, unnerving members of the band to whom the etiquette of the Bebop generation is unknown. It means, in case you wondered, that they liked it. By this time the New York engagement, for the following week at Carnegie Hall, was half sold-out. It was an uncanny reminder of times gone by. At one point in the rehearsal on Friday, before the show went on the road, an advertising man and clarinet enthusiast who was sitting next to me turned and said, "You know, every time I look at Krupa, over there on the drums, I think I'm back in junior high."

**I**T ALL began, as a matter of fact, with the records. Rummaging around in one of the Goodman closets several years ago, Benny's daughter Rachel came upon some unmarked discs. "Daddy, what's this?" she said, history hanging on her words. Daddy took a look, and cagily decided to have them transferred to tape before he found out. They were



recordings of the famous Goodman jazz concert at Carnegie Hall in January 1938, and they were good. Columbia put them together in an album of two LPs and proceeded to sell 280,000 of them. Dazzled, it brought out last year another album, made up of "air-shots" (recordings made from broadcasts) during the years 1937-38, and 100,000 of these had already been snatched from its willing grasp. There are at least two other twelve-inch Goodman LPs in Columbia's Golden Era series, one more in memory of Fletcher Henderson, and two that have just been released of arrangements by Henderson and Eddie Sauter. Figured in total amount of music put into the hands of the public by Columbia alone, there has been more Goodman sold in the past few years than at the peak of his popularity in the thirties. Mr. Avakian, who is also Columbia's jazz director, has been heard to liken Mr. Goodman to Midas.

The golden touch, in this case, is not a hit-or-miss affair. The best explanation of this band's success, past and present, is that it has invariably and undeniably been professional down to the final beat. The sort of power-house drive it can put on from time to time is made joyful only by being faultlessly expert. People have loved it for being exuberantly competent, released from the earth-bound cares of the rest of us by the ability to ride out on music it has mastered. For aside from the obviously exceptional personalities the band has had, its strength has always lain in the matched precision of massed woodwinds and brasses, well-trained and well-arranged.

Out over the top you might hear the lilting obbligato of Benny's clarinet, the trademark and final dash of personal uniqueness that made art out of mere talent—but it was this and no more. The heart was in the ensemble and it beat together or not at all.

He rode them hard, though, Benny did. Once in the rehearsal he said to one man, "Don't worry about it, just go ahead and play it." My ad-man neighbor smiled. "That's about the most un-typical Goodman I ever heard. What he means is, 'Just go ahead and play it so long as it's perfect.'" They took plenty of time when they needed to over passages one by one, and they read from the music—the original "book," the arrangements that Henderson and others

made for the band and made it what it is. During a break, Goodman said, "Reading music—it's murder. All that beautiful noise going on, and nothing happens." But later, when he had gone over to a corner to see for himself if he still could play the clarinet—using Brahms' Quintet, Op. 115, to practice on—Gene Krupa said, "Don't worry, rehearsals are always a little rough, but Benny knows how to fix it, and anyhow—one date is worth a dozen rehearsals." At the end, after Goodman and Helen Ward had tried out a gag duet (written for the new tour by Frank Loesser) that led into "It's Been So Long," he suddenly turned to the band, threw his arms wide, and said, "Next piece, without the music." There was a startled pause before they all laughed, and he added, "Okay. Tomorrow morning. Bus leaves at nine o'clock. Bring your pleated shirts," and they were off to Manchester.

All this took place before Mr. Goodman's untimely collapse and the interruption of his tour. Now no one knows to what extent it could have slowed the trend that was putting dance bands out of business. "Hot" jazz had become distinctly "cool"—which is to say: indifferent, studied, or (if you happen not to like it) neurotic—and "progressive" jazz was approaching concert-hall severity. Whether this all had been reversed by re-assembling Mr. Goodman and his co-workers I could only judge from the way they went to work; and from what they did just in practice to a few classics like "Riding High" and "Milneburg Joys," my guess is that if it hadn't it could be. Stranger things had happened, and Monday morning the ad-man called me up to recount one of them.

Another of his fraternity, an attractive blonde who had turned up at the rehearsal and then gone north with the band to see what happened to it, had been talking to him. She had reached her present station by years of work for the hardest exponents of the advanced, sophisticated style in jazz and presumably had loved it. "But she came back from New England," he said, "feeling like a sixteen-year-old. She couldn't stop telling me that this was the way jazz was meant to be played, relaxed and human. The cool generation seemed to have warmed up over the weekend."

—Mr. Harper



# NEW BOOKS

Always roaming with a hungry heart

*Gilbert Highet*

I LIKE reading books about foreign countries, far away: lands which I have never seen, and never shall. Hurrah for life, they seem to say, for human life, which, surrounded by difficulties, keeps on going and varies itself so intelligently, and finds the essentials so adroitly. And strangeness is part way to poetry: in a foreign city, even a street song sounds like a poem.

Miss Rumer Godden's new book, *Kingfishers Catch Fire* (Viking, \$3, Book-of-the-Month-Club choice for June), is a quaint short story expanded into a novel. Once there was a nice, stupid, improvident English widow who went with her two small children to live in a primitive village in Kashmir. Her servants stole from her and nearly poisoned her. The peasants stole from her and nearly killed her children. She recovered. The children recovered, more or less. She found out that it had all been a misunderstanding. She left.

A melancholy little tale, telling us practically nothing about international understanding except what we knew too well—that it will not be established if we live in the Big House and give medicines and tips to the surrounding poor. (There is a more powerful story on the same lines in Kipling's *Life's Handicap*, called "Naboth," but that is only five pages long.)

The ladies may like this book because of the domestic detail—how difficult it is to get the toilet cleaned out if you take a village house in Kashmir, how persistently people put their dirty hands on the wall, how you must check all household bills (or else you pay three annas for a picul of cardamom!). Men will not care much for it, because the

heroine is one of those they meet in mystery stories, who begin the penultimate chapter "Had I but known," and then explain that if they had taken good advice they never would have gone to live in the ghost town, and so would never have fallen down the old mine shaft. Connoisseurs of fiction will find it unsatisfying. They will wish it had been made into a real novel: for instance, by deeper social perception (Sophie never understands either the Kashmiri people or the resident English); by individual psychological understanding (Sophie's own idiotic character is never fully explained, and no other adult is analyzed with any care); or by the interweaving of personal and social conflicts, as in *A Passage to India* (for this book contains no conversations, nothing but clipped sleepy sentences, and then violent shouts or stone-throwing). Really it is a study of individual stupidity. The heroine, Sophie, is at this moment approaching a sticky end. As the story closed, she was leaving for the Near East, to "teach." Probably she is in Iran. Any minute now, she will be torn to pieces for walking into a mosque wearing pigskin shoes: her last words will be that she loved the beauty of the floor tiles and wished to do them honor.

The Michigan State College Press has taken the enterprising step of publishing a novel about India by an Indian novelist: R. K. Narayan's *The Financial Expert* (\$3). It intends to issue his other works in due course, and I hope it will, for he is an interesting writer, who gives us a vivid, ironic, gently sad, and gently humorous picture of small-town life in southern India. He seems to compose



in English, for no translator's name is mentioned; and his English is very good—even its occasional eccentricities are witty, as when he says that the bank manager “put himself behind a forbidding exterior and assumed a monosyllabic attitude.” He tells a story rather like that of Balzac's heroes—the aspirations, the success, and the collapse of a modern man who loves money, and wants to get it not by real work nor by creative thinking, but by manipulation and monopoly. His hero, Margayya, starts his career as a shyster money-lender and financial adviser to the peasants around a small town. He determines to become rich. He concentrates. (There is a funny and touching scene in which he consults a priest and goes through a long service of devotion to the goddess of Wealth.) And he makes money. He makes more. Yet his fortune is flimsy, and at last it collapses, throwing him back again on the ground among the peasants.

At first I thought the denouement false, because Margayya's last financial stratagems were really so silly that no one who knew anything about handling money would engage in them: but, looking back, I concluded that Mr. Narayan was right. Margayya is a small-scale Kreuger or Insull, with the same aspirations, the same impudence, and fewer brains: a Hindu Leopold Bloom; the bankruptcy courts are full of such men. *The Financial Expert* has a plaintive individual perfume, which lingers like sandalwood or marigolds.

### Only Yesterday

**I** *Thought of Daisy*, by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus, & Young/Ballantine, \$1.50 and 35¢), is a reissue of a Greenwich Village novel of the twenties. If you read it straight through it will strike you very much as did some of the stories in *Hecate County*—as an embarrassing blend of emotional self-revelation and cool intellectual character analysis. You will like it because of the subtlety and wit of the style, the odd humor of some of the incidents, the clear observation of people, and the economical record of clever and unusual conversation. But you will perhaps wonder about the plot. Is the whole thing merely the narrative of a desultory love affair?—a series of five episodes,

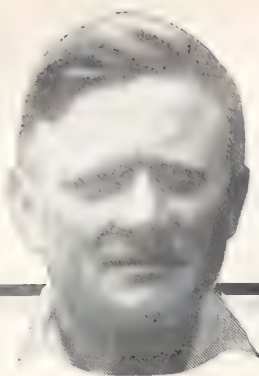
parties and visits and conversations and at last a brief amour, scarcely satisfactory because postponed too long? And is it meant to display the eccentricities of the aesthetes of that time, who so seldom knew how to secure their own happiness? Perhaps it is. Daisy, like her name, is simple and common. She haunts the hero. But she does not really interest him, except that he wonders why she haunts him. There is a thin, frank, charming poetess, looking rather like Edna Millay, who might have loved the hero but that they were both preoccupied. There is an impressive and versatile Princeton professor—but the hero cannot remain in that academic society, and breaks away, toward . . . toward nothing very much. Daisy and her lover living on cornflakes in a lonely village; Daisy and the intelligent narrator meeting and making love in Coney Island among the freaks and the vulgarians: they must be symbols of the inadequacy of love among the rootless intelligentsia, symbols which Mr. Wilson has wisely turned into grotesquerie and satire rather than into the brittle tragedies of so many contemporary novels.

But then we read the foreword, and discover that the hero was intended to symbolize the intellectual and Daisy “the American reality, which eludes the intellectual's grasp.”

The American reality: forty-eight states, scores of millions of people, huge industries, great universities, churches and crime rings, palaces, slums, streets, and suburbs, infinite variety of intellect and art and pleasure and aspiration, wealth and poverty and comfort and despair, science and the horse races, Indians and Negroes and aliens and long-established citizens, Boston and Minneapolis and Albuquerque—oh no, Daisy cannot possibly symbolize that vast being, or throng of beings struggling to become one entity, and the hero never for one moment thought that she did. His mind was on her round hips and slender legs.

Is Mr. Wilson kidding us? He has an impish humor. Or perhaps he means us to interpret that search in another way. His hero is the intellectual, whose brain works by itself, in a region apart from his ethical standards and his strongest emotions; and Daisy is the Other, the complement, who thinks little, loves a lot, and lives simply, content with food and sex and excitement and





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## NEW BOOKS

comfort. The narrator and the poetess would have made a less complete couple. Even this couple is doomed soon to dissolve; but the intellectual will go on searching for one more Other—like the half of the bisected Being (once perfect, now eternally split and incomplete) whom Aristophanes imagines in Plato's *Symposium* as the symbol of the frustrated lover, or rather of almost every man and almost every woman.

### *In Absentia*

**A**N EMINENT English judge, now retired, has been reading the records of the Hiss trial together with Whittaker Chambers' book *Witness*, and using his sharp intellect to try to penetrate that mysterious case. The Earl Jowitt began as a Liberal lawyer, apparently moved farther left, and was raised by the Labor government to a barony, then to a viscountcy, finally to an earldom: a distinguished career. His *Strange Case of Alger Hiss* (Doubleday, \$3.95) is clearly written for British consumption, and sometimes assumes a tone inappropriate to any but a British audience: as when, speaking of the self-confessed Communist Julian Wadleigh, Lord Jowitt writes:

Wadleigh, I regret to say, though born in America, was educated in England.

The book is an examination of the records of the Hiss trial, tested, first, by the standards of English legal procedure, second, by the additional background and evidence provided by *Witness*, and, third, by Lord Jowitt's own keen mind, long practised in detecting inconsistencies. The first group of criticisms are, to American readers outside the legal profession, irksome and irrelevant. Lord Jowitt keeps explaining that certain testimony would have been declared inadmissible in an English court, which may be true but cannot affect the verdict as given here. In criticizing *Witness*, Lord Jowitt shows himself a penetratingly logical analyst of character. He himself, with his precise mind, appears to resemble Hiss far more than Chambers; and some might think Cham-

bers was lucky not to have been on the witness stand when Jowitt was on the bench.

However, confused and emotional people are not always guilty, and cool detached people are not always innocent. Lord Jowitt's investigation of motives is the weakest thing in his interesting book. This is partly because he has a limited imagination, partly because he knows little about America, partly because he seems to be unacquainted with the elementary techniques of espionage, and partly because he wishes to appear astute by affecting naïveté. A British judge can often make awitness look devious or idiotic by asking, after some particularly rash and complicated act has been described, "Now, why did you determine to embark on such a procedure?"

For instance, if Hiss was a Communist agent, what was his mission? Was it to steal documents? Lord Jowitt observes, "I find it difficult to make the idea of a group fit in with espionage. Stealing documents is, I should have thought, one of those businesses which must be run strictly on an individualistic basis." But in fact, stealing documents from a large government office is fifty times easier for members of a group, who can cover up one another's movements and motives. What the learned judge would have thought is not evidence. This is only one of many such conjectures, which do not increase Lord Jowitt's reputation for perspicacity. There is a wonderful paragraph about the transfer of a car from Hiss to the Cherner Motor Company, and then to a Mr. William Rosen, who at the trial refused to testify. Hiss had his signature witnessed by a Mr. Marvin Smith, a notary "working with him in the Department of Justice"; the transaction did not pass through the ordinary books of the company, and the car went straight to Mr. Rosen. Lord Jowitt's comment on this is: "I cannot help feeling it odd that Hiss, if he was engaged in a discreditable transaction with a Communist, should have selected as his notary a well-known public servant in the Department of Justice." Others too cannot help feeling it odd; but not for the same reasons.

However, these conjectures do not make the whole of the book. Much



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of it is testimony reprinted from the trial records, or autobiography reprinted from *Witness*. To my mind, the most valuable parts are the analyses of evidence. These are so elaborate that it would take many pages to discuss them, and anyone studying the case, who compares Lord Jowitt's citations with the originals, will learn a lot about the discipline of logic. For many readers, the results will be (1) to convince them that Chambers had hidden a great deal of evidence and may still be hiding a great deal; (2) to make it look more and more likely that Hiss was an important Communist agent—Lord Jowitt's final pages are very strong on this; (3) to increase their dissatisfaction with the character of the trial, its peculiar tangential approach to a central problem; and (4) to weaken the suggestion made by Hiss that Chambers contrived to commit "forgery by typewriter." Lord Jowitt leans toward this last, but even his careful arguing fails to make it seem more probable.

I can sympathize with the juries who often see the issues clearly until the judge explains everything to them. This is one case which no one will ever see clearly, until a mass of further evidence emerges. [NOTE: *As we go to press word comes from Doubleday and Company—too late to permit deletion from this issue of the above review by Mr. Highet—that publication of The Strange Case of Alger Hiss has been postponed.*—The Editor.]

## Good Stories

**The Enormous Radio**, by John Cheever (Funk & Wagnalls, \$3.50), is a collection of ten tales which have all been published in the *New Yorker*. You sometimes hear people sneering at *New Yorker* stories as "slick" and "hand-tooled"—as though such qualities were defects. My own complaint about them is quite different. I find their range too narrow. The cartoons show us anything from an African jungle to a space ship; the Profiles describe chefs and card-sharps and ambassadors and dozens of different types; but the stories seem to stay in a narrow little ring of Eastern crew-cut society, Catholic priesthood, and Jewish fam-

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ily reminiscence. Now and then we get a tale from the Orient; and then, next week, another brain-throb about neurosis in New Canaan or two anxious nuns in St. Bridget's. But Mr. Cheever's stories are far above the average. Each of them contains almost enough material for a novel; not one has a hundred superfluous words; all of them see deeply into the human heart and the structure of our society. They are finely built. Their style is quiet but eloquent. They have no easy tricks of surprise or disappointment. And they are full of compassion, without which no author can write a story that tells the truth.

A year or so ago J. D. Salinger published one of the best novels of adolescent distress which have appeared in our time: *The Catcher in the Rye* (now reissued as a Signet book, New American Library, 25¢). He has just produced a splendid set of *Nine Stories* (Little, Brown, \$3). The last one alone, "Teddy," staggered its readers when it came out in the *New Yorker*, and is absolutely unforgettable. There is not a failure in the book: I would rather read a collection like this than many a novel which is issued with more fanfare.

The only trouble about being such a good writer as Mr. Salinger is to avoid falling into unconscious repetition. One special pattern emerges from many of his tales, a peculiar emotional relationship. There is a thin, nervous, intelligent being who is on the verge of a breakdown: we see him at various stages of life, as a child, as an adolescent, as an aimless young man in his twenties worried about homosexuality. One of his chief troubles is that one of his parents is Jewish and the other Gentile. The male parent is always powerful but rarely understanding. The mother is jittery and unreliable. There is usually a sister: the only thing the Thin Boy can believe in is the charm and innocence of a young girl. Remember old Phoebe, going round and round on the carousel, in *The Catcher*? Yes; but if Mr. Salinger writes any more stories about a tall thin neurotic whose parents are ill-suited and who opens his heart only to little sisters, we shall begin to feel we are on the carousel too. However, three or

four of these new stories are so brilliantly original as to make it clear that, whenever he wants to, he can get off, and fly away.

### Selections

SOMEHOW I expect the big book-club selections to be distinguished books: unusual in perception, moving in style, powerful and original. I must be wrong. The choice is doubtless meant to be plain and nourishing: not *Sole Normande* with Vouvray, but two hamburgers, pie, and coffee.

For May the Book-of-the-Month Club has picked *The High and the Mighty* by E. K. Gann (Sloane, \$3.50), which is a straightforward, briskly written, well sustained story about an aircraft crossing the Pacific, with a Grand Hotel mixture of passengers and an unsuspected structural defect. In a crisis lasting only a few hours there is little time for character-analysis, but the suspense is good: the plane flies on, will it dive into the ruthless ocean, or make the airport? The copilot is "lean, rockfaced" Dan Roman, who has been flying for thirty-five years. Now guess the end.

For June, the same club selects (together with Miss Godden's novel, reviewed above) an inconclusive little comedy about the garment business, *71½ Cents*, by R. Bissell (Atlantic/Little, Brown, \$3.50). Nothing much happens in this. It is a reverse crisis. The workers in an Iowa pajama factory ask for a raise (which other factories have had), threaten a strike, and get the raise. The story is told by a sneering, wisecracking, disillusioned young superintendent of Russian-Jewish descent. A similar thing was done much better some years ago by Jerome Weidman: but Mr. Weidman has a real gift for acid satire and for describing the conflict of tough character, while Mr. Bissell seems to be mildly funny and rather tired.

Not much luck with the Literary Guild either. It has chosen *The Emperor's Lady*, by F. W. Kenyon (Crowell, \$3.95), a novelized life of Napoleon's Josephine. This is a straightforward translation of all the recorded events of her life into long stretches of dialogue and short interior monologues. As far as I can



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judge, the historical background is accurate and the character drawing is authentic. But the book has one defect which may keep it from popular success. It is that Napoleon was a genius and Josephine a charmer, that they were both the movers of great events, but that nothing of this appears in Mr. Kenyon's book about them. It is written in a tone of flat disillusionment, which makes the marriage of the Beauharnais and the Bonaparte into a dismal intrigue among fading beauties and fake heroes. (*Désirée* was gushing, but it surely had a sense of ambition and success and powerful destiny.) Perhaps Mr. Kenyon hates women; perhaps he lacks imagination. At least he makes Josephine silly and detestable, without seeing that for years she was delightful, sometimes almost great, and at last pitiable.

## Preferences

THEN four novels, far more energetic and original. The first is a painfully moving story about the Spanish civil war, Bruce Marshall's *The Fair Bride\** (Houghton Mifflin, \$3): a story about a priest trying to save a holy relic, about a prostitute becoming something like a saint for his sake, about the brutal atrocities which darkened all those years, and ultimately about the struggle of an intelligent Christian to remain a Christian. A sad, passionate book. I liked it very much—only I kept thinking it must be by Graham Greene.

A long and exquisitely written lament for the disasters of love is *The Echoing Grove* by Rosamond Lehmann (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95). Cool minds and happily married people will hardly believe this book, because the relations of the characters seem so strained and complicated. The hero marries one sister but loves the other; he has children by them both; both sisters have other lovers; so does he; heaven knows why England's birthrate is falling. There are also homosexuals, male and female: a snake-pit, interbreeding. Yet Miss Lehmann's sympathy for these absurd suffering people is so intense and her prose so beautiful that we believe in them and regret their self-imposed agonies.

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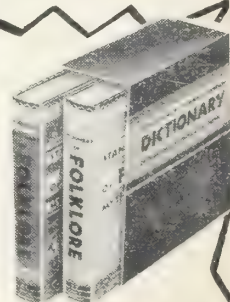
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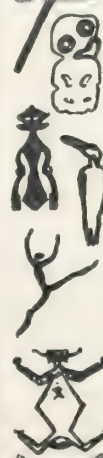
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

There is a peculiar parallel to this in E. M. D. Hawthorn's *Quietly She Lies* (\$2.75) which Harper calls a novel of suspense, but which seems to me a regular novel on a theme similar to Miss Lehmann's. It is scarcely more than a diary kept by a retired school teacher, bedridden and living in a small village with her sister. But out of it there grows, page by page, a keenly drawn picture of several interwoven lives, rich in love and hate and concealment. Well worth reading, it has a stunning twist at the end: genuine, but unguessable.

Last, an oddity, *Zorba the Greek*, by N. Kazantzakis (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50, rather affectedly translated by Carl Wildman). This is really a collection of prose poems, meditations on the character and exploits of a tough, resilient, half-barbarous wanderer from north Greece, a mustachioed old fellow in his sixties with a passion for living, a head full of songs and stories, a huge capacity for eating and drinking and loving, and an optimism which makes him survive every trial but boredom. He is a good character, Zorba, something between Hemingway's garrulous colonel, a Steinbeck paisano, and Jim Londos. There is not much story, only a series of dramatic incidents: the narrator is a pompous prig; but Zorba's flashing teeth, the melodies of his dulcimer, and his piratical reminiscences make the book delightful.

## Addenda

EVERY month I read many more books than I have space to criticize in *Harper's*. Let me at least recommend, briefly but heartily, these five: Frank Rounds' *Window on Red Square* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), by a visitor to Russia who understood more than the present and the surface because he had studied the language and the literature of the country; Herbert Read's *True Voice of Feeling* (Pantheon, \$4), a skillful analysis of the work of the "romantic" poets and of some of the Anglo-American moderns; *The Root of Europe* (ed. M. Huxley, Oxford, \$3), ten wise and stimulating chapters, well illustrated, on the diffusion of Greek art and thought and style through time and space; a really ex-

quisite set of *Pastels by Degas* (ed. D. Cooper, British Book Centre, \$4.95); and that immortal distortion of history, *1066 and All That* (by W. Y. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman, Dutton, \$2.25, twenty-first printing), from which I quote my favorite sentence, explaining the agony of one monarch, and indeed of many parents all over the world:

Shortly afterwards Henry II died of despair on receiving news that his sons were all revolting.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

## FICTION

*Nine Days to Mukalla*, by Frederic Prokosch.

Mr. Prokosch's fiction, like some exotic fruits, demands a very special taste. Perhaps it can be acquired, too, but so far I have remained untutored. The Arabian atmosphere in this novel, so full of color and sounds and smells, is wonderful—is indeed often overpowering. But nothing credible happens in it. Four people, two American men and two English ladies, escape from a wrecked airplane on an island off Arabia. For nine days they must travel overland to Mukalla to find a way back to their own civilizations. It is, of course, a symbolic journey as well as a physical one and most of them never finish it. What violent death doesn't capture, moral and physical decay embraces . . . Read this for stylized attitudes set in tangible atmospheres but not for new understanding of the human spirit.

Viking, \$3

*The Weather in Middenshot*, by Edgar Mittelholzer.

A mad murderer on the loose, another madman presiding over an eerie household in Middenshot, an orchid grower, a young spinster withdrawn from the world, and the cold winter weather make the muddled sleeping potion which is this novel. The setting in the small English village near the Broadmoor lunatic asylum is good and the first few chapters lead one on, but the cross currents of plot and the discon-



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

nected, unlabeled conversations and stream-of-consciousness thoughts aren't important enough to try to unravel. The theme: Should the mad be cosseted or done away with? Unusual but too obscure for me. By the author of *Shadows Move Among Them*. John Day, \$3

**Go Tell it on the Mountain**, by James Baldwin.

If anyone had told me that I would be not only interested in but really moved by a novel about a fourteen-year-old Harlem Negro's struggle with his soul I'd have thought they were crazy. And if they'd added that the book was a first novel and that the stories of the boy's mother and father and aunt, back in the South, were told in flashbacks interrupting the main course of the story, I'd have known that it surely was not my dish. But I would have been wrong. All these things are true, but it is a fine book. It is written with poetic intensity and great narrative skill (except perhaps for a too-long episode at the end) and has a poignant dignity rare in a book on any subject.

Knopf, \$3.50

Four books of short stories published between mid-April and June should have particular interest for *Harper's* readers.

**Children are Bored on Sunday**, by Jean Stafford.

This is a collection of short stories which have appeared in the *New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, and *Harper's* ("Between the Porch and the Altar"). Miss Stafford's short fiction is as reflective and evocative as her novels—*Boston Adventure*, *The Mountain Lion*, *The Catherine Wheel*.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3

**The Wild Honey**, by Victoria Lincoln.

Miss Lincoln says in her preface: "These are stories about people like us finding their way on the journey from birth to death." They deal "chiefly with children, adolescents, and women facing middle age. . . . One or two deplorable psychoneurotics slipped under the wire, too, while I wasn't looking." I can add very little to that vivid description except to say that there is also some charming informal verse between the

stories. Readers of *Harper's* need only remember "Sir Carl of Heldart: A. Novell" and "It's All Right Now" (non-fiction, so not included here) to refresh themselves as to the quality of her mind.

Rinehart, \$2.75


**Stories of Sudden Truth**, edited by Joseph Green and Elizabeth Abell. This is one of the most original, and, somewhat to my surprise, one of the most interesting collections of modern short stories to come my way in a long while. I say somewhat to my surprise because I tend to be suspicious of the come-to-realize short story, and these are clearly labeled "Twenty short stories in which human beings make startling discoveries about themselves." But in nearly every case the discovery is an exciting one and grows out of the story rather than being a gimmick contrived to change its course. Here you will find "Action," by C. E. Montague, that superb storyteller, one-time editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, who died in 1928, as well as stories by John Hersey, Eudora Welty, Frank O'Connor, to mention only a few contemporary writers. Nor is my pleasure lessened to find two *Harper's* stories included: Jessamyn West's "The Battle of Finney's Ford" and Arthur Miller's "Monte Saint Angelo."

Ballantine, \$1.50 & 35¢

**Stanford Short Stories 1953**, edited by Wallace Stegner and Richard Scowcroft.

This quite different collection is made up of eleven short stories written last year by young writers in the creative writing course at Stanford University, California—a course run by Wallace Stegner whose short stories in *Harper's* all seem to us memorable ("The Blue Winged Teal," "The Traveler," "Pop Goes the Alley Cat"). Mr. Stegner in his introduction says: "It is interesting, maybe even important, that every story in this collection deals in some way with a theme of exile or dislocation. . . . Good old dislocation, I guess. Good old sprung world, I guess, if it gives themes for writers of the most diverse backgrounds to make into art. As readers we can be grateful, especially when a chorus such as this has so many cheerful

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

voices." The only name familiar to *Harper's* readers is Joseph Stockwell, whose "Beyond Recall" appeared in the magazine a year or so ago.

Stanford, \$3.50

### NON-FICTION

*Elizabeth and Philip*, by Geoffrey Bocca.

An informal and happily unsentimentalized account of the lives of Elizabeth and her Greek-born husband. Here is the story of their courtship, of the difficulties standing in the way of their marriage and how they were overcome, a detailed account of their responsibilities and how they meet them, and of their relaxations. It is illustrated by thirty-two pages of charming photographs of this very photogenic royal family. A pleasing and unpretentious coronation piece.

Holt, \$3.50

*Money Mountain; The Story of Cripple Creek Gold*, by Marshall Sprague.

A cheerfully informative, anecdotal story of the men and women who made the spectacular history of the largest gold camp in America. It begins with the life story (too long) of the family of Bob Womack who went from Kentucky to Colorado and struck the El Paso Lode in 1891. It tells in leisurely fashion the stories of the various characters—prospectors, builders, gamblers, journalists—who wandered through the prosperous days of Cripple Creek. (Between 1891 and 1916 the town produced 340 million dollars in gold.) Much of Colorado and especially Colorado Springs owes its wealth to the mining town which even today is producing gold regularly—with efficient modern machinery instead of by the hands of the racy characters of the early days. And with its high altitude and picturesque history it is becoming a delight to tourists who will have an even happier time if they take this book along.

Little, Brown, \$5

*Two Lives: The Story of Wesley Clair Mitchell and Myself*, by Lucy Sprague Mitchell.

A great many people know Lucy Sprague Mitchell as author of *The Here and Now Stories* and many

other children's books. Educators have known her as one-time Dean of Women and Professor of English at the University of California, or as Chairman of the Bureau of Educational Experiments. I know her—and her husband, the distinguished economist—only as friendly summer faces in an old Cadillac full of children on a narrow lake road in Vermont. This story of their two full lives and two busy careers is not only a charming picture of family life but a book which touches profoundly or pleasantly, or both, on a great many aspects of life in America from 1912 to the present.

Simon & Schuster, \$5

### FORECAST

#### *Summer Is for Novels*

The unpopularity (end quote) of the novel may discourage some people but it certainly isn't discouraging the novelists. Some of the very best keep right on producing. In June, for instance, Random House is publishing *Brother to Dragons: A Tale in Verse and Voices* by **Robert Penn Warren**—a long novel in verse form. The book clubs, too, indomitably go on selecting novels as their summer choices, witness the Literary Guild's *The Singer Not the Song* (Appleton-Century-Crofts) by **Audrey Erskine Lindop** (June 19) for July; the Book-of-the-Month Club's double selection for July, *Westward the Sun*, by **Geoffrey Cotterell** (Lippincott), and *By This Sign* by a French novelist who signs himself simply **Vercors** (Little, Brown); and the Literary Guild's August choice, *Beyond This Place* (Little, Brown) by **A. J. Cronin**. . . . Also coming in July are **Vina Delmar's** (*Bad Girl*) new novel, *The Laughing Stranger*, from Harcourt; **James Michener's** (*Tales of the South Pacific*) new novel, *Sayonara: A Japanese Romance*, from Random House; and **Lin Yutang's** newest, *The Vermilion Gate* from John Day. In the fall we shall have *The Face of Time* by **James T. Farrell**, from Vanguard; a first novel by **Nadine Gordimer** (whose "The Soft Voice of the Serpent" and "A Present for a Good Girl" appeared in the magazine), *Believe the Heart*, from Simon & Schuster; and an untitled first novel by **Leicester Hemingway**,



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

brother to Ernest. This from Holt.

***Ghost Towns, Israel, and the Wright Brothers***

Those who were interested in Marshall Sprague's *Money Mountain* (noted above) should look out for *The Bonanza Trail: Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of the West*, written and illustrated by **Muriel S. Wolle**, who traveled more than 20,000 miles in twelve Western states to gather her material. From Indiana University Press on June 15. . . . Russia is not alone in her interest in Israel these days. In June Philosophical Library will publish *The Jewish Revolution*, by **David Ben Gurion**, Israel's prime minister; and on June 19 Harcourt has scheduled *Learning Laughter*, by **Stephen Spender**—the report of a trip made last year. . . . This fall the fiftieth anniversary of the Wright brothers' famous Kitty Hawk flight will be celebrated all over the country. Alert editors are doing their part (see "How We Invented the Airplane" by Orville Wright on page 25). Sometime in the fall before the anniversary date of the flight (December 17) Macmillan will publish *Ceiling Unlimited: The Story of American Aviation from Kitty Hawk to Supersonics*, by **Lloyd Morris and Kendall Smith**. And McGraw-Hill, sponsored by Oberlin College, will publish the Wright brothers' scientific papers—diaries, tables, letters.

***Monumental Pelican***

Two volumes of a projected forty-eight volume Pelican *History of Art* edited by Nikolaus Pevsner, Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge, will be ready on June 12. They are *Painting in Britain 1530-1790* by **Ellis K. Waterhouse**, and *The Art and Architecture of India* by **Benjamin Rowland**. Because of the importance of this "first comprehensive history of art and architecture in the English language" and because of the plates and special paper, these books will not be printed in usual Pelican size. Each volume will be 10½ by 7½ inches and about six times the thickness of the usual Pelican, copiously illustrated, bound in cloth. Price \$8.50 and worth it.



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# The New Recordings

## The French Point of View

Edward Tatnall Canby

**I**N THESE global days we are beginning to be unpleasantly aware that, to many of the world's people, the once supreme German music of the last century and its opposite European pendulum, French art, are together no more than a minor episode in a provincial culture of the decadent past, now ripe for final liquidation. Who is this Brahms? Berlioz? Ravel? World geniuses, or alien nonentities?

If we are desperately unwilling to admit of such a viewpoint, then there is all the more reason for a deeper evaluation of these men and our other artistic leaders who, in our own backyard at least, are certainly giants. Not so long ago we accepted German supremacy in music with so little thought that we were unaware how profoundly different are the neighboring French concepts of artistic greatness. (The French would not even use that term, which is inherently Germanic!) Today we begin to see that the French—and along with them great sections of timeless world art—do not conceive of art, and music, as necessarily architectural. To the German, art rests upon first, sincerity, and second, structure. To the French, art may be strong in its very delicacy of exquisite taste, in the refined and therefore strengthened expression of emotion, in the skilled use of perfected technique.

The music of Debussy defies (as he did) the sort of German analysis that can make triumphant logic from every measure of the towering structures of Beethoven and Bach and Brahms. We feel intuitively, today, that there is more in Debussy than meets this analytical eye and ear—that the very basis of its expression is foreign to the three Bs. We in America are nicely balanced now between the French and German poles; we can understand both. If Beethoven is our supreme musician,

then we grasp the French way as strongly in other fields, notably in the school of French modern painting, and in the world of fashion.

In other words, there may be an art of great structure and monumental solidity and there may be an art of sensitivity, color, proportion. These are world-wide concepts and no man can say which is the "greater." We must not degrade a Couperin harpsichord suite because it is no Bach fugue, nor blame Berlioz because "Romeo et Juliette" has not a vestige of the higher structural organization of "Tristan." Heaven forbid—as any Frenchman would say!

**Berlioz: Romeo and Juliet; complete orchestral score.** N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. Columbia ML 4632.

An absolutely superb recording to my ear, both technically and musically, which gives all but the vocal portions of the huge dramatic symphony. Here, perhaps, is the finest American example yet of our growing understanding (aided by the highly un-Germanic Mitropoulos) of the French point of view. Such a breathing, sensitive, perfectly conceived playing as this is hard to believe; the large (and cumbersome) orchestra plays as one poet; the melodies, phrased, shaped, *breathed*, sing out in that strange almost inhuman expression that Berlioz could produce—so unlike the lush earthiness of German song. Listen especially to the purity of string tone, the precise lack of vibrato, as in the closing measures of the slow movement (Love Scene), that contribute so much to the sense of pure French line. A Germanic performance of this music can be deadly in its effect. Here is the perfect antidote.

**Ravel: Daphnis and Chloë; complete ballet score.** L'Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Motet Choir of Geneva, Ansermet. London LL-693.

Another characteristic French emanation, the strange wordless choir used, not for the conveyance of a text, in contra-

puntal magnificence, as in the German tradition, but instead for the production of a species of eerie tone color, a calculated addition to the delicate palette of late-impressionism, so close to the barbaric and the primitive. This last is no paradox, for to the French artistic mind there is nothing crude in primitive expression. Again, elegance as opposed to primitivism is a German concept. It was the French who first discovered our jazz, and Ravel was one of the early jazz enthusiasts. This recording has the veiled acoustics proper to the music, where Ansermet's "Pelléas" was done with a hard, ultra-clear sound.

**Schubert: Rosamunde; Incidental music (complete).** Vienna State Opera Orch., Academy Choir, Dean Dixon. Westminster WL 5182.

The Excerpts and Suites of recent times are now giving way to complete renderings, thanks to LP, in ballet, opera, incidental music. This is the first complete "Rosamunde"—unbelievable that the lovely vocal parts here are so little known! The chorus and solo sections are beautifully sung with the personal sincerity that Austrians put into their Schubert. Dean Dixon's orchestral sections are a bit wooden, notably in the final movement. The recording is first class. (Two new versions of the usual excerpts are out, one LP side each. Stokowski's for RCA Victor, in a big-hall liveness, has more schmaltz than I can take; van Beinum's on London with the Concertgebouw is musically better.)

**Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Haydn. Elgar: "Enigma" Variations.** NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor LM 1725.

**Brahms: Symphony #2.** NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor LM 1731.

For some unfathomable reason of character Toscanini plays Brahms with grace, lightness, the utmost transparency, and a full measure of unstrained lyricism; there is scarcely a trace of that frenetic overtenseness that makes his Beethoven unlistenable for some of us. Far be it from me to settle the great Toscanini argument pro or con—but I do suggest that those who may have avoided Toscanini's renderings of other German composers will do well to try again here. The earlier Victor recordings of the Symphony #1 and the Haydn Variations have been accepted as outstanding for these many years; by direct comparison the new versions are as good. (Indeed the remarkable similarity of the performances, twenty-odd



## THE NEW RECORDINGS

years apart, testifies to the accurate musical memory of this conductor, whose active experience goes back further than any other.) These remarks apply to others in the present Toscanini Brahms series—and to the Elgar, which is superbly played. RCA's New Orthophonic recording is far better than was given to earlier NBC Symphony releases.

**Brahms: Piano Quintet in F Minor, Op. 34.** Joerg Demus; Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL 5148.

**Brahms: Piano Quartet #2 in A, Op. 26.** Clifford Curzon; members Budapest Quartet. Columbia ML 4630.

**Schubert: Piano Trio #1.** J. Fournier, A. Janigro, P. Badura-Skoda. Westminster WL 5188.

The phonograph brings new and varying acoustical interpretations to the string and piano combination, which somehow tends toward a certain ambiguity of purpose as a physical medium. So long as the piano remained small, the piano ensemble remained pure chamber music; but as the keyboard instrument grew more and more into a public medium suited to large halls and big audiences, the musical form was gradually altered to accommodate piano grandeur. Schubert's ensemble piano is delightfully tinkly and intimate—a genuine "room music" instrument; but Brahms's piano, especially in his youthful period, proclaimed the serious concert stage. Yet in these and many another trio, quartet, quintet, the strings somehow never grow to orchestral dimensions, even by implication. There is thus a strange balance between the lordly piano and the unobtrusive and chaste violin and cello that poses a performing problem and, now, a recording one as well.

Westminster's recordings of the Konzerthaus group have long been outstanding for their orchestral acoustics, making of the string quartet an unequivocally concert-house medium. In the Piano Quintet, above, the golden liveness is a good balancing factor, bringing the individual strings into a closer association with the piano. An excellent performance, lively, never sluggish. The Piano Quartet, in contrast, has been given a "chamber" treatment by Columbia; the music is room music, not stage music, in this environment. The piano holds its own in spite of the less live sound (it is somewhat in the background) but the strings are very close. The inherent unbalance between strings

and piano is accentuated. Nevertheless, this is a superb recording, given this kind of small-room acoustic, and perhaps it merely records more faithfully than other discs the essence of piano ensemble music: a dynamically imperfect co-operation of unlike instruments.

The Schubert Trio, the most intimate of all these works, has the biggest and most "live" sound; it swims in a large and resonant spaciousness. The sound is gorgeous and the recording quality excellent; the performance with Badura-Skoda, whose Schubert is the best, can be rated as tops. But, personally, I find the big-hall effect out of character.

**Brahms: Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115.** L. Wlach; Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL 5155.

Here the balance of factors is somewhat different. This late work of Brahms comes as close to sheer impressionism—particularly in the remarkable second movement—as a solid German could reasonably get. The ethereal clarinet, the muted complexities of the string parts place this sound far from the conventions of most nineteenth-century German chamber music. This version is typical of the Konzerthaus group—very slow, highly lyric playing, in a vast golden liveness. Too slow for some tastes, but the strange moods are beautifully conveyed, if the few (and doubly exciting) dramatic climaxes are not fully realized.

**Mozart: Serenade #10 in B Flat for 13 Winds.** Los Angeles Woodwinds, Steinberg. Capitol P-8181.

We sometimes forget that the present sharply conceived division between chamber music and orchestral music dates from as recently as the early nineteenth century. The large body of nineteenth-century music in Mozart's time testifies to the importance at that time, in the prevailing aristocratic music centers, of music that will not quite fit any of our later classifications. This piece, a relatively tremendous expression for no less than thirteen soloists (that is what they are, essentially), nevertheless has a distinctly "chamber" quality to it and was no doubt intended for performance at some festive semi-private occasion, not on a stage at a distance but in a group, close-to. Capitol's rather dry recording, then, is historically appropriate though it won't delight those who like big-orchestra sounds. Wind players consider this a superb example of wind ensemble playing. I find it a bit didactic in conception if fantastically accurate; some of the tempi are unreasonably fast, even for virtuoso playing.

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